

Chapter 4: Pretty Please

Jeremy took the phone, walked to the window, and engaged in a conversation for a few minutes.

Although Madeline couldn't hear the details, she noticed his expressions alternating from a frown to relaxation.

After hanging up, Jeremy walked back to the bed.

Madeline looked at him somewhat apologetically. "I picked up the wrong call. Did she misunderstand something?"

"I've explained it."

Pausing for a moment, Jeremy looked at Madeline. "As a couple, waking up together in the same bed is a normal thing."

"Okay," Madeline said with a nod.

As she was about to get up, Jeremy suddenly approached her face. "What happened to your face?"

Madeline checked herself in the mirror. It turned out her face was covered in red rashes, and there were quite a few on her legs, arms, and all over.

She guessed it was caused by the cake she had yesterday because she was allergic to eggs. She harbored the hope that she wouldn't be allergic by taking just a bite, yet reality caught up with her.

Anything related to Jeremy, Madeline always harbored some hope, and the marriage was no different. However, reality always forced her to face the truth.

"Just a bit of an allergy. I've taken medicine. It will go away in a few days," Madeline explained.

"Are you really okay?" Jeremy asked.

"Yeah. It won't affect our meeting with Grandpa. You can rest assured. Wait for me. I'll finish my makeup and get changed. Then we can go together to discuss the divorce with Grandpa."

She knew he was eager for her to initiate the divorce, and there was no room for negotiation.

Since he had made up his mind, she wouldn't seek his sympathy.

Eliciting sympathy was not her style, and her self-esteem wouldn't allow it to happen.

"We're not going to Grandpa's. I'll take you to the hospital to check your face," Jeremy said.

Madeline was surprised. "Has Grandpa agreed?"

Jeremy shook his head and then explained, "There's a change of plan. Grandpa is not in good health. He has brought his 80th birthday party forward, scheduled for a week from now. Grandpa always likes you. If we bring up the divorce now, he can't enjoy his birthday party. Let's tell him after the party."

"Okay." Madeline nodded. "Don't worry. Once Grandpa's birthday is over, I will bring it up to him. It won't delay you," She said.

Madeline didn't want Jeremy to misunderstand her that she would use Charles' birthday to delay the process.

"You seem more eager to get a divorce than me. Are you so impatient to start a new life with your old ame?" Jeremy asked.

He rubbed his temples, feeling oddly annoyed for some reason.

After breakfast, Madeline, defeated by Jeremy's insistence, was taken to the hospital.

The doctor checked on her and found out she was having allergic symptoms.

"I'll prescribe some medication for you. Take them when you get back. If the symptoms persist, come back for injections immediately."

Madeline placed her hand on her abdomen, feeling hesitant and concerned about the possible impact of the oral medication on her baby.

With Jeremy standing nearby, she couldn't ask the doctor directly.

Just when she was extremely anxious, Jeremy's phone rang, and he stepped outside to take the call.

Feeling relieved, Madeline turned to the doctor. "Doc, I'm pregnant. Is it safe to take these medications?"

"You should have told me in the very beginning. I'll replace them with topical medications," the doctor replied.

"Thank you, doc."

After leaving the doctor's oce, Jeremy's demeanor changed drastically.

The warmth that was there before disappeared, replaced by an icy coldness.

Suppressing his emotions throughout the way, he nally couldn't hold back any longer when they reached the pharmacy. "How come you never take good care of yourself?"

Madeline knew he was referring to her lie about having taken medication.

"We're getting divorced soon, and I don't want to trouble you further. I have been troublesome enough for you over the past two years," she explained.

"Thought you didn't realize you're troublesome," Jeremy said without much patience.

Madeline blushed and felt a twinge in her heart. Turned out he indeed thought of her as a burden.

The next moment, Jeremy's voice softened.

"I've gotten used to it. This additional trouble doesn't matter much."

Getting the medication, Jeremy suddenly asked while reading the instructions, "I remember the doctor prescribed oral medications. Why did it change to topical ones now?"

Madeline was stunned.

Being overly attentive and discerning wasn't always a good thing.

"Topical medication is ne too!" Madeline remarked.

"Your allergy is severe. You need to suppress it as soon as possible. Oral medications work better. Besides, Grandpa's birthday party is approaching. If those red rashes on your skin haven't cleared up by then, he might think I've mistreated you."

With that, he headed toward the doctor's oce, intending to get the prescription changed again.

Madeline took a sigh and hurriedly stopped him. "Hey, wait, um... I asked the doctor to change it. I've been having some stomach issues these days, and oral medication isn't suitable for people with an upset stomach."

She paused and then added, "Topical treatment might be slower, but it's safer, right?"

The reason nally convinced Jeremy, and he halted his steps.

In the car, Madeline applied the medicine to her face, legs, and arms.

However, she couldn't reach the back of her neck. Just as she struggled with this, Jeremy took the initiative to ask, "Are you sure you don't want my help?"

He always seemed to read people's minds, as if everything was within his control.

"Well, here you go!" Madeline handed the bottle to him.

Jeremy suddenly frowned. "Is this the right attitude to ask me for help?"

Madeline bit her lip, determined to show him a different side.

Blinking her eyes, she pleaded with an extremely sweet and stagy voice, "Honey, pretty please! I can't reach my neck. Can you help me, please?"