

Chapter 10 Don't Be

A volley of angry questions left Jeremy irritated.

Tugging his tie, he said atly, "Mom, Madeline isn't melting. This matter isn't as severe as you imagined."

"Oh, really?"

"Joanna is not as innocent as you think. She dumped you without hesitation two years ago, but now she acts as if you're the only man she cares about. That's quite odd, don't you think?"

Jeremy sipped his water, maintaining a composed exterior, while turmoil brewed within.

He couldn't help but wonder how Brittany knew everything.

On the way home, Jeremy sat in the car in silence, his awful mood oppressing the tiny space.

Even the driver held his breath, too scared to make a sound.

"Madeline Laurier!" Madeline's full name resounded with Jeremy's deafening roar as soon as he burst into the villa, enveloped by his suppressed rage.

"Where is she?" He asked a servant.

The next moment, Jeremy found her sleeping on the sofa.

As he approached, Madeline happened to wake from her nap.

Seeing Jeremy back, she instantly rubbed her eyes and sleepily said, "You're back? By the way, I have something to tell you. It seems like Brittany knows about our divorce plans."

"Of course she does! You told her, didn't you?" Jeremy asked furiously.

Madeline was stunned by his question.

After a moment, she nally realized she hadn't heard it wrong. Looking at the man standing in front of her, she asked in disbelief. "What do you mean? Are you implying that I revealed our divorce plans to your mom?"

"Didn't you?" Jeremy asked back.

"Of course not," Madeline answered calmly.

Jeremy sneered, his gaze becoming intense and icy.

The chilling gaze cut through Madeline's heart, leaving behind an unbearable pain. Jeremy said, "Who else could it be? I never mentioned our divorce to anyone else. If you don't want to divorce me, you can let me know. Why bother playing such dirty tricks? I even mentioned that you could name any compensation you want, even if it's an equal division."

In that instant, Madeline seemed to forget how to breathe, her mind blank.

She opened her mouth but found herself too helpless to utter a word.

Jeremy's misunderstanding wounded her terribly.

"Nothing to say?" He asked, yet his disdain only intensified her sorrow.

After a long while, Madeline managed to gather her shattered emotions. "So, you believe I'm nothing but a gold-digger who would do anything to get your property?"

"What else could you be?" Jeremy stared at her coldly. "Or maybe you're a snitch. You didn't actually want a divorce. You just pretended to agree but exposed our plan behind my back."

"So, this is how you think of me."

Madeline gazed down, letting out a helpless chuckle.

Just forget it. It was simply too tiring to explain.

Madeline was tired of explanations, tired of proving her innocence over and over again.

Anyway, they would get a divorce and part ways after Charles' birthday. And after that, Jeremy's doubts and misunderstandings would no longer be her concern.

Jeremy was pissed off by Madeline minutes ago but looking at her watery eyes, he hesitated.

Was he being too much?

For all these years, Madeline had been a good wife and did not have much contact with Britney. She was always home as his duty wife.

With that in mind, he wanted to say something to ease the air.

But at this point, suppressing the disappoint inside, Madeline locked eyes with him and asked, "What about you, then? Why did you marry me?"

Even though Madeline was well aware of the reason, her stubbornness pushed her to seek that only answer, like a crazy scholar who yearned for the truth.

Madeline wished Jeremy could look into her eyes when his answer escaped his throat.

"Back then, you said you married me willingly. How generous your willingness was! You sacrificed your marriage for your ex and even turned yourself into bait to lure me into your trap. You're such a willingness master, Jeremy. I can't even describe how impressed I am!"

"Tell me!" Finally, Madeline could no longer restrain her emotions.

What was left behind was a silence that seemed to last until eternity.

Even the air between them seemed to be consumed by tension.

As though there were a lump in his chest, Jeremy's words were cut in his throat.

For the rst time in his life, he was upset, feeling as if he had done horrible things to Madeline upon seeing her tears.

"Why don't you explain?" Madeline's smile was tinged with sadness. "Because you can't explain it at all."

Answering her own question, Madeline felt as if her heart had been dug out, leaving a hole that kept bleeding non-stop.

Her accusation ripped a hole in his heart and for the rst time again in his life, he apologized, "I'm sorry."

Madeline repeated his words softly until she almost burst into tears from laughing.

For these years, all she got was a 'sorry'.

She felt horrible.

Horrible and... painful.

Madeline realized the pain was from her abdomen, so torturing as if someone was ripping her skin.

Soon, she felt something sticky and moist slipping out from her body.

When Madeline thought of the worst possibility, her face instantly lost all color.

If her feelings were correct, she might be bleeding, and it seemed like a considerable amount.

"Little bud, don't scare Mommy. Stay safe with Mommy!"

Madeline started murmuring her prayers in silence, blaming herself for failing to protect her baby.

Her face went pale like a piece of white sheet and her body stumbling, as if she could fall at any minute. Bleeding was owing out of her body constantly, draining the oor completely as though she could die bleeding out.

Seeing startling redness on the oor, Jeremy eyes widened. He quickly held tight to Madeline and said,, "What happened to you? Are you pregnant behind my back?"