

## Chapter 2 Who Is He?

Madeline felt a subtle ache in her chest.

She clenched her hands and calmly said, "It's better left unsaid. He's already found someone he loves, and he's about to remarry soon."

"Remarry? He's been married before?"

Jeremy's surprise was evident.

They had been together for two years, yet he lost to a divorced man? He was pretty surprised.

Madeline gave a gentle nod. "Uh-huh. He succumbed to his family's pressure and married someone he didn't love before. Now that the girl he loves is back, they're about to embark on a new life."

After hearing this, Jeremy felt a surge of indignation.

"He's quite despicable, hurting two girls at the same time. You deserve someone better. If you meet someone more suitable, just forget this guy."

Madeline agreed with a nod. "I feel the same way."

"Jeremy, I've loved you for ten years, do you know? The person I love is no one but you, and it has always been you," Madeline clenched her hands tighter, silently repeating it in her heart over and over.

Jeremy looked at her as if he was contemplating something.

"Madeline," he called her all of a sudden.

"Yeah?"

"Never mind."

Jeremy shook his head.

He was annoyed by his own thoughts.

For a fleeting moment, he inexplicably felt a connection when Madeline talked about that person as if it resembled him.

However, he instantly dismissed the notion.

He recalled Madeline mentioned that she had been in love with that man for eight years when they got married.

Yet, at that time, they had only known each other for four years.

After Jeremy departed, Madeline hastily retrieved the report from the trash bin.

She smoothed it on the table, carefully putting it away.

The discomfort in her body intensified; every breath seemed to be painful. She lay on the bed, slipping into a deep slumber until a phone call woke her up.

"Hello?" Still half-asleep, Madeline's voice sounded nasal, soft, and unintentionally endearing.

"Still sleeping?" Jeremy's voice came through, as gentle as ever.

"Yeah, just woke up."

"It's almost noon; remember to have lunch. By the way, my assistant is on his way to deliver you the gift."

"What gift?" After a nap, Madeline deliberately erased many things from her memories.

"Gift for our second anniversary. Before our divorce is finalized, I'll still remember my responsibilities and play the role of a husband. I won't have you be jealous of any other women."

Look, what a satisfying husband this man is.

He was always so tender and considerate, seemingly impeccable.

The only flaw she could pick about him was that he didn't love her.

Jeremy's voice pulled her distracting mind back. "I wanna say sorry. There was a bit of an accident, so I've replaced the gift with another one."

"No worries." Madeline nodded, feeling a mix of emotions she couldn't quite express.

They were on the brink of divorce. This anniversary gift seemed somewhat ironic.

Hanging up the phone, Madeline had just gotten up and changed when Patrick Wardell arrived.

He respectfully presented the gift to Madeline. "Madam, Mr. Whitman sent me to deliver this to you."

"Thank you."

The box was exquisitely wrapped. It must be from a high-end brand.

Madeline knew it was no longer the gift she had initially anticipated, yet she still opened it.

When she laid eyes on the ruby necklace and earrings, she smiled.

Perhaps Jeremy was attempting to make amends.

Unable to present her desired gift, he had invested in a valuable set of jewelry.

Last month, they attended a jewelry auction together, and she took a liking for a pair of emerald earrings at first sight.

Jeremy noticed that and said to her, "If you like them, I'll bid for them."

"No, they're too precious."

After all, they were in a contractual marriage, and she felt uneasy about Jeremy spending so much on her.

"Our second anniversary is approaching. Consider this my gift to you. If you don't feel at ease to accept it, just give me something in return."

Thus, she had expectations.

Unexpectedly, he asked for a divorce, and even the pre-prepared gift had fallen through.

It seemed like fate agreed that they weren't meant to be together and that it was time to part ways.

As agreed, she had indeed put effort into preparing a gift for him. Sadly, he didn't want it.

Madeline stopped Patrick and handed him the gift she prepared. "I made this cake myself. Please bring it to him."

Patrick hesitated for a moment, recalling Jeremy's words. "I don't like sweet things."

Looking at Madeline, Patrick couldn't bear to lie.

After much hesitation, he replied, "Mr. Whitman said he doesn't like sweet things. He knows you enjoy them and suggests you have more."

Madeline just wouldn't give up and explained, "The cake is not that sweet. Can he try?"

Patrick sighed, "Madame, don't. He won't have it. I think it's better for you keep the cake."

After Patrick left, Madeline carried the cake back to the bedroom.

Her weak body leaned against the door, sliding down bit by bit. Tears streamed down her face, hitting the floor.

If the cake were made by Joanna Bartley, Jeremy would have taken it.

So, all he had for her was mere manners and respect, not love. That was why he would reject her without even taking a look at the food she made.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

It was Jeremy.