

## Chapter 8 Incapable

Brittany sneered.

"Madeline is Jeremy's wife, our favorite daughter-in-law. She has every right to spend Jeremy's money. Hell, she can even spend the rest of her life squandering our family property as long as she pleases."

Joanna was about to speak when Jeremy grabbed her wrist and shot Madeline an unfriendly glance.

Madeline felt bitter, but she still took Brittany's arm immediately. "Brittany, Jeremy and I are picking a gift for Grandpa. Since you're here, help us with some ideas!"

Madeline's smile was radiant, and her tone was gentle.

Brittany's voice softened as well. "Actually, I don't have any good ideas. Your grandpa doesn't lack anything material. But I'm sure you both know what he wants the most, right?"

Madeline knew exactly what Charles wanted, but she also knew Jeremy would never want that.

So, she had no choice but to stare at Brittany in confusion.

Brittany looked directly at Jeremy. "Don't play dumb. The gift your grandfather wants the most is a great-grandchild."

"Jeremy, listen up. I'll only give you three months. If you still can't get Madeline pregnant, you're going to get it from me. Do I make myself clear?"

"Mom, this is totally insane. Can't you be a bit more reasonable?" Jeremy's face was clouded with worry.

Joanna stood aside, feeling extremely awkward.

She bit her lip, clenching her fists, a mixture of anger and sadness enveloping her.

If she weren't holding herself back desperately, she would have blurted out Jeremy and Madeline's impending divorce on the spot.

When Brittany left, both Jeremy and Joanna let out a sigh of relief.

"Jeremy, you're not really going to have a child with her, are you?"

Joanna looked at Jeremy with a pitiful expression, appearing as delicate as possible.

Madeline silently pressed her lips, waiting anxiously for Jeremy's response.

"No." Jeremy's answer was decisive and straightforward.

"Since I've decided to divorce her, I won't leave any risk behind."

Hearing his promise, Joanna finally felt relieved.

Turning to Jeremy, she played with her hair and spoke gently, "Jeremy, come shopping with me. I want to buy some new clothes."

Suddenly, time seemed to freeze.

Madeline stood still, looking at Joanna's emerald earrings in a daze, feeling as if all her senses had abandoned her.

She couldn't describe her current feelings, but they were undoubtedly annoying.

Looking at Joanna, Madeline whispered her question, her voice barely audible. "May I ask where you bought those earrings?"

Joanna brushed aside her hair, confidently revealing the earrings, smiling as she said. "You mean these?"

"Yeah." Madeline clenched her fists.

"I didn't buy them. They caught my attention when I was at Jeremy's place the other day. I was quite fond of them, so he gave them to me."

Madeline bit her lip, feeling as if her heart had been stabbed.

She finally understood what had happened behind Jeremy's "a bit of an accident."

Even though he had already promised to buy those earrings for her, he still couldn't afford to let Joanna down.

There was a massive gap between the one Jeremy loved and the one he didn't care about.

"Madeline..."

Jeremy began, but Madeline immediately interrupted, "Just stop. I understand."

No explanation was needed for what had been done.

Suppressing the sorrow, Madeline calmly spoke, "Shall we continue to pick a gift for Grandpa or not?"

"Maybe next time. Today isn't a good time for Joanna, so I'll stay with her. I'll have the driver take you home."

"Okay," said Madeline.

Sitting in the car, Madeline looked at the passing scenery outside, her mood plummeting to the deepest abyss. She lightly placed her hands on her abdomen, protecting it cautiously.

Then, she remembered that Jeremy referred to this child as a "risk."

This word stabbed her heart like a needle, instantly staining it with blood.

Jeremy actually used such a brutal word to describe his flesh and blood.

Madeline covered her face as her tears broke down her last defense.

Upon arriving home, she received a call from Brittany.

"Did you get home?" Brittany asked bluntly.

"Yeah, just a minute ago," Madeline replied.

"Okay, I'll be there in ten."

Before Madeline could say anything, Brittany had already hung up.

If she remembered correctly, Brittany had never come to this villa again since the day of Madeline and Jeremy's wedding.

Feeling somewhat nervous, Madeline quickly instructed the house staff to prepare.

"Hello, Jeremy?"

"Oh, Madeline. It's me."

Hearing it was Joanna, Madeline's voice trembled.

Suppressing the bitter feeling spreading wildly within her, Madeline continued, "Where's Jeremy? I need to talk to him."

"Sorry, he's not very convenient right now. I'll have him call you back later."

With that, Joanna directly hung up.

Clenching the phone, Madeline felt dumbfounded.

She remembered that Jeremy had promised to be loyal and faithful as long as they were still married. He said he would never cross the line.

But now, he clung to Joanna 24-7 like a koala bear.

It seemed Jeremy couldn't wait to get a divorce.

If it weren't for Charles, they might have gotten divorced this morning and would never contact each other again.

Failing to learn Brittany's preferences, Madeline made sure everything was meticulously prepared.

Coffee, fruits, pastries, nuts... She let the servants take out everything they could find.

Madeline even asked them to prepare lunch.

The dishes had a great variety, from appetizers to delicious desserts.

Having completed these preparations, Madeline waited for Brittany at home.

Hearing someone knock on the door, she personally went to open it.

She greeted Brittany with a smile, "Brittany, you're home..."

Before Madeline could finish, she rushed to the bathroom, throwing up like crazy.