

Chapter 9 Are You Pregnant

Madeline, having thrown up repeatedly, nally felt slightly better.

Taking a deep breath, she washed her face and touched up her makeup before rejoining Brittany.

"Excuse me, Brittany. I had a bit of issue."

Brittany lounged on the sofa while Madeline glanced at her with embarrassment.

Brittany smiled casually, saying, "No worries."

Then she went straight to business.

"We are on your side for your marriage wirh Jeremy. We all stand as your unwavering support."

Brittany's words almost made Madeline almost burst into tears.

Though her mother had passed away years ago, and her father had never shown her an ounce of paternal love, she felt immensely fortunate to have married into the Whitman family.

"I understand, Mom. I'll cherish this marriage with all my heart."

"Do you really?" Brittany suddenly stared at Madeline, her gentle gaze sharpened. "I don't think you do. If you do, why would you want a divorce?"

Madeline looked up abruptly, staring at Brittany in disbelief. "H-how did you know?"

Her voice grew softer and softer until it was barely audible.

She gazed down at her toes in guilt, not daring to look at her mother-in-law.

Brittany sighed. "It doesn't matter why Jeremy married you. Since you are already a couple, you must cherish each other. I'm still expecting a grandchild to shut those jeering women forever."

Before Brittany left, she persuaded Madeline again, "Don't put too much pressure on yourself and don't overthink. Life will get better. I hope you can truly understand the meaning of being married when we meet again."

With that, Brittany left without staying for lunch.

As soon as Brittany left the villa, she called Jeremy, "Jeremy Whitman, get the heck back! If you don't, I'm sure you can't take the consequences! Don't blame me for taking it all out on your mistress!"

Jeremy replied helplessly, "Mom, I'm not at home."

Brittany replied assertively, "Yeah, I know. You've left your wife alone to accompany Joanna for shopping. If you refuse, I won't mind going to the mall to see her again. And trust me, it won't be pretty. You decide!"

"Fine! I'll go..."

Brittany ended the call before Jeremy could nish.

"Joanna, I have to leave. When you're done shopping, I'll have my driver take you home," Jeremy said gently.

Joanna instantly sensed something wrong. "Jeremy, are you leaving me alone?"

"Yeah, it's urgent."

"Okay, go ahead. I'll take care of myself and not make you worry," said Joanna.

"Alright."

Just as Jeremy was about to leave, Joanna suddenly stopped him. "Jeremy, wait!"

"What's the matter?" Jeremy asked.

Joanna wheeled herself over and then reached out, tenderly adjusting Jeremy's tie.

"That's better. It was a bit crooked just now," she said.

"Thanks!"

Watching Jeremy walk away, Narra muttered her complaints, "Ms. Bartley, why didn't you stop Mr. Whitman? You should have kept him around."

"Because today, he gave me a wake-up call," Joanna said.

"What wake-up call?"

Joanna explained, "Two days ago, we had a big ght over the divorce delay, which led to his immense displeasure. Today, the same matter bothered us again. I need to give him some space and trust. If I press him too hard, I might end up getting nothing."

Narra asked, "Aren't you afraid that he might fall in love with Madeline?"

Joanna's gaze instantly became complex.

After a long while, she broke the silence. "Of course, I was afraid. But later, I consoled myself. They've been married for two years, and Jeremy never fell for her, so it's hardly possible for him to suddenly fall in love with her in just a week!

I suppressed my feelings for a whole two years overseas, over seven hundred days burning in a living hell. I can't afford to let all my efforts go in vain just because of this extra week. My determination must remain unwavering."

When Jeremy returned to the Whitman Manor, Brittany threw her harsh words at him.

"Good for you, Jeremy. Marital infidelity. Public shopping with your lover. Have you ever considered your wife's feelings?"