

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife
chapter 1749

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Carter had been here once, so he knew this was Adam's house.

However, Shirley and Adam were antagonistic. He knew that Shirley despised her brother, so he found it curious that Shirley would be staying here.

As the wind and snow grew heavier, Carter stepped into the house, feeling the warmth enveloping him.

He patted away the snow accumulated on his shoulder and entered.

Cathy was making soup for Shirley. She quickly lifted her gaze when she heard the sudden footsteps entering the house and saw Carter walking toward the stairs.

Cathy became more alert at the sight of Carter. "You're trespassing again, Mr. Gray."

Carter, paying no heed to her words, glanced at Cathy. "She's upstairs, right?"

"The person you're looking for is not here. Please leave." Cathy's attitude was firm.

Carter continued ignoring Cathy and kept to himself as he went upstairs.

" Stop!" Cathy hurried toward him to intervene. " Carter, this isn't your house. You can't come here whenever you want."

When her voice fell, Carter slowly lifted his eyelids.

"Typically, no one can stop me from going anywhere I want."

"However, this is a private residence. You can't come in here without the owner's consent!" Cathy intended to confront Carter to the bitter end, betraying no hint of fear of Carter.

Carter's face rarely displayed signs of emotions, but his brows now twitched, and he lifted his gaze and glared at Cathy.

"The owner's consent? Do you think she'll disagree with me? She owns this house too, doesn't she?" Carter looked upstairs, and it was clear who he was referring to.

“However, I didn’t hear her consent! ” Cathy insisted on stopping him. Her clear and beautiful pupils glowed with unyielding courage.

Meanwhile, Shirley was resting in the room, leaning against the bed. Since the gigantic house was quiet, she could clearly overhear the conversation downstairs.

She had not expected Carter to come here, but right now, she dared not face this man.

She wanted to leave but she was not immobilized by her unfeeling legs.

She did not want Carter to see her hideous, crippled, and disfigured state.

With a strenuous effort, Shirley moved herself to the side of the bed, intending to hide in the closet or the bathroom. This way, at least, she could ensure that Carter did not see her current state.

She used all the strength in her arms to support her body as she crawled on the floor.

Her unfeeling legs were then dragged onto the floor with a loud thud.

When Cathy and Carter, still at the stairs, heard this muffled sound, their gaze simultaneously shifted toward the source of the sound.

Cathy, intuitively sensing something had happened to Shirley, immediately turned, intending to examine the room, but Carter was one step ahead of her.

“You can’t go!” Cathy reached out and seized him.

Carter’s face fell, and he now looked extremely annoyed and impatient. He turned around and his eyes, usually gentle and calm, were looking sharp and hostile.

“I’ve never hit women, so I hope you won’t be the first.”

He then swung Cathy’s hand away and resumed walking.

This time, however, his arm was seized by another strong palm.

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Carter’s face fell. Extremely annoyed, he turned around, and this time, instead of seeing Cathy, he

was met with a pair of fearless and determined eyes.

"I've never hit anyone before, and I too hope you won't be the first to make me go against my principles."

Adam's piercing eyes confronted Carter's.

Carter had not expected Adam to suddenly return home, but even so, this was not enough to prevent him from seeing Shirley.

Of course, Adam could tell what Carter was thinking. While pulling on Carter's arm, unrelenting, Adam gave Cathy a look.

Cathy immediately understood and swiftly ran upstairs.

When Carter saw this, he tried to break away from Adam's grip to follow Cathy, but Adam further tightened his grip.

Carter finally could not continue maintaining his elegant and noble façade.

"Adam, right now, you still have a chance. I don't want to fight you, " Carter said while giving Adam a knowing look as if he was holding back a rage of fury that could erupt at any time.

However, Adam was undaunted.

“Carter, I’ll only say this once. This is my house, and you are not welcome here. If you don’t leave now, I will take action against you.”

“Heh.” Carter scoffed at this. “If it’s a fight you want, it’s a fight you’ll get! ”

There was a sudden, loud thud when Cathy reached the entrance to the bedroom.

However, she did not have time to look back. She opened the door and quickly ran in.

Inside, Cathy immediately noticed Shirley had slipped down the side of the bed and rushed over.

“I knew you’d do something stupid to avoid that man. ” While it sounded like Cathy was grumbling under her breath, she still held Shirley’s shoulders in a friendly manner, supporting her back onto the bed with great effort.

However, Shirley pushed Cathy away in a half-hearted manner. “Let me go! He’s coming! I don’t want to stay here! Hide me in the closet! Hurry! ”

Her face was full of panic and fear as she fervently pleaded.

Cathy could not help but frown. "Why are you so scared of him? He has only been using you this whole time, asking you to develop the poison to harm others. It was all his idea. You should have let a man like him go a long time ago! "

"Shut up! Shut the hell up!" Shirley interrupted Cathy incoherently, and Shirley's eyes turned red without Shirley realizing it. "Jordan, are you teaching me how to conduct myself now? Did you forget how much you loved that man Felipe Whitman? You loved him until the day he died, didn't you?"

Cathy was momentarily stumped for words when Shirley brought up Felipe. However, she quickly recomposed her wandering thoughts and calmly looked into Shirley's red eyes.

"Yes, I thought about him until the day he died, but this doesn't stop me from looking down on him and despising what he'd done. I see it all clearly, but what about you?"

"...." Shirley was stupefied by this.

"Listen, Adam's fighting that man downstairs for you. What about you? Even now, do you still care

about that man and not worry that he might hurt your brother?"

It was as if these words froze Shirley.

Heavy and hurried footsteps could now be heard from outside the door.

Cathy lifted her gaze and immediately saw Carter striding into the room, dark rancor emitting from his body.

His furious eyes swept over Cathy's face and finally landed on Shirley...

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When Shirley heard the sound of footsteps, she knew Carter was here.

She knew she would not be able to hide at this moment, so she could only face him.

However, she still did not dare to show the ugly half of her face to the man she looked up to and admired. The moment Carter appeared, she turned her body and hid her right cheek that was scarred so that Carter could not see. She only allowed him

to see her left cheek that still looked flawless, smooth, and charming.

As for her crippled legs, she could only continue sitting on the bed while pretending as if she was carefree.

Carter looked at Shirley who was sitting motionlessly on the bed and moved his long legs to take two steps closer to the bed.

He noticed the coldness on Shirley's face.

"Have you forgotten what I told you?" Carter questioned right after he opened his mouth. His tone sounded extremely cold.

However, after he said that, his face gradually fell when he saw that Shirley was ignoring him.

"Shirley," he called out her name, his tone laced with anger that was on the verge of overflowing.

Cathy glanced at Shirley, and when she saw Carter trying to get close to Shirley, Cathy went up to stop him.

"Mr. Gray, Miss Brown doesn't want to see you now. I hope you can respect her wishes."

Carter was forced to stop in his tracks. His displeased gaze landed on Cathy's face irreverently.

His eyes were suddenly filled with admiration.

"I never knew you were so courageous back when we were in St. Piaf Academy. However, you were in St. Piaf for so long, so you should know me quite well. Are you sure you want to challenge my prestige?"

Carter's words sounded like he was warning Cathy.

However, Cathy was not scared and she did not cower at all.

She looked into Carter's icy and piercing gaze before saying calmly, "Mr. Gray, I hope you know that this is not St. Piaf but Glendale. This is also not your house."

"Heh. Interesting, " Carter smiled and uttered unenthusiastically. However, his gaze changed and he looked like he was going to take action.

Adam rushed to the door of the room with wounds on his face. When he saw something amiss with Carter's expression, he realized that Cathy must be

in danger. He immediately rushed over to stop the man.

However, he heard Shirley saying something after only taking a few steps.

“Mr. Gray, please get out of my house.”

The coldness in Carter’s eyes and his action of lifting his hand froze the moment he heard what Shirley said.

‘Mr. Gray?’

He could not believe that he just heard Shirley calling him that.

However, that voice indeed belonged to Shirley.

Carter furrowed his long eyebrows and lifted his eyes that were as deep as the sea to look at Shirley who was leaning on the bed. She only had the side of her face turned toward him.

“What did you just say?” Carter asked in disbelief.

Shirley remained seated. She said coldly, “I said, please get out of my house, Mr. Gray. Also, I hope that you won’t come over ever again.”

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Shirley sounded very decisive.

Carter seemed to be stumped for words for a while. Then, he tugged the corners of his lips.

“Shirley, do you know what you’re saying?”

“I do. I know what I said,” Shirley answered slowly without even lifting her beautiful eyes. “I’ve thought it through, and I won’t let you manipulate me like an idiot. We were just using each other anyway, Mr. Gray. You used me to reach your goals, and to be honest, I was also just using you.”

When Carter heard this answer, he felt as if he had heard a huge joke.

“You were using me?” He scoffed and asked, “What were you using me for?”

“You still can’t tell what I was using you for?” Shirley asked. The corner of her red lip that looked slightly pale was lifted in a disdainful smile.

“The first time I met you, I knew you could give me a life of luxury and the best education.

“I was just pretending to be pitiful to gain pity from you and Camille. I wanted you guys to keep me in Gray Manor, I wanted to make you reluctant

to have me leave. I wanted you to plead with camille yourself so that I could stay to become your playmate and study buddy.”

“Hmph. ” As Shirley said that, she chuckled while feeling pleased with herself. “Carter, I’m very good at acting, right? You must have thought that I was so in love with you and I couldn’t live without you so I would be willing to do anything for you, right?”

You’re wrong. We were just using each other. I was only pretending when I was with you, and now, this is the true colors of Shirley Brown.”

After hearing what Shirley said, Carter did not have the previous look of anger on his face anymore.

He looked at Shirley who had never once looked at him since he entered and eventually asked after a long while, “Are you sure you’re telling the truth?”

“Of course, ” Shirley answered decisively. The corners of her beautiful eyes were slightly lifted as she scanned Carter’s face coldly.

“ If not, why do you think I stopped contacting you for so long and even came back to live here? You should see now that I’ve sorted things out with my

brother. I'm bored of the game between you and me, so that's why I didn't bother contacting you."

Carter thought his heart was strong and it was able to conquer everything. However, when Shirley's decisive words pierced his eardrums, he felt as if an invisible dagger was piercing through where his heart was.

This feeling reminded him of when Shirley had left without telling him.

Back then, she had left so decisively.

Now that he thought about it, she really did not love him and that was why she could cruelly leave without any reluctance.

Carter's expression and gaze froze.

"Shirley, you're something else," he mocked with a light chuckle. "You'd better pray that I won't see you again. If not, I'll make you pay for using me."

After he warned her, his icy gaze scanned Shirley's disdainful face.

When he turned around and saw Adam glaring at him, he gave him the same warning.

"It's best if you don't meddle in Jeremy Whitman's business. If not, both of you will suffer the consequences."

After Carter said that, he strode away. When he walked past Adam, it seemed that he used all of his might to bump into Adam's shoulder.

Adam was caught off guard and crashed into the doorframe after stumbling backward.

"Adam." Cathy quickly ran to Adam. When she saw the wounds on his face, she knew that Adam had put his life on the line to fight with Carter to stop him. However, an elegant gentleman like Adam would never be able to defeat a man who had been trained and knew how to fight.

"Adam, are you okay? Your wounds... I should treat your wounds for you." Cathy looked at Adam in concern.

"I'm fine. Don't worry about me. " Adam comforted Cathy. When he was about to say something to Shirley, he suddenly heard a muffled thud coming from the side of the bed.

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Cathy and Adam looked at the source of the sound and were shocked by what they saw.

Shirley had fallen from the bed once again and it was obvious that she did it on purpose.

She could not walk, so she could only crawl. She was now crawling to the balcony.

When Adam saw this, he would be lying if he said he was not sad.

It was his sister, so he could not ignore her.

He strode to Shirley who was dragging the lower half of her body to crawl forward, reaching out to pull her up.

“Shirley, what are you doing? Are you crazy?” Adam angrily rebuked her. His emotional and angry yells only reflected how worried and concerned he was about her.

However, Shirley did not listen to him. She forcefully pulled Adam’s hand away and stared straight at him with eyes that had turned red unbeknownst to them.

“Let me go! Adam, are you so naive to think that I was telling the truth just now? I haven’t made up with you nor do I think of this place as my home.

Also, I've never once thought of you as my brother! Let me go immediately! "

When Adam heard this, he looked at the emotional and tearful Shirley with disappointment in his eyes.

"Do you like that man so much? You like him so much that you can throw away your dignity and self-respect, huh? Alright, go! Crawl to him like the good-for-nothing you are! "

Adam clenched his fists, and under Shirley's intense provocation, he let go of his hand.

Shirley fell to the cold hard floor once again. Cathy did not expect that Adam would really let go of his hand. When she wanted to go help Shirley up, it was already too late.

Shirley, who had fallen on the floor, frowned in pain but she did not make a sound. She continued to crawl to the balcony.

Her beautiful and charming eyes were filled with sparkling tears.

However, how could she match up with Carter's walking speed when she was crawling?

Before Shirley could crawl to the balcony, she heard the familiar sound of the engine from downstairs.

She knew it was the sound of Carter leaving in his car.

She figured that she might not be able to see this man again, hence Shirley gritted her teeth and used all of her might to crawl forward. When she got to the balcony, she saw that familiar sports car speeding away from the corners of her teary eyes.

Carter...

Shirley clenched her fists and watched as Carter's car drove farther away. Her tears eventually fell drop by drop on the back of her hands.

"Heh, hehe, hahaha..."

Shirley lowered her head and started laughing at herself.

Her laughter reverberated amid the cold and biting snow and wind, sounding extremely mournful.

Carter sped all the way back to the manor.

The moment he went through the door, he saw Camille sitting upright and still on the sofa in front of him.

“You went to see her again.” It seemed that Camille knew this well and had seen through everything. “ Carter, don’t forget what you want. Are you seriously going to neglect your bright future for that woman?”

It was rare that Camille would talk to Carter in such a solemn manner.

“This is the last time, ” Carter promised. “From now on, I won’t go and see her again.”

“Good.” Camille was satisfied. Then, she said seriously, “Carter, I know you’re exceptional and you have dreams and aspirations. The future and prosperity of St. Piaf’s royalty depend on you.”

When Carter heard this, doubts appeared on his face.

Camille rarely talked to him about this. She had even mentioned previously that she did not want her son to participate in the fight among the royalty. However, she was taking the initiative to bring this up now.

There must be a reason for this.

“Carter, I’ve found a suitable candidate to be your viscountess. Not only do you know this person, but you also know her very well.

” I hope your wedding will go smoothly this time.
”

While Camille said that, she gestured to the butler to hand the tablet over to Carter.

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Carter took the tablet and had a look. When he saw the photo on the screen, his eyes were filled with shock. It seemed that he could not believe what he was seeing.

“You want me to marry her?” Carter looked at Camille in suspicion.

Camille nodded firmly. “She’s the most suitable candidate for now, Carter. You’re someone who’s going to achieve great things, so I don’t want you to be driven by your emotions and let a woman affect your bright future.”

Carter looked at the photo on the screen with intense disgust in his heart. However, when he

suddenly remembered what Shirley had said, he suddenly laughed.

“Don’t worry, I’ll focus on my career from now on. No woman will be able to affect my mood anymore.”

“Good.” Camille stood up and turned her head to order the butler, “Go and prepare for Mr. Carter’s marriage. It has to be grand, and I want to let everyone in St. Piaf witness that moment.”

“Understood, Madam,” the butler replied and was about to go make preparations.

“Wait.” Carter stopped him.

Camille looked at Carter. “Are you not happy with my suggestion or arrangement?”

“I want the wedding to be held in Glendale,” Carter voiced what he was thinking in his heart.

“Here?”

“I want it to be in the most luxurious hotel in Glendale.”

“However, you have a special identity in St. Piaf. This wedding will not just be a wedding, it’s more o

f a contest, " Camille said earnestly. However, she did not force Carter. Instead, she softened her tone.

"Can you tell me why?" "Jeremy Whitman."

Carter said those two words without any hesitation.

Camille pondered for a few seconds and then nodded. "We'll just do it your way, then. We'll have the wedding in the most luxurious hotel in Glendale."

She promised and looked at the butler. "Go, we must make it look honorable and grand."

The butler nodded and answered, "I will not disappoint you, Madam."

After Camille and the butler left, Carter stood where he was with the tablet still in his hand.

The screen had already darkened, so he lifted his long and thin fingers to lightly tap on it.

The photo that appeared in front of him caused him to feel more resentful.

He threw the tablet on the sofa and walked to the laboratory in the basement.

He looked at the anti-toxoid test reagents that were arranged neatly on the rack. Ultimately, he chose one of the anti-toxoid test reagents.

“Shirley, do you think my plan can’t go on if I don’t have you? I was just using you this whole time.”

He murmured to himself. He was saying that so carefreely, but somehow, a strong unconvinced feeling was disrupting his thoughts.

Hospital.

It was finally sunny.

Even after more than a month of treatment, Lillian’s health was not getting any better. She was still sick.

Lillian would react strongly to every injection. She would feel sick and throw up too.

At the same time, the little princess’ black and soft hair kept falling. Eventually, the doctor suggested that she cut all of her hair.

Even though Lillian could not speak, she understood everything.

Although she would not have hair now, she could still grow it out after she recovered. Her hair would never be as important as her health.

On a bright and sunny afternoon, Madeline carried the little princess to the sofa on the balcony.

When she was just about to sunbathe with her child, the nurse who usually took care of Lillian came to see Madeline. She said the doctor needed to tell Madeline something.

Madeline figured that it was about Lillian's condition, so she did not hesitate. After asking the nurse to take care of Lillian, she went to the doctor's office. After Madeline left, the nurse took out her phone to call a number. "Mrs. Whitman has left and Lillian is alone in the ward. You can come now."

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After the person on the other end of the phone received this call, they hung up without saying anything.

The nurse was curious. When she was wondering if she had been scammed, she received notification on her phone that she had received an impressive sum of money.

The nurse was delighted because she could buy the bag she had been eyeing for a long time now.

Then, she placed all of Lillian's medical records on the table according to the order she received from the person who transferred her the money. After she did all of that, she closed the door and left.

Less than a minute after she left, a tall and upright figure appeared at the door of the ward.

The man did not hesitate before pushing the door open and walking into the ward.

After Madeline left, Lillian stopped paying attention to what was going on inside the ward. She

was sitting on the sofa on the balcony, as quiet as a delicate doll as she looked out at the scenery.

However, when she heard someone pushing the door open and coming in, she turned her tiny body to look over.

Fabian's approaching footsteps slowed down when Lillian looked over to him.

He was wearing a brown coat and a face mask. He had a bouquet of powder blue baby breaths in his hands. In his other hand, he was carrying a glass jar and inside the jar were colorful candies.

Lillian looked at Fabian and blinked her bright, huge eyes.

She supported herself using the sofa to stand up. However, since she had been receiving daily injections, she was very weak. It was very difficult for her to stand up.

Fabian could tell what Lillian was thinking, so he quickly recomposed himself and walked in front of Lillian.

When Lillian saw Fabian suddenly approaching her, she lifted her little head and looked straight into Fabian's eyes.

She wanted to say something, but in the end, she still could not utter a word.

Fabian frowned and squatted slowly to hand the bouquet to Lillian.

Lillian loved baby breaths, so she slowly lifted her tiny hands to gently hold the bouquet Fabian was giving her out of kind intentions.

She wanted to say thank you but she realized that her throat could not sound out those two words.

Lillian lowered her eyelids in desolation. Her curly eyelashes were fluttering up and down, like tiny blades slicing across Fabian's heart again and again.

He was heartbroken.

He also had this feeling the first time he met Lillian.

Back then, it was because he had seen Felipe using such a small child. When he saved Lillian, the heartache he felt had come naturally.

Now, this heartache was not only instinctive but perhaps it was also laced with apology.

The reason Lillian became like this had to do with his sister, Lana.

When he saw that Lillian looked a little dejected, Fabian handed the jar of candies over to her.

Lillian wanted to take it but she shook her head, pointing to the cabinet in the ward.

Fabian understood and walked over to the cabinet to pull the drawer open. He saw the jars of candies that he had given her over the past month inside.

Yes, she was sick, so she could not eat such sweet candies. He had handpicked all of the ingredients to make the candies just so she could eat them, even making them himself. They were all handmade without preservatives.

However, he understood.

Fabian turned around and saw Lillian looking at him with wide clear eyes. He felt his heart warming up, and then, he walked to the table to pick up the records the nurse had placed there.

Actually, he had been paying attention to Lillian's situation in secret.

However, when he finally saw Lillian's medical records and the state she was in after going for treatment every day with his own eyes, he could not help but grasp the stack of records tightly.

He knew he did not have much time here and Madeline would be back soon. He did not want to delay this anymore either.

Fabian quickly walked back to Lillian and lifted his hand to caress her head.

However, after removing the red hat on Lillian's head, to his astonishment, he realized that Lillian did not have hair anymore. Fabian was lost for words. His hand that was holding the hat was frozen in mid-air.

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When Lillian saw Fabian at a loss for words, she avoided Fabian's gaze, hurt evident in her eyes. She then reached out to take the hat and gently put it back on.

In a daze, Fabian gradually gathered his wandering thoughts. At this moment, he made the final decision.

"Lily."

He finally spoke, his solemn eyes looking straight into Lillian's melancholic, big eyes.

"Lily, do you want to come with me?"

Fabian asked gently but his tone betrayed urgency. He was worried that Madeline would soon return.

Lillian, not understanding what Fabian meant, only blinked and looked at him.

"Lily, I'll bring you somewhere that could heal you. You'll be able to get better quickly, then you can talk just like how you could back then."

Lillian vaguely understood what Fabian meant this time. She blinked her clear eyes and her pink lips moved to speak. "Daddy. Mommy."

Daddy. Mommy.

Those were the only two words that Lillian could utter now.

Fabian understood how Lillian felt. She wanted her father and mother.

He gave a gentle smile as he stroked Lillian's small face. "Lily, do you trust me? I will love you and protect you just like your daddy and mommy. I will take care of you forever.

"Trust me."

Fabian firmly promised, then suddenly opened his arms to carry the confused-looking Lillian.

Although Lillian was still small, she could recognize Fabian with certainty.

She knew that he had good intentions. He had never bullied her before. Sometimes, he would even show up to protect her.

However, she was confused with the current circumstance and incapable of asking.

Madeline was confused when she came out of the doctor's office.

The doctor had said that he did not look for her. Lillian's condition currently neither improved nor worsened, so there was nothing important he wanted to discuss with Madeline.

However, the nurse who cared for Lillian daily had told Madeline that the doctor was looking for her.

Madeline found this odd, so she hastened her steps back to the hospital room. She had expected the nurse to be taking care of Lillian, but Madeline saw that the door was agape and there was no one inside.

There was only an out-of-place bouquet of powder blue baby's breaths on the balcony sofa.

Madeline immediately understood. She instantly turned and ran to the elevator.

The moment she was a distance away from the elevator, she saw a tall man carrying Lillian into the elevator.

"Lily!"

Madeline hurriedly ran over, but unfortunately, the door of the elevator automatically closed.

This was the seventh floor, and it was a hassle waiting for the hospital elevator. Madeline had no choice. She ran toward the staircase and sprinted to the hospital entrance.

It was an extremely cold winter day, but Madeline was now drenched in sweat.

She examined each car leaving the parking lot, trying to see if Lillian was in any of them. As the cars drove by, however, she still could not find any sign of Lillian.

In between her moments of panic, Madeline remembered the GPS.

She opened the application on her phone and immediately located Lillian. She was on the road next to the hospital entrance.

Madeline dashed over and indeed found Lillian, who was being carried into a car by a man.

“Lily!”

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Lillian and Fabian heard Madeline shout.

They looked in Madeline’s direction at the same time; Lillian leaned toward Madeline but Fabian was holding her tightly.

“Let go of my daughter! ” Madeline bellowed at Fabian while she comforted Lillian. “Don’t be scared, Lily. I’m coming over to you now.”

However, Fabian, not heeding Madeline’s words, opened the car door and got in quickly, Lillian in his arms.

“Lily! Lily!”

Madeline repeatedly yelled, but the car had already begun to drive away. She was too late to stop it.

Since she could use the GPS to track Lillian's location, Madeline ran back to the parking lot and got into her car to give chase.

Although she had never driven this fast in her life, she was completely in control of the steering wheel.

Madeline rapidly caught up with the car that Lillian was in.

Fabian was in the backseat with Lillian in his arms. Through the rearview mirror, he could see that Madeline's car was right behind them.

"Speed it up when it's safe to do so, " Fabian ordered the driver.

"Yes, Young Master Fabian, " Fabian's attendant answered.

"Mommy."

Lillian suddenly called out to her mother.

Fabian turned and saw that Lillian's adorable eyebrows were furrowed as she stared, through the glass window of the back of the car, at Madeline's car that was closing in behind them.

It seemed that she could recognize her mother's car.

Fabian was heartbroken, but he remained firm on his decision.

He raised his head, caressing Lillian's head through her hat. "Lily, trust me. I'll definitely cure you, then I'll take you back to see your daddy, mommy, and brother."

While Lillian understood what Fabian said, her clear and bright eyes were still filled with melancholy.

Fabian turned and looked back, seeing Madeline's car was still close behind them.

He asked his attendant who was driving to make a turn and speed up, successfully losing Madeline.

Soon after, Madeline's car reappeared in the rearview mirror.

Fabian found this odd, but then noticed the red string around Lillian's neck.

"Lily, can you let me see your red string?" Fabian asked for Lillian's consent.

Lilly blinked, then put her small hands on the red string, gently taking the pendant down.

It was a crystalline jadeite. While miniature, the jadeite was extraordinarily refined and in the shape of Lillian's horoscope —a vivid and realistic crab just the size of an average fingernail.

Fabian carefully examined it and finally found a tiny GPS tracking device at the bottom of the crab.

He then understood how Madeline was able to accurately follow them. This was the reason.

"Continue to speed up, and turn left," Fabian ordered the attendant who was driving.

Madeline was following the car in front of her closely when she saw the car suddenly speeding up and making a turn.

When Fabian saw that Madeline also sped up, he slowly removed the chip that was attached to Lillian's jadeite and rolled down the window of the car.

"Lily, there's something dirty on the surface. Let me throw it away for you."

After he said that, he put his hand outside the window and loosened his grip.

The tiny chip was instantly lost to the wind.
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Madeline was about to turn at the next junction to stop Fabian's car, but at that moment, the location of the red dot on her phone abruptly changed.

It should have been moving forward, but it suddenly moved back before stopping.

In that instance, Madeline did not know if she should go forward or turn back around.

However, she did not have time to think. She quickly turned her steering wheel and drove to the location where the red dot had stopped at.

The location, however, was in the middle of the road where cars came and went.

The cars criss-crossed on the road, yet the red dot never moved.

Madeline then understood. Someone had disposed of the GPS on Lilian.

She watched the bustling street. It was a rare sunny day in winter, yet a gloom came over her, darkening everything she saw.

“Lily.”

Madeline murmured Lillian’s name, feeling extremely helpless.

After Jeremy got the call from Madeline, he rushed to her as fast as he could.

Madeline was sitting by the flowerbed near where Lillian’s tracker had stopped, staring blankly, dejected.

Jeremy was extremely worried at the sight of Madeline’s state.

“Linnie.”

He softly called out to her and sat down next to her, then gently grabbed her hand, comforting her.

“Linnie, don’t worry. The person who abducted Lily must have a purpose, so she won’t be in danger temporarily.”

“Not ‘temporarily’. She’s certainly not in any danger, ” Madeline corrected. “The person who abducted Lily is Fabian.”

“Fabian?”

“Yes, I’m sure it’s him.” Madeline sounded certain. When she realized Lillian was missing, she was

anxious but not frantic. She did notice the powder blue baby’s breaths on the sofa and the candy jar.

Aside from Fabian, no one else would secretly give Lillian flowers and candies like this.

“If it truly was Fabian, then we don’t have to worry. He would never hurt Lily.” Jeremy was very relieved. He was certain that Fabian would not do anything to hurt Lillian as well.

However, Madeline let out a dejected and long sigh, anxiously slapping her forehead. “What on earth is he trying to do? If he indeed thinks that we were related to Lana and Yorick’s death, he can come at us. Why is he bothering Lily?”

“Lily...”

“Yes, I know he’s not malicious, and he’s been great to Lily, but she’s sick now. The child is sick,

and it's no ordinary illness. She needs constant treatment. What on earth does Fabian intend to do by abducting Lily now?"

Madeline was extremely fretful. As she spoke, her eyes grew wet, and hot tears dripped onto the back of Jeremy's hand.

An ache started to burn in Jeremy's heart.

He grabbed Madeline's shoulder and pulled her into his arms, giving her warmth and comfort.

"Linnie, don't be sad. I promise that I'll bring Lily back to you."

Madeline leaned against Jeremy's chest and let her tears flow. "I know. I know you'll bring our daughter back home. I know..."

"Yeah, there's no need to cry now." Jeremy reached out to wipe away Madeline's tears, then lowered his head to kiss her wet cheek.

"Trust me. Lillian will be back to us soon." "Okay."

Madeline sobbed and responded. At this moment, her phone in her bag started to vibrate, and Madeline's intuition told her that it was from Fabian.

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Madeline took out her phone and indeed saw Fabian's name on the screen.

He had now unblocked her number just to make this call.

Madeline's finger trembled, then she immediately picked up the call.

"Fabian, where did you take Lily? You bring her back right now!" Madeline's tone was frantic, and it was clear how worried she was presently.

Of course, Fabian had already anticipated Madeline's mood. However, his tone was extraordinarily calm.

"Mrs. Whitman, I know you're worried about your precious daughter. I'm calling you just to tell you that she's safe. You don't need to worry. Nothing will happen to her."

Fabian's tone sounded abnormally distant; his promise and guarantee only made Madeline anxious.

"Fabian, I don't need you to tell me that she's safe.

I only want to see my daughter with my own eyes. My daughter will truly be fine when she's with me.
"

On the other end of the line, Fabian stayed silent for some time, then said, "If that's the case, I am afraid I will only disappoint you then."

Madeline froze when she heard that. "What do you mean?"

"Am I not making myself clear?" Fabian asked, his question heavy with implication, then suddenly called out Madeline's name affectionately, "Eveline."

"..." Madeline was lost for words and momentarily dazed.

Back when she became friends with Fabian, he would call her name in that joking tone of his.

It sounded affectionate to her back then, but now, it sounded completely different.

"Eveline, could you tell me whether you can turn back time once something has happened?" Fabian asked meaningfully.

Fabian immediately followed with his answer.

“It doesn’t matter if something had happened or if someone had died. None of them could ever return.”

Madeline’s head hurt when she heard this. She no longer knew how to answer Fabian.

Jeremy grabbed Madeline’s phone and, facing the screen, impatiently and angrily asked his question.

“Fabian, what are you trying to say? Lana and Yorick only had themselves to blame for their deaths. However, if you insist on blaming their deaths on us, then you can come at us. Lily is just a child! Bring her back right now! ”

When Fabian heard Jeremy’s angry words, he lowered his head to look at Lillian who was sound asleep, leaning against his arms, then looked at the scenery outside the window of the plane, a firm look flashed in his eyes.

“The view in Glendale isn’t bad, but this will be the last time I’ll be here.”

Fabian left them with four final words. “We’ll never meet again.”

Beep beep beep.

His voice fell, then the phone line disconnected. All that remained was the busy tone.

When Jeremy tried returning the call, Fabian's phone status was already turned off.

"Jeremy, what should we do now? What on earth did Fabian intend to achieve by abducting Lily?" Madeline was gradually losing her head.

Jeremy comforted Madeline. "Linnie, I'll go get the camera footage by the road now. Don't worry."

"Okay, get it quickly then! Hurry! " Madeline said incoherently as she kept nodding.

Jeremy was worried and heartbroken seeing Madeline in this state.

It felt as if this world had never been kind to this woman. Her body and mind had been under constant torment in the past and the present.

He only hoped that, in the future, her life would only have peace and bliss.

Jeremy then contacted the people from the relevant departments and obtained the camera footage back until the point when Fabian had left the hospital.

After following Fabian's travel route, Jeremy finally found the place where Fabian and Lillian had gotten out of the car in the end.

It could be said that this place was within his expectations.

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chapter 1760

It was the Glendale Airport.

Based on Fabian's words earlier, Jeremy had a feeling that Fabian might leave Glendale with Lillian.

As he predicted, after checking the flight, he found out that Fabian had got on a chartered plane that

flew from Glendale to F Country.

The plane just took off five minutes ago.

It was impossible to stop a plane, so Jeremy could only book the next plane ticket to F Country immediately. In the meantime, he also contacted his colleagues from Interpol, hoping that they would stop Fabian at the airport.

Once Madeline knew about this, she wanted to go to F Country with Jeremy.

Jeremy knew he could not say no to Madeline, so together, they waited for their flight at the airport.

The closest flight was in three hours. There was little else they could do apart from waiting.

However, two hours later, Jeremy received a call from his Interpol colleague in F Country. The person told him that the chartered plane under Fabian's name had just landed in F Country, but Fabian himself was not on the plane.

He did not take this plane to F Country! That was just a ruse!

Madeline and Jeremy were suddenly at a loss on how to go about this. They had not expected Fabian to play this trick on them.

In the next few days, Jeremy went all out to look for Fabian's whereabouts, but Fabian was extremely well hidden. He left not a single trace behind.

Winter was eventually replaced by spring, yet there was still no trace of Fabian and Lillian.

During a quiet afternoon, Madeline watched her youngest son who was learning to walk. She

should be feeling happy, but when she recalled that her little princess was still missing, she felt as if a piece of her heart was missing, leaving her incomplete.

“Why are you staring into space here, Eveline?”
Eloise suddenly appeared behind Madeline.

Madeline returned to her senses and looked at her mother who had not recovered, then felt another wave of heartache.

Even now, Madeline’s mother still could not recognize that Eveline, the precious daughter that Eloise longed for, was Madeline.

Madeline thought silently, then quickly got rid of her melancholic and negative emotions, smiling at Eloise.

“I’m playing with Pudding.”

Eloise looked at Pudding and asked curiously, “Why is Pudding the only one here? Where’s Jack and Lily? Say, it’s been a long time since I saw Lily.”

The mention of Lily at this moment made Madeline feel a tug at her heart, but she could only keep on smiling.

"Lily is playing somewhere with a friend of mine. She'll be back after a while."

"How long a while?" Eloise asked bluntly.

Tears pricked the corners of Madeline's eyes as she could not control her emotions any further. " I... I don't know."

"How could you not know? Aren't you Lily's mother?"

Madeline was momentarily speechless. Her eyes were already red.

Yes, she was Lillian's mother.

She had lost her daughter, and as a mother, she could hardly be free from blame.

Upon seeing Madeline crying, Eloise furrowed her thin eyebrows, her heart suddenly started to feel heavy. "Why are you crying? Here, a tissue for you."

When Madeline saw the tissue Eloise handed her, Madeline further lost control, and tears flowed from her eyes.

"I've failed as a mother, " she blamed herself. "Back then, I didn't manage to care for Jack properly, causing him to suffer so much when he was so little. Now, it's Lily's turn. Someone abducted her before my eyes, yet I couldn't stop it in time."

Madeline grabbed Eloise's hand as she spoke, losing control of her emotions.

"Mom, tell me. What on earth do I have to do to become a passable, decent mother?"

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chapter 1761

"How... to be a passable mother..."

Madeline's question seemed to stumped Eloise.

Eloise stared straight at Madeline's tearful face. As she looked at Madeline, Eloise suddenly started to shake her head repeatedly; her expression also gradually changed.

"I am not a passable mother. I'm not. I've mistaken a bad woman as my precious daughter, and I've caused my Eveline to be vilified and tormented. I'm not a passable mother. I am not worthy to be a mother. I'm not worthy. Not worthy..."

Eloise rejected herself, blaming herself with fierce intensity.

Madeline only then realized that the question she had asked during her emotional breakdown had triggered Eloise.

She rushed to hold Eloise's shoulders to comfort her. "Mom, there's no need to get worked up.

You're a good mother. You are a passable mother in Eveline's heart."

"No, I'm not a good mother, that's why Eveline hates me. She hates me. She doesn't want me as her mother, and she doesn't want Sean as a father as well. Sean and I are not worthy to be Eveline's parents. Ah..."

Eloise yelled as she broke down and suddenly pushed Madeline away as she ran out the main entrance.

"Mom!"

Eveline hurriedly chased after her.

However, she turned back after taking two steps. Coincidentally, a maid was passing by, and

Madeline pointed at Pudding who was chuckling at himself in a silly manner. "Watch Pudding for me.

I'll be back soon! You must keep a close eye on him! "

When the maid saw Madeline's hurried look, she earnestly nodded. "I will watch him closely. Don't worry, Ma'am."

"Pudding, listen to her. I'll be back soon!" Madeline said to her confused son, then dashed in the direction in which Eloise had run toward. As Madeline ran, she called out to Eloise, "Mom!"

However, it did not seem that Eloise heard

Madeline's call. If she did, she might not know that Madeline was calling her.

Eloise ran straight on, passing a few streets.

Due to her nervous breakdown, she ignored the traffic lights. Quite a few cars had to brake urgently just to avoid her.

Madeline's heart leaped when she saw this.

She blamed herself. How could she show such negative emotions to Eloise?

Now, Eloise was triggered into recalling the unhappy, painful memories, and Madeline was not faultless in this.

Eloise continued running a few red lights as she crossed the streets. Madeline, who was chasing behind her, apologized to the drivers, who were cursing at Eloise, as she ran.

Jeremy was on the way home when he noticed that it was slightly congested up ahead on the road.

Oblivious to what had transpired, he subconsciously lifted his eyes and saw Madeline, a hurried look on her face, standing in the road apologizing to everyone.

“Linnie?”

Jeremy found this odd, so he surveyed his surroundings and, with a fair bit of difficulty,

parked the car by the roadside, surrounded by cars.

He urgently called Madeline. While the call went through, the person who picked up the phone was Karen, who sounded quite frantic.

“The maid said that Eveline ran out looking hurried. Eloise is gone too. I don’t know what happened as well.”

Even though Jeremy did not know what exactly had happened, after listening to Karen, he could roughly surmise that Madeline was searching for Eloise.

When he saw that the cars ahead of him were moving, Jeremy paid close attention to the direction in which Madeline had run while he turned the steering wheel, quickly and decisively weaved through the cars on the bustling street, then parked his car by the roadside without obstructing the traffic. He then swiftly ran in Madeline’s direction.

Madeline had never known that Eloise could run with such speed. The trigger might have brought out her latent potential.

Madeline’s only thought was to catch up with Eloise who was recklessly running, causing Madeline to completely miss the rock under her foot.

When she finally noticed it and tried avoiding it, she had already stepped on it.

Madeline fell to the ground. She tried standing back up but realized that there was a debilitating pain in her right ankle. Her bones hurt with every movement; it seemed that her ankle was twisted.

She looked around her and felt lucky that this was not the busy street from earlier. Otherwise, she would have been hit by a car.

Eloise heard Madeline yelping in pain, and she abruptly stopped running.

She turned and saw Madeline sitting in the middle of the road.

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chapter 1762

Eloise took notice, paying attention to the expression on Madeline's face; her eyebrows on her delicate, graceful face were tightly furrowed.

Eloise felt her heart tightened for some reason.
"Eveline..."

She looked at Madeline and quietly muttered this name.

When Madeline saw that Eloise had finally stopped, she was overjoyed.

“Mom, stop running. I can’t chase you any further.” Madeline, enduring the pain in her twisted ankle, smiled warmly at Eloise.

As she spoke, she supported herself with her arm, trying to stand up.

Jeremy hurriedly ran over from one side, just in time to see Madeline sitting in the middle of the road, trying to get up.

“Linnie.”

Without thinking, he ran toward Madeline’s position.

Coincidentally, at this moment, a huge truck was speeding out from a junction and heading toward them.

The truck driver, not expecting anyone to be sitting in the middle of the road, was driving at a high speed. When he saw the stationary Madeline, the driver honked furiously.

Madeline was doing her best to stand when she heard the truck’s honks. She only then noticed that a huge truck was speeding toward her from her side.

If she did not stand and get out of the way, it would run into her in mere seconds.

In this moment of life or death, Madeline saw Eloise running toward her, and at the same time, an anxious scream followed. "Eveline..."

Although Eloise would also normally call her Eveline, this time, Madeline felt that something was different.

She was distracted, then she finally remembered her current situation.

"Mom, don't come over! " Madeline yelled at Eloise.

However, Eloise seemed to turn a deaf ear and ran even faster toward Madeline.

Madeline looked at the truck that was about to run into her. She used all her might, enduring the pain, using her arm to support herself into standing.

At this moment, she felt a familiar warmth behind her and, at the same time, a pair of strong arms holding her.

Madeline turned her head in disbelief and saw Jeremy's worried face.

“Jeremy.”

“Linnie, are you okay?”

“I...” Madeline was about to explain, but she remembered the truck, and effortfully pushed Jeremy away. “Jeremy, get out of the way! The truck’s about to run into us! ”

As Madeline’s voice fell, Eloise’s powerful voice immediately followed.

“Stop!”

Eloise spoke with a commanding voice.

Madeline then heard the truck breaking urgently. She turned and saw the truck stopping

approximately two meters away from her and Jeremy. Meanwhile, Eloise was standing but centimetres away from the truck; head raised, chest puffed up, and arms wide open as she stopped the truck.

Madeline was shocked by Elois’s actions, and so too was Jeremy.

Madeline surveyed the scene before her, her back covered in a layer of cold sweat. She could not

imagine what would happen if the truck did not stop in time.

She looked at Eloise's unyielding figure, and the corners of her eyes turned hot against her volition.

"Mom."

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chapter 1763

Eloise was vehemently glaring at the driver when she heard a sudden call from behind.

She was staring blankly ahead, then her gaze instantly softened.

Eloise turned around abruptly and sped toward Madeline.

Eloise, still very emotional, reached out her hand to touch Madeline's cheek. "Eveline, how are you? Are you okay? How's your leg? Let me see."

Eloise squatted as she spoke, reaching out her hand, gently touching Madeline's twisted ankle. It

was clear that Madeline's ankle was red and swollen.

“Are all of you sick in the head? If you want to reminisce, go home! Don’t get in the way of my delivery!” snapped the truck driver, his head poking out from the window.

Jeremy lifted his cold, stern eyes. “Do you think you’re still in the right when you’re the one speeding? Someone had clearly fallen on the road, yet not only did you not stop, but you continued to speed. Do you want your license to get revoked?”

Looking at Jeremy’s cold, steadfast, handsome face, the truck driver immediately realized that this was not someone he could afford to offend. After all, he was indeed speeding, and he would be in trouble if they were to investigate this. He then turned his steering wheel and timidly drove away.

Madeline looked at Jeremy, feeling glad that he showed up just in time.

She then noticed that Eloise was still examining her wounds, so Madeline bent down and held Eloise’s hand.

“Mom, I’m fine. Get up now, quickly. We’ll head home.”

“How can you be fine? It’s so swollen!” Eloise’s expression showed that she was very worried and

very stern. "Jeremy, where is your car? Take Eveline to the hospital now. It's no small issue if she broke her bones."

Jeremy nodded as he heard that. " I'll get Linnie to the nearest hospital now."

As he spoke, he swooped Madeline into a bridal carry.

Eloise followed closely behind.

However, before they could go far, Madeline forcefully tugged Jeremy's collar.

"Jeremy, wait."

She called out to Jeremy.

Jeremy, who was very compliant with Madeline, then stopped.

"What's wrong, Linnie?" he asked hesitantly.

Madeline and Jeremy looked into each other's eyes, and a light shone in her beautiful eyes.

She shifted her gaze toward Eloise who was following closely behind, then her heart started to race.

Jeremy seemed to suddenly understand.

However, Eloise was confused. She quickly walked toward Jeremy and Madeline with a concerned and anxious look on her face.

“Jeremy, why are you stopping? You must quickly take Eveline to the hospital. What are we going to do if we were to miss the best time to treat her and thus leave her with permanent damage with long- lasting effects? Hurry up, go!”

Eloise ordered sternly.

Madeline pressed her lips together as warmth spread around the corners of her eyes.

However, she reined back her emotions and lifted her head to look at Jeremy. “Jeremy, listen to mom. We’ll go to the hospital first.”

“Okay.” Jeremy, who would naturally listen to Madeline, quickly walked toward the location of his parked car, Madeline in his arms.

It just so happened that there was a hospital nearby that specializes in orthopedics.

When they arrived at the hospital, Eloise immediately went to help Madeline with the registration.

Since it was the evening, there were not many people, so Madeline was able to quickly meet with a doctor.

After examining Madeline, the doctor confirmed that it was merely a common ligament tear.

Although it was not serious, they could not be careless about it.

After treating the injury, the doctor then permitted Jeremy to leave with Madeline.

When Jeremy was picking up Madeline to leave, Eloise, still worried, went to the doctor. "Doctor, is my daughter's leg fine? Will there be any permanent effect?"

"Don't worry, madam. If your daughter recuperates properly, she'll definitely recover."

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chapter 1764

With the doctor's confirmation, Eloise was finally more at ease.

Upon seeing this scene, Madeline asked Jeremy to put her down.

Eloise too walked quickly toward Madeline with loving eyes and a smile on her face.

“Thankfully it won’t be much of a problem. I was truly scared just now. Let’s go home now.”

Madeline gave Eloise an earnest look and smiled. “Mom.”

Eloise nodded at that. “Yes, Eveline. Let’s go home now.”

“Mom,” Madeline called out again.

Eloise was about to respond when she suddenly felt that something was not quite right.

The smile on her face froze, and her expression too was dazed.

It seemed that, at this moment, she realized it.

She stared straight at Madeline, tears moistened her eyes without her noticing. Eloise only spoke a while later; her voice was soft, trembling slightly.

“Eveline...”

Madeline's eyes misted over with tears as well.

She looked into Eloise's kind and gentle eyes and nodded slightly. "Mom, I'm Eveline. The Eveline you've been thinking about day and night."

After Madeline's voice fell, Eloise burst into tears.

Unable to hold back her feelings presently, she pulled Madeline into a hug.

Madeline held Eloise, leaning against Eloise's embrace, feeling secure.

"Eveline, my child. I'm so sorry."

Eloise apologized sincerely. Her speech and expression no longer seemed childish and dazed as they had been before.

She had returned to her normal mental state.

It had happened when, just as the truck was about to run into Madeline, Eloise instinctively stepped forward to stop the truck. This meant that her mind had been clear of other thoughts, thereby awakening the long-dormant consciousness.

Madeline felt her heart tightened when she heard Eloise apologizing to her.

"Mom, you didn't wrong me. It's all in the past now."

"No, I'm truly not a good mother. I've caused my precious daughter so many years of suffering without realizing it. During the period when I had been dazed, I'd already understood. That was the reason I was in that state. It's all because I felt remorseful."

Eloise blamed herself, then slowly released her embrace.

When she saw the tears on Madeline's face, Eloise quickly reached out her hand and gently wiped them away.

"Eveline, you've suffered much these days, and you've suffered many grievances. I haven't been able to help or take care of you. It's such a pity.

You're all grown up, yet your father and I have never doted on you. Although you're married now, and you have a family and children, in my heart, you'll always be my little princess."

The more Eloise spoke, the more tears fell from her eyes, the more her voice trembled, and the greater the guilt she felt toward Madeline.

“Eveline, could you truly forgive your mom and dad?”

Madeline smiled in relief and reached out her hand to wipe away the tears on Eloise’s face.

“I’ve already let go of those things, so please forget them as well. I know I’m the most important person in your hearts.”

Eloise had wanted to control her emotions and stop crying, but when she heard Madeline’s words, she wanted to cry even more.

Jeremy stood at a side, feeling touched as well.

He could truly empathize with Eloise completely now.

However, he no longer had those negative feelings for a long time. He knew that she had already forgiven her, but sometimes, when he recalled what had happened, he would still feel ashamed and blame himself.

After comforting Eloise, the three of them went home.

The sky had gradually darkened. Karen, worried about Madeline and Eloise, had been waiting by the

main entrance this whole time. Finally, she saw Jeremy's car and immediately went to meet them.

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chapter 1765

Under the darkness of the night, Karen relied on the streetlights to see the people in the car, the sight of which immediately made her feel much more at ease.

Jeremy was the first to get out of the car after they parked. He then walked toward the backseat and opened the door, then carried Madeline out of the car.

When Karen saw this, she could not help but worry.

She quickly walked toward Madeline who was being held by Jeremy. When she saw Madeline's wet, red, and swollen eyes, she got even more worried. "What happened? Eveline, are you feeling unwell?"

Madeline smiled at that, shaking her head. "Don't worry about me, mom. I'm fine. I've just twisted my ankle. I'll be fine after resting for a few days."

When Karen heard that, she was even more worried. "How did you twist your ankle? How did it happen? Are you sure you'll be fine after a few days?"

"Yes, definitely, " Madeline said with certainty, nodding. "You can ask Jeremy if you don't believe me."

Jeremy chimed in cooperatively when he heard that. "She'll recover if she recuperates properly. No need to be too worried."

"That's good then." Karen was only relieved then. Suddenly, she remembered something. "Where's Eloise? The maid said you were chasing Eloise.

Where is she now? Why did she suddenly run out on her own?"

"I'm here, Karen."

Eloise's voice sounded from the other side of the backseat.

Karen lifted her head to look over. When she saw Eloise walking toward her with a smile, Karen quickly walked over.

"Eloise, why did you run out suddenly? I'd only gone to the toilet and you disobediently ran out to play. Do you know that it's dangerous if there's no one with you? Don't do this again next time."

Karen scolded Eloise as if she was lecturing a child.

She did not know that Eloise's mental state had already recovered just a while ago.

Meanwhile, listening to Karen's earnest scolding,

Eloise nodded and promised seriously and obediently. "I know. I won't make you guys worry about me from now on."

"Good." Satisfied, Karen smiled, then grabbed Eloise's hand. "Let's head into the house then. Sean and the others should be home soon as well. It's nearly dinner time."

Karen held Eloise's hand as she walked toward the house. However, after taking two steps, Karen still felt that something was amiss.

She looked at Eloise with curiosity and seriousness. "Eloise, it seems that you're speaking much more normally than before."

When Eloise heard this, a smile appeared on her graceful face.

“Are you saying that I didn’t sound normal back then, Karen?”

“ ” When Karen heard that, she abruptly stopped in her tracks, and the look in her eyes changed. “ Eloise, you...”

Karen was evidently puzzled, especially when she saw the calm and serious look on Eloise’s face.

This look could only be seen on a normal person who was also a refined and elegant woman.

“Eveline, Eveline, do you think that your mother seems a little odd?” Karen turned her head to ask Madeline. She then asked Jeremy again, “Jeremy, what do you think? Eloise’s tone sounds different from before.”

Jeremy and Madeline shared a look and smile, then he said, “Of course it’s different. She’s already recovered.”

‘Recovered? ‘Recovered!’

Jeremy's words went through Karen's ears, and only after a while, Karen could register the unbelievable news.

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife
chapter 1766

Karen looked at Eloise who was smiling at her softly in shock. After a while, she grabbed Eloise's hand in surprise once again.

"Really? Eloise, have you really recovered? Do you remember what happened back then? Do you recognize Eveline now?"

If it were back then, Eloise would not believe that a woman who had been so against her would be so concerned about her one day.

However, during the days they spent together, she had truly felt Karen's kindness and friendliness.

Eloise tightly grabbed Karen's hand back and her beautiful eyes were glistening with tears.

"Yeah, I recognize my daughter, Eveline. And I remember what happened back then. I also remember how you didn't mind and cared for me in every possible way when I lost my mind and was so foolish.

"If you hadn't taken care of me during this period, I might not have recovered at all."

"Eloise, I'm so thankful for you and I want to apologize to you. Back then, we were always at each other's throats which led to a lot of conflicts between us. I'm so sorry."

Eloise thanked Karen sincerely and also apologized to her earnestly.

After Karen heard what Eloise said, tears started pricking at the corners of her eyes. She wanted to cry but she waved her hands with a smile. She sobbed and said, "Hey, I was so headstrong back then too. I was so insufferably snobbish because I was relying on the fact that I'm the rich madam of the number one rich family in Glendale.

"Come to think of it, we can't blame each other for this. It's all because of that evil Meredith and her cruel parents. That family caused us so much trouble."

"If it weren't for them, we would've been in-laws even sooner. Eveline and Jeremy would've gotten together way before this."

Eloise did not deny that the main culprit for this was that evil family, but she knew she was at fault as well.

She was at fault for not being able to tell right from wrong. She was at fault for believing everything Meredith told her. Even if the truth was right in front of her, she still chose to believe Meredith.

However, at the end of the day, the reason she trusted Meredith so much back then was because of the love she had for the precious baby daughter whom she lost for so many years.

Sean and Winston came home half an hour later.

After knowing that Eloise had recovered and gone back to her previous mental state, Sean was feeling extremely emotional inside even though he did not show too many emotions on the surface.

Eloise poured him some red wine and said gently and affectionately, "Thank you for all your hard work during this period. I'll try my best not to make you worry about me next time."

Sean looked at the gentleness and tenderness in Eloise's eyes, answering firmly, "You're my

wife, so it's my job to be worried about you and help you carry some of your burdens."

Madeline was listening at one side, and her heart was filled with gladness.

Back then, she felt that Sean and Eloise had a great relationship. At the same time, it was proven that age did not matter when it came to love. It would not fade away with the flow of time either.

The moonlight was tranquil at night.

Madeline sat and leaned against the bed while Jeremy squatted at one side to apply ointment to her ankle.

"Linnie, is it still hurting?"

"No," Madeline smiled and answered.

When Jeremy heard Madeline's answer, he felt even more heartbroken.

She was too eager to be well and act strong. She would not make a sound even if she was in pain.

"Linnie, I know you're worried about Lily. Even though we don't know where our child is, we can at least be assured that Fabian won't do anything

to hurt Lily." "I know." Madeline was sure about this too. " However, Lily's illness... I really don't understand why Fabian wanted to abduct Lily. The people he hates are us but why did he abduct a little girl who he won't hurt or seek revenge on?"

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chapter 1767

Jeremy abruptly stopped applying the ointment.

Actually, it had been so long and he still did not understand Fabian's actions.

However, he was sure that Fabian had gotten some news from somewhere that led to him suddenly resisting them.

Perhaps, that person had given Fabian false news that was detrimental to Jeremy and Madeline.

However, even though Fabian was still young, Jeremy thought that he was not someone who was brainless and would be easily manipulated by others.

"Linnie." Jeremy grabbed Madeline's hands softly and got up to sit next to her. He pulled her into his arms. "Linnie, after we raise the kids, I want to find a suburb that's near the mountain and the

ocean so that we can finally live a life with just the two of us.”

Jeremy voiced the wonderful expectation in his heart. He was planning for this happy and blissful future while sincerely working hard to realize it.

Meanwhile, he also hoped that Madeline would be able to forget her troubles at this moment.

Madeline gently leaned her head against Jeremy’s shoulder and closed her eyes while feeling deeply immersed at this moment. Then, she sighed long and hard in silence.

“That day will come. ” She was hoping for that as well. She was longing for the children to grow up healthily and happily so that they were able to take a step back from their role as parents.

However...

Madeline slowly opened her eyes that had reddened. ‘But Lily, where are you?’

‘Where should I look for you? Are you okay?’

F Country.

Inside a small secluded detached villa.

A young and handsome doctor in a white coat had just finished examining Lillian.

He looked at Fabian who was accompanying her and walked toward the door.

Meanwhile, Fabian walked to the side of the bed and gently caressed Lillian's warm cheek. "Lily, I'm going out for a bit."

He said softly and put a soft toy in Lillian's hand.

Lillian gently held the soft toy and nodded at Fabian obediently while looking at him.

Fabian smiled slightly before turning around to walk out.

Actually, he had gone back to F Country. However, the chartered plane was just a ruse. He purposely spread the information about this so that Jeremy and Madeline would track him.

In reality, he never boarded that plane. Instead, he took Lillian on a normal flight back to F Country.

"Evan, " Fabian called out to the young doctor. " How is she?"

The doctor named Evan furrowed his thick eyebrows. "Her condition doesn't look too good. It's going to be difficult treating her."

Fabian's heart sank and he almost could not control his emotions. "How is that possible? Her condition has always been stable.

"You're a top student who graduated from the best medical university in the world and you specialize in treating leukemia in children. If you think this is difficult, who else can I go to?"

When Evan saw Fabian looking extremely worried and uneasy, he turned his head to look at Lillian who was holding her soft toy in bed.

"Fabian, who is this little girl? Why are you so worried about her?"

When Fabian heard this, his expression changed. However, he changed the topic. "You don't have to worry about who she is. At the end of the day, you have to treat her no matter what."

"You're just forcing me to do something against my will now." Dr. Evan shrugged with a troubled expression on his face.

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chapter 1768

"How is it difficult? Every child that you've treated has recovered!"

"Yes, but those children are lucky. I don't know if she'll be lucky as well." Evan softly raised his eyebrow and there was a troubled look on his handsome face.

"Fabian, after my examination, I'm sure that her previous doctor has misdiagnosed this little girl."

"Misdiagnosis?" Fabian's heart started racing, and there was an expectant look in his eyes. "You mean that Lily is not sick at all?"

"No. " Evan's expression looked more solemn now. " She's sick, and it's even more serious than what was diagnosed before. This is why she hasn't gotten any better after all this while."

Fabian did not know what to say to that. He felt as if his heart had been split open and there was a bone-chilling coldness that spread to his limbs.

He felt dazed, but he still remembered what he wanted to ask. However, his tone sounded weak when he spoke.

"What are we going to do now? Is she still curable?"

“Yes,” Evan gave Fabian an affirmative answer. However, he quickly added, “The condition is that you have to find a suitable bone marrow for her to undergo a transplant.”

Bone marrow transplant!

Even though Fabian was not a professional, he knew how difficult it was to find a suitable bone marrow for a transplant.

There was hope, but it was so small.

“Right, it seems that the girl can’t speak?” Evan asked curiously. “After examining her so many times, aside from blinking and smiling, she has never said a single word.”

When Evan mentioned this, aside from feeling sorry for Lillian, Fabian felt even more remorse and uneasiness.

Even though he was not the reason Lillian had become like this, Lana was his sister, after all. He was still somewhat responsible. Plus, he needed to shoulder this responsibility.

“Please arrange for this immediately. I want to find a suitable bone marrow for this child as soon as

possible. However, you can't be too public about this," Fabian requested while feeling helpless.

"You don't want the child's parents to find her after knowing this, do you?" Evan guessed what Fabian was thinking about in his heart.

Fabian did not answer. He reminded Evan once more to do it as soon as possible before turning around to go back to his bedroom.

When he looked at the adorable and pure Lillian who was like an angel, Fabian felt some discomfort.

He walked in front of Lillian and caressed her little head before promising her, "Lily, I promised I'd treat you and I will. Are you willing to trust me?"

Lillian blinked her clear big eyes and nodded.

Even if she could not speak, she was already showing her trust for Fabian through her eyes.

Fabian was glad, but at the same time, his heart was aching for Lillian.

After he asked the maid to watch over Lillian, he came to the study alone.

Even after switching on the lights in the study, Fabian still felt that his vision and heart were extremely dark.

He sat down in front of his desk and turned on his laptop. Then, he opened a folder, and inside the folder were notes that looked like a diary. The one who had written these notes was his brother, Yorick.

Fabian had read these words multiple times and could even recite them from memory now.

However, he would still read them every day to remind himself what he should do.

Later, he searched for Madeline and Jeremy's photos on his laptop. When he saw the photos, the look in his eyes changed.

"I didn't expect that we'd become enemies."

His tone was cold and indifferent, but at the same time, it was laced with some remorse.

After he said that, his phone started vibrating. When he saw who the caller was, he slowly picked up the phone...

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chapter 1769

A cold and deep masculine voice sounded from the other end of the phone.

"You've already had his daughter for a while so why aren't there any updates? Don't you want to seek revenge on behalf of your siblings?"

Fabian frowned after he heard that. A look of indignation appeared on his youthful and handsome face.

"I don't need to tell you whatever I'm doing," Fabian said in dissatisfaction.

"But the only reason you know about the truth of your siblings' deaths is because of me.

"Fabian, even though your sister was not a pitiful person, she was still your sister. As for Yorick, you know very well how he treated you. Do you want the people who caused them to die to continue to live in this world freely?"

"Now that this child is with you, it's your best chance to retaliate against them. Don't hesitate. You're just giving Jeremy opportunities if you hesitate."

The man was hinting at something through his words. At the same time, his tone sounded like a spell that was playing with Fabian's emotions.

After the man said that, he hung up the phone decisively.

Fabian threw his phone at the desk, and his eyes went back to the computer screen in front of him.

He read the words Yorick had written and clenched his fists. His expression gradually turned more solemn.

A few minutes later, he suddenly grabbed his phone to call Evan. "You don't have to look for a suitable bone marrow anymore."

"What?" On the other end of the call, Evan was puzzled.

However, he did not get an answer from Fabian even after a long while.

"Fabian, are you there? What do you mean by that? Are you planning to give up on this little girl?"

Evan asked, feeling doubtful.

Ten seconds later, Evan heard Fabian's emotionless answer.

"Let her illness run its course on her. You don't have to deal with this anymore."

After he said this heartless and cold statement, Fabian hurriedly hung up the phone. He was scared that Evan would ask him for the reason.

However, who could he tell the reason to?

After struggling with his thoughts, Fabian went to Lillian's bedroom.

The maid, who just left the room, told Fabian that Lillian had just fallen asleep.

After Fabian asked the maid to leave, he quietly and slowly walked next to Lillian's bed.

He saw her naive and innocent sleeping face. He still remembered the first time he had met her.

What an adorable little girl.

That was the first time he thought that children could be so adorable and delightful.

He still remembered how Lillian had innocently kissed him back then.

People around him had even mocked him, saying that he lost his first kiss.

However, that was not his first kiss.

She was just a naive and innocent little girl. She did not know anything.

Fabian unconsciously tugged the corners of his lips into a smile. However, the next second, he remembered Yorick.

The gentleness in his eyes immediately disappeared. The smile on the corner of his lips was gone as well.

“Lillian Whitman, I’m sorry I have to disappoint you although you’ve shown your trust in me.”

Since Madeline could not find Lillian during this period, she decided to project her worry into her work.

She knew it would be useless for her to be anxious, but as a mother, she could not help herself.

She had locked herself in her lab to blend fragrances. When she felt sleepy in the afternoon, she sat on the sofa to rest her eyes. While she was drifting in and out of sleep, she vaguely heard someone calling her 'Mommy'.

Madeline instinctively reached out her hand to grab the air in front of her. "Lily."

"Mommy, I'm here." The little princess' soft voice sounded from in front of her.

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chapter 1770

Madeline felt the corners of her eyes turning hot from emotions. She had not heard this child talk in so long.

Now, she finally heard her talking again. That sweet voice was so clear and melodic.

Madeline saw a small figure in front of her and it was Lillian's silhouette.

Madeline reached out her hand to grab Lillian and she finally grabbed a hand. However, she suddenly jolted awake and what came into her vision was Jeremy's handsome face that was filled with worry.

"Linnie, did you have a dream about Lily?" Jeremy approached her and asked gently.

Madeline looked at her clenched fist and came back to her senses.

The happiness she felt just earlier immediately turned into endless disappointment.

"Yeah, I had a dream about her. I heard her talking to me too and she wanted me to go look for her."

"Linnie..."

Knock, knock, knock.

When Jeremy was about to ask Madeline more questions, they heard someone knocking on the door of the lab.

The secretary pushed the door open and came in. She reported, "Mr. Whitman, Ms. Montgomery, someone named Carter Gray wants to see you."

'Carter is here?'

Jeremy and Madeline subconsciously started to be more alert.

This person surely had not come in peace.

Madeline recomposed her emotions and arrived at the reception room with Jeremy.

Carter was wearing a high-end limited edition custom-made suit, looking elegant and gentle.

However, when they thought about what he had done back then, the description seemed to have nothing to do with him.

When Carter saw Madeline and Jeremy walking over, he lifted the corners of his lips into a superficial smile before handing them the invitation card in his hand.

“I’m here to give this invitation to you two. I’m going to hold my wedding ceremony in the most luxurious six-star hotel under Whitman Corporation this Saturday.”

Carter had a smile on his face as he continued.

“Since we know each other, it means that we’ve been brought together by fate. I hope you two can come to my wedding. Please ask the staff of the hotel to give me their best service, Mr. Whitman.”

There were a lot of industries under Whitman Corporation. Jeremy did not know why Carter chose his hotel for his wedding ceremony and he also did not expect that Carter was able to find another woman to marry him in such a short period.

However, Jeremy was sure that the woman was not Shirley.

“Thank you for your acknowledgment of the hotel my company is managing, Mr. Gray. The hotel staff will act accordingly. As for your wedding, my wife and I—”

“We’ll be there on time.”

When Jeremy was about to reject Carter, Madeline interrupted him and accepted the invitation from Carter.

Madeline took Carter’s invitation and displayed a fake smile. “If there’s nothing else, you can leave now, Mr. Gray.”

Carter chuckled at Madeline’s perfunctory attitude.

“Yes, I don’t have anything else to say. However, I heard that you’re in some sort of kerfuffle recently. Your daughter has been kidnapped, right?”

After Lillian was kidnapped by Fabian, Jeremy had been using a lot of platforms to get news on Lillian and Fabian. Hence, it was not surprising that Carter would have heard about this.

Even though Madeline was bothered by this, she would not show her weakness in front of someone who was deliberately doing this just to see her embarrass herself.

She curled her pink lips and said calmly.

“Yes, such a thing has happened. However, it’s our issue, so we’ll take care of it. You don’t have to worry, Mr. Gray.”

Carter admired Madeline’s calm demeanor.

He looked at Madeline with a faint smile and knew she was actually very anxious deep down.

“You don’t have to be so against me. Perhaps I can provide you with information about the location of your precious daughter?”

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chapter 1771

Madeline and Jeremy’s expressions changed at the same time.

Additionally, Madeline saw the confident smile on Carter's face, and it seemed that he truly knew Lilian's whereabouts.

Her heart started to race. She wanted to know Lillia's whereabouts. She desperately wanted to know, no matter how insignificant a clue.

However, knowing Carter, how would he reveal to them this information so easily?

Jeremy too shared the same thought.

He looked at Carter, and his seductive lips curved into an intriguing smile.

"I didn't expect you to have such an understanding of my daughter's location, Mr. Gray. In that case, I truly want to seek your counsel. Where is my daughter?"

Carter smiled knowingly in turn. "Mr. Whitman, you're a businessman. You should understand that to get something valuable, you'd need to offer something in exchange."

"What do you want?" Jeremy asked directly.

"I want 50% of the Whitman Corporation's share," Carter said bluntly.

Jeremy remained calm when he heard that.

He was about to speak, but Madeline was one step ahead of him.

She grinned, seemingly gentle and sweet, but her beautiful eyes shone with a rare edge.

"Mr. Gray, you truly know how to crack a joke. My husband and I would not hesitate to agree even if you had asked for 100%, let alone 50%. My daughter is priceless. Do you understand what I mean, Mr. Gray?"

Upon hearing Madeline's words, he gave a low chuckle.

"You're right, Mrs. Whitman. I was indeed joking. How could I measure your precious daughter with physical objects?"

Carter followed Madeline's cue and extricated himself from the situation.

"Since we know each other, I'll then offer this as a gift. Your precious daughter is in F Country, and

she's being controlled by a 20-year-old young man named Fabian Johnson."

Carter's information completely matched Fabian. Madeline's heart skipped a beat.

Lillian was in F Country this whole time?

The chartered plane back then was a ruse. Fabian had wanted to create an illusion of him not returning to F Country when, in reality, he did return.

Jeremy could sense Madeline's anxiety right now. He honestly felt the same way, but he knew he could not panic.

He kept calm and smiled softly.

"My daughter was indeed taken away by a young man named Fabian Johnson. My wife and I already know this. Do you have other more valuable information, Mr. Gray?"

"He has a villa in F Country. While Fabian's brother Yorick was still alive, Yorick had bought it for Fabian under Fabian's name. I've heard that Yorick wanted to give this to Fabian as a present for his 18th birthday, and he even planned to hand the keys of this villa to Fabian personally."

As Carter spoke, he deliberately slowed down and gave Jeremy a meaningful look.

“It’s just that, before the day arrived, Yorick was arrested, and Fabian’s sister Lana died. On Fabian’s 18th birthday, he was all alone.”

Madeline and Jeremy could tell what Carter was insinuating as he spoke.

He was implying that Yorick and Lana’s death were all related to Jeremy.

“Alright, that’s all I know. If you’re worried, Mr. and Mrs. Whitman, you could immediately head over to F Country and bring your precious daughter back. That young man might do something irreversible if you’re too late.”

Carter’s voice slowly fell away as he finished speaking. He chuckled, then turned around to leave.

After Carter had left, Jeremy took Madeline’s hand and walked toward the office.

“Linnie, I’ll book the tickets now. We’ll go to F Country immediately.”

"Jeremy." Madeline abruptly stopped walking, and with a solemn expression, looked into Jeremy's confused eyes.

Jeremy too stopped walking. "Linnie, what's wrong?"

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chapter 1772

"I'll go alone. You should stay in Glendale."

"You want to go to F Country alone?" Jeremy was surprised. "Why?"

Madeline looked in the direction where Carter had left. "Do you seriously think he deliberately came just to give us the invitation and then inform us about Lily?"

"Of course, I don't believe him, but we can't afford to overlook any information."

"All the more reason you should stay here then." Madeline had a firm look in her eyes. "It seemed like he wanted to send us away. He might be up to something in Glendale."

"Even so, it wouldn't be as important as Lily."

“ I know. I know you’re worried about Lily, but you have to listen to me this time, Jeremy,” Madeline insisted still. “I’ll go to F Country and find Lily. If Lily truly is with Fabian, I’ll try to convince Fabian.”

“Do you think Fabian can still be rational?”

Jeremy was worried, and he also remembered Carter’s words just now.

“Carter has looked into our past in detail, and he also seemed to know about the matter with Yorick and Lana very well. He was implying that I had something to do with Yorick and Lana’s death.

Based on this, I think that Fabian would think so too. That is why, Linnie, I can’t let you go find Fabian alone.”

“I won’t be alone.”

Madeline touched the purple crystal necklace on her chest.

It was the DIY present that Lillian and Jackson had made for her.

“I have Lily.” Madeline smiled.

She firmly believed that she would be able to see her little princess by going to F Country.

Jeremy knew he would not be able to change Madeline's mind no matter what he said.

He spoke no more of this. Additionally, he even drove Madeline to the airport himself.

Jeremy handed Madeline the anti-toxoid test reagent he had gotten from Carter. They had thought that the poison's fourth stage would have flared up by now, but it had been a month since the last flare-up, and nothing had yet to happen.

"Linnie, I'm very concerned that you'll get a flare-up after going to F Country."

Worried, Jeremy grabbed Madeline's hand and pleaded humbly.

"Let me go with you, okay?"

Madeline then smiled and tiptoed to kiss Jeremy on the corner of his lips.

"Okay, I'm heading through the security check now. You should quickly head back now. You must take good care of Jack and Pudding. Don't let anything happen to the two of them."

Madeline's urging caused Jeremy to feel a heavier weight on his shoulders.

Yes, he had to stay to take good care of his precious sons.

"Call me if there's anything. We must be in touch at all times."

"Yes, I will," Madeline promised as she nodded obediently, then turned to leave.

However, just as she turned around, Jeremy suddenly held the back of her neck gently and pressed Madeline toward him, then pressed a deep kiss on her lips when she had least expected it.

"Go on now."

This happened and ended too fast. Madeline was momentarily dazed before returning to her senses.

"I'll bring Lily home. Wait for me." "Okay."

Jeremy smiled and watched as Madeline went through the security check. Once she had disappeared from his sight, he turned around, frowning.

He truly was still worried, but he did not have a choice.

He went back to his car, and when he was about to drive away, he glimpsed, out of the corner of his eye, the wedding invitation that he had thrown into the car not long ago.

Carter was about to get married, but who was his new bride?

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chapter 1773

Jeremy took the invitation card and opened it to have a look.

The interesting thing about this invitation was that it only indicated the time and location of the wedding, but not the names of the groom and bride.

Jeremy intuitively felt that Carter cared not for the woman who was going to marry him, so the bride's name was not on the card.

In reality, it was just as Jeremy thought.

On the other side, Cathy had been caring for Shirley, who had lost all feeling in her legs, every day.

Although Cathy despised and looked down on Shirley for everything she had done in the past, Shirley was still Adam's sister, and Cathy was sincerely grateful for Adam.

She also knew that, deep down, Adam still cared about his sister too.

Shirley had initially resisted intensely, but now, it seemed that she had grown used to it and started to accept Cathy's care.

Presently, as Cathy finished bathing Shirley, there came a shout from the delivery person downstairs.

Cathy went down to receive the delivery, which she noticed was a folder from an anonymous sender to Shirley.

Since it was a private item, Cathy would certainly not open it to look inside without permission.

When she was about to bring it to Shirley, Adam came back from his morning run.

When he learned about Shirley's delivery, he looked at it, then took it and ripped it open.

Cathy hurriedly intervened. "Adam, isn't this inappropriate?"

Adam slowly provided his analysis. "Who else would know that she's here? I don't think Jeremy or Eveline would be sending her things, so only one person remains."

Cathy immediately understood.

Carter was the one who sent this to Shirley.

Soon after, Adam opened the package and the document inside. He took out the content and saw that it was a wedding invitation.

This invitation, however, was completely different from the one Carter had given Jeremy, and it indicated the names of the bride and groom.

After Adam had read the contents of the invitation, he immediately had a sour look on his face.

"Hmph." He scoffed. "What is he trying to say? Is he trying to show off to my brainless sister who lacks conscience?"

However, Cathy thought differently after reading the card.

"It seems that Carter has feelings for your sister."

“What did you say?” Adam felt as if he had just heard a joke.

“Carter must be displeased with Miss Brown’s cold attitude last time. That’s why he’s retaliating this way. It could be said that he cared about what Miss Brown had said the other day, so he’s acting this way.”

“He took it to heart?” Adam burst out laughing. “If someone truly cared for another, he wouldn’t have asked her to commit so many vile acts.”

He threw the invitation card into the rubbish bin, then turned around to urge Cathy.

“Cathy, don’t tell her about this. If she knows, she might do something crazy again.”

Recalling the way Shirley had lost control back then, Cathy nodded repeatedly.

“Don’t worry, she won’t know about it.”

“Thank you,” Adam thanked her, “thank you for your help during this period. Truly.”

“I’m relieved to be able to share your burden.”

When Adam heard this response, he felt a sudden warmth in his heart.

Back then, he had wanted to give Cathy a home, so that she could let go of Felipe one day, and then accept him.

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chapter 1774

However, he felt that they were getting along quite well right now too.

Loving someone did not necessarily mean getting them.

The best scenario would be that both sides felt comfortable.

"Adam, are you home?" At this moment, Shirley's voice drifted from the room upstairs.

Adam and Cathy shared a look. "I'll go upstairs and take a look at her."

"Okay. I'll prepare some breakfast for her."

"Okay." Adam gently nodded and went upstairs after he saw Cathy turning around.

Shirley had basically accepted the fact that she was now disfigured and crippled. She could not be considered to have fully accepted it, but she had no choice but to face this.

When she saw Adam arriving, her attitude was still cold and disdainful, and it even had a hint of arrogance.

“What were you muttering about with her downstairs? If there’s something to say, why couldn’t you just say it to my face?” Shirley asked in a questioning tone, and her expression was icy.

Adam replied with the same cold attitude, “The person you’re talking about meticulously cares for your daily needs every day, so you’d best change your tone.”

“Hmph. It’s not like I asked her to take care of me. She’s the one who’s been sticking to me.”

Shirley said disdainfully, then shot Adam a mocking look.

“Adam, you’re still capable since you’re able to ask a woman to help you. However, you’d best not forget that you have no place in that woman’s heart. The person she loved is Felipe who was executed.”

Adam was unbothered by Shirley's deliberate mocking. He did not take it to heart as well.

"You've urgently called for me just to tell me this? I'm very busy, and I don't have time to continue listening to your nonsense."

After Adam had finished speaking, he turned and walked away with a cold expression. "Stop!"

Shirley quickly stopped him with a hurried tone as she glared at his back.

"Adam, I've heard that this woman had also been disfigured back then, and she even had plastic surgery, restoring her looks to how it had been before. Is that true?"

When Adam heard this, he knew what Shirley wanted to say.

"Answer me, now!" Shirley urged impatiently.

Adam did not avoid this topic. He turned around and calmly looked into Shirley's anxious gaze.

Neither too fast nor too slow, he said, "That's right, it's as you've said. Cathy had injured her face back then."

"You're the one who operated on her?"

"Yes."

With this affirmative answer, Shirley's eyes immediately lit up.

"In that case, you must have a way to fix my face, right? Adam, perform the surgery on me. I want my face to look how it looked before."

"Hmph." Adam coldly scoffed. "Your heart is already black, so it'll be useless no matter how pretty your face is."

"You..." Shirley was momentarily speechless, but she did not give up. Instead, she questioned in a threatening tone, "Adam, I'm asking you again. Are you going to help perform the surgery on me?"

"Why should I help you? Do you think you could return to that man once your face is fixed? Shirley, wake up! The reason you're like this now is that you gave everything to that man!"

"Adam Brown, shut up!" Shirley was suddenly worked up emotionally. She did not want to hear anything negative about Carter. "A relationship is about consent, and the person who's loved is not at fault!"

Adam laughed even harder when he heard that. His tone sounded even more sarcastic as he spoke. " I didn't expect my vile and devious sister to also be the type to grow infatuated."

"Fine, I can help you fix the wound on your face with surgery, but you must give something in return."

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chapter 1775

When she thought about the possibility of the wound on her face recovering one day, Shirley asked impatiently, "What is it? What do you want in exchange?"

Adam's eyes lit up. "The anti-toxoid test reagent for AXT6g."

As he spoke, an evident change came over Shirley's expression.

The glow and expectation in her eyes disappeared as well.

"There isn't any, " Shirley answered simply.

"There isn't any? You're the one who developed the poison, so how is it possible that you don't have a way to cure the poison?" Adam found this

suspicious. "If you truly want your face to recover, you'd best hand me the anti-toxoid test reagent now."

Shirley put on a bitter and miserable smile on her face. "If I don't have the anti-toxoid test reagent, you won't perform the surgery on me, is that right?"

"Yes."

"Heh." Shirley smirked sarcastically, leaning against the bed. "I guess I'll be ugly for the rest of my life then."

"Even if you were to recover, you'll still be ugly because your heart is black."

"Yes, my heart is black, " Shirley said in self-deprecation. "I want to head downstairs to sunbathe now. My good brother, carry me downstairs."

Shirley requested knowing that Adam would not reject her request.

Adam indeed did not reject her. He stepped forward and carried her.

Shirley leaned against Adam and quietly lifted her eyes to look at Adam's face. For some reason, the corners of her eyes felt warm.

"Do you still remember that time? You had twisted your ankle and cried because you had no way of getting upstairs. I was the one who carried you upstairs.

"Now, it's your turn to carry your crippled sister downstairs.

"Adam, do you think every dog has its day?"

Shirley's self-deprecating words continued to drift into Adam's ears.

Adam did not respond to her. When they were downstairs, he placed Shirley into a wheelchair.

When Cathy, who was making breakfast, saw Shirley downstairs, she decided to go over to help.

"Cathy, you can go about your business. I'll just push her into the courtyard to sunbathe." Adam spoke quickly as he pushed the wheelchair out to the courtyard.

Cathy did not follow them, thinking of letting the siblings have some time alone. It would be good for them to have a heart-to-heart talk.

Their history together had burdened them with emotional baggage. If they could unpack all of that one day, their relationship could return to the way it had been before.

In the courtyard.

Shirley was sitting in the automatic wheelchair as she moved around slowly.

It was a warm spring where the flowers bloomed, yet she felt no warmth.

However, the structure of the courtyard was still the same as it had been back then.

She suddenly looked melancholically at the wall corner by the flower bed. A moment later, she burst out laughing as if she had remembered something. However, she did not speak. Instead, she continued to stroll around the garden in the wheelchair before stopping.

“How did they die?” Shirley suddenly asked.

Adam knew Shirley was referring to their parents, but he did not like her attitude.

"Who's 'they'?" "... " Shirley briefly paused. "You know who."

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chapter 1776

"I truly have no idea who you're talking about."

"... "

Shirley knew that Adam was doing this on purpose. She genuinely wanted to know how both of her parents died back then, but she refused to

utter the two words "mom" and "dad". Feeling displeased, she changed the topic.

"Adam, are you best friends with Jeremy and his wife? Why are you helping them so much? Not only have you been doing whatever it takes to develop the anti-toxoid test reagent for them, you'd even stayed by Ryan's side as a spy."

"Even if they're not my friends, I would still save them because I'm a doctor."

Adam answered, neither humble nor haughty, then questioned.

"Now, it's my turn to ask you. How did you know Ryan? Why were you developing a poison to harm Jeremy? Lana got hold of this poison back then, so does it mean you know Lana too? However, Ryan was the one manipulating Lana and Yorick this

whole time. What on earth is the connection behind all of this?"

Adam's questions came one after another, momentarily startling Shirley.

She had not expected Adam to make such connections between all these many details and come up with this conclusion from them.

However, she knew she absolutely could not tell him the truth behind it all.

She deliberately put up a calm smile, which still looked lively and charming if one were to look at her intact left face.

"Adam, don't think that you're so clever. I can't say what's the connection between them, but the reason I created the poison and sold it to Lana under your name was that she'd ordered this through certain channels. I've merely developed them accordingly."

“ Is that so?” Adam clearly did not believe her. “ In that case, why did you go the extra mile in making Lana think that I was the one who developed the poison? If you hadn’t done that, why would she find me? She’d even said that as long as I worked for her, she’ll help me achieve my dream in the medical field.”

“That’s because I want to see a doctor’s downfall.” Shirley displayed a wicked smile. “Adam, I too had the chance to become a doctor. They were the ones who denied me this chance. They were the ones who gave up on me to fulfill your dreams!”

Shirley shouted out the dissatisfaction inside her heart at Adam.

However, at this moment, she was only hoping to shift Adam’s attention.

She did not want Adam to continue looking into this.

The truth about Lana, Yorick, and Ryan, including Ryan’s death, could only rot inside her stomach.

“Shirley, from the moment you hesitated and stayed silent just now, I’ve already known your answer.”

Adam's statement instantly pulled Shirley's wandering thoughts back.

She lifted her head to look at the solemn-looking Adam, realizing that the man before her was no longer the little boy in her memories, the boy who would follow behind her and call her name.

He had grown up to be an exceptionally talented person.

Shirley averted her gaze and chuckled softly. "Push me back. I'm a little tired."

"You're not tired. You're avoiding my questions."

Adam saw through Shirley. She was worried that Adam would continue questioning her, thereby uncovering some clues. She then pressed the button on the wheelchair and turned around herself.

"Shirley, do you think you can just run away? The truth won't be hidden forever, and just like your heart, I don't believe it'll stay black forever."

When she heard that, Shirley grabbed the handle of the wheelchair tightly and bit her lip. Although

the corners of her eyes had turned red, she did not let the tears fall from her eyes.

She would not allow herself to cry. She looked down on women who cried easily the most. That was why she admired Madeline, so Shirley could not tolerate herself crying.

However, tears were now blurring her vision. She sped up as she headed toward the house and entered. Her thoughts were probably already in a mess as she did not watch where she was going when she got into the living room, crashing into the coffee table and toppling the rubbish bin next to it. The wedding invitation Adam had thrown away not long ago coincidentally fell before the wheelchair. Through her blurry and teary vision, Shirley saw the name that was etched deep inside her heart. She also saw another name that she dared not believe...

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chapter 1777

When Cathy, who was in the open kitchen, saw this, she hastily ran to the living room.

"Are you okay?" Cathy examined Shirley with concern.

When Adam heard the sound, he ran back to the house, quickening his pace, then saw Shirley who sat motionlessly in the wheelchair as if she had lost her mind, and he suddenly felt worried.

As Adam got closer and noticed the wedding invitation that fell out of the rubbish bin, he immediately understood why Shirley was like this.

Without batting an eyelid, he grabbed a broom and swept the trash on the floor, including the wedding invitation, into the dustpan.

“Did you throw this away?” Shirley questioned; her voice was extremely cold.

Adam calmly asked, “Should I not have thrown this kind of trash away, and kept this eyesore instead?”

“Trash? Give it to me,” Shirley ordered, her fists clenched.

Adam ignored her and immediately threw the invitation card into the rubbish bin.

When Shirley saw this, she furiously bit her lip, then, using the only strength left in her upper body, bent down to grab the rubbish bin.

However, Adam, who was faster than her, kicked the bin behind him. He did not want Shirley to grab hold of the invitation even if the trash would dirty the house.

Shirley abruptly froze, her hand still outstretched, then returned to her senses and glared at Adam, baring her teeth. "Adam, I'm giving you one last chance. Give me the invitation card!"

"Shirley, are you still going to be so obstinate even after reaching this stage? This man has been using you this whole time. Don't tell me you still can't understand that?"

When Shirley heard this, she chuckled, laughing at herself. "He's willing to do this to me, and I'm willing to endure it, so it's none of your business, isn't it?" she asked sarcastically; her eyes grew sharp and piercing.

"Adam, don't make me do anything crazy again. I want you to give me the invitation now!"

However, Adam persisted. "Okay, I want to see what other crazy things you can do. How much crazier could it be? The most you could give is your life. You're so stubborn when it comes to this man, and I don't believe you'd be willing to give up on your life for him."

“You...”

Anger surged within Shirley’s heart, but she had to admit that Adam’s words were on point.

How could she be willing to die? How could she be willing to never see that man again?

As the air around them grew tense, Cathy picked up the invitation and walked up to Shirley, handing it to her.

“Cathy?” Adam was puzzled at Cathy’s actions. 1

Meanwhile, Shirley too had not expected Cathy to do this; for a moment, she even forgot to grab it.

“Here you go.”

Cathy nudged Shirley, then turned to smile at Adam.

“I’ve always felt that she has the right to take care of her business. Adam, I know you’re doing this for Miss Brown’s sake, but your methods of conveying that have been a little extreme. At the end of the

day, this is Miss Brown’s private matter, so we don’t have the right to interfere.”

Adam and Shirley momentarily fell silent as Cathy's words.

After being momentarily lost in thought, Shirley immediately reached out her hand to grab the invitation Cathy was holding.

Tears had blurred Shirley's vision earlier, so she was hoping that she saw it wrongly. However, as she held the invitation, the gold-pressed words in front of her were as clear as day.

He was going to get married. Two days from now.

At the most luxurious six-star hotel in Glendale. She also knew the bride.

Shirley gripped the corner of the invitation card; her fingers trembled intensely.

The corners of her eyes started to get wet again, but she never let her tears fall.

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chapter 1778

Cathy and Adam could not help but sympathize with Shirley as she tried to suppress her pain.

"Two days from now, you'll accompany me to this hotel."

Shirley turned to Cathy and requested.

“I’ll give you a handsome reward. On that day, you must stick with me. You’ll do whatever I ask you to do.”

When Adam heard this, he thought it pathetic. “Shirley, what do you mean? Are you going to attend Carter’s wedding? You’d even want Cathy as your bodyguard?”

Shirley held back her tears. She then lifted her red but beautiful eyes, displaying a meaningful smile, and looked at Cathy, then at Adam.

“She said it, didn’t she? I have the right to choose, and I choose to attend the wedding. Don’t tell me that it’s not allowed?”

“.” Adam was momentarily speechless. However, he quickly snapped back, “Alright, you want to go, huh? You can go alone. Cathy will not be your maid.”

“ She can do whatever she likes. If she won’t go, I can hire other people. There are a lot of money-minded people who are willing to wait on and serve me.” Shirley’s attitude was firm. She then operated her wheelchair to head toward the stairs.

Seeing Shirley's figure as Shirley put on a brave front, Cathy felt as if she had seen her old self.

Back then, she had also been this stubborn for Felipe.

However, in the end... Everything went up in smoke.

"Shirley, have you truly thought it through? Are you sure you want to attend his wedding looking like this?"

Adam asked, looking at Shirley's back. His tone was not as harsh as before, sounding much gentler instead.

"Are you certain that you'd want to torment yourself by witnessing his wonderful wedding ceremony with his beautiful wife, while you're in a wheelchair, wearing a half-disfigured face?"

Shirley pressed the start button on the wheelchair and turned her back at Adam. After a while, she spoke slowly.

"Back then, I loved to fantasize. I'd even longed to wear a wedding dress so much that I'd dreamt about it. I'd wanted to hold my beloved's arm and

walk into the hall of holy matrimony. I'd wanted to let him see me in a wedding dress. Would he be so shocked and moved to tears like those male leads in movies..."

As Shirley spoke, her voice deepened, and suddenly, she burst out laughing, then spoke in a nonchalant tone.

"Now, I won't be able to see myself in a wedding dress, but I don't think it's illegal to go and see him in a suit, right?"

Her voice gently fell, but when Adam heard that, his heart started to feel extraordinarily heavy.

"Adam, why don't I make a deal with you?" Shirley turned her wheelchair around.

"As long as you let me attend this wedding without a hitch, I'll go and surrender myself to the police then. I'll come clean and tell the police all the selfish things I've done.

"In the future, I'll no longer be needing you to care for me as well. I'll be spending the rest of my life in prison."

Shirley smiled and looked at a dazed Adam.

"If you're not going to speak, I'll take your silence as consent. It's a deal then."

In F Country.

After Madeline had arrived, she did not find a hotel. She instead got into a car and went straight to the small house she had lived in for three years in F Country. She tried to use her fingerprint to unlock the door and realized that the lock had not been changed.

Back then, she had only rented this house, but when she became successful in her career, she bought the place.

She still clearly remembered that she had been pregnant with Lillian here, and she had also lived here for two years with Lillian.

Madeline took out her phone and looked at the screensaver that was their family photo.

"Lily, I'm coming to find you now."

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chapter 1779

After Madeline had finished cleaning the house and rested, she called all the friends she knew in F Country, asking them for information about Fabian.

Madeline had thought that this might be difficult because Fabian kept a much lower profile than Yorick and Lana in F Country.

However, when Madeline mentioned Fabian's name, not only was everyone familiar with the name, nearly all of them spoke with lamentation when talking about Fabian.

"Ah, Fabian has been very active in F Country for the past six months. He seems to come from a family with a powerful background."

"Fabian Johnson? I know him. His brother Yorick could be considered a person of some status in F Country. However, Fabian's not the same as his brother. I like that kid."

"You mean Mr. Johnson? Back then, I worked with him on a project. He's very decisive and capable in his conduct. He doesn't seem like a twenty-year-old young man at all."

Madeline held the phone as she heard the people on the other end of the line commenting on Fabian. Suddenly, she felt as if the Fabian they mentioned was not the man she had known back then.

In the past six months, Fabian seemed to have changed a lot. It could be said that he was now a completely different person.

If he truly had changed, would Lillian be in danger now?

Madeline suddenly was uncertain about Fabian, but in her memory, Fabian's radiant and friendly smile was still in front of her.

Despite all the information Madeline had gathered on Fabian's current situation, no one knew where Fabian stayed.

However, Madeline still got a piece of an important clue.

Madeline went to bed early that night. The following morning, she followed the address that was given to her and arrived at a certain office building in the city center.

It was still early, so Madeline sat in the building's lobby and waited.

Around 8:30 am, staff began streaming through the entrance as they went about their work. Madeline kept her gaze in the direction of the

entrance the whole time, waiting for the familiar figure to appear.

It was nearly 10 am, but the person she wanted to meet had yet to appear, and Madeline could wait no further.

The thought of Lillian's illness upset Madeline's steady heartbeat.

She had heard that Fabian started his new company here. That was why she had to come here and wait for the opportunity to run into him.

Madeline decided to leave, but she was also worried that she might have failed to notice him earlier. It could also be that she missed him because Fabian had gone straight to his office from the basement, so she planned to go upstairs for a look.

However, as she was getting up to walk to the elevator, a familiar figure appeared in her line of sight.

"Fabian."

She shouted at Fabian who came through the entrance.

Upon suddenly hearing this voice here, Fabian, alarmed, turned toward the source of the voice, not expecting that it was truly Madeline's voice.

When he saw Madeline, he slowly stopped walking.

He did not intend to run away but gave Madeline, who was striding toward him, a level look instead.

"Fabian, where is my daughter? Where is she?" Madeline asked directly.

Fabian looked at the impatient look on Madeline's face and calmly said, "She's fine."

He responded with two simple words.

"Fine?" Madeline thought this ridiculous. "Fabian, I want to see my daughter."

"You won't be able to see her," Fabian rejected, and his expression was abnormally cold. "You should go back now, Mrs. Whitman. You're just going to waste your time by staying here. You won't be able to see your daughter."

He walked past Madeline when he was finished speaking. However, before even taking two steps, he heard Madeline's cold voice from behind.

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"Fabian, are you forcing me to call the cops?"
Madeline turned around and looked at him. "Do you want me to inform the police of your crimes of kidnapping my daughter and threatening her safety?"

As Madeline walked toward Fabian who had his back against her, her sharp eyes betrayed a look of remorse.

"Fabian, could it be that you want to walk the same path that your brother and sister had taken? Are you going to keep testing the limit that shouldn't be tested?"

As Madeline's voice fell, Fabian turned around abruptly.

He stared straight at Madeline, and at this moment, his eyes no longer showed the friendliness and gentleness from back then. Madeline caught sight of a flash of enmity, rage, and conflict in Fabian's eyes.

Conflict. He was conflicted.

The look in Fabian's eyes only calmed down seconds later.

The corners of his lips curled up slightly into a soft smiley.

"Since you have flown all the way here to find me, I couldn't very well dismiss you, Mrs. Whitman.

There's a decent cafe nearby, would you do me the honour of having a drink together?"

Fabian was Madeline's most direct and only way in finding Lillian, so of course, Madeline agreed.

There were not a lot of people in the café during the work hours.

Fabian ordered a cup of black tea latte for Madeline.

"If I recall correctly, you like black tea, Mrs. Whitman." Fabian addressed Madeline in an unfamiliar and distant manner.

Back then, he always had a frivolous smile and would Madeline's name affectionately and intimately.

However, it seemed that there was no returning to those times.

Madeline did not drink the steaming coffee in front of her. She went straight to the point, resuming the original conversation topic from earlier.

“Fabian, you should know I didn’t come all the way here to F Country to have tea with you. I only want my daughter.”

Resentment appeared on Madeline’s delicate and small face.

“ If you’re unhappy with me or Jeremy, just say it. Lily is just a child, and ever since you knew her, that kid has innocently looked to you as her big brother. A good big brother. Please don’t hurt a five -year- old child’s pure heart.”

Fabian finished listening to Madeline with a calm expression and picked up his cup of coffee for a sip.

“I can’t hurt a five -year-old’s heart, but you can recklessly hurt my heart, tearing it into pieces? Do I still deserve it then?”

Madeline’s furrowed slightly. “Why do you say that? Who hurt you?”

“Someone I used to trust. However, in the end, they were just using me this whole time.”

As Fabian spoke, he gazed knowingly at Madeline.

Madeline felt that the person Fabian was referring to was her.

“Are you saying that I used you? That I lied to you?” Madeline was baffled. She was very curious why Fabian would think that and simultaneously found this pathetic.

“Fabian, I don’t know where you’ve heard this or how you’ve got this weird idea. Could you tell me, when did I, Eveline, have used you? How could I have benefited from using you?”

Madeline looked steadily into Fabian’s cold, questioning eyes.

After a while, Fabian then spoke.

“It’s not you who are benefitting from this, but it’s your husband, Jeremy Whitman.”

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chapter 1781

Madeline looked stunned upon hearing Fabian’s answer.

“What do you mean? How would Jeremy benefit?”
Madeline was further confused by Fabian’s words.

Fabian sipped his coffee and suddenly chuckled.

“To be more precise, the person who benefited most, in the end, would be Jeremy’s uncle, Felipe.”

“What? ” Madeline was befuddled. “Fabian, could you make yourself clear?”

Fabian’s lips curled slightly as he spoke mockingly, “Jeremy is a high-level Interpol official. Back then, he only stayed with Lana to spy on her, isn’t that right?”

“You only got half of it right, ” Madeline corrected him; her expression was serious. “Jeremy is an Interpol official, but the reason he stayed with Lana, spying on her, was that Lana had tried to kill me by blowing up the yacht back then. She’d wanted to use Jeremy’s amnesia for some illegal business, so Jeremy merely played along.”

“Played along... Hmph.” Fabian scoffed. “He played along indeed. If Lana had deserved this, then what about my brother Yorick?”

“Yorick had violated the law, and he was punished by the law. He suffered the consequences of his

actions, so why do you blame Jeremy for your siblings' deaths?"

"If my brother suffered the consequences of his actions and only had himself to blame, what about Felipe? His crimes were the same as my brother's crimes in F Country. Felipe even instigated a homicide, so why was he able to escape legal sanction?"

As Fabian questioned, there came a change in his emotions, and he became more worked up.

"Jeremy is from Interpol. He and his colleagues had set a trap to capture my brother. Don't tell me that he doesn't know that Felipe had also committed the same crimes? Of course, he knew.

"I've always thought that my brother had himself to blame for the outcome because of the crimes he had committed, but I know now—Jeremy used you, then used me. In the end, my brother became a trophy he got for working with Interpol.

"The reason Lana was killed by Ryan was also related to Jeremy. You two had planned all of this."

Fabian vented out the dissatisfaction in his heart.

After hearing his words, Madeline could finally understand the reason Fabian had been intensely hostile toward them all this time.

Madeline did not know how to explain it, and she felt that no matter how she explained it now, Fabian would not listen to her.

That was why she did not want to waste her breath. She merely watched on calmly as Fabian was speaking.

"Fabian, I hope you can understand one thing. The reason your brother was executed was not that Jeremy had set a trap and captured him. He was captured because he broke the law.

"As for Lana, getting killed by Ryan was the consequence of her actions. She failed to harm others, so she was the one getting harmed in the end. Jeremy was the victim in this entire thing."

Madeline too voiced the dissatisfaction within her heart.

"Jeremy was manipulated by Lana with the poison. Additionally, because of Lana, he was also accused of murder; because of Lana, he was also unable to

help his daughter when she fell, causing Lily to be traumatized. Do you think my husband had asked for this?"

Recalling these incidents made Madeline feel aggrieved on Jeremy's behalf.

"Fabian, ask yourself, could this truly be anything but the consequences that Yorick and Lana had brought upon themselves?"

As Fabian listened to Madeline, his brows furrowed further, and his grip on the coffee cup tightened further as well.

The air around them suddenly felt abnormally chilly, then there came a ringing from the entrance.

It was just the sound indicating customers entering.

"Fabian, my number has not changed. I hope that I'll receive a call from you as soon as possible, and you'll take me to see Lily. You can hate me, but don't hurt a child that genuinely trusts you this much."

After she had finished speaking, Madeline grabbed her bag to leave.

As she turned around, she almost ran into a young man who was walking in her direction.

Madeline hurriedly avoided him, then apologized and walked to the entrance.

A ringing sound came from the door again.

Meanwhile, this sound brought Fabian's wandering thoughts back.

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chapter 1782

He lifted his eyes and looked over. He did not see Madeline but saw Evan sitting before him instead.

"When did you sit here?" Fabian looked confused.

Evan pushed his retro, gold -rimmed glasses and lazily leaned back on the sofa.

"I sat down when you were longingly watching that lady leave. What is it? Do you like older girls?"

After hearing this explanation, Fabian's brows drew together, and he said flatly, " She's Lily's mother."

There was a slight change in Evan's eyes upon hearing that. He then looked in the direction where Madeline had left.

"She's Eveline?" Fabian nodded lightly.

Evan pensively contemplated. "She's different indeed. I almost ran into her just now, and despite the distance, I could still smell the fragrance on her. A perfumer. Special indeed."

When Fabian heard that, his brows furrowed further, and his expression darkened further.

A beautiful waitress brought Evan's coffee over with a smile. He elegantly took a sip and continued, "I heard what she said before she left. She's worried about her daughter's physical condition. Did you not tell her about Lily's condition?"

Fabian looked at the black tea latte, which was left untouched and still steaming hot, then gave a low chuckle.

"There's no need for her to know."

"Tch. 'There's no need'," Even said, smiling while he repeated those four words. "You've saved her daughter's life, and you're saying 'there's no need'. When did you become so generous, Mr. Johnson?"

Even mocked, though the look on his face seemed more serious.

"I'm curious, actually. Back then, didn't you tell me to stop caring about the little girl? You asked me to let her run her course. You also told me that there was no need to find a suitable bone marrow for her.

"Why did you suddenly change your mind then? Is it possible that you're imitating that woman, speaking empty words, Mr. Johnson?"

This piqued Evan's interest. All this while, he had always been confused about this, but every time he asked, Fabian would not speak anything of it. This time, he decided to try his luck again to see whether Fabian would relent.

However, Fabian still did not relent.

He got up, left the café, and drove straight to the villa. Evan drove too, following behind Fabian.

After they had parked, Fabian came straight to Lillian's room.

Lillian would usually be asleep at this hour.

Fabian cautiously walked to the bedside. When he saw the faint blush on Lillian's cheeks, he could not help but smile.

“The way you’re looking at her seems like you’re looking at something precious.”

Fabian averted his gaze and disapprovingly glared at Evan.

“Get out.”

Fabian said and turned around to leave.

Evan looked at Lillian, who was deep in slumber, holding her doll. He smiled knowingly before turning around.

In the study.

Evan sat down on the sofa, then placed his long legs on the coffee table as though this was his home.

“Fabian, is there any relationship between you and the little girl? Don’t you hate her parents? Why did you save her then?”

Fabian took a piece of candy from the candy jar on the desk. He gently opened it, then put it into his mouth.

“You truly want to know?”

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Fabian's knowing gaze fell upon Evan's face.

The candy in his mouth was sour and sweet, but he seemed unable to taste any of the sweetness, and an unknown bitter taste went from his throat straight to his heart.

"I'm quite interested to know. I wonder if Mr. Johnson would be willing to tell me the story behind this."

Evan was full of curiosity. He and Fabian were considered close childhood friends who grew up together.

He was three years older than Fabian, and they had known each other since they were very young. Yorick had just been a teenager then, and he had neither money nor power. Of course, Fabian had just been a poor student, while Evan's family background was among F Country's circle of the rich and famous.

However, this had not stopped them from being good friends and brothers.

They had similar personalities. Both looked like rich and handsome yet frivolous young masters.

On the other hand, Evan had been more well-known for being the playful one in this circle. However, he was sharply different from this name and even turned out to be an exceptional pediatrician.

As for Fabian, he had now transformed into a businessman with some popularity in F Country.

However, he knew this popularity was mostly because of his brother Yorick.

Fabian did not drink much, but now, he would drink occasionally.

Now, he opened a bottle of red wine, poured a cup for Evan, then handed it over. He took a small sip himself too.

The red wine's fine taste danced on his taste buds, mixing with the taste of the candy from just now, creating a subtle taste that Fabian had never tasted before.

This made Fabian recall the first time he met Lillian.

She had been such a young, pure, and adorable child. She would hug him and kiss him so innocently.

Back then, the moonlight shone on the pure, adorable, smiling face. He could still recall that he blushed slightly because his friends had been sniggering behind.

“Fabian, what are you smiling at? Aren’t you telling me the story? Why are you not speaking and smiling to yourself?”

Evan suddenly ridiculed him.

Fabian immediately returned to his senses, realizing that, as he was reminiscing about the first time he had met little Lillian, he was grinning without his volition.

However, he did not feel uneasy at all.

He downed the wine in his glass in a carefree manner, then turned to face Evan, who looked curious.

“Evan, I’ve decided that I’ll take care of her and heal her. I want to watch her grow up healthily by my side day by day.”

Evan thought he had misheard Fabian, staring blankly at Fabian.

“Fabian, what are you doing?”

However, Fabian spoke no further. The smile on his face became brighter.

Knock knock knock.

The knocking sounded from the study room door.

Fabian lifted his eyes and saw the maid standing by the door as she softly knocked on it.

“What is it?” He asked.

“Young Master Fabian, there’s a woman downstairs. She said that she’s here to take her daughter home, ” the maid politely reported.

When Fabian and Evan heard this, Madeline’s face immediately appeared in their minds.

Fabian was surprised, but when he looked down from the door of the study, he indeed saw Madeline standing in the living room.

‘Did she manage to find them? ‘No.

'She must have followed them from the cafe.'

"You keep an eye on Lily. Tell the people in the room to avoid making any sound," Fabian urged the maid.

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chapter 1784

The servant nodded continuously and immediately turned around and headed over to Lillian's room.

Fabian momentarily stood in place before making his way downstairs, as though he just thought of the words to use as a response.

Evan, who was following behind Fabian, also reached the hall downstairs.

Madeline was standing in the hall and, when she saw Fabian, who was leisurely walking down the stairs, she then walked up to him.

"Lillian's here, right?"

Upon hearing that, Fabian frowned and intended to express the unpleasant feeling within him.

"You might be unaware, Mrs. Whitman, but this is my personal household. Normally, I'd only

entertain my best friends; everyone else is forbidden from entering here.”

Madeline could make out what Fabian was trying to convey from his statement.

She looked at Evan, who was behind Fabian, and immediately recalled that man was the one who she had nearly knocked into in the coffee shop not too long ago.

Evan, noticing Madeline’s gaze upon him, then put on a carefree smile, stepping forward to offer Madeline his hand.

“Nice to meet you, Miss Montgomery. It’s my first time meeting you in person. I’m Fabian’s friend, Laker.”

Although Evan’s smile looked somewhat frivolous, it still looked rather friendly to Madeline.

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Laker.”

Madeline politely shook Evan’s hand, then looked at Fabian.

“Fabian, are you truly not going to allow me to meet with my daughter?”

"Lilian isn't here," Fabian said, flat out denying it despite Lilian was in fact sleeping in the bedroom upstairs.

Madeline lifted her eyes to look at her surroundings. In the corner of the sofa, she saw a doll. She also saw, on the coffee table, a flower vase containing a bouquet of powder blue baby's breath.

'All of these are Lily's favorite.'

"I know Lilian's here, Fabian. Hurry up and bring me to see my daughter. Lillian's my child. I have the right to meet her and to bring her away."

Madeline's attitude suddenly became sterner.

However, Fabian shifted his gaze away and replied coldly, "Mrs. Whitman, I'm going to say this one more time. We don't have the person you're

looking for right here. What evidence do you have to prove that Lilian is in my house?"

Fabian counter-questioned with a straight face, causing a surprised look to show on Evan's face.

'This Fabian brat. When did he start telling lies with a straight face?'

He muttered silently, but deep inside him, he had the urge to tell Madeline that Lilian was currently very healthy so that she could be at ease.

However, he could not afford to expose Fabian's lie. Otherwise, it could affect their friendship.

Hence, he might as well just sit on the sofa and watch Madeline argue with Fabian.

Besides, he had always admired Madeline as a perfumer. This moment could finally be his opportunity to admire such a splendid woman. It was not a bad idea.

In the face of Fabian's denial, Madeline opened the photos and videos on her phone which contained the recordings of the surveillance camera that she had copied.

"These are the recordings taken on the surveillance cameras along the streets on the day you took Lilian away. Fabian, you're the one who took Lilian away. Even without these surveillance cameras, with just the bouquet and candy box, I'd still be sure that you're the culprit."

Madeline had seen through everything.

"Fabian, Lilian is sick. She needs treatment. Could you please return my daughter to me right now?!"

Madeline requested with a stern look. This was her first time dealing with Fabian with such a forceful attitude.

After speaking, however, Madeline, uncertain whether it was because she was too emotionally agitated, felt her breath and heartbeat becoming rapid.

She wanted to recompose herself, yet in the meantime, she heard Fabian denying with a determined tone. "I had indeed gone to visit your daughter that day, but later on, I'd already sent someone to send her back to the hospital."

Madeline frowned. "Fabian, you're lying. You..."

As she spoke, she paused; her palms suddenly started to sweat, and her palpitations started to worsen.

Evan, who had been constantly paying attention to Madeline, immediately noticed that there was something amiss with Madeline's expression.

"Miss Montgomery, are you feeling unwell?"

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chapter 1785

Evan got up and asked. He felt that Madeline was indeed not in good shape.

Upon hearing that, Fabian only then noticed that Madeline's complexion seemed ill. Even her forehead was starting to have cold sweat.

Madeline slowly realized that the poison within her body was starting to flare up again.

Shirley had mentioned before that the fourth stage would happen soon.

The thought of it made Madeline try her best to prevent this type of situation from happening because she could not afford to be weak at this moment, but she could not overcome the poison that was already flaring up. Nevertheless, Madeline did not allow herself to drop to her knees.

She clenched her fists and continued to stubbornly look into Fabian's eyes.

"Fabian, I've come all the way here to bring Lilian back home. If you're not willing to hand Lilian over to me, that will only leave me with one last option."

Fabian looked at Madeline's face that was slowly turning pale, feeling puzzled. "Given your current

condition, do you think you have what it takes to take your daughter away?"

Madeline chuckled softly and stubbornness glinted in her gorgeous eyes. "As a mother, I'd do anything to ensure my daughter's safety, no matter the cost."

Madeline's comments briefly stunned Fabian.

As he thought of fighting back, he heard Madeline suddenly letting out a moan.

Fabian returned to his senses and looked at her. He saw Madeline biting on her lips, and her face was as pale as a white sheet, bloodless, and her breathing became rapid.

These symptoms seemed familiar, causing Fabian to suddenly recall something.

"Eveline, do you have some disease as well?"

Fabian asked as he made his way over to Madeline.

Madeline suddenly put up her guard and took a step back. "Don't come near me."

Fabian had initially thought Madeline was rejecting him, but then, he heard Madeline muttering, "Jeremy, it really wasn't me who did it. You must believe me..."

Astonished, Fabian looked at Madeline as she spoke those words.

'Did she think that I'm Jeremy?

'Even if she did think that I'm Jeremy, I don't think she'd speak like this, right?'

Fabian, unable to understand it, noticed Madeline's gaze becoming confused, as though it was losing focus and not focusing on anything.

In the meantime, her pale lips kept moving as she continued to mutter to herself, "It wasn't me, it really wasn't me..."

Fabian immediately reminded Evan, "Hurry and check up on her. What's going on with her?"

Evan immediately stepped forward to hold onto Madeline's hand to check on her pulse. However, Madeline shoved Evan's hand as he reached out to her, and she suddenly turned around and ran outside.

Judging from the reactions from earlier, Madeline knew that she had entered the final stage of the poison.

She noticed she had started to mutter gibberish, and memories of utterly unfriendly scenes surfaced in her mind.

She had to quickly inject herself with the anti-toxoid test reagent, but it was placed in the purse in the car.

Fabian and Evan, neither speaking a word, immediately ran along to catch up to Madeline simultaneously.

"Eveline!" Fabian shouted at Madeline's back.

He saw Madeline running toward a black car that was parked at the main entrance not far away.

Fabian guessed that it was probably the car Madeline had rented here.

She had driven that car and followed them all the way here.

'However, isn't she here to look for Lilian? Why did she just suddenly go off?

'No.

'She said she's going to use her last option. Could it be related to her returning to the car?'

As Fabian chased after Madeline, his mind analyzed a lot of possibilities.

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chapter 1786

However, when they were about to catch up to Madeline, they had not expected Madeline, who was sprinting, to suddenly fall in front of the car. "Eveline?!"

Fabian rushed to Madeline's side. As he supported Madeline up by her shoulders, he realized that Madeline had already lost consciousness and had fainted.

Evan walked over to them and quickly placed his fingers over Madeline's wrist, feeling her pulse, analyzing it. Evan then frowned.

"Fab, Eveline's condition seems very suspicious. Bring her to a room now!"

Fabian too noticed that there was some urgency in Madeline's condition and carried Madeline back to the guest room.

With the space being separated by a wall, Madeline and Lilian were both placed in two rooms.

After carrying Madeline to the bed, Fabian had Evan conduct a checkup on Madeline again.

Even though Evan was a pediatrician, he had still mastered the basic medical checkup procedures.

However, at that moment, he was unable to make out the problem with Madeline.

“Palpitations, cold sweat, and erratic breathing.

I’ve seen such conditions before, but her symptoms seem to be different from ordinary patients.”

Evan felt troubled, and at that moment, he heard Madeline’s semi-consciously talking in her dream. “Jeremy, you must believe me, even if it’s just once, please...”

Despite Madeline’s very weak voice, Fabian and Evan could hear it crystal clear.

“Who’s Jeremy?” Evan asked curiously.

“The number one young master of Glendale. He’s Eveline’s husband, Jeremy Whitman, ” Fabian explained.

Evan was more puzzled when he heard it.

‘Just under what circumstances would Madeline shout for her husband in such a lowly manner, begging him to believe her?’

Evan gave it a thought, then provided a suggestion. “Fab, Eveline’s condition is already beyond my

knowledge. Of course, it might be due to my inadequate medical knowledge. Perhaps she just has a weak body. You could just wait until she

wakes before deciding whether or not to send her to the hospital.”

“I’ll now send her over to the hospital.” Fabian made his decision.

Puzzled, Evan looked at him. “Don’t tell me that you’re worried that, when she wakes, she might realize that you’re actually hiding her daughter, so you’re trying to get rid of her as soon as possible?”

In the face of Evan's suspicion, Fabian did not feel like explaining himself.

He quickly carried Madeline and immediately drove his car to the hospital.

Along the journey, Madeline kept on talking in an incomprehensive manner.

Evan could not understand a thing, but Fabian somehow knew a part of it.

He had known Madeline for two years. He had learned about the past between Madeline and Jeremy.

Jeremy had once hurt Madeline very deeply, and the words she spoke in her dreams were perhaps

memories of the great pain she had felt. The phase in which she had suffered the most.

Fabian lowered his eyes to look at Madeline, who was unconscious, and started to have mixed feelings.

Amidst the silence, he softly spoke two words. "Oh, Eveline."

Evan drove the car straight to the private hospital that he had established. After settling Madeline down, Fabian felt much more relieved for some unknown reason.

Fabian had initially thought of waiting until Madeline woke up and after ensuring that she was alright before he returned home. After giving it a second thought, however, he still decided to leave.

He felt that there was no need for him to get involved with Madeline anymore. He bid farewell to Evan and immediately left.

However, as soon as Fabian had driven to and arrived downstairs of his company building, he received a call from Evan.

On the other end of the line, Evan hurriedly said, "Fab, you better come back here quick. Eveline's awake but she seems a little off."

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chapter 1787

After receiving the call, Fabian turned the steering wheel around without hesitation and drove at full throttle back to the hospital.

Evan had placed Madeline in the best VIP ward, but at that moment, he was standing at the

entrance of the ward, not daring to step in and disturb Madeline.

Upon seeing Fabian rushing from the other end of the corridor, Evan pointed at the ward with a worried look. "You'd better go in and have a look for yourself. She seems really weird."

After hearing what Evan had to say, Fabian then looked through the small transparent window on the door and saw Madeline in the ward.

She was hugging both her legs, curled up at a corner, and her expression looked terrified.

Fabian frowned, then opened the door of the ward to enter.

Madeline, who heard the sound, abruptly lifted her eyes to look at him.

The sunlight shone through the window, falling onto Madeline's back, giving a faint layer of halo on the side of her face.

Her pale and lifeless face displayed a messy yet prestigious type of beauty, yet it made her look so helpless and pitiful.

Upon seeing Fabian making his way toward, Madeline's eyes suddenly glinted with mixed feelings.

The anticipation and anxiety interweaved in her gaze made Fabian feel troubled.

"What's wrong with you, Eveline? Do you have some sort of disease?" Fabian approached the bedside and asked bluntly.

After he asked, Madeline's eyes became red, to his surprise.

Fabian was stunned. He also could not believe that Madeline would immediately rush toward him and grasp his sleeve.

"Help me tell Jeremy that I really didn't do anything to harm Jackson. I saw it with my eyes that it was Meredith who took the fruit knife and slashed Jackson's face. It really wasn't me who did it. Jeremy... Why won't he believe me?"

Fabian was confused at this, realizing that he did not know much about what had occurred between Madeline and Jeremy.

However, he had heard about Meredith.

She was a very cruel lady, and it was because of this lady, Madeline had experienced an extraordinarily dark and painful period. A time she did not wish to recall.

“Hiss.”

Madeline suddenly yelled in pain.

She lifted her hands to hold her head. She painfully struggled as tears fell.

“Why won’t he believe me? Even if it’s just once, just once would do...”

“I want to see Jeremy. I want to see him...”

Madeline laid down and muttered, tears streaming out of the corners of her eyes, wetting the bed sheet.

Fabian could not help but feel troubled. Additionally, seeing Madeline’s current condition, not only was she spouting nonsense that he could not understand, her physical condition was still a mess.

When she had pulled him earlier, he could feel that Madeline’s hands were cold, and her breathing seemed to still be erratic.

Fabian could not comprehend it. How did Madeline end up in this state?

A moment ago, she had still been sharp and tough, determined in requesting Fabian to hand Lilian over to her, then the next instant, it was as if she had suddenly become another person.

“Fab, step out for a moment.”

When he heard Evan’s voice from behind, Fabian then snapped out of it.

However, he did not turn around; his eyes remained fixed upon Madeline.

Seeing that Fabian was not responding, Evan reminded him again.

“Fab, come out for now.”

“Given her current state, wouldn’t something happen if no one is keeping an eye on her?” Fabian asked, feeling uneasy.

“We’ll just be outside. Nothing will happen to her. As of now, we have no idea what’s wrong with her. We can’t even prescribe her any medication, ” Evan said helplessly and tapped Fabian’s shoulder, then turned around.

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Fabian momentarily hesitated before turning around.

The two towering men stood at the entrance of the ward. From time to time, they would look into the ward.

They saw that Madeline was still curled up on the hospital bed, eyes shut, frowning. This worried them.

"Fab, did Eveline and her husband not have a good relationship? Why would she speak like that?"

Evan voiced the doubts he had as he started analyzing.

"Besides, the symptoms that she displayed were odd. A second ago, she was a determined lady, the next second, she became an insecure lady. She doesn't have Dissociative Identity Disorder, does she?"

Evan ended up reaching such a far-fetched conclusion.

Fabian frowned when he heard this.

“Dissociative Identity Disorder?”

Fabian too was deep in his thoughts, but he felt that the possibility of what Evan had said could be high.

That was because when they contrasted the two versions of Madeline, it truly seemed to match the symptoms of Dissociative Identity Disorder.

However, he found this peculiar. “Would Dissociative Identity Disorder make one have erratic breathing, palpitation, and even cold sweat?”

Evan confidently shook his head. “It won’t. However, if one develops an extreme personality, they might show such symptoms due to their overly agitated emotions. There is still this possibility.”

“Do you think that’s the case for her?”

“...”

Evan was at a loss for words. He then said honestly, “This is not my specialty, but I can refer you to the best psychiatrist in our hospital.”

Fabian lifted his head and looked at Madeline. "I guess the best psychiatrist would only be him."

After waiting in the hospital for the doctor to inject Madeline with a dose of tranquilizer, Fabian then drove back to his villa, his mind heavy with thoughts.

His servants told him that Lilian had just woken up.

He immediately headed upstairs and came to Lillian's room. He saw the little girl had gotten down from the bed, and she was standing on the balcony, sunbathing.

Fabian glanced at that little outline, and his gaze became much gentler.

He sauntered to Lilian and softly called out to her, "Lily."

Lilian turned around when she heard the sound, her fair little face glowed with a faint pink.

Her complexion seemed to have improved a lot.

Lilian, still unable to speak, could only smile when she saw Fabian approaching.

In Fabian's eyes, that naive, gorgeous smile seemed like an angel smiling at him, making him feel as if his heart was suddenly infused with warmth.

He walked up to Lilian, got down to his knees, then gently held Lillian's little hand.

"Lily, do you feel much better today?"

Lilian gently nodded and blinked her clear, big eyes twice, then she moved her little mouth.

"Mommy."

Fabian was stunned. He knew that, currently, Lilian could only call out "daddy" and "mommy".

However, she called out "mommy" at that moment. 'Could it be because she'd sensed Madeline had been here?'

"Lily, your mom isn't here, " Fabian said gently. He raised his hand and softly pinched Lillian's little face. "It's cold outside. You shouldn't catch a cold, Lily. Let's go back into the room."

Lilian obediently nodded her head. Just when she was about to turn around, Fabian immediately carried her.

He cautiously placed Lilian on the bed and had the servant prepare the daily nutritious meal for Lilian.

He meticulously watched Lilian finish her meal by her side, then accompanied her to watch cartoons. Finally, after he saw that she was sleeping soundly, he turned around.

After he had turned around, however, he could not help but sneak another peek at her.

Seeing her sleepy face, he thought of Madeline. After some thought, he came to a decision.
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chapter 1789

In Glendale.

At this moment, Jeremy was accompanying his youngest son, who was learning to walk, when suddenly, he received a call from Fabian.

He did not see it wrongly as his phone screen had clearly displayed Fabian's name.

Fabian had long ago blacklisted his number. The sudden call from Fabian now gave Jeremy an uneasy feeling.

He had this feeling earlier because when he had phoned Madeline, no one picked up his calls.

Currently, Fabian took the initiative to call him. Jeremy was certain that something must have happened to Madeline.

Jeremy picked up the call without hesitation, and immediately heard Fabian's deep voice from the other side of the call.

"Does your wife have any disease?"

Hearing this made Jeremy think of the poison in Madeline's body.

'The fourth stage of the poison must have flared up!

"Fabian, what happened to Linnie? Tell me quickly!"
" Jeremy pressed Fabian with questions. Without him realizing it, his grip became stronger.

Pudding, who was being held by Jeremy, stared at him with his big eyes. His little face put on a look in a grievance, and he seemed about to cry.

"Daddy..."

He called out to Jeremy in a brittle voice, but this moment, Jeremy's attention was focused on the phone, and he had forgotten that he was still holding onto his son's hand.

Fabian's voice came from the other end of the line.

"She'd fainted two hours ago, and when she woke up, she started muttering nonsense.

"She said, 'Jeremy, I really didn't do it.'

"She even said, 'Jeremy, please believe me, even if it's just once.'"

Upon hearing Fabian's explanation, Jeremy felt as if his heart was suddenly being crushed by something unseen, a type of endless, painful sensation that

spread all over him.

He had also confirmed that the poison in Madeline had flared up.

After the poison had flared up, it would bring this type of mental torment to Madeline.

It would make her recall the most painful memories, and he was well aware that Madeline's most painful memories were from him.

The strength in his hand got stronger without him realizing it again.

When he heard a child's cry next to his ear, Jeremy then noticed his youngest son beside him.

However, currently, he was already not in the mood to care for his son.

"Fabian, where is Linnie right now? Hurry up and tell me!"

"In the hospital."

Fabian said, his tone was neither hurried nor slowed.

" I have a friend who is now keeping an eye on her. Her condition doesn't seem too well, and she has erratic breathing, palpitations, and even cold sweat. In terms of her psychological state, she incessantly mentions your name and has ravings where she asks you to forgive her."

Jeremy felt his heart was being pierced by something unseen.

"Fabian, there must be a vial of anti-toxoid test reagent that Linnie always brings with her. Please help me look for it. Once you've found it, take it to a doctor who knows how to inject it and give Linnie the injection! Linnie will return to normal once she has that injection."

Jeremy's voice was already trembling when he finished speaking.

"Fabian, I'm begging you. I'll rush over to F Country as soon as possible."

"She doesn't have the anti-toxoid test reagent that you mentioned with her." Fabian's words extinguished the only hope that Jeremy had.

"Impossible. I've always reminded her to bring that anti-toxoid test reagent along with her. It should be there. Fabian, please, look for it carefully."

"Anti-toxoid test reagent?"

Suddenly, Fabian immediately recalled the time when Lana had Jeremy ingest those slow-acting poison.

"I got it. I'll go search for it again now."

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"Fabian, are you forcing me to call the cops?"
Madeline turned around and looked at him. "Do you want me to inform the police of your crimes of kidnapping my daughter and threatening her safety?"

As Madeline walked toward Fabian who had his back against her, her sharp eyes betrayed a look of remorse.

"Fabian, could it be that you want to walk the same path that your brother and sister had taken? Are you going to keep testing the limit that shouldn't be tested?"

As Madeline's voice fell, Fabian turned around abruptly.

He stared straight at Madeline, and at this moment, his eyes no longer showed the friendliness and gentleness from back then. Madeline caught sight of a flash of enmity, rage, and conflict in Fabian's eyes.

Conflict. He was conflicted.

The look in Fabian's eyes only calmed down seconds later.

The corners of his lips curled up slightly into a soft smiley.

"Since you have flown all the way here to find me, I couldn't very well dismiss you, Mrs. Whitman.

There's a decent cafe nearby, would you do me the honour of having a drink together?"

Fabian was Madeline's most direct and only way in finding Lillian, so of course, Madeline agreed.

There were not a lot of people in the café during the work hours.

Fabian ordered a cup of black tea latte for Madeline.

"If I recall correctly, you like black tea, Mrs. Whitman." Fabian addressed Madeline in an unfamiliar and distant manner.

Back then, he always had a frivolous smile and would Madeline's name affectionately and intimately.

However, it seemed that there was no returning to those times.

Madeline did not drink the steaming coffee in front of her. She went straight to the point, resuming the original conversation topic from earlier.

“Fabian, you should know I didn’t come all the way here to F Country to have tea with you. I only want my daughter.”

Resentment appeared on Madeline’s delicate and small face.

“ If you’re unhappy with me or Jeremy, just say it. Lily is just a child, and ever since you knew her, that kid has innocently looked to you as her big brother. A good big brother. Please don’t hurt a five -year- old child’s pure heart.”

Fabian finished listening to Madeline with a calm expression and picked up his cup of coffee for a sip.

“I can’t hurt a five -year-old’s heart, but you can recklessly hurt my heart, tearing it into pieces? Do I still deserve it then?”

Madeline’s furrowed slightly. “Why do you say that? Who hurt you?”

“Someone I used to trust. However, in the end, they were just using me this whole time.”

As Fabian spoke, he gazed knowingly at Madeline.

Madeline felt that the person Fabian was referring to was her.

“Are you saying that I used you? That I lied to you?” Madeline was baffled. She was very curious why Fabian would think that and simultaneously found this pathetic.

“Fabian, I don’t know where you’ve heard this or how you’ve got this weird idea. Could you tell me, when did I, Eveline, have used you? How could I have benefited from using you?”

Madeline looked steadily into Fabian’s cold, questioning eyes.

After a while, Fabian then spoke.

“It’s not you who are benefitting from this, but it’s your husband, Jeremy Whitman.”

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chapter 1781

Madeline looked stunned upon hearing Fabian’s answer.

“What do you mean? How would Jeremy benefit?”
Madeline was further confused by Fabian’s words.

Fabian sipped his coffee and suddenly chuckled.

“To be more precise, the person who benefited most, in the end, would be Jeremy’s uncle, Felipe.”

“What? ” Madeline was befuddled. “Fabian, could you make yourself clear?”

Fabian’s lips curled slightly as he spoke mockingly, “Jeremy is a high-level Interpol official. Back then, he only stayed with Lana to spy on her, isn’t that right?”

“You only got half of it right, ” Madeline corrected him; her expression was serious. “Jeremy is an Interpol official, but the reason he stayed with Lana, spying on her, was that Lana had tried to kill me by blowing up the yacht back then. She’d wanted to use Jeremy’s amnesia for some illegal business, so Jeremy merely played along.”

“Played along... Hmph.” Fabian scoffed. “He played along indeed. If Lana had deserved this, then what about my brother Yorick?”

“Yorick had violated the law, and he was punished by the law. He suffered the consequences of his

actions, so why do you blame Jeremy for your siblings' deaths?"

"If my brother suffered the consequences of his actions and only had himself to blame, what about Felipe? His crimes were the same as my brother's crimes in F Country. Felipe even instigated a homicide, so why was he able to escape legal sanction?"

As Fabian questioned, there came a change in his emotions, and he became more worked up.

"Jeremy is from Interpol. He and his colleagues had set a trap to capture my brother. Don't tell me that he doesn't know that Felipe had also committed the same crimes? Of course, he knew.

"I've always thought that my brother had himself to blame for the outcome because of the crimes he had committed, but I know now—Jeremy used you, then used me. In the end, my brother became a trophy he got for working with Interpol.

"The reason Lana was killed by Ryan was also related to Jeremy. You two had planned all of this."

Fabian vented out the dissatisfaction in his heart.

After hearing his words, Madeline could finally understand the reason Fabian had been intensely hostile toward them all this time.

Madeline did not know how to explain it, and she felt that no matter how she explained it now, Fabian would not listen to her.

That was why she did not want to waste her breath. She merely watched on calmly as Fabian was speaking.

"Fabian, I hope you can understand one thing. The reason your brother was executed was not that Jeremy had set a trap and captured him. He was captured because he broke the law.

"As for Lana, getting killed by Ryan was the consequence of her actions. She failed to harm others, so she was the one getting harmed in the end. Jeremy was the victim in this entire thing."

Madeline too voiced the dissatisfaction within her heart.

"Jeremy was manipulated by Lana with the poison. Additionally, because of Lana, he was also accused of murder; because of Lana, he was also unable to

help his daughter when she fell, causing Lily to be traumatized. Do you think my husband had asked for this?"

Recalling these incidents made Madeline feel aggrieved on Jeremy's behalf.

"Fabian, ask yourself, could this truly be anything but the consequences that Yorick and Lana had brought upon themselves?"

As Fabian listened to Madeline, his brows furrowed further, and his grip on the coffee cup tightened further as well.

The air around them suddenly felt abnormally chilly, then there came a ringing from the entrance.

It was just the sound indicating customers entering.

"Fabian, my number has not changed. I hope that I'll receive a call from you as soon as possible, and you'll take me to see Lily. You can hate me, but don't hurt a child that genuinely trusts you this much."

After she had finished speaking, Madeline grabbed her bag to leave.

As she turned around, she almost ran into a young man who was walking in her direction.

Madeline hurriedly avoided him, then apologized and walked to the entrance.

A ringing sound came from the door again.

Meanwhile, this sound brought Fabian's wandering thoughts back.

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chapter 1782

He lifted his eyes and looked over. He did not see Madeline but saw Evan sitting before him instead.

"When did you sit here?" Fabian looked confused.

Evan pushed his retro, gold-rimmed glasses and lazily leaned back on the sofa.

"I sat down when you were longingly watching that lady leave. What is it? Do you like older girls?"

After hearing this explanation, Fabian's brows drew together, and he said flatly, "She's Lily's mother."

There was a slight change in Evan's eyes upon hearing that. He then looked in the direction where Madeline had left.

"She's Eveline?" Fabian nodded lightly.

Evan pensively contemplated. "She's different indeed. I almost ran into her just now, and despite the distance, I could still smell the fragrance on her. A perfumer. Special indeed."

When Fabian heard that, his brows furrowed further, and his expression darkened further.

A beautiful waitress brought Evan's coffee over with a smile. He elegantly took a sip and continued, "I heard what she said before she left. She's worried about her daughter's physical condition. Did you not tell her about Lily's condition?"

Fabian looked at the black tea latte, which was left untouched and still steaming hot, then gave a low chuckle.

"There's no need for her to know."

"Tch. 'There's no need'," Even said, smiling while he repeated those four words. "You've saved her daughter's life, and you're saying 'there's no need'. When did you become so generous, Mr. Johnson?"

Even mocked, though the look on his face seemed more serious.

"I'm curious, actually. Back then, didn't you tell me to stop caring about the little girl? You asked me to let her run her course. You also told me that there was no need to find a suitable bone marrow for her.

"Why did you suddenly change your mind then? Is it possible that you're imitating that woman, speaking empty words, Mr. Johnson?"

This piqued Evan's interest. All this while, he had always been confused about this, but every time he asked, Fabian would not speak anything of it. This time, he decided to try his luck again to see whether Fabian would relent.

However, Fabian still did not relent.

He got up, left the café, and drove straight to the villa. Evan drove too, following behind Fabian.

After they had parked, Fabian came straight to Lillian's room.

Lillian would usually be asleep at this hour.

Fabian cautiously walked to the bedside. When he saw the faint blush on Lillian's cheeks, he could not help but smile.

“The way you’re looking at her seems like you’re looking at something precious.”

Fabian averted his gaze and disapprovingly glared at Evan.

“Get out.”

Fabian said and turned around to leave.

Evan looked at Lillian, who was deep in slumber, holding her doll. He smiled knowingly before turning around.

In the study.

Evan sat down on the sofa, then placed his long legs on the coffee table as though this was his home.

“Fabian, is there any relationship between you and the little girl? Don’t you hate her parents? Why did you save her then?”

Fabian took a piece of candy from the candy jar on the desk. He gently opened it, then put it into his mouth.

“You truly want to know?”

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Fabian's knowing gaze fell upon Evan's face.

The candy in his mouth was sour and sweet, but he seemed unable to taste any of the sweetness, and an unknown bitter taste went from his throat straight to his heart.

"I'm quite interested to know. I wonder if Mr. Johnson would be willing to tell me the story behind this."

Evan was full of curiosity. He and Fabian were considered close childhood friends who grew up together.

He was three years older than Fabian, and they had known each other since they were very young. Yorick had just been a teenager then, and he had neither money nor power. Of course, Fabian had just been a poor student, while Evan's family background was among F Country's circle of the rich and famous.

However, this had not stopped them from being good friends and brothers.

They had similar personalities. Both looked like rich and handsome yet frivolous young masters.

On the other hand, Evan had been more well-known for being the playful one in this circle. However, he was sharply different from this name and even turned out to be an exceptional pediatrician.

As for Fabian, he had now transformed into a businessman with some popularity in F Country.

However, he knew this popularity was mostly because of his brother Yorick.

Fabian did not drink much, but now, he would drink occasionally.

Now, he opened a bottle of red wine, poured a cup for Evan, then handed it over. He took a small sip himself too.

The red wine's fine taste danced on his taste buds, mixing with the taste of the candy from just now, creating a subtle taste that Fabian had never tasted before.

This made Fabian recall the first time he met Lillian.

She had been such a young, pure, and adorable child. She would hug him and kiss him so innocently.

Back then, the moonlight shone on the pure, adorable, smiling face. He could still recall that he blushed slightly because his friends had been sniggering behind.

“Fabian, what are you smiling at? Aren’t you telling me the story? Why are you not speaking and smiling to yourself?”

Evan suddenly ridiculed him.

Fabian immediately returned to his senses, realizing that, as he was reminiscing about the first time he had met little Lillian, he was grinning without his volition.

However, he did not feel uneasy at all.

He downed the wine in his glass in a carefree manner, then turned to face Evan, who looked curious.

“Evan, I’ve decided that I’ll take care of her and heal her. I want to watch her grow up healthily by my side day by day.”

Evan thought he had misheard Fabian, staring blankly at Fabian.

“Fabian, what are you doing?”

However, Fabian spoke no further. The smile on his face became brighter.

Knock knock knock.

The knocking sounded from the study room door.

Fabian lifted his eyes and saw the maid standing by the door as she softly knocked on it.

“What is it?” He asked.

“Young Master Fabian, there’s a woman downstairs. She said that she’s here to take her daughter home, ” the maid politely reported.

When Fabian and Evan heard this, Madeline’s face immediately appeared in their minds.

Fabian was surprised, but when he looked down from the door of the study, he indeed saw Madeline standing in the living room.

‘Did she manage to find them? ‘No.

'She must have followed them from the cafe.'

"You keep an eye on Lily. Tell the people in the room to avoid making any sound," Fabian urged the maid.

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The servant nodded continuously and immediately turned around and headed over to Lillian's room.

Fabian momentarily stood in place before making his way downstairs, as though he just thought of the words to use as a response.

Evan, who was following behind Fabian, also reached the hall downstairs.

Madeline was standing in the hall and, when she saw Fabian, who was leisurely walking down the stairs, she then walked up to him.

"Lillian's here, right?"

Upon hearing that, Fabian frowned and intended to express the unpleasant feeling within him.

"You might be unaware, Mrs. Whitman, but this is my personal household. Normally, I'd only

entertain my best friends; everyone else is forbidden from entering here.”

Madeline could make out what Fabian was trying to convey from his statement.

She looked at Evan, who was behind Fabian, and immediately recalled that man was the one who she had nearly knocked into in the coffee shop not too long ago.

Evan, noticing Madeline’s gaze upon him, then put on a carefree smile, stepping forward to offer Madeline his hand.

“Nice to meet you, Miss Montgomery. It’s my first time meeting you in person. I’m Fabian’s friend, Laker.”

Although Evan’s smile looked somewhat frivolous, it still looked rather friendly to Madeline.

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Laker.”

Madeline politely shook Evan’s hand, then looked at Fabian.

“Fabian, are you truly not going to allow me to meet with my daughter?”

"Lilian isn't here, " Fabian said, flat out denying it despite Lilian was in fact sleeping in the bedroom upstairs.

Madeline lifted her eyes to look at her surroundings. In the corner of the sofa, she saw a doll. She also saw, on the coffee table, a flower vase containing a bouquet of powder blue baby's breath.

'All of these are Lily's favorite.'

"I know Lilian's here, Fabian. Hurry up and bring me to see my daughter. Lillian's my child. I have the right to meet her and to bring her away."

Madeline's attitude suddenly became sterner.

However, Fabian shifted his gaze away and replied coldly, "Mrs. Whitman, I'm going to say this one more time. We don't have the person you're

looking for right here. What evidence do you have to prove that Lilian is in my house?"

Fabian counter-questioned with a straight face, causing a surprised look to show on Evan's face.

'This Fabian brat. When did he start telling lies with a straight face?'

He muttered silently, but deep inside him, he had the urge to tell Madeline that Lilian was currently very healthy so that she could be at ease.

However, he could not afford to expose Fabian's lie. Otherwise, it could affect their friendship.

Hence, he might as well just sit on the sofa and watch Madeline argue with Fabian.

Besides, he had always admired Madeline as a perfumer. This moment could finally be his opportunity to admire such a splendid woman. It was not a bad idea.

In the face of Fabian's denial, Madeline opened the photos and videos on her phone which contained the recordings of the surveillance camera that she had copied.

"These are the recordings taken on the surveillance cameras along the streets on the day you took Lilian away. Fabian, you're the one who took Lilian away. Even without these surveillance cameras, with just the bouquet and candy box, I'd still be sure that you're the culprit."

Madeline had seen through everything.

“Fabian, Lilian is sick. She needs treatment. Could you please return my daughter to me right now?! “

Madeline requested with a stern look. This was her first time dealing with Fabian with such a forceful attitude.

After speaking, however, Madeline, uncertain whether it was because she was too emotionally agitated, felt her breath and heartbeat becoming rapid.

She wanted to recompose herself, yet in the meantime, she heard Fabian denying with a determined tone. “I had indeed gone to visit your daughter that day, but later on, I’d already sent someone to send her back to the hospital.”
Madeline frowned. “Fabian, you’re lying. You...”

As she spoke, she paused; her palms suddenly started to sweat, and her palpitations started to worsen.

Evan, who had been constantly paying attention to Madeline, immediately noticed that there was something amiss with Madeline’s expression.

“Miss Montgomery, are you feeling unwell?”
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Evan got up and asked. He felt that Madeline was indeed not in good shape.

Upon hearing that, Fabian only then noticed that Madeline's complexion seemed ill. Even her forehead was starting to have cold sweat.

Madeline slowly realized that the poison within her body was starting to flare up again.

Shirley had mentioned before that the fourth stage would happen soon.

The thought of it made Madeline try her best to prevent this type of situation from happening because she could not afford to be weak at this moment, but she could not overcome the poison that was already flaring up. Nevertheless, Madeline did not allow herself to drop to her knees.

She clenched her fists and continued to stubbornly look into Fabian's eyes.

"Fabian, I've come all the way here to bring Lilian back home. If you're not willing to hand Lilian over to me, that will only leave me with one last option."

Fabian looked at Madeline's face that was slowly turning pale, feeling puzzled. "Given your current

condition, do you think you have what it takes to take your daughter away?"

Madeline chuckled softly and stubbornness glinted in her gorgeous eyes. "As a mother, I'd do anything to ensure my daughter's safety, no matter the cost."

Madeline's comments briefly stunned Fabian.

As he thought of fighting back, he heard Madeline suddenly letting out a moan.

Fabian returned to his senses and looked at her. He saw Madeline biting on her lips, and her face was as pale as a white sheet, bloodless, and her breathing became rapid.

These symptoms seemed familiar, causing Fabian to suddenly recall something.

"Eveline, do you have some disease as well?"

Fabian asked as he made his way over to Madeline.

Madeline suddenly put up her guard and took a step back. "Don't come near me."

Fabian had initially thought Madeline was rejecting him, but then, he heard Madeline muttering, "Jeremy, it really wasn't me who did it. You must believe me..."

Astonished, Fabian looked at Madeline as she spoke those words.

'Did she think that I'm Jeremy?

'Even if she did think that I'm Jeremy, I don't think she'd speak like this, right?'

Fabian, unable to understand it, noticed Madeline's gaze becoming confused, as though it was losing focus and not focusing on anything.

In the meantime, her pale lips kept moving as she continued to mutter to herself, "It wasn't me, it really wasn't me..."

Fabian immediately reminded Evan, "Hurry and check up on her. What's going on with her?"

Evan immediately stepped forward to hold onto Madeline's hand to check on her pulse. However, Madeline shoved Evan's hand as he reached out to her, and she suddenly turned around and ran outside.

Judging from the reactions from earlier, Madeline knew that she had entered the final stage of the poison.

She noticed she had started to mutter gibberish, and memories of utterly unfriendly scenes surfaced in her mind.

She had to quickly inject herself with the anti-toxoid test reagent, but it was placed in the purse in the car.

Fabian and Evan, neither speaking a word, immediately ran along to catch up to Madeline simultaneously.

“Eveline!” Fabian shouted at Madeline’s back.

He saw Madeline running toward a black car that was parked at the main entrance not far away.

Fabian guessed that it was probably the car Madeline had rented here.

She had driven that car and followed them all the way here.

‘However, isn’t she here to look for Lilian? Why did she just suddenly go off?’

'No.

'She said she's going to use her last option. Could it be related to her returning to the car?'

As Fabian chased after Madeline, his mind analyzed a lot of possibilities.

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chapter 1786

However, when they were about to catch up to Madeline, they had not expected Madeline, who was sprinting, to suddenly fall in front of the car. "Eveline?!"

Fabian rushed to Madeline's side. As he supported Madeline up by her shoulders, he realized that Madeline had already lost consciousness and had fainted.

Evan walked over to them and quickly placed his fingers over Madeline's wrist, feeling her pulse, analyzing it. Evan then frowned.

"Fab, Eveline's condition seems very suspicious. Bring her to a room now!"

Fabian too noticed that there was some urgency in Madeline's condition and carried Madeline back to the guest room.

With the space being separated by a wall, Madeline and Lilian were both placed in two rooms.

After carrying Madeline to the bed, Fabian had Evan conduct a checkup on Madeline again.

Even though Evan was a pediatrician, he had still mastered the basic medical checkup procedures.

However, at that moment, he was unable to make out the problem with Madeline.

“Palpitations, cold sweat, and erratic breathing.

I’ve seen such conditions before, but her symptoms seem to be different from ordinary patients.”

Evan felt troubled, and at that moment, he heard Madeline’s semi-consciously talking in her dream. “Jeremy, you must believe me, even if it’s just once, please...”

Despite Madeline’s very weak voice, Fabian and Evan could hear it crystal clear.

“Who’s Jeremy?” Evan asked curiously.

“The number one young master of Glendale. He’s Eveline’s husband, Jeremy Whitman, ” Fabian explained.

Evan was more puzzled when he heard it.

‘Just under what circumstances would Madeline shout for her husband in such a lowly manner, begging him to believe her?’

Evan gave it a thought, then provided a suggestion. “Fab, Eveline’s condition is already beyond my

knowledge. Of course, it might be due to my inadequate medical knowledge. Perhaps she just has a weak body. You could just wait until she

wakes before deciding whether or not to send her to the hospital.”

“I’ll now send her over to the hospital.” Fabian made his decision.

Puzzled, Evan looked at him. “Don’t tell me that you’re worried that, when she wakes, she might realize that you’re actually hiding her daughter, so you’re trying to get rid of her as soon as possible?”

In the face of Evan's suspicion, Fabian did not feel like explaining himself.

He quickly carried Madeline and immediately drove his car to the hospital.

Along the journey, Madeline kept on talking in an incomprehensive manner.

Evan could not understand a thing, but Fabian somehow knew a part of it.

He had known Madeline for two years. He had learned about the past between Madeline and Jeremy.

Jeremy had once hurt Madeline very deeply, and the words she spoke in her dreams were perhaps

memories of the great pain she had felt. The phase in which she had suffered the most.

Fabian lowered his eyes to look at Madeline, who was unconscious, and started to have mixed feelings.

Amidst the silence, he softly spoke two words. "Oh, Eveline."

Evan drove the car straight to the private hospital that he had established. After settling Madeline down, Fabian felt much more relieved for some unknown reason.

Fabian had initially thought of waiting until Madeline woke up and after ensuring that she was alright before he returned home. After giving it a second thought, however, he still decided to leave.

He felt that there was no need for him to get involved with Madeline anymore. He bid farewell to Evan and immediately left.

However, as soon as Fabian had driven to and arrived downstairs of his company building, he received a call from Evan.

On the other end of the line, Evan hurriedly said, "Fab, you better come back here quick. Eveline's awake but she seems a little off."

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chapter 1787

After receiving the call, Fabian turned the steering wheel around without hesitation and drove at full throttle back to the hospital.

Evan had placed Madeline in the best VIP ward, but at that moment, he was standing at the

entrance of the ward, not daring to step in and disturb Madeline.

Upon seeing Fabian rushing from the other end of the corridor, Evan pointed at the ward with a worried look. "You'd better go in and have a look for yourself. She seems really weird."

After hearing what Evan had to say, Fabian then looked through the small transparent window on the door and saw Madeline in the ward.

She was hugging both her legs, curled up at a corner, and her expression looked terrified.

Fabian frowned, then opened the door of the ward to enter.

Madeline, who heard the sound, abruptly lifted her eyes to look at him.

The sunlight shone through the window, falling onto Madeline's back, giving a faint layer of halo on the side of her face.

Her pale and lifeless face displayed a messy yet prestigious type of beauty, yet it made her look so helpless and pitiful.

Upon seeing Fabian making his way toward, Madeline's eyes suddenly glinted with mixed feelings.

The anticipation and anxiety interweaved in her gaze made Fabian feel troubled.

"What's wrong with you, Eveline? Do you have some sort of disease?" Fabian approached the bedside and asked bluntly.

After he asked, Madeline's eyes became red, to his surprise.

Fabian was stunned. He also could not believe that Madeline would immediately rush toward him and grasp his sleeve.

"Help me tell Jeremy that I really didn't do anything to harm Jackson. I saw it with my eyes that it was Meredith who took the fruit knife and slashed Jackson's face. It really wasn't me who did it. Jeremy... Why won't he believe me?"

Fabian was confused at this, realizing that he did not know much about what had occurred between Madeline and Jeremy.

However, he had heard about Meredith.

She was a very cruel lady, and it was because of this lady, Madeline had experienced an extraordinarily dark and painful period. A time she did not wish to recall.

“Hiss.”

Madeline suddenly yelled in pain.

She lifted her hands to hold her head. She painfully struggled as tears fell.

“Why won’t he believe me? Even if it’s just once, just once would do...”

“I want to see Jeremy. I want to see him...”

Madeline laid down and muttered, tears streaming out of the corners of her eyes, wetting the bed sheet.

Fabian could not help but feel troubled. Additionally, seeing Madeline’s current condition, not only was she spouting nonsense that he could not understand, her physical condition was still a mess.

When she had pulled him earlier, he could feel that Madeline’s hands were cold, and her breathing seemed to still be erratic.

Fabian could not comprehend it. How did Madeline end up in this state?

A moment ago, she had still been sharp and tough, determined in requesting Fabian to hand Lilian over to her, then the next instant, it was as if she had suddenly become another person.

“Fab, step out for a moment.”

When he heard Evan’s voice from behind, Fabian then snapped out of it.

However, he did not turn around; his eyes remained fixed upon Madeline.

Seeing that Fabian was not responding, Evan reminded him again.

“Fab, come out for now.”

“Given her current state, wouldn’t something happen if no one is keeping an eye on her?” Fabian asked, feeling uneasy.

“We’ll just be outside. Nothing will happen to her. As of now, we have no idea what’s wrong with her. We can’t even prescribe her any medication, ” Evan said helplessly and tapped Fabian’s shoulder, then turned around.

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Fabian momentarily hesitated before turning around.

The two towering men stood at the entrance of the ward. From time to time, they would look into the ward.

They saw that Madeline was still curled up on the hospital bed, eyes shut, frowning. This worried them.

"Fab, did Eveline and her husband not have a good relationship? Why would she speak like that?"

Evan voiced the doubts he had as he started analyzing.

"Besides, the symptoms that she displayed were odd. A second ago, she was a determined lady, the next second, she became an insecure lady. She doesn't have Dissociative Identity Disorder, does she?"

Evan ended up reaching such a far-fetched conclusion.

Fabian frowned when he heard this.

“Dissociative Identity Disorder?”

Fabian too was deep in his thoughts, but he felt that the possibility of what Evan had said could be high.

That was because when they contrasted the two versions of Madeline, it truly seemed to match the symptoms of Dissociative Identity Disorder.

However, he found this peculiar. “Would Dissociative Identity Disorder make one have erratic breathing, palpitation, and even cold sweat?”

Evan confidently shook his head. “It won’t. However, if one develops an extreme personality, they might show such symptoms due to their overly agitated emotions. There is still this possibility.”

“Do you think that’s the case for her?”

“...”

Evan was at a loss for words. He then said honestly, “This is not my specialty, but I can refer you to the best psychiatrist in our hospital.”

Fabian lifted his head and looked at Madeline. "I guess the best psychiatrist would only be him."

After waiting in the hospital for the doctor to inject Madeline with a dose of tranquilizer, Fabian then drove back to his villa, his mind heavy with thoughts.

His servants told him that Lilian had just woken up.

He immediately headed upstairs and came to Lillian's room. He saw the little girl had gotten down from the bed, and she was standing on the balcony, sunbathing.

Fabian glanced at that little outline, and his gaze became much gentler.

He sauntered to Lilian and softly called out to her, "Lily."

Lilian turned around when she heard the sound, her fair little face glowed with a faint pink.

Her complexion seemed to have improved a lot.

Lilian, still unable to speak, could only smile when she saw Fabian approaching.

In Fabian's eyes, that naive, gorgeous smile seemed like an angel smiling at him, making him feel as if his heart was suddenly infused with warmth.

He walked up to Lilian, got down to his knees, then gently held Lillian's little hand.

"Lily, do you feel much better today?"

Lilian gently nodded and blinked her clear, big eyes twice, then she moved her little mouth.

"Mommy."

Fabian was stunned. He knew that, currently, Lilian could only call out "daddy" and "mommy".

However, she called out "mommy" at that moment. 'Could it be because she'd sensed Madeline had been here?'

"Lily, your mom isn't here, " Fabian said gently. He raised his hand and softly pinched Lillian's little face. "It's cold outside. You shouldn't catch a cold, Lily. Let's go back into the room."

Lilian obediently nodded her head. Just when she was about to turn around, Fabian immediately carried her.

He cautiously placed Lilian on the bed and had the servant prepare the daily nutritious meal for Lilian.

He meticulously watched Lilian finish her meal by her side, then accompanied her to watch cartoons. Finally, after he saw that she was sleeping soundly, he turned around.

After he had turned around, however, he could not help but sneak another peek at her.

Seeing her sleepy face, he thought of Madeline. After some thought, he came to a decision.
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chapter 1789

In Glendale.

At this moment, Jeremy was accompanying his youngest son, who was learning to walk, when suddenly, he received a call from Fabian.

He did not see it wrongly as his phone screen had clearly displayed Fabian's name.

Fabian had long ago blacklisted his number. The sudden call from Fabian now gave Jeremy an uneasy feeling.

He had this feeling earlier because when he had phoned Madeline, no one picked up his calls.

Currently, Fabian took the initiative to call him. Jeremy was certain that something must have happened to Madeline.

Jeremy picked up the call without hesitation, and immediately heard Fabian's deep voice from the other side of the call.

"Does your wife have any disease?"

Hearing this made Jeremy think of the poison in Madeline's body.

'The fourth stage of the poison must have flared up!

"Fabian, what happened to Linnie? Tell me quickly!"
" Jeremy pressed Fabian with questions. Without him realizing it, his grip became stronger.

Pudding, who was being held by Jeremy, stared at him with his big eyes. His little face put on a look in a grievance, and he seemed about to cry.

"Daddy..."

He called out to Jeremy in a brittle voice, but this moment, Jeremy's attention was focused on the phone, and he had forgotten that he was still holding onto his son's hand.

Fabian's voice came from the other end of the line.

"She'd fainted two hours ago, and when she woke up, she started muttering nonsense.

"She said, 'Jeremy, I really didn't do it.'

"She even said, 'Jeremy, please believe me, even if it's just once.'"

Upon hearing Fabian's explanation, Jeremy felt as if his heart was suddenly being crushed by something unseen, a type of endless, painful sensation that

spread all over him.

He had also confirmed that the poison in Madeline had flared up.

After the poison had flared up, it would bring this type of mental torment to Madeline.

It would make her recall the most painful memories, and he was well aware that Madeline's most painful memories were from him.

The strength in his hand got stronger without him realizing it again.

When he heard a child's cry next to his ear, Jeremy then noticed his youngest son beside him.

However, currently, he was already not in the mood to care for his son.

"Fabian, where is Linnie right now? Hurry up and tell me!"

"In the hospital."

Fabian said, his tone was neither hurried nor slowed.

" I have a friend who is now keeping an eye on her. Her condition doesn't seem too well, and she has erratic breathing, palpitations, and even cold sweat. In terms of her psychological state, she incessantly mentions your name and has ravings where she asks you to forgive her."

Jeremy felt his heart was being pierced by something unseen.

"Fabian, there must be a vial of anti-toxoid test reagent that Linnie always brings with her. Please help me look for it. Once you've found it, take it to a doctor who knows how to inject it and give Linnie the injection! Linnie will return to normal once she has that injection."

Jeremy's voice was already trembling when he finished speaking.

"Fabian, I'm begging you. I'll rush over to F Country as soon as possible."

"She doesn't have the anti-toxoid test reagent that you mentioned with her." Fabian's words extinguished the only hope that Jeremy had.

"Impossible. I've always reminded her to bring that anti-toxoid test reagent along with her. It should be there. Fabian, please, look for it carefully."

"Anti-toxoid test reagent?"

Suddenly, Fabian immediately recalled the time when Lana had Jeremy ingest those slow-acting poison.

"I got it. I'll go search for it again now."

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Fabian hung up the call and immediately called Evan.

"Do me a favor and see whether there's a vial of anti-toxoid test reagent on Madeline. If there is one, immediately inject her with it. You're a doctor so the injection should be a small matter to you. Hurry.

Fabian immediately hung up, not giving Evan any opportunity to reject him.

Naturally, as a doctor, Evan would not reject such a request.

However, he glanced at Madeline, who had been injected with a tranquilizer, and could not help but find this suspicious.

'Would this be inappropriate?'

However, it was a doctor's job to save lives. Be it a pediatrician or some other specialist, they share the same responsibility.

He pulled the blanket away and searched through Madeline's clothing, but he did not manage to find the anti-toxoid test reagent that Fabian mentioned.

He then quickly called Fabian, who was already rushing to the hospital.

After arriving at the hospital, Fabian meticulously searched through all the pockets on Madeline's clothing. Indeed, there was no anti-toxoid test reagent that Jeremy mentioned.

"Fab, you mentioned looking for an anti-toxoid test reagent to cure the poison? Has Madeline been poisoned?"

Fabian remained silent, belying what he knew in his heart.

'This must be similar to the poison that Lana gave to Jeremy a long time ago.'

He found this odd. 'How did Eveline get poisoned as well?'

"Why don't we wait until she's awake, then have her tell us where she put the anti-toxoid test reagent?"

"I'm afraid she'll be worse than before after she wakes up," Fabian guessed.

The truth was indeed exactly as he imagined. After the effect of the tranquilizer wore off, Madeline woke up.

However, after Madeline had woken up, it was just like what Fabian had predicted. Her mental state worsened.

She looked like she was in much more anguish than before. Her eyes were unfocused, and she kept on muttering Jeremy's name and saying things like asking Jeremy to believe in her.

Fabian looked at her and felt a sudden heartache.

"You claimed to want to seek revenge on his wife, but I see that you're quite concerned for her," Evan said playfully and casually as he stood beside Fabian, yet he saw Fabian's expression suddenly become serious.

"Back when I first met her, I was truly captivated by her beauty. She's the most stunning lady I've ever seen."

Fabian praised Madeline's appearance from the bottom of his heart.

“From the very beginning when I first got to know her, however, she already had eyes for someone else. Hence, I didn’t develop any feelings for her. That was also the reason that I called her Eveline when I first met her.

” She’s smart, extremely brave, and talented. She has encountered many unfortunate events, yet she still managed to overcome them.

“This time, I believe she will overcome it as well.”

Fabian’s comment was suffused with wonderful hope and blessing.

After he spoke, Fabian frowned and turned around to leave, a conflicting expression playing on his countenance.

Evan shrugged his. He had a general understanding of Fabian’s reason for behaving this way.

Fabian had thought of seeking revenge, but he could not resist befriending Madeline, caring for her as a brother would a sister.

Indeed, Fabian was having contradicting thoughts just as Evan thought.

Despite that, he still decided to call Jeremy to inform him of the situation, but Jeremy had his phone switched off.

'He switched off his phone at such a moment.'

Fabian could only think of one possibility. Jeremy, with a speed that was beyond imagination, was boarding the plane for the sake of Madeline.

A few hours later, Fabian indeed received the call from Jeremy when Jeremy had arrived at F Country.

He was not evasive, and he immediately told him the location of the hospital.

Jeremy immediately took a cab and rushed to the hospital, and saw Fabian, who he had not seen after so long, in front of the entrance of the ward.

Fabian saw Jeremy, and without a second's delay, Fabian looked in the direction of the ward. "She's inside. Go in and see it for yourself."

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chapter 1791

Jeremy's gaze then fell upon the little window on the door of the ward.

He looked into the ward and saw Madeline's thin back.

Jeremy felt a pinch in his heart and immediately opened the door of the ward.

"A word of advice."

Fabian's voice came from behind Jeremy.

"She might be agitated, and she also might not be able to recognize you. Best be mentally prepared."

After hearing Fabian's so-called advice, Jeremy gently closed the door.

He looked at Madeline, who was hugging her legs, curled up at the edge of the bed, as he slowly made his way toward her.

"It's not me. I really didn't do such a thing. Jeremy, why won't you believe me..."

When Jeremy was halfway toward her, he suddenly heard Madeline muttering such a comment.

The words Madeline had spoken were like a sharp sword piercing straight into his heart.

His footsteps that were getting closer to her suddenly stopped on their own accord as he kept hearing Madeline muttering to herself continuously.

“You’re the one who said that you’ll marry me when I grow up. Why did you have to be so disgusted with me even when you’re not willing to marry me?”

“Why don’t you believe me even once? Just only once will do.”

“I only love you, Jeremy. Why do I have to pay such a price for loving you? Why do you believe anything Meredith says? Jeremy, why...”

Jeremy felt even more heartbroken when he heard it.

At that moment, he felt that he did not even have the right to approach Madeline.

The past he wished not to see slowly surged into his mind. Those were the scenes of him causing her harm.

‘How could you be so cruel, Jeremy Whitman. You truly were one cruel person back then. How cold-

hearted could you be to cruelly harm a lady who loved you this much?’

“Linnie...”

Jeremy choked and his eyes reddened. Without him realizing it, he softly blurted Madeline’s name.

However, even though he said it softly, it was as if Madeline had heard it.

She stopped muttering and slowly turned around to look behind her.

The moment she locked eyes with Jeremy, Madeline’s eyes suddenly glowed.

“It really wasn’t me.”

She said softly, emphasizing that statement to Jeremy.

The moment Jeremy looked into Madeline’s helpless and hurtful eyes, Jeremy was at a loss for words.

He choked and his Adam’s apple moved as he made his way to Madeline again.

Her pale and devastated face seemed entirely different from back when they had separated at the airport.

Jeremy walked to the bedside and raised his hand toward Madeline's face. "Linnie."

Madeline paused when she heard it. She quickly tilted her head away, her eyes glinting in a way that she was putting up her guard.

"Who are you? I want to see Jeremy. Where's Jeremy? I want to see him."

Jeremy's outstretched hand suddenly froze in mid-air.

"Linnie, I'm Jeremy. Don't you recognize me anymore?"

Madeline examined Jeremy's appearance, then shook her head with a straight face. "You're not Jeremy. Jeremy won't greet me that way. He'd even feel disgusted with my name. How would he even call me Linnie? Who the hell are you? Why are you impersonating Jeremy? Did Meredith sent you here? What do you want?!"

Madeline's attitude became more alert.

She staggered as she got up and tried to evade Jeremy, who was approaching her.

“Who the hell are you guys? Why won’t you guys let me out, preventing me from seeing Jeremy? It must be Meredith. She sent you guys here to keep an eye on me!”

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife
chapter 1792

“You get the hell out of here now. Go back and tell Meredith that no matter what happens, I’ll not let her have her way!”

Madeline rejected stubbornly and forcefully.

She reached out her hands again to chase Jeremy away. “Get lost.”

Naturally, Jeremy would not leave. He made his way up to Madeline and grabbed her hand that was pointing at the entrance. In the next second, he held onto her in his arms tightly.

“Linnie, I’m not going anywhere. I want to keep you company.”

Madeline’s expression abruptly changed at the sudden hug.

She used all her strength to free herself from Jeremy's arms but failed.

"You're still trying to impersonate Jeremy! Let go of me now! Let go!"

In the face of Madeline's struggle, Jeremy silently endured the pain and continued comforting her gently.

"Linnie, I'm Jeremy. I really am Jeremy. It's my fault. I know what I did was wrong."

Jeremy kept apologizing but Madeline was still emotionally agitated.

When Madeline realized that Jeremy did not intend to release her, her eyes turned red, and she just lowered her head. Next, she opened her mouth and ruthlessly bit Jeremy's shoulder.

Hiss.

A sharp pain began emanating from his shoulder. Jeremy frowned but did not make a sound.

If that would make Madeline feel slightly better, he would be willing to endure it, even at the expense of losing his skin.

However, the reason Madeline was biting him was to make Jeremy release her. Madeline's emotions further lost control when she noticed Jeremy still hugging onto her.

"Let go of me. I want to see Jeremy. How could he be so cruel that he won't even want to see me? He'd rather believe in the lies Meredith spouted than to listen to a single thing that I said."

"Why, Jeremy? Why are you being so cruel to me?! You're the one who said that you'll be with me for the rest of our lives!"

Madeline helplessly blurted those accusations, and each word drifted into Jeremy's ears, making Jeremy feel as if his body was completely torn apart, and his eyes turned red and teary.

I'm sorry, Linnie. I'm truly sorry.

Jeremy hugged Madeline, and his lips were beside her ears as he kept apologizing.

Madeline, however, struggled even more forcefully.

"Go, get lost! I want to see Jeremy!"

Madeline was completely unable to recognize that the person before her was the man that she wanted to meet.

Her emotions and her thoughts were completely under the influence of the poison. The same goes for her self-control.

Click.

Suddenly, the door of the ward was pushed open.

Jeremy lifted his head and saw Fabian coming in with a man who he did not know.

Evan quickly walked to Madeline's side and took out a tranquilizer needle, injecting it into Madeline's arm.

"Who are you? What did you inject Madeline with?"
Jeremy wanted to stop him.

"He's a friend of mine. He's a doctor. He injected your wife with a tranquilizer."

Following Fabian's explanation, Madeline slowly stopped talking and struggled no further. Her body, becoming weak, leaned onto Jeremy.

Jeremy firmly held Madeline, who was in deep sleep, and caressed her head, feeling heartbroken. He then placed her back on the hospital bed.

“Initially, I thought you’re the best psychiatrist who could treat her, but now, it seems that you too are not up for the task.”

Fabian said thoughtfully, then walked out with Evan.

After tucking Madeline in with a blanket, Jeremy followed them to the entrance, then called out to Fabian when he noticed Fabian was about to leave. “Fabian.”

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife
chapter 1793

Fabian’s footsteps came to a halt, but he did not turn around.

As he heard Jeremy’s footsteps close in, he calmly stood in place.

“Fabian, did you really not find the anti-toxoid test reagent on Linnie?”

“What are you implying, Mr. Whitman? Are you accusing me of intentionally choosing not to save your wife?” Fabian asked with a faint smile.

"I just want to know if you've looked in detail."

Jeremy did not intend to argue with Fabian. All he wanted now was to find the anti-toxoid test reagent that could help ease Madeline's condition.

It had taken a lot of effort to 'steal' the vial anti-toxoid test reagent from Carter. In this current situation, that vial was the only thing that could help Madeline.

"My friend and I have rifled through all her pockets and places where she could hide things, but we didn't find the anti-toxoid test reagent that you mentioned," Fabian replied considerably patiently.

"How could that be?" Jeremy could not get his head around the idea. "Linnie promised me that she would bring it wherever she went."

"What kind of poison is it? The same one you have in your body?" Fabian pressed on with his questions; his expression was slightly more solemn.

Jeremy met Fabian's inquisitive gaze and parted his thin lips, "It's a kind of poison that could completely destroy the heart and body in the end. It won't kill, only torment endlessly."

Both Fabian and Evan, who were standing side by side, were shocked when they heard Jeremy's explanation.

"How could there be such things? Why would someone develop such a terrifying poison?" Evan could not understand.

Be it from a doctor's or an ordinary person's point of view, Evan could not accept the fact that there was something so terrifying and harmful in this world.

"This is all I can do. From here on, we go our separate ways," Fabian said icily before he continued to walk away.

"Fabian, do you think you can just leave like this? You can choose not to care about Linnie, but what about my daughter? Where did you take her?"

Jeremy's expression turned much sterner.

He walked up to Fabian. With such a tall and broad frame, Jeremy resembled a wall as he blocked Fabian's path.

Jeremy stared forward with his deep gaze, releasing a domineering and frightening aura.

"Fabian, I'll ask you one last time. Where did you hide my daughter Lilian?"

Jeremy's gaze held a look of unchallengeable dominance.

Fabian and Jeremy locked gazes for a few seconds, then Fabian suddenly laughed. "You're truly an interesting man, Mr. Whitman. Why are you asking me about your missing daughter?"

"Fabian."

Jeremy slowly lost patience.

"If you think that I have something to do with Yorick and Lana's deaths, then pick on me."

"No, your wife was right. They had no one to blame but themselves for their deaths."

Fabian denied, the same casual smile graced his handsome expression again, but there was a sudden change in his gaze.

"I've merely got a better understanding of things and people, Jeremy. We're not friends anymore, or perhaps you've never seen me as a friend since the beginning. I've even stupidly helped you

investigate Lana's death once, ridding you of your murder charge."

Fabian chuckled self-deprecatingly.

"Hmph. Absolutely ridiculous."

He chuckled and walked around Jeremy, then walked onward.

Evan glanced at Jeremy, saying nothing, and quickly followed after Fabian.

Jeremy shifted his body sideways and watched Fabian, who had a subtle air of sadness and loneliness about him as he left.

Amidst that, there also seemed to be something Fabian had wanted to say but could not.

Jeremy did not know where Lilian was now, but he was still certain that Fabian would not hurt Lilian.

It was just that he was very worried about his daughter's sickness.

Moreover, there was something about Evan, who was walking beside Fabian, that felt familiar to Jeremy.

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife chapter 1794

He felt like he had seen this man somewhere before. 'Could this man be a doctor too?'

Jeremy returned to the hospital room in which Madeline was still in deep sleep.

When he saw how haggard her complexion was, Jeremy sighed softly, feeling guilty.

'Linnie, if I hadn't brought you this nightmare, then perhaps you wouldn't have to suffer so painfully at the poison's flare-up.

'I'm the cause of your pain.'

Jeremy leaned over to kiss between Madeline's brows, then rifled through her pockets and jacket. There was indeed no anti-toxoid test reagent.

From Fabian's reaction, the man did not seem like he was lying.

'Where could the anti-toxoid test reagent be?'

Jeremy gave it some thought, then suddenly looked around the room.

'Her purse.'

Madeline's purse and phone were nowhere to be found.

He immediately turned around and pulled out his phone to call Fabian as he went in the direction Fabian had left, chasing after him.

However, Fabian did not pick up his call. After declining the call, Fabian blacklisted Jeremy's number once again.

Jeremy truly found this blacklisting behavior extremely immature, and he wondered where Fabian had learned it.

Jeremy did not give up and continued to run towards the entrance, where he saw Fabian's car streak past before his eyes.

"Fabian!"

Jeremy shouted as he rushed toward the car.

Fabian heard him but merely looked at the man through the rearview mirror calmly, then stepped on the accelerator and sped away.

Jeremy felt exasperated, but he was afraid that something would happen to Madeline if he left her for too long.

He quickly returned to the hospital room. Jeremy let out a sigh of relief when he saw Madeline lying on the bed, sleeping calmly. He had no other choice but to stay by her bed.

On the road, Fabian unconsciously accelerated, and Evan, who was in the passenger seat, tightened his grip on the handle.

“Seriously, Fabian. Is this Jeremy that terrifying? To the point that you have to run from him like this?”

Fabian frowned and, with extreme distaste, replied, “Who said I was terrified of him? I just don’t want to see or be in any form of contact with him.”

“You don’t want to see him? How do you plan to take revenge then? Could it be that your so-called revenge is to meticulously care for his sick daughter daily, spend a great amount of money to look for suitable bone marrow for a transplant, then find out, to your surprise, that your bone marrow was suitable and immediately donate yours?”

“Finally, to prevent the parents from worrying about their child’s illness relapsing, you even made yourself into this ruthless villain?”

“Ha. What a unique revenge plan you’ve got here, Fabian.”

Fabian frowned deeper when he heard Evan mock him.

“Can you shut up?”

“Why? Did I get it right?” Evan chuckled and asked. “You truly have changed, Fabian.”

As Evan’s voice fell, Fabian suddenly stopped the car.

“Get out.” Fabian said in annoyance, chasing Evan away.

Evan, who had already gotten used to Fabian’s occasional immature behavior, got out of the car cooperatively.

“You’re chasing me out now, but you’re going to have to fetch me yourself if anything happens to that little girl,” Evan said pridefully.

Ignoring Evan, Fabian stepped on the accelerator to leave.

His mind was in a mess on his journey back.

As soon as he returned to the villa, a maid then nervously reported to him, "Young Master Fabian, you're finally back. Young Lady Lillian started crying for some reason and she hasn't stopped."
Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife
chapter 1795

When he heard, Fabian's expression immediately changed.

His long legs strode forth and, as quick as lightning, arrived at Lillian's bedroom.

"Lily."

He called her name out nervously.

As he entered the room, he realized that the atmosphere inside was not as he expected.

Lillian was not crying, and the room was decorated to look like the venue of a birthday party.

A maid in the room saw Fabian return and smiled brightly as she wished, "Happy birthday, Young Master Fabian."

'Birthday?'

Fabian was dazed. 'Is it my birthday today?'

The last time he celebrated his birthday was before Yorick died.

He had long forgotten what it felt like to celebrate his birthday.

Now, he watched as Lillian walked over to him with a smile, holding a small four-inch shortcake in her hands.

She looked like an innocent angel who was now returning him the happiness he had lost a long time ago.

Lillian smiled softly. Despite her inability to speak, her eyes already conveyed a very clear message.

Fabian cooperatively squatted down and reached out to take the cake.

"Make a wish, Young Master Fabian."

“Young Master Fabian, Young Lady Lillian may not have made this cake, but she helped. She placed the fruits on top and wrote the words ‘Happy Birthday, Fab’.”

A maid next to them explained.

Fabian’s gaze shifted from Lillian’s smile to the small cake she held in her hands.

The candle flickered in his vision, and it seemed to have burned the corner of his eyes.

His eyes reddened, and their corners grew wet. The words “Happy Birthday, Fab” could not be considered aligned, but in his eyes, they looked like the prettiest letters he had ever seen.

“Thank you, Lily.”

Fabian apologized with a sob.

He had celebrated so many birthdays since he was young, but this was the only one that made him cry.

Fabian closed his eyes and made a quick wish. It was a simple wish...

Fabian opened his eyes. As he gazed into Lillian's clear, huge eyes, he was even more certain about the wish in his heart.

After blowing out the candles, Fabian immediately took the cake from Lillian's hands in fear that her hands would get tired from holding it.

She was still sick. Despite having her bone marrow transplant surgery, it was still a long while before she truly recovered.

Fabian was about to cut the cake and share it with Lillian when he looked up to see her cute little hand passing a sky-blue card to him.

Fabian was slightly stunned but he understood her intention from her beautiful, huge eyes.

"Is this for me?" Fabian asked gently.

Lillian blinked her huge eyes and nodded gently. Fabian took the card happily and carefully opened it. Within it was a drawing.

The drawing depicted a tall boy and a small girl, clearly him and Lillian. Lillian's drawing was very childlike; the contour of the persons was also childishly drawn, and even the colors used were not anything refined.

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife chapter 1796

However, in Fabian's eyes, this drawing was priceless.

The cake even had the three words, "Happy Birthday, Fab."

What beautiful lettering.

Fabian felt a delicate flower gradually blooming in his heart, and he looked at Lillian's eyes, which shone brightly like a starry night.

"Lily, how about we eat the cake together?" Fabian invited with a smile. "You can only eat a little, though."

Lillian pursed her lips into a soft smile then nodded.

In the quiet night, Fabian held the plate in one hand as he fed Lillian bite by bite.

Lillian smiled gleefully. Under the warm lighting of the room, she resembled a little fairy whose smile revealed sweet dimples that seemed to be able to heal Fabian.

“I’ll take care of you until you’ve completely recovered, Lily. If you’re still willing when the time comes, I can continue taking care of you after that.”

Fabian promised and reached out to ruffle the top of Lillian’s head, but at the thought of her not having a strand of hair on her head, he could only pull his hand back and caressed her cheek instead.

“Will you let me take care of you, Lily?” Lillian blinked and gave Fabian a serious stare.

She could not speak, but her gaze already expressed her intentions.

Fabian then saw Lillian reach out with her hand out, gently holding his hand before placing her small hand in Fabian’s palm.

Fabian’s heart quickened inexplicably. When he was about to tightly hold onto the small hand, Lillian pulled her hand back, revealing a single piece of candy lying quietly on his palm.

Candy. It had a unique meaning between them.

Fabian suddenly smiled in relief at the sight of the candy.

'What am I thinking?

'She's just a five-year-old girl. There's no way she'd have such complex thoughts.

'She just wants to give me what she believes to be the best.

'That's all there is to it.'

Fabian thought silently, suddenly closing his fist, the piece of candy being held tightly in his fist as if it was a valuable treasure.

As the night darkened, Fabian stood on his room's balcony after putting Lillian to sleep, staring into the dark blue sky outside. He then looked back to see Lillian who was peacefully asleep, and the feeling of loneliness within him was no longer as intense.

'I swear, Lily. I'll make true my promise to you and help you get better and look normal again.'

Fabian swore silently as he looked at Lillian.

Fabian woke up early the next day. As usual, he first went to check on Lillian. After confirming that her condition did not worsen, he left the house.

On his way back last night, Fabian had been plagued with thoughts, and it had been dark, so he did not notice the situation near the entrance.

Now, he finally realized that the car Madeline rented was parked not far away.

Suddenly, he remembered Jeremy saying that Madeline had definitely brought the anti-toxoid test reagent with her, so Fabian quickly strode over to the car.

He tried to open the car doors and realized that they were unlocked. After opening the car doors, he immediately saw Madeline's phone and purse on the passenger's seat.

The phone was already out of battery by now. Fabian took the purse and opened it. Inside, he saw the tightly sealed syringe containing the anti-toxoid test reagent.

He was certain that this was the anti-toxoid test reagent Jeremy mentioned.

Without much thought, Fabian took Madeline's purse and phone and got into his car, then immediately rushed to the hospital.

Jeremy had stayed by Madeline's side the entire night. He prayed for her to wake soon, but he was also worried that Madeline would wake up with a condition that was worse than last night's.

He still hoped that Madeline would wake up. The person he wanted to contact most now was Fabian. Jeremy was certain that Madeline had placed the anti-toxoid test reagent in her purse that she brought with her wherever she went, but the purse was nowhere to be seen. If that purse could be found, then they could relieve Madeline's condition.

At that moment, the hospital room door was suddenly pushed open.

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife
chapter 1797

Jeremy swiftly looked up and saw Evan walking in.

"You're Fabian's friend? Are you a doctor?" Jeremy slowly got up. "You must have a way to contact Fabian. Where is he?"

Without answering Jeremy's question, Evan walked up to Jeremy, turned on his phone, and pointed at the screen.

"Is this the anti-toxoid test reagent you mentioned?" Evan showed Jeremy the picture.

Jeremy's gaze immediately flitted over, and his eyes instantly lit up once he saw the picture.

"That's it. Where did the picture come from?" "Fab just sent the picture to me."

"Fabian?"

Evan nodded. "He just found the anti-toxoid test reagent in your wife's bag, and he's driving over here with it now."

When Jeremy heard that, his heart, which had been suspended in mid-air, partially settled.

"How long until Fabian arrives?" Jeremy felt impatient. He was worried that Madeline would wake up before Fabian arrived. He was even more worried that her agony would be as bad as it had been last night.

Evan glanced at the time and frowned. "It's rush hour now, so there'll be traffic. It'll take at least twenty minutes."

Twenty minutes.

Right now, every minute was torture to Jeremy.

However, there was nothing Jeremy could do now but wait.

“Thank you, ” Jeremy thanked him politely.

Evan waved him off. There was more he had wanted to say, but when he saw Jeremy’s anxious expression, he gave it some thought, then turned around instead.

“Oh, right, ” Jeremy suddenly called out to stop Evan, “you and Fabian are great friends, aren’t you? You must know about my daughter’s whereabouts, right?”

Evan had already guessed that Jeremy would ask such a question. This was the simplest deduction, after all.

He also remembered Fabian mentioning that Jeremy was an especially smart and observant man, thus he recollected his expression and emotions before he turned to meet Jeremy’s gaze.

“While Fab and I are good friends, I’ve never heard him say anything about your daughter. I believe there’s some misunderstanding between you two. Even if Fab truly does hate you and your wife, he wouldn’t vent his displeasure on a young child.”

Evan explained calmly despite his lie.

A hint of suspicion flashed through Jeremy's deep gaze hearing Evan's words.

He had caught onto something subtle that flickered in Evan's expression. Jeremy was about to press further when he heard a small sound from behind.

Evan too noticed the sound. "She's awake," he said, calling attention to the sound.

Jeremy's focus was immediately returned to Madeline.

He turned back to see Madeline, who was frowning and shaking her head slightly, seemingly in pain.

"Linnie? Are you awake, Linnie?" Jeremy asked gently, leaning over to hold Madeline's hand.

Madeline's eyelids twitched, then she slowly opened her eyes.

The sight of Jeremy's features which suddenly appeared in her still bleary vision immediately awakened Madeline.

Although her emotions did not seem as strong as they had been last night, she just quietly looked at Jeremy and smiled.

"You're finally here, I see."

Madeline's tone was sarcastic, and her gaze was chilling.

"Here I thought that you'd never come and see me even if I died. What a cruel man you are, Jeremy Whitman."

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife
chapter 1798

Jeremy stuttered; his words stuck in his throat.

Jeremy trembled before the look in Madeline's eyes which were staring upon him.

"Linnie, I..."

"Linnie?" Madeline repeated the word and suddenly let out a soft but cold chuckle. "What's wrong with you? The man who I love most but hates me most is now calling me Linnie."

Madeline giggled and slowly got up.

Jeremy wanted to head over to support her but was rejected disdainfully by Madeline.

He could tell that Madeline was not in her right mind now as her reddened eyes sparkled, contrasting her unusually pale face.

Madeline, supporting herself with one hand, sat up on the bed, and her other hand suddenly went to her chest.

She closed her eyes and breathed strenuously.

The normal rhythm of her breathing and heartbeat were disrupted.

“Linnie, would you please give me some time and hear me out?” Jeremy pleaded with a meek tone.

Madeline’s cool and composed attitude before him made him recall her vengeful look back then.

He was terrified of the feeling he had experienced back then. The feeling of being stared upon by her cold eyes. Even now, he could still vividly recall it.

Evan, seeing the scene played out from the side, tactfully turned around to leave.

After leaving the scene, he called Fabian and asked how much longer before Fabian could reach.

In the ward.

Madeline slowly made her way to the side of the window, distancing herself from Jeremy.

Madeline could not comprehend the reason behind her pain right now, but her mind was filled with images of Jeremy giving in to Meredith and harming Madeline. Regardless of whether Madeline closed or opened her eyes, Madeline could only see herself drenched in blood, images of her being covered in injuries, and a scene in which Madeline

stood before Jeremy's grave, hating him to his core.

"Jeremy, back then, you told me that when I'm older, you'll marry me and make me your wife. Such a beautiful promise you've made, yet it merely turns out to be a lie."

As Madeline spoke, she lifted her teary, gorgeous eyes and coldly looked at Jeremy.

"That demon, Meredith, has done so many bad deeds, yet you still pamper her. You have eyes but no heart.

“Jeremy, the biggest mistake I’ve ever made in my entire life was heeding your lie back then. In the end, my eyes were blinded by my love for a man like you. If I could turn back the clock, I’d still choose to meet you, but I wouldn’t fall in love with you the way I did in the past because a scumbag like you is not worth it.”

Despite knowing that it was the poison’s influence on Madeline’s thoughts and emotions, and even knowing that she was not saying how she truly felt, the words were like fragments of glass pouring suddenly over Jeremy’s heart when he heard it.

It was something that instantly drenched him in blood.

When he thought of the harm he had caused her back then, he wondered, ‘How could I have any grievance?’

“Please hear me out, Linnie. ” Jeremy attempted to approach her.

Madeline tilted her face coldly toward him. “I don’t want to hear another word from you. I won’t beg for your trust. Jeremy, you can just go and find your beloved. From now on, I don’t want to see you again.”

Jeremy's throat moved slightly as he swallowed his pain. "Linnie, I, Jeremy Whitman, will only love you in my entire life."

"Hmph." Madeline laughed softly, and her gorgeous eyes fell upon Jeremy's pleading, meek-looking face.

Madeline felt as if she had never seen such an expression, and she was briefly stunned.

Upon noticing the slight reaction in Madeline, Jeremy attempted to approach her again, then suddenly grabbed her hand.

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife
chapter 1799

Madeline was surprised by Jeremy's sudden reaction.

She had intuitively wanted to evade him this moment, but Jeremy suddenly spread open his arms and locked Madeline in a tight embrace.

Madeline was astonished. Currently, in her mind, Jeremy hated her. He loathed her. He would never hug her the way he did now.

Thus, she thought this was a setup.

When she attempted to free herself from Jeremy's hug, he softly spoke into her ear.

"You're sick, Linnie. You've forgotten that you already forgave me. You've also forgotten that we're now in love with each other."

'I'm sick?'

Madeline thought that Jeremy was lying to her.

When she looked at the room again, however, it certainly did look like a ward.

She also felt that her body was quite uncomfortable

and her breathing was erratic; each of her heartbeats was accompanied by a slight ache.

Regardless, to Madeline, everything that was happening now still seemed like Jeremy was lying.

Suddenly, Madeline burst into laughter.

"Jeremy, you're here because of Meredith, right? You don't have to trouble yourself, begging a lady who you hate so much. Whatever is your intention, you can just spit it out."

Jeremy was heartbroken hearing the suspicion and rejection permeating Madeline's words.

He did not let go of her but hugged her even tighter instead.

"Linnie, every word I said was true. I'm sorry. It's my fault that I made you recall those unpleasant memories. I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry..." Madeline repeated the three words, then lifted her gorgeous eyes, devoid of warmth, and coldly glanced at Jeremy as the tears in her reddened eyes silently flowed down.

"This is truly the best joke I've ever heard."
"Linnie..."

"Get lost, Jeremy."

Jeremy was stunned. He had not expected to hear Madeline telling him off in such a straightforward manner.

It was in this brief moment of inattentiveness that Madeline suddenly pushed him away forcefully.

Jeremy, who did not expect Madeline to use such strength, staggered back two steps. When he had

stabilized his footing, he saw Madeline making her way toward the door of the ward and opening it.

“Get out.”

She still spoke in a straightforward tone, demanding him to leave.

Jeremy truly had no idea how to explain it since the current Madeline was not willing to listen to him.

Her mind was filled with memories of the cruel things he had done to her; all her thoughts were negative.

She was completely unable to recall how great their current relationship was and how much in love they were.

“Linnie, I’ll head out and wait for the time being. I’ll not disturb you, so don’t be mad,” Jeremy said meekly, trying to get on her good terms.

However, Madeline coldly looked at him, unbothered.

Jeremy felt chilly within him. Even if Madeline was behaving this way due to the poison's influence, he was still heartbroken.

He stepped out of the ward, and Madeline immediately closed the door.

She even attempted to lock it but there was no padlock.

Jeremy was outside, cut off from Madeline, and could only peep through the small window.

He saw Madeline returning to the bed and curling up at the corner of the bed, hugging both her legs, her expression was no longer confident as before.

Jeremy knew that Madeline was upset and in pain as she thought about why she fell in love with a man like him.

'But Linnie, I've really realized my mistakes. We're now in love with each other. I believe you'll be able to regain your memories soon.'

Jeremy's eyes reddened as he glanced at Madeline.

He was feeling sorry for Madeline, yet there was nothing that he could do.

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife chapter 1800

Jeremy looked at the clock. While waiting for Fabian's arrival, Jeremy observed Madeline. He noticed Madeline gradually lay on the bed on her side, half curling her body with her back facing him.

Jeremy, noticing Madeline's discomfort, truly wanted to rush in, but was afraid he might set her off again.

Besides, Evan came in earlier to notify him that Fabian would be arriving soon.

In no time, Fabian indeed arrived.

With a cool expression, Fabian briefly met Jeremy's eyes, then lifted his hand and handed the anti-toxoid test reagent to Jeremy.

"Take it."

Jeremy felt relieved the moment he saw the anti-toxoid test reagent.

Although it would not be able to completely eliminate the poison in Madeline's body, at the very least, it could help stabilize her condition.

Jeremy took it, then looked at Fabian and conveyed his gratitude, "Thanks."

Fabian did not speak. It was Evan who kindly asked, "Do you need my help?"

"Mr. Whitman is already very used to carrying out injection procedures. He doesn't need your help," Fabian answered on Jeremy's behalf.

Evan could not make out the implicit meaning behind Fabian's words, but Fabian and Jeremy understood.

Without another word, Jeremy pushed open the door of the ward, holding the anti-toxoid test reagent, and with a smile on his stunning face, he walked to the side of the bed.

"Linnie, you'll recover soon..."

As his voice fell, Jeremy was shocked when he saw Madeline's expression.

"Linnie!"

Jeremy anxiously held Madeline's shoulders, trying to support her into sitting.

He noticed that Madeline's face was pale, her forehead was drenched with cold sweat, and her body was trembling vigorously.

However, despite her discomfort, she was still conscious, and she rejected Jeremy from nearing her.

"Jeremy, I've said... that I don't... I don't want to see you. Go away. The further the better..."

Madeline spoke with a weak, shaky, yet stubborn voice.

"I hate you. I really hate you..."

Jeremy's heart ached when he saw her rejecting him with such a cold gaze.

Despite the anxiety burning within him, he still patiently and gently comforted Madeline's emotions.

"Linnie, stop rejecting me. You're just sick. I'll now give you an injection. You'll get well soon."

"Injection?"

Madeline frowned. Through her blurry vision, she saw Jeremy taking out a transparent vial of anti-

toxoid test reagent and pierced it with a syringe, sucking out the transparent liquid from the vial.

Madeline's eyes suddenly flashed, and she used all her strength to move backward. "What are you trying to do, Jeremy?"

Jeremy knew Madeline was scared, so he immediately explained, "Don't be afraid, Linnie. Once you've taken the injection, you'll no longer be in so much suffering."

"No, you're lying to me."

Madeline gently shook her head; despair surfaced in her eyes.

"It must be Meredith. Meredith asked you to come here."

Madeline, suspicious of Jeremy's kindness, summoned all her strength to shift her pained body and got off the bed.

"Linnie!" Jeremy hurriedly chased after her.

Once the anti-toxoid test reagent was unsealed, it must be used within five minutes, otherwise, it would lose its effectiveness.

Jeremy dared not waste any time, but Madeline's struggle and attempt to escape made him nervous.

Madeline, who kept thinking that Jeremy, under Meredith's instruction, was here to torture her, staggered toward the door.

She wanted to open the door and escape, but the door was pushed open from the outside.

Fabian's towering body blocked her path.

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