

Sinner Wife 1

Chapter 1

Madeline Crawford exited the hospital, holding the test results in her shaky hands. There were tears in her eyes, but it was

unknown if she was happy or sad.

“Miss Crawford, you’re pregnant.” The doctor’s words rang in her ears once more.

Three months ago, she had married Jeremy Whitman; he was the number one young master of a prestigious family that was the

envy of the entire Glendale.

On the day of the wedding, every woman in the city was extremely envious of her. She had also thought that she was the

happiest and luckiest woman on earth.

Ever since she met Jeremy when she was ten years old, a seed had been planted in her heart.

In order to get on Jeremy’s level and steal another glance at him in the crowd, she had worked hard to improve herself

throughout the past twelve years.

She had always felt that they were from two different worlds. She was like a wild child who grew up in the ruins. How could she

have any sort of relationship with a man like him?

However, it was unsure if she had been blessed by God, or if the God of destiny was fooling around with her. Three months ago,

she attended her friend’s birthday party. The next morning, when she woke up, she saw Jeremy lying next to her.

The red stain on the pristine sheet looked extremely eye-catching. It described what had happened between her and Jeremy the

night before.

Before she could comprehend the situation, there was a knock on the door followed by a group of reporters that blocked the exit.

They could not wait to publish the news of Jeremy having spent the night with a mysterious woman.

The Whitmans were the most distinguished family in Glendale. Evidently, they were an aristocratic family and had a literary

reputation. Old Master Whitman was an old-fashioned man. After he found out about it, he announced Jeremy and Madeline’s

wedding immediately.

It was like a dream to Madeline. However, it was not a good dream.

Jeremy did not love her at all. Instead, he despised her. He hated her. He hated her for existing and having caused him to let

down his beloved woman, Meredith Crawford. It has to be said that Meredith Crawford was also Madeline's beloved sister.

Nevertheless, Madeline gathered up the courage to call Jeremy.

Without a surprise, her call was declined. Thus, she could only timidly send a text over to tell him that she had something to say

and was hoping he could come home that night.

Their marriage was now three months old, yet he had never spent a night at home. Madeline would always be alone in the

bedroom, and she knew very well where he spent his nights at.

He had not picked up his phone, and he was not replying to the text. Hence, Madeline's heart went cold; she knew Jeremy would

not come home tonight as well.

With that being said, she took a shower and was about to rest when the door was slammed open violently with a loud bang.

She lifted her head and was alarmed when she saw his frigid yet handsome face. Her heart started beating out of control.

"Jeremy, you're home," She cautiously called out his name. There was a small smile on her clean face.

Nonetheless, when she approached him, the man grabbed her arm and roughly threw her on the bed.

The joints of his fingers were distinct as he forcefully pinched Madeline's chin. His eyes were filled with drunkenness and rage.

"Madeline, do you like me that much? To the point that you climbed into my bed by using such despicable methods, huh?" The

man's voice was alluring. There was a hint of mockery and hatred in his voice.

Her face turned pale as she looked at the man she had loved for a dozen years while her heart throbbed with pain.

"Jeremy, you've misunderstood me..."

"Misunderstood you?" The man looked at her in contempt and chuckled deeply. "Madeline, why are you still pretending?"

After he said that...