

Chapter 6 Fierce Quarrel

"What did you say?"

Madeline couldn't believe it. The harsh news sent an uncontrollable shudder into her body.

She felt as if falling into an ice cellar, a chill creeping up from the soles of her feet, gnawing every inch of her skin.

Everyone had told her that Jeremy had married her out of his free will.

She had personally asked Jeremy, "Did you marry me because you want? I don't wish you to marry me just because of your grandpa's command. Neither do I want to put you in a difficult position."

How did Jeremy respond?

He said, "Yes. Joanna and I have broken up. Let's make an agreement with a three-year limit. I'll make an effort to develop feelings for you. If, after three years, I still haven't fallen in love with you, we'll proceed with an amicable divorce. Do you agree?"

"Of course!" She smiled brighter than ever.

Jeremy had also asked her, "Why did you agree to marry me? Don't you have someone you love? Being bound by marriage is acceptable for you? Don't you want to pursue your own love?"

"I do. I've been in love with him for eight years." She shook her head and added, "But that has ended."

Because she had become his wife. They skipped love but directly owned the marriage, which completed a significant step in her life.

But now, Joanna told her that all of it was a lie.

Were all those days and nights they spent together just his act?

Every moment of their intimacy, every tender embrace on those nights, were they all fake?

Was there nothing genuine at all?

Madeline felt a bitter heartache as if she were a clown.

She actually allowed herself to be manipulated by Jeremy's intricate schemes over and over again.

"I don't believe it unless you tell me how his grandfather forced him."

Madeline clenched her fists. After spending considerable time together, she knew Jeremy so well.

If it weren't for extremely important leverage, given his temperament, he wouldn't succumb even if he was held at gunpoint.

Joanna's smirked face revealed a hint of mockery.

"Because his grandpa threatened him. If he didn't marry you, his grandpa would send me abroad. We wouldn't be able to see each other in this lifetime. Although we couldn't be together, he compromised for the chance to meet me again."

Madeline bit her lips, feeling incredibly distressed.

It was hard for her to say a word.

Joanna continued her assault. "As for my legs, do you remember Jeremy received a call during your wedding ceremony and almost left on the spot?"

"Yeah."

Everything that happened at her wedding was still fresh in her mind.

"It was because I got into a car accident on my way to your wedding. I nearly lost my life, and the doctors worked tirelessly for an entire day to barely save me. Unfortunately, my legs were left paralyzed."

No wonder Jeremy rushed away immediately after the wedding.

Madeline had asked him if something happened at the company.

He said a friend had a car accident, and he wanted to take care of things. He even asked her help to cover it up since his grandfather prohibited him from going.

Madeline remembered Charles had called her and asked if Jeremy was staying with her.

But she didn't even suspect him and told Charles they were together.

On their wedding night, he didn't return home.

Little did she know he was with another woman that night.

In the following days, he spent little time at home, looking exhausted.

But he never told her that the friend he mentioned was Joanna.

What if she had known it in the first place?

Madeline forced a smile. Even if she had known it, she would probably still cover it up for him.

She loved him too much. She couldn't bear to see his grandfather scold him.

"So, why are you telling me all this now?"

Madeline looked at Joanna. In an instant, she acted like a hedgehog on the defensive, with all her quills raised to shield her vulnerable core.

"Tell me, am I the source of your disaster? Did I cause you to lose your legs?"

"Madeline, ask yourself. Is it not you?" Joanna's voice became heated.

"If it weren't for you, I would have married Jeremy."

Madeline struggled to maintain control.

After a good while, she looked up and responded in a calm tone, "It's not because of me. You just found a convenient excuse and a scapegoat for your crippled legs."

I'm indeed a nobody, but I'm no pushover. Don't try to pin everything on me.

No one invited you to my wedding, and no one asked you to drive after drinking. The root cause of everything lies in your lack of self-respect."

Madeline said firmly, word by word.

Joanna stared at Madeline in disbelief.

After two years, she couldn't believe how the once timid girl, who always hid behind Jeremy and was uncontent of even speaking loudly, had suddenly become so assertive.

"Do you think I would be absent from the wedding of the person I love the most?"

"Love the most?" Madeline sneered. "Joanna, just because Jeremy doesn't know what you've done doesn't mean I don't. Don't force me to get you exposed."

"Nonsense! Don't you slander me!"

In her excitement, Joanna stumbled and suddenly fell from her wheelchair.

At that moment, Jeremy returned.

He put down the thermos, gently helped Joanna up, and asked with a cold frown, "Can someone tell me what exactly happened?"