

My Ex-Wife's Shocking Secrets By Bernice Delia Chapter 8

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“Get to know her better?” Sebastian pondered.

His rough fingertips rubbed against the steering wheel. The number of times Sebastian returned home could be counted on one hand, let alone got to know her.

“Just do as I told you. Why are you talking nonsense?” Sebastian was infamous for his bad temper in Yarwood. No one dared to provoke him.

Hendrix licked his lips and asked humbly, “Can you send me her photo then, Sebastian?”

He wanted to see what Madeline looked like, and it would be easier for him to conduct his investigation.

Sebastian fell silent.

“I don't have her photo.” After a while, he finally broke his silence.

“What about on your phone? It's impossible that you don't even have one photo of her. Don't be so petty.” Hendrix leaned back lazily. The luxury car was indeed different from other cars,

and it was comfortable to sit in.

“She had never taken any photos.”

Sebastian pursed his lips and recalled the past three years. He couldn't seem to recall shared memories with Madeline.

“Amazing.” Hendrix gave Sebastian a thumbs-up. “But there's a photo on the marriage certificate, right?”

Sebastian pondered for a while and assumed there was indeed a possibility that there could be a photo on it.

Soon, the car stopped at the entrance of the hotel.

“Send me her true identity after you have investigated her.”

With that, the car door was automatically unlocked.

“Get out of the car,” Sebastian urged coldly.

Hendrix carried his luggage bitterly and asked before entering the hotel, “Is what was posted on the official account true? Are you getting married again?”

Sebastian frowned and didn’t want to answer his question.

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“Sebastian, being responsible and being in love are different. You can’t be so impulsive. Cecilia’s-”

“Shut up,” Sebastian cut him off coldly. “Just do as I told you.”

Hendrix curled his lips. Sebastian was obviously exploiting him, yet he couldn’t say anything.

The news of Sebastian’s divorce finally reached the Faraday manor.

Agnes Faraday was so furious that she fell sick.

In Yarwood Hospital, Agnes was lying on the hospital bed, her face drained of color.

Sebastian grew up with Agnes and had a close relationship with her. Hence, when he saw his grandmother lying on the bed, he had a tight feeling in his chest.

“Grandma,” Sebastian called out to her helplessly.

When Agnes heard the voice of her grandson, she slowly opened her eyes.

“Is what was posted on Twitter true? Did you really divorce the girl of the Jennings family?” Agnes asked in a trembling voice.

Sebastian pursed his lips, and his body stiffened.

“Why are you being so foolish?” Agnes sighed. “Maddie is a good girl. Although she has no background, she did her best to take care of the Faraday family and me. How could you... How could you fail her?”

As Agnes spoke, her eyes reddened.

Sebastian didn’t expect that in just three years, Madeline had won the hearts of the Faraday family.

“Grandma, we are not compatible.”

“Why didn’t you say that when you married her? Now, you’re saying both of you are incompatible after you’ve wasted her youth?” Agnes felt her blood pressure soar.

Sebastian lowered his eyes. “I-I just... didn’t like her anymore.”

However, Madeline’s figure appeared in his mind as he said that.

Her every frown and smile moved his heart.

“Don’t tell me nonsense. Go bring her back.” Agnes was a sentimental person. She liked Madeline and thought the latter was not a scheming woman and therefore, was suitable to be the granddaughter-in-law of the Faraday family.

“She’s gone. indifferently.

I’ve asked someone to look for her, but *to no avail*,” Sebastian said

“You! You just want to marry Cecilia Yoder. She’s not suitable. If you really marry her, don’t come back to the Faraday manor anymore.” Agnes angrily tilted her face to look out of the window.

Sebastian narrowed his eyes and said, "Have a good rest, Grandma. I'll come to visit you on another day."

He had decided to marry Cecilia.

There was no room for discussion.

Sebastian stood in the corridor and asked the attending doctor, "How is Mrs. Faraday?"

The doctor sighed and replied, "Luckily, she was found in time, and she's okay now. However, the tumor pressing down against the blood vessels in Mrs. Faraday's head is getting bigger and bigger. If we don't perform the surgery in time, her life will be in danger soon."

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"What's the success rate?" Sebastian clenched his fists slightly.

"At the moment, the medical team dare not to risk doing the surgery unless we find the miracle doctor..."

Sebastian nodded. The doctor's words gave him a slight headache.

He didn't expect Agnes's illness to be so serious.

Sebastian's chin tightened. It seemed that it was urgent to find that person now.

Meanwhile, Madeline was about to lie on her bed when her email notification sounded. Louis had sent her a bunch of information about Cecilia.

Madeline had said before that if she was willing, she could even donate her blood to Cecilia. However, if Madeline wasn't willing, Cecilia needed to be prepared to meet the former's revenge.

Madeline looked through the information line by line and felt her heart tighten.

Cecilia was the girlfriend of Sebastian's friend. The night before Cecilia's engagement, Sebastian and his friend suddenly went on a secret mission, and his friend lost his life protecting Sebastian.

Madeline pursed her lips and thought, "I see. He's taking care of the woman for his friend."

She had been with Sebastian for three years, but she didn't find Sebastian to be a responsible person.

Hence, there was only one possibility left. Sebastian genuinely liked Cecilia.

Madeline took a deep breath and lifted her phone to her ear. "Let's have a drink."

The heavy metal music in the bar was so loud that it hurt people's eardrums, and it would make people that were not used to it leave immediately.

However, Madeline, who was by the bar counter, was calm, and her long hair draped beside her ears. She didn't look like she belonged to the place of debauchery, but she sat there naturally. One might say she looked like a pure and unstained flower, yet it would be more accurate to say her existence purified her surroundings.

Her fresh and refined aura became a beautiful scenery in the chaotic bar.

When Louis arrived, Madeline had already drunk half a bottle of wine.

"Ms. Jennings, you haven't gotten over it, have you?"

Louis was a little stunned when he saw the woman's charming eyes. It seemed like the girl next door had grown up.

Madeline waved her hand. "He's getting married, and it has nothing to do with me..." She claimed it had nothing to do with her, yet her heart felt empty.

"You're just stubborn and unwilling to admit it" Louis shook his head and drank with her.

Madeline was a good drinker. She used to come out to drink secretly, and at that time, she was always bright and happy.

However, now it was all ruined due to Sebastian.

Madeline took the bottle and chugged the wine down her throat.

“Louis, do you think I’m that bad?”

Louis sighed and responded, “Ms. Jennings, stop drinking. You’re starting to spout nonsense.”

“Okay.” Madeline put the bottle down and said, “Wait for me here. I’m going to the restroom.”

Although she drank a lot and wore high heels, she still walked steadily.

As she weaved past the crowd, Madeline was like a seductress, attracting the attention of men everywhere.

Louis was worried about her and wanted to follow her, but in the blink of an eye, she was gone.

Thus, Louis had no choice but to hold Madeline’s bag and wait for the latter to come out