

Sinner Wife 1281

Chapter 1281

Jeremy felt his heart stop.

Thanks to momentum, Madeline fell forward and into Jeremy's arms.

She had no idea what burning entity pierced through her body, but warmth and content settled over her the moment she fell into

Jeremy's embrace.

"Jeremy."

She raised her hand to hug the dazed man.

"You finally found me, Jeremy." Madeline panted, her breaths coming out short.

With a pale face, Jeremy pulled Madeline into his arms. He had no idea where the wound on her body was, but he felt the

stickiness of fresh blood.

"Don't sleep, Linnie. I'll send you to the hospital!" Carrying Madeline up and running frantically forward, Jeremy seemed to have

completely forgotten that he too was a patient tormented by the poison inside him.

Leaning heavily against Jeremy's chest, Madeline felt content.

"I knew you'd find me. I knew, so I was waiting for you all this while. I missed you so much, Jeremy..."

She talked about her yearning weakly.

Jeremy's vision slowly blurred under the breeze before he realized it.

"I missed you too, Linnie. Every second of every day," he replied.

Madeline's lips curled happily as she leaned her head against Jeremy's chest and closed her eyes exhaustedly.

"Mom and Dad are still alive, Jeremy. They didn't die."

Jeremy's footsteps came to halt.

He remembered everything when he knocked his head on the plane.

Eloise and Sean were still alive. After all, he was the one who saved them!

However, Jeremy did not have the time to explain all that right now as all he wanted was for Madeline to be safe.

Jeremy felt the strength drain from his limbs as he ran. The poison was affecting him.

"Linnie." He looked down at Madeline who was beginning to fall asleep. "Don't sleep, Linnie. I promised Jack and Lily that I'll

bring their mom back home safely. Don't sleep, Linnie."

"I'm so tired, Jeremy..."

Madeline managed to peer open an eye, her iris reflecting the anxiety-filled expression on Jeremy's attractive features.

"Ryan is dangerous. You have to be careful."

She reminded him, her slender fingers gripping his sleeves.

"As long as I can be with you, Jeremy, I'm not afraid of anything at all. Really..."

Madeline's head then drooped heavily on Jeremy's shoulder as she passed out.

"Linnie, Linnie!"

Madeline did not react no matter how Jeremy shouted.

With red eyes, he summoned all his strength to hold her closer as he ran forward. However, his legs suddenly gave out.

Jeremy fell onto one knee. Under the inky midnight blue sky, he felt darkness engulf his heart.

"I told you. If I can't have it, neither will you."

Ryan's voice suddenly sounded from the front.

Jeremy's eyes snapped up to see Ryan and his victorious expression. The man was holding a gun in his hand. One could easily

conclude that he was the one who fired the gun and shot Madeline.

"Ryan Jones!" Jeremy clenched his teeth as he stared abhorrently at the smiling man. Frost began to fill his deep eyes.

Arrogant, Ryan looked down at Madeline who had fallen unconscious in Jeremy's arms.

"She has the rare Rh-negative blood type. She'll die of blood loss in no time if you let her bleed away here."

Bending down as he spoke, the corners of his lips curled into a confident smile.

"Your only option is to give her to me."

Chapter 1282

"Ryan Jones."

“Stop wasting time, unless you want your beloved woman to die in your arms.”

Ryan extended both his arms confidently.

“Give her to me.”

Jeremy clenched his fists and stared at the unconscious woman in his arms. He hardened his heart before handing Madeline to

Ryan.

He knew that with his physical condition now, he was not strong enough to bring Madeline to the hospital.

He could only pass her to Ryan. That was his only option now.

Taking Madeline from Jeremy’s arms, Ryan left a word before he turned around.

“You’ve seen it yourself that there are no limits to what I can do. If you approach her or try to bring her away again, I’ll end her life.”

An evil and a proud smile graced his lips. “Don’t try to catch me either because that’s impossible. You might as well take the time

to rid your body of the poison, or you won’t even have the strength to fight me.”

Ryan glanced at Jeremy who was in too much pain to even stand, then turned around with a smile and Madeline in his arms.

The driver drove the car toward him and opened the door for them courteously.

Sean and Eloise sat back in the car they came with and followed to leave.

Ryan brought Madeline to a private hospital and had Adam personally perform the surgery.

The bullet shot through Madeline’s shoulder and made her lose a lot of blood. Thankfully, the hospital had already prepared

ample blood bags and Madeline would not be in any life-threatening danger.

Madeline was brought back to Ryan’s living quarters. Staring at Madeline who lay sickeningly pale on the bed, Ryan stood by the

side with a solemn look in his eyes.

“I knew that you wouldn’t be able to stop yourself from meeting him.

“Do not test my boundaries, Eveline Montgomery. I’m not as stupid as Jeremy to the point that I would rather die before I let you

get hurt.

"I will never love you to that point," he warned by Madeline's ears. The last sentence was a warning to himself as well.

Still, Ryan felt an inexplicable twinge of uneasiness within him.

He was undoubtedly confident with his gunmanship, yet his hand still shook when he fired the shot earlier. It was almost as if he

was afraid that he would hit somewhere fatal.

Ryan gave Madeline one last glance before he left the room.

Sean and Eloise were waiting downstairs the entire time. They had no idea how Madeline was doing.

While it had not occurred to Eloise that Madeline was her daughter, she could not help but feel lured in by the girl. "She'll be fine,

right, Sean? That girl who's also called Eveline."

Sean took Eloise's hand and comforted her gently. "Yeah. She'll definitely be alright."

He had just finished speaking when he saw Ryan walking down the stairs.

Sean grabbed Eloise's hand and strode over to ask for an update. "How is Eveline doing, Mr. Jones? Will she be alright?"

Ryan furrowed his brows worriedly. "I never thought that Jeremy was this crazy. He almost took Madeline's life."

Sean was shocked. "What? Jeremy Whitman?"

"He doesn't want Eveline and me to be together. That's why he chased us all the way here. He said that as long as he can't have

her, he won't let us be together either."

Sean frowned and sighed. "How did Jeremy become like this? How is Eveline now? Is her life in danger?"

"She lost a lot of blood and is still unconscious." Ryan blew the story up. "Don't worry too much, I'll take care of Madeline. I've

already got the maids to prepare a guest room for you two. Get some rest."

Sean did not ask anymore and brought Eloise to the guest room.

Seeing that Sean did not doubt him, Ryan relaxed and went to take a bath.

In the bedroom, Madeline felt her shoulder ache as she woke drowsily from her sleep. Everywhere else felt fine.

She felt her heart clench at the memory of what happened before she got shot.

Madeline slowly sat up. She was about to get out of bed when a shadow approached from the balcony.

Her eyes widened as she stared at the handsome figure in disbelief. "Jeremy?"

Chapter 1283

Madeline wondered if she was missing Jeremy so much that she was hallucinating him, but the silhouette before her grew clear

in her eyes.

She reached out to touch the approaching man, but the mere act of raising her arm tugged the wound on her shoulder.

"Mmph." She made a muffled sound at the pain.

Jeremy strode over to sit by the bed and pull her into his arms.

"Linnie."

Feeling the solid warmth against her, the corners of Madeline's eyes burned. She raised her haggard and small face, her

expression filled with heartache.

"Does it still hurt? Did the poison torment you again? You still have six doses. Promise me you'll remember to take them on

time." She reminded in all seriousness, her clear eyes filled with worry and care for the man.

Jeremy held Madeline's hand. "Don't worry about me, silly. I'm okay."

"How am I supposed to not worry about you?" Madeline met the man's passionate gaze with a concerned one of her own. With

difficulty, she raised her hand to caress his face. "I don't want anything to happen to you again, Jeremy. I don't want us to be

separated again."

Jeremy cupped her face and leaned down to seal her lips with his before he softly promised, "I swear. We will never need to part

again."

He wrapped his arms around her to carry her. "I'll bring you away now, Linnie."

Madeline leaned against Jeremy's chest, fully planning to leave with him until a thought flashed through her mind.

"Wait. Ryan still has my parents."

"I just want to be with you, Linnie."

"No, no. We can't..." Madeline rejected. "Quick, leave first. You're not safe here. If Ryan finds you, then—"

Bang!

Gun in hand, Ryan kicked the door down and entered, interrupting Madeline.

Anger engulfed the man as he raised the gun and aimed it at Jeremy's heart without hesitation.

"If you're so willing to die, Jeremy, then let me grant your wish."

The gun was fired and the bullet shot through Jeremy's chest.

Madeline felt her heart getting shot with his.

"Jeremy!" she shouted. The feeling of her heart being torn apart seeped into her bones.

Madeline's eyes snapped open and they were met with a bright ray of sunlight that shone from the window to the side of the bed.

It dawned on her that it was merely a bad dream.

Jeremy had not come over, nor did he die by Ryan's hand.

Whew...

Madeline let out a silent sigh of relief as the erratic beat of her heart settled.

Madeline felt her heart shake through the aftershocks as she thought about what happened before she got shot.

The only thing that the dream had gotten right was that she was brought back to Ryan's home again.

She remembered being held in Jeremy's arms before she fell unconscious, so why was she back again?

Madeline slowly pushed herself into a sitting position. Her brows furrowed slightly when the wound on her shoulder was tugged,

but she did not pay much attention to it.

She had already lost count of how much blood she lost and how many wounds she got across the years.

Click.

The room door was suddenly pushed open to reveal Ryan, who entered the room carefreely with a hand in his pocket.

Seeing Madeline awake, a smile graced his attractive features.

He made his way to the bed and quirked the corner of his lips at her pale and hollow complexion. "We'll see if you dare to meet

him again."

His threatening words also served to warn Madeline to stop trying to meet Jeremy.

Madeline's clear eyes stared coldly at Ryan, her pretty pink lips parting to say, "If getting hurt and bleeding is the price to pay for

one of his hugs or a gaze from him, then so be it."

Chapter 1284

Ryan's expression shifted drastically as he reached out to grip Madeline's delicate chin. He hovered his darkened expression in

front of her eyes.

Madeline may not be in the best physical condition, but that did not soften her aura or the sharp glint in her eyes.

"Do you not fear death?" Ryan tightened his hold on Madeline's chin as his gaze grew cold.

"I fear the prospect of never seeing him again more." Madeline asserted her will.

Ryan's brows knitted tightly as if he had suffered an attack of sorts.

His desire to win and possess would not allow the woman in his eyes to yearn for another man.

"Are you telling me that you don't care about your parents, Eveline Montgomery?"

His words hit the sore spot.

He knew that she would not leave her parents to fend for themselves.

"Should you dare think of Jeremy Whitman or hope that the man will save you from my grasp, then you might as well prepare

yourself for the pain of losing both your parents for good!"

He warned sternly, every word he barked out seeping with a horrifying chill.

It was as if the man had turned from human into a cruel devil at that moment. He exploded with wickedness, and without minding

Madeline's injury, his cold palm seized her nape.

"Listen closely, Eveline Montgomery, you will not try to overstep my boundaries. I'm not as stupid as Jeremy Whitman to give my

life for you. If need be, I will kill you without hesitation as well," he warned harshly before he let her go.

Just then, a maid walked in and Ryan seemed to have switched his personality, reverting to the gentleman he was in everyone

else's eyes.

"Take care of my wife."

"Yes, Mr. Jones," the maid responded.

The corners of Ryan's lips tugged into a smile as he leaned down to whisper by Madeline's ear, "Remember what I said, hmm?"

Then, he tilted his face to kiss Madeline's cheek.

Madeline quickly avoided it, glaring stubbornly and distastefully at Ryan.

Ryan scoffed in displeasure before turning to leave the room.

In the maid's eyes, it was only an intimate and loving sight.

Ryan returned to the room and changed out of his clothes before making a call.

After understanding the situation, Ryan left the house alone.

On the other end, Jeremy could be seen rushing out of a hospital.

He had yet to get a wink of sleep ever since he placed Madeline in Ryan's arm yesterday. He had spent the time running in and

out of renowned hospitals in Y Country to ask for Madeline's situation but came up empty-handed.

"Linnie.

"Did I make a mistake by handing you over to Ryan?"

Jeremy rubbed his forehead in exhaustion as regret began to creep into his heart.

Still, if he had not handed her to Ryan, could he bring himself to accept the result of what would happen?

He was confused as to what more there was to Ryan Jones. Who was this man, and why was he free to do whatever he wanted

in F Country?

Jeremy came up with a few hypotheses and took a look at the map on his phone before he made his way to the next hospital. He

had started the car and was about to step on the accelerator when a car suddenly stopped next to his.

The window was rolled down, revealing Ryan.

Jeremy's expression changed. "Ryan?"

"Yeah." Ryan curled his lips into a smirk. "Are you worried about your woman?"

Jeremy tightened his hold on the steering wheel. "Where are you hiding Linnie?"

Ryan's smile turned mysterious. "Follow me if you want to know."

Chapter 1285

Despite knowing that it could be a trap Ryan was setting to lure him in, Jeremy stepped on the gas and followed without

hesitation.

Ryan drove quickly as if he was trying to lose Jeremy, but Jeremy's driving skills and sharp eyes did not give Ryan the chance.

In less than 20 minutes, Ryan's car came to a stop at a warehouse.

Jeremy followed him inside without a thought.

The moment he entered, he was met with a bullet fired right at him.

Jeremy swiftly stepped out of its path and felt the bullet miss his ear by a few inches before it pierced through the wooden plank

behind him.

He looked up and saw Ryan standing not too far in front of him.

Ryan had his gun pointed at him, his elegant and gentlemanly features oozed with a brutal aura that was further amplified by his

suit.

"I knew that you wouldn't just bring me to see Linnie that easily, Ryan. So talk, what do you want?" Jeremy asked, not having the

patience to beat around the bush with Ryan.

Ryan smiled and lowered his gun before he slowly walked toward Jeremy.

"I want you to die and I want the Whitman family to go extinct for all of eternity," Ryan revealed his desire as the spark in his eyes

sharpened into a glint. "Do you know why I hate you so much, Jeremy?"

Jeremy faced the burning hatred in Ryan's eyes calmly. He had no idea why Ryan hated him so much.

"Glendale's richest family should never have been the Whitmans," Ryan stated.

Jeremy seemed to have caught on. "You're telling me you resorted to controlling Yorick Johnson through illegal trading, murder,

and stealing my wife for a mere title?"

"Is that all you think this is?" Ryan scoffed. "Let me tell you, Jeremy Whitman. This is more than just a mere title. This is also

about the life of the person I respected the most!"

His expression darkened as he aimed his gun at Jeremy.

"Go home and ask that old man what he did back then. Then again, who knows if you have the chance or not?"

With that, Ryan pulled the trigger again.

Agilely, Jeremy evaded that as well.

Ryan's expression darkened as anger began to shroud the man. He now looked just like a devil standing in the dark of the night.

"Don't you want to know where your woman is? Then stand there and stop moving!"

Jeremy paused his swift maneuver.

Ryan's lips curled into an evil smirk as he aimed his gun at Jeremy's calf, then fired a shot.

The bullet passed through Jeremy's calf and blood immediately seeped through his black pants.

His brows were knitted as his knee twitched, but he kept himself upright.

"You sure do love Eveline, don't you?" Ryan smiled, feeling pleased as admiration tinted his gaze. "Is it worth it? Giving your life

for a mere woman?"

Jeremy stared at Ryan, unfazed. He replied, "She's my life."

"Hah." Ryan scoffed disdainfully. "Indeed. Women, the downfall of men ever since the beginning of time."

"Cut the nonsense, Ryan. What exactly do you want?" Jeremy asked coldly, the rapid blood loss making his strength slowly

leave his bones.

Ryan stepped toward Jeremy. "Your wife scammed me of the reagents that would rid your body of the poison. Therefore, you

shall pay the price of her sins."

He slowly lifted the gun and pressed the muzzle heavily against Jeremy's shoulder.

"Your wife took a bullet here. Since you love her so much, how about you experience the same pain she did?"

Ryan's eyes that were filled with a sinister glint met Jeremy's tranquil eyes.

The two pairs of deep eyes locked onto one another, the cold glints in their eyes clashing invisibly in the air.

Jeremy remained stoic even as he saw a smirk flash through Ryan's eyes right before a sharp burn and a dull ache wrecked

through his shoulder.

The bullet passed through his shoulder and bright red gushed from the open wound, dyeing Jeremy's bright white top.

Ryan admired his masterpiece proudly as a rush of glee bled through his eyes.

"Who would've thought that you were the smitten type?" Ryan's words sounded like admiration when they were indeed meant to

mock him.

Watching Jeremy continue to bleed, Ryan kept his gun. "Don't even think about catching me, Jeremy. And say that you do, I can

promise you that the person who'd be regretting anything will be you."

Chapter 1286

Ryan left it at that and turned to leave.

He had lured Jeremy out so that he could warn and take his frustration out on him.

He had just taken two steps when Jeremy's voice rang out from behind him.

"Where's my wife, Ryan?"

Ryan halted and turned to look at Jeremy's color-drained expression. His smile deepened at the sight.

"She's my legal wife. Where else would she stay but at my home? Relax, with my parents-in-law watching over her, she'll be

alright."

Parents-in-law?

Jeremy knew that Ryan was referring to Eloise and Sean.

However, why would they be his parents-in-law?

Linnie would always be his wife only.

Ryan's mood brightened even more as he read the anger in Jeremy's eyes.

"I've got to thank you for that, Jeremy. Thank you for handing over your parents-in-law to me."

Jeremy clenched his fists and knitted his brows in anger. "Ryan Jones—"

"How about you save that breath to call an ambulance, hmm? Before you die of blood loss here with how much of your strength

you're wasting. It'd be a shame if my opponent dies so early."

Ryan interrupted before turning back around with a victorious smile.

Jeremy's vision began to blur, and he fell onto one knee, his body no longer had the strength to hold him up.

Fresh blood streamed freely from his shoulder, dyeing his wedding ring red.

"Linnie..."

No longer able to hold himself up, Jeremy fell onto the ground in exhaustion.

Just as he closed his eyes, he saw a vague and familiar figure running toward him.

"Wake up, Jeremy!"

The voice sounded familiar, but Jeremy did not have the strength to ponder before he fell unconscious...

After who knew how long, Jeremy finally woke from his drowsy slumber. Under the dim light, Jeremy found the sky outside the

window to be pitch dark as if it was already midnight.

He closed his eyes and thought back to the words Ryan told him back at the warehouse.

"Let me tell you, Jeremy Whitman. This is more than just a mere title. This is also about the life of the person I respected the

most!

"Go home and ask that old man what he did back then."

Ryan's hatred seemed to be aimed at more than just Jeremy. It seemed to involve the entire Whitman family.

The person he respected the most. His parents, perhaps?

Jeremy furrowed his brows, deep in thought. He then lifted his hand with difficulty. His heart clenched as he stared at the traces

of blood on the wedding ring.

'It must hurt for you too, doesn't it, Linnie?

'I want to hold and comfort you. I want to protect you and keep you safe and warm.'

Jeremy sighed quietly, unable to move on from his worries about how Madeline was doing.

He had no idea if Ryan would hurt Madeline or not.

While he stayed deep in thought, a doctor entered the room.

The doctor let out a sigh of relief after seeing that Jeremy had woken up. "Thank goodness a professional did first aid on you, or

it would've been too late by the time you got to the hospital."

Jeremy then remembered the blurry figure that appeared before he lost consciousness.

"Who sent me to the hospital, doctor? Are they still here?"

"He already left, but he left a note for you." The doctor then handed Jeremy a slip of paper.

Chapter 1287

Jeremy took the slip of paper and saw a line of words on it. The handwriting was messy to the point that deciphering it felt like an

impossible feat.

It took Jeremy a while before he could vaguely read the handwriting. 'Do not act rashly.'

The doctor spared a glance at the note in Jeremy's hand. "The person who sent you to the hospital is most likely a doctor as

well. Only a doctor would be able to perform such professional first aid. The handwriting too, only us doctors write like that."

"Doctor?"

Jeremy fell silent.

He remembered seeing a familiar figure running toward him in a daze. The man had called out his name too.

However, Jeremy did not remember knowing a doctor here in Y Country.

...

A few days later, Madeline had recovered greatly.

She washed up and got out of bed. Eloise went to hand her a warm bowl of herbal soup. "I made this myself. It's for you."

Madeline was stunned when she saw Eloise meeting her gaze with a gentle look. There was a kind smile on the woman's

elegant features.

Her heart warmed as her wound suddenly felt a lot better.

Eloise took Madeline's lack of response as not wanting to drink her soup. She looked down disappointedly.

"You hate me too, don't you? Like my daughter," Eloise asked dazedly as sorrow filled her eyes. "Get some rest, then. I won't

bother you anymore."

"Mom," Madeline called out softly.

Eloise turned and frowned before she chided seriously, "Why are you calling me your mom again? You might share my

daughter's name, but you can't just simply call other people your mom."

Regret filled her eyes. She continued saying in a serious tone, "You have no idea what could happen when you mistake

someone else as your family."

Madeline knew what Eloise was referring to.

Smiling in response, Madeline took the bowl of soup from Eloise's hands and took a small sip.

"It's delicious," Madeline praised heartfully.

The downcasted expression Eloise wore vanished and replacing it was a faint smile. "Is it really?"

"Yeah." Madeline nodded and took another sip. "Taste just like my mom's cooking."

"Do I look like your mother?" Eloise asked innocently, her eyes catching on to her every word.

Holding the soup, Madeline turned to look at Eloise. "Mhmm. You look a lot like my mom, but she's sick right now and can't

recognize me."

Seeing Madeline sad, Eloise reached out to hold her hand. "Don't worry too much. Your mom will get better soon."

Madeline felt the corner of her eyes burn, but she kept the smile on her face. "I believe that my mom will get better too."

Eloise nodded. "Drink the soup. Sean said you should drink more herbal soups. I also made you some snacks. Let me get them

for you." Eloise got up and walked out.

Perhaps it was the herbal soup, but Madeline felt warmth spreading to every inch of her body.

"I'm sure you'll recognize me very soon, Mom." She looked at Eloise's retreating figure and hoped.

After finishing the soup, Madeline wanted to talk to Sean about something.

She got up to descend the stairs when she heard Ryan's voice from a room next to her when she was making her way to the

side of the stairs. "How's Jeremy doing?"

Jeremy?

Madeline felt a tug at her heartstrings.

She made her way to the wall with light steps and realized that Ryan was on a call with someone. He seemed to be asking about

Jeremy's situation.

Did something happen to Jeremy?

Madeline's heart began to race nervously before she knew it.

Chapter 1288

"Hmm? He's still alive after losing so much blood? What an extraordinary body he has there." Ryan's words dripped with

sarcasm.

Madeline's breathing grew erratic.

Jeremy lost a lot of blood?

How could that be?

"Now that I think about it, he's still fine even after being tormented by the poison for so long. Huh. Jeremy Whitman sure is

determined." Ryan's voice drifted over. "But so what if he's durable and strong-willed? As long as Eveline Montgomery is by my

side, he will never live his life in peace."

Ryan Jones!

Madeline clenched her jaw as her detest for this horrible and scheming man grew.

Still, just what happened to Jeremy? Why did he lose so much blood?

Madeline was worried. Coincidentally, she heard Ryan asking the other person on the line, "Which hospital is Jeremy at?

Kindred? Alright."

Then, Madeline heard Ryan's footsteps approaching the door.

She did not linger any longer and walked toward the staircase where she saw Sean.

"Dad." Madeline intentionally raised her voice so that Ryan would assume that she was about to take the stairs down.

“Are you up already, Eveline? Won’t you rest in bed for a little longer?”

Madeline gave Ryan a good look from the corner of her eyes as he walked over. “It got a little stuffy lying in bed these days. I

was hoping to take a walk for some fresh air.”

“You want to leave the house?” Ryan slowly approached.

Madeline turned back in mock surprise, pretending to only have realized Ryan’s presence. “Yeah. I want to take a walk outside,

but I didn’t know if you’d let me leave or not.”

“Why not? Why would Mr. Jones stop you from taking a walk outside? He’s just worried about you.” Not knowing what kind of

person Ryan was, Sean defended the man.

That was precisely what Madeline wanted.

“Dad’s right. I’m just worried about you. I can always have someone accompany you if you want to go take a walk.” Ryan let out

a sigh of relief. He still wanted to keep the image of a gentleman in front of Sean.

“Will you really let me leave the house?” Madeline looked at the lightly smiling man with doubt.

Ryan stood next to her and wrapped an arm around her shoulder intimately. “Of course. How can I stop you from the things you

want to do?”

Sean broke into a relieved smile. “See, Eveline. Mr. Jones sure does give in to you.”

Madeline faked a gentle smile and played along with Ryan. “Thank you, Rye.”

“I’m your husband. There’s no need for thanks between us.” Ryan made sure to tint their relationship with a more loving shade.

Madeline did not protest because she had gotten what she wanted.

Soon enough, Ryan prepared a car to send Madeline to where she wanted to go. Seeing Madeline and Sean about to leave the

house, Eloise wanted to join as well.

Ryan agreed with a smile and got the driver to secretly keep an eye on Madeline and her parents.

Madeline was not surprised that Ryan had asked someone to watch over her. Getting in the car, she began to tap away at her

phone casually.

"Is there anywhere you'd like to go, Madam?" the driver asked.

"Is there a cherry blossom park nearby?" Madeline asked without much thought.

The driver nodded. "Would you like to go to the cherry blossom park, Madam?"

"Sure."

"Alright." The driver then drove over without suspecting anything.

Madeline chatted here and there with Eloise and Sean while watching the scenery change outside the car window. When a

specific building appeared before her eyes, Madeline's expression shifted drastically into one of immense agony.

Sean realized the change in Madeline's expression. "What's wrong, Eveline?"

Chapter 1289

The driver turned to look at the rear-view mirror and panicked when he saw Madeline clutching her stomach with her brows

furrowed painfully.

"Where does it hurt, Eveline? Tell Dad," Sean grabbed Madeline's shoulder and asked nervously.

Madeline bit her lip at the pain. "I don't know. My stomach just hurts."

"Is there a hospital nearby? Quick, go to the hospital!" Sean's eyes were filled with worry as he ordered the driver.

"Kindred Hospital is nearby. I'll bring you there!" The driver quickly turned the car around without a moment's hesitation.

Madeline leaned against Sean's shoulder as mirth flashed through her seemingly tired eyes.

The car drove into the hospital, and upon arriving, Sean carried Madeline out of the car. Then, he called out to Eloise.

"There are a lot of people in the hospital, Ellie. Follow behind me, okay? Don't walk too far." Sean requested, afraid that Eloise

would get lost with her current mental state.

"I won't run off. I'm right behind you." Eloise nodded seriously as one would expect from a child. Watching Madeline in pain, she

frowned. "What happened to Eveline, Sean?"

Sean stared at Madeline in his arms worriedly and turned around. "I don't know either. Let's get to the hospital first!"

While being carried into the hospital, Madeline took a look at the driver who was looking for parking from the corners of her eyes.

She looked up just as Sean brought her in.

"Let me down, Dad. I'm alright."

Sean was stunned. His footsteps came to a stop as he looked at Madeline with confusion.

"Eveline, what..."

Sean did not understand, but he slowly placed Madeline back on her feet.

Madeline glanced at the hospital's entrance. "Just take it as I'm having an episode from my chronic illness. Pretend to line up at

the counter for me when the driver comes over later and tell him that Mom and I went to the bathroom."

"Why, Eveline?" Sean was even more confused.

Madeline did not have the time to explain herself to Sean. She took Eloise's hand. "There are some things that I don't know how

to tell you, Dad. But no matter what, don't raise the driver's suspicions at all, okay?"

She then took Eloise's hand. "Come with me, Mom."

"You're calling me your mom again. I'm not her." Eloise corrected her in all seriousness.

Madeline did not think much of it and brought Eloise to the counter. "Hi, I'm here to visit a friend. Could you help me check which

room he's in?"

The clerk there did not suspect anything and inquired politely, "Can I ask for your friend's name?"

"Jeremy Whitman," Madeline spoke his name clearly as her heart began to race nervously.

She did not know if she came to the right place. She prayed that Jeremy was alright and not in the hospital at all. Yet at that

moment, Madeline was conflicted because she wanted to see him as well.

About ten seconds later, the clerk smiled and relayed, "Your friend is in room 1601."

Madeline's heart skipped a beat.

She did not know if she should feel relieved or worried.

"Thank you," She thanked and brought Eloise to the elevator.

While Eloise still had no idea that Madeline was the very daughter she yearned for, she followed by Madeline's side obediently

anyway.

Madeline went straight to the 16th floor and rushed to room 1601.

She went to the door and through the small window on it, she saw Jeremy. She was about to push the door and enter when the

sight before her suddenly made the corners of her eyes burn.

Jeremy was hopping on one foot to the end of the bed, slowly bending down to pick something up. One of his hands grabbed the

end of the bed in support while he tried to stretch the other hand out. Yet with the heavy bandages wrapped around it, he could

not straighten his hand at all.

He tried again but failed.

He was about to step the injured foot on the ground so that he could squat to pick it up when Madeline pushed open the door

and strode toward him.

Jeremy's head snapped at the door. He was stunned to see the woman currently running toward him.

Chapter 1290

"Linnie?"

Jeremy was stunned and elated.

He reached for Madeline instinctively, but he had only taken a step when he realized how much the injury on his calf hurt.

Madeline's heart lurched the same time Jeremy frowned at the pain.

"Jeremy!"

She ran toward him and wrapped her arms around his waist, hugging the man before he lost his balance and fell.

"Am I dreaming, Linnie?" Jeremy lifted Madeline's head by her chin, his deep eyes reflecting her enchanting appearance.

Madeline shook her head. "You're not dreaming, Jeremy. It's me."

Jeremy's knitted brows relaxed. He forgot about Eloise's presence as his eyes were solely fixed on Madeline.

Staring at her lovingly, he leaned down to capture her lips with a deep kiss.

Stunned, Madeline closed her eyes reflexively and returned his gentle kiss...

Embarrassed, Eloise turned around and walked to the door at the sight.

She looked back again to see Madeline and Jeremy still holding each other intimately before she looked around their

surroundings.

"Where's Sean? Sean should still be downstairs. I'm going to look for Sean," Eloise muttered to herself before she took the

elevator down.

It may have been a cloudy day, but the sun seemed to be shining bright in Jeremy's heart.

He sat by the bed and held Madeline in his arms.

Despite not having the warm rays of sunshine on his body, his heart swirled with warmth and sweetness.

Madeline was not wearing much and he could see that the wound on her shoulder had not fully recovered. His heart clenched at

the sight as he placed a loving peck between her brows.

"Do you hate me for handing you to Ryan, Linnie?"

"I know you did that for me. Why would I hate you for it?" Madeline looked up to meet his gaze. "You, however, how did you get

hurt? To the point that you can't even walk properly anymore. Did Ryan do this to you?"

Jeremy gave a light nod as a solemn look graced his eyes. "Ryan is a terrifying figure. I need to come up with a fool-proof plan

and end this for good."

His eyes then warmed up. "I want to bring you home as soon as possible, Linnie. I want our family to reunite and be together

again."

"We will, Jeremy. We'll all be together again." Madeline took his hand, her slender fingers intertwining with his long boney ones

as adoration tinted her eyes.

"These past few days have been difficult without you around, Jeremy. But the thought that I'll be able to see you after all of this

gives me the strength to go on. Don't worry about me, okay? I'll take good care of myself."

Jeremy's heart lurched as remorse filled him at Madeline's words.

She was his wife, yet he could not protect her as he should.

"I owe you too much, Linnie."

"You don't. You owe me nothing. I can feel how much you care and worry about me." Madeline comforted him. Then, it dawned

on her as she turned to look at the door. "Where's Mom? When did she leave?"

Jeremy could vaguely remember Eloise's appearance, but he had not paid too much attention to her as his heart and mind were

only filled with Madeline.

Jeremy also thought of something that he should tell Madeline. "Linnie, about the day Montgomery Manor caught fire, Mom and

Dad, they—"

"I have to find Mom, Jeremy." Madeline got up and walked toward the door worriedly. "You might not know this, but Mom is no

different than a child right now. She doesn't know anything with her current mental state."

Jeremy looked at Madeline in disbelief. "How? What happened to Mom?"

"I'll explain later. Don't go anywhere. I'll come back once I find Mom." Madeline opened the door and was about to step out when

she came to a sudden halt.

She stared at the handsome man who had appeared in front of her, her expression changing. Every step she had taken outside

was now frantically backtracked, one step after the next...