Sinner Wife 1301

Chapter 1301

Ryan could not help but laugh at Madeline's reaction. "Do you think that I'm going to kill you?" He smiled. "How could I possibly

have the heart to hurt you?"

Did he not?

Madeline found Ryan's claim ridiculous.

All this while, he had only been hurting her.

Ryan patted the same spot again, and his tone turned gentle when he spoke, "Come back and sit."

Madeline looked at the pair of scissors in Ryan's hand. She had no other choice but to listen.

Ryan leaned toward her just as she sat. He began to thread his fingers through her still-damp hair.

"You've been with Jeremy for so long. I'm sure the man loves you a lot with how he's willing to give up his life for you."

Madeline did not understand what Ryan was trying to say, but she could feel his fingers intertwining with the strands of her hair.

Disgust filled her. She wanted to escape, but all she could do was clench her firsts and force herself to ignore it.

"I'm sure he'll be aware of your every detail then, with how much he loves you, hmm? For example, the mole on your left chest?"

Madeline's complexion paled further.

She tightened her hold on the towel subconsciously, not knowing if Ryan had heard it somewhere or if he had seen it himself.

Ryan watched as unease flashed through Madeline's beautiful eyes and lifted a lock of her hair with a smile. "You're going to

slowly distance yourself from Jeremy Whitman starting from this moment. You'll be mine and mine only, Mrs. Jones."

He then lifted the pair of scissors and began to cut away at Madeline's long hair.

The pair of scissors were sharp and Madeline's inky locks split into two with a snip.

Her raven locks fell by her feet as if they were the ties that held her and Jeremy together.

Madeline could not stop him in time and she was left with hair that stopped before her collarbone.

"I wonder if Jeremy would be able to recognize you after you've changed your look?" Ryan smiled and threw the pair of scissors

away before he called a maid over to blow Madeline's hair dry.

Madeline sat blankly in place like a doll at the mercy of others.

Staring at the locks of hair around her, the slight flicker of light within her seemed moments away from being extinguished by

Ryan.

Her sharp edges were slowly being sanded down by this devious and vile man.

...

The first thing Jeremy did once he got out of the hospital was contact the local IBCI quarters.

He had everything regarding Ryan pulled out and read them twice.

There was nothing wrong with Ryan's background at all.

He was the son of a rich family in Glendale, an outstanding person from a good family background with a passion for drawing.

In one of Ryan's high school essays, Jeremy realized that he spoke of a person—his grandfather.

Through the essay, Jeremy came to know that Ryan's parents were often too busy to take care of Ryan, so he was brought up

mainly by his grandfather alone.

His grandfather passed away 15 years ago and Ryan was dejected for a long time.

Jeremy remembered what Ryan said in the warehouse.

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

Was Grandfather involved in the death of Ryan's grandfather?

Jeremy was quick to deny the thought.

He had grown up with Old Master Whitman since he was young. Grandfather was always a kind and caring old man.

After the incident with Felipe, Old Master Whitman had decided to spend the rest of his retirement in the village house.

Jeremy did not want to bother the elderly man from resting, but he refused to leave Madeline alone in danger.

He dialed Old Master Whitman's number and the call was picked up after a few rings.

Chapter 1302

"Jeremy." Old Master Whitman's tone was light as if he had no idea what happened lately. "Why are you calling me instead of

spending your free time taking Eveline and the kids to play?"

Jeremy could not even protect his wife now, let alone bring his wife and kids out to play.

"There's something I'd like to ask, Grandfather." Jeremy controlled his emotions and kept his tone calm.

Without hesitation, Old Master Whitman asked in a gentle and kind tone, "What do you want to ask me?"

"It's about the Jones family."

Old Master Whitman paused on the other end of the phone. "The Jones family? One of the four major rich families in Glendale,

that Jones family?"

"Yeah," Jeremy confirmed. "Did something happen between us Whitmans and the Jones family? Do you perhaps know of their

elder, the one who passed away 15 years ago?"

Old Master Whitman paused for a few seconds.

Jeremy found the reaction to be unusual. "Grandfather?"

"Tell me first, Jeremy. Did something happen?" Old Master Whitman asked instead.

Jeremy halted as unease prickled at the old master's avoidance.

He did not want Old Master Whitman to worry about the matters between him and Eveline anymore, but any extra day it took to

placate the matter would be an extra day Madeline needed to suffer.

He would not let Ryan control her again.

Jeremy relayed the situation to Old Master Whitman and he was shocked once he heard about it. "What? Jones' grandson is

holding Eveline and her parents captive?"

Jones?

Jeremy assumed that he was referring to Ryan's grandfather. The way the old master called him sounded friendly, unlike what

one would call their enemy or nemesis.

"Where are you right now, Jeremy? I'll come and look for you." The old master sounded impatient.

"I'm currently at Y Country, Grandfather. I don't know where Ryan is hiding Eveline, but I'll definitely find her and bring her home."

"I know you're worried about Eveline, but if you still don't have any leads, then I hope that you can take a trip back first." The old

master's tone was heavy, and his worry for Madeline's current situation was evident.

Realizing that there may be some things that were best said in person, Jeremy agreed. "Alright, Grandfather. I understand."

Before hanging up, the old master left a remark. "Tell me straight away if there's any news about Eveline."

"I will," Jeremy promised, but he was back to being lost once more.

He had no idea where Ryan was and the fact that Ryan could still do as he wished despite being charged as a murderer was

odd.

Still, Jeremy could not help but be worried about Madeline.

He had no idea how she was doing since she was forced to leave with Ryan that day in the hospital.

'You have to wait for me, Linnie.'

Ever since her parents got into an accident the other day, Madeline never saw them again.

She asked Ryan how her parents were doing and the man merely called a number before handing her the phone.

Sean's voice rang from the other end, but the conversation had just begun when Ryan took the phone back.

Madeline turned into a pitiful beggar as she begged Ryan, "Can you please let me talk to my parents for a little longer?"

Ryan looked down at a short-haired Madeline, her stunning eyes void of the stubborn glint that was once there.

Ryan was most satisfied with that alone.

He would force Madeline to the corner and sand down all of her sharp edges, breaking her stubborn determination and will until

she could no longer fight against him.

"Please, Ryan. I'm begging you." Hope sparkled in Madeline's eyes.

Ryan reached out to tuck her short hair behind her ear. "If you're willing to be a true couple with me tonight, Eveline, forget about

talking to them a little longer. I can bring Mom and Dad back to live with us as well. You understand what I mean, don't you? You

have half a day to decide."

Ryan curled his lips into a smirk and turned to leave.

Madeline was rooted in place for a long while before she finally returned to the bedroom. Staring blankly into the mirror, she

clenched her fists and made a decision.

'If you want me so much, Ryan, then sure. You can have me!'

Chapter 1303

Having made her decision, Madeline went to look for Ryan.

The man sat leisurely in the courtyard with a book in his hand and a cup of coffee.

The afternoon sun splashed against his back, adding a warm tint to his fair and handsome features.

Beneath his gentle and defined features was a completely different person, one that ran shivers down people's spines.

Madeline curled her fingers into a fist but walked toward him anyway.

Ryan caught sight of her from the corners of his eyes and raised his bottomless eyes to look at her with interest. Madeline's

small and delicate features were reflected in his gaze.

The man seemed proud of his handiwork as his eyes fell on her refreshing new bob cut.

"How can I help you? Or perhaps, have you already decided?" Ryan closed the book as a confident smile graced the man's

gentlemanly features.

Madeline walked up to him. Faced with the man before her, she was surprised to find a sense of uneasiness sparking in her

chest.

"Ryan."

"Hmm?" The man hummed lazily as his eyes roamed across Madeline's face. "You don't have to beat around the bush."

"Alright." Madeline stopped hesitating and met the man's dark, unclear gaze head-on. "Will you ever let go of my parents? Even

if I listen to whatever you say and live as your puppet like you wish?"

"You're wrong." Ryan stood, his denial sparking hope in Madeline's eyes.

Ryan smiled when he caught the newfound glimmer in Madeline's eyes. "As long as you promise to listen and be obedient, not

only will I stop targeting your parents, but I'll even send them back to Glendale when the time comes. They'll get to continue their

carefree days."

A smile graced Madeline's features at his claim. "Really?"

Ryan nodded. "It all depends on your behavior."

His following words hit Madeline like a bucket of cold water.

Her smile vanished. "So as long as I do what you want, you'll really let my parents go? What about me? Will you ever let me go?"

Madeline stared at Ryan and felt her heart grow colder when the man suddenly curled his lips into a smile.

"Never," Ryan replied curtly, "I will never let you go."

"…"

"Don't even think about getting back with Jeremy. The only way that would possibly happen is if I were to die. Even then, I'd

make sure to bring you with me. Jeremy must suffer the pain and regret of loss that he can never make up for."

Madeline felt severely suffocated under Ryan's dark gaze that bore straight into hers.

For a woman who did not fear even death at one point in her life, Madeline was terrified of what Ryan could do at that moment.

Ryan lifted his hand and placed it above Madeline's head as she stood blankly in the same place. His tone and gaze turned

gentle.

"So have you given it enough thought? Won't you finally complete your duties as a wife to me, hmm?"

Madeline pinched her finger secretly and forced herself to meet Ryan's gaze.

"Can you give me a little more time?"

"How long do you need?" he asked straightforwardly, "I don't have a lot of patience to give."

Madeline clenched her pink lips. The last line of defense in her eyes was close to being broken down.

"I don't know. So let me get to know you starting from this moment onward."

Ryan analyzed the look in Madeline's eyes and approached her with a sly smile on his face. "I suggest you stop thinking of ways

to trick me, Eveline. Since you'll be the one suffering the consequences, after all."

A disoriented look flashed through Madeline's eyes.

Ryan caught the look, and his gaze took a dark, terrifying turn. "You never really learn, do you, Eveline?

"Why must you force me?" Ryan frowned. "Don't blame me for being cruel when you're the one with the stubborn will."

Ryan grabbed Madeline by the wrist and proceeded to drag her inside.

"What are you doing, Ryan? Let go of me!"

Fear filled Madeline's heart, suffocating her.

She had not felt so afraid even when Jeremy used to hurt her before.

However, Ryan himself was a petrifying man.

No matter how cruel Jeremy became, he still never went for anyone's life.

 Chapter 1304

However, Ryan was not below using any brutal methods at all!

Madeline tried to pull away from Ryan's grasp, but the man was too strong and her bones felt like they were moments away from

being shattered.

As she was being forced to follow behind him, both her slippers slipped off amidst her chaotic footsteps.

Anger exploded from Ryan. The man was no longer the kind and gentlemanly person she once knew.

He dragged Madeline to the villa's storage room where all sorts of trinkets were placed. Without exposure to sunlight, there was

a musky scent of age in the room.

Ryan pressed Madeline against the wall and grabbed both her shoulders, forcing her to face his enraged expression. "Why must

you be so stubborn? Must I torment you? Let me tell you, Eveline Montgomery, I don't love you as much as you think. My heart

will not soften when it comes to you!"

Madeline pursed her pink lips and broke into a sarcastic smile. "Who cares if you love me or not? Torture me if you want, Ryan. I

don't care if I die. But you'll never win my husband!"

That was something Ryan did not want to hear the most.

He grabbed Madeline's slender neck as his eyes grew predatory.

"Do you not fear death at all, Eveline?"

"Death? The only thing I fear is not seeing the man I love the most again!"

"You..."

Enraged, Ryan tightened his grip on her neck.

Unable to breathe freely, color began to flush on Madeline's cheeks, but she refused to beg or make a sound.

Ryan wanted to tighten his hold so that he could control Madeline with fear, but he found himself unable to do so.

He refused to admit that he loved Eveline. At most, he only fancied her—at least that was what he hypnotized himself to think.

Logic told him that he would lose this game the moment he fell in love with Eveline.

Watching Madeline go short of breath, Ryan finally let go of her.

Madeline slid down the wall and fell onto the icy floorboards. "Cough, cough..."

She coughed severely but refused to back down.

Ryan squatted to grab Madeline by the back of her neck and pulled her toward him.

"Stay here and think clearly whether you want to be my wife or not! My patience is not boundless!"

Every word he barked out as a reminder was accompanied by the flames of rage in his eyes.

Madeline pushed him away and tried to support her body into an upright position with difficulty. Stubbornness and strong will

flared in her eyes.

With the storage door closed, Madeline was left with the glimmer of light from the only window inside.

She sat against the wall, her feet frosty and her body cold.

Madeline's eyes grew wet as she stared at the ray of light.

"I'll wait for you, Jeremy. I promise I will..."

She closed her eyes to take a rest in exhaustion. After who knew how long, she heard the door open.

Madeline found that the sky had darkened by the time she opened her eyes. A maid walked in with food in tow. She took a look

but did not move to eat at all.

Soon later, Ryan came as well.

The man's expression was cold at the sight of the untouched food. He squatted to take the utensils before placing a spoonful of

food by Madeline's mouth.

"Open up."

Madeline pulled her pale lips away and turned her face.

Ryan's gaze hardened as he grabbed Madeline's jaw with one hand and tried to force-feed her with the other.

Madeline broke out of his grasp. "Don't touch me. I'll eat, okay? Jeez!"

Ryan's gaze turned gentle at her compliance.

Madeline took the food. Just as Ryan thought she was going to eat, she suddenly threw the bowl harshly at his feet.

The broken shards cut the back of his hand, leaving a red trail in its path.

Rage erupted from the man and Ryan grabbed Madeline's jaw. "Eveline Montgomery!"

Chapter 1305

Madeline let Ryan throttle her as he wished as her gaze remained unfazed.

"Kill me. I might as well die if I can never see Jeremy again. There's no difference between the two anyway."

She smiled bitterly. Ryan had already sanded her sharp edges away over the past few days, so she no longer had the strength

to fight back.

Ryan could not bear to accept such words coming from Madeline at such a time.

"Why must you force me, Eveline? Why do you have to force me?" A look so angry it seemed wretched and horrifying overtook

Ryan's handsome's features.

He pressed Madeline against the cold floorboards and pounced on her like an unrestrained tiger, ripping her clothes apart

brutally.

"F*ck off!" Madeline resisted with all her might.

Yet Madeline's hands were in a deadlock in Ryan's hold and one of his hands was forcing Madeline's head to meet his thin lips

as he leaned down to kiss her.

Madeline turned her head to avoid it but was not completely successful.

Ryan's lips touched her cheek. The warmth and soft contact seemed to have ignited the feelings Ryan had been suppressing

over the years.

Desire filled his eyes, and at that moment, he fully believed that he had fallen for Eveline. He wanted to have her, not just to take

revenge on Jeremy, but to satisfy the innate and true desire within him.

However, his touch had also triggered something within Madeline.

She bit Ryan's arm and took the man's dazed lapse as an opportunity to get up and run out of the storage room.

After two steps, she ended up stepping on the broken shards of the bowl she had thrown. As she was barefoot, the sharp pieces

pierced into the bottom of her feet and made her shiver in pain.

Still, Madeline ignored the pain and continued to run through the broken pieces. The raging panic within her at that moment

screamed, telling her to escape Ryan's control and run as far as possible.

She had not even made it out of the storage room when she felt Ryan lifting her from behind.

"Let me go! You bstard!" Madeline yelled as she hammered her fists against Ryan as hard as she could. "You crazy son of a

btch! Let me go, you f*cking *sshole!"

Ryan remained impassive to Madeline's hitting and scolding.

He carried her to the bedroom and threw her onto the bed to press her down.

Madeline pulled her feet in and pulled out a shard from the bottom of her feet through the pain. The moment Ryan pressed down

over her, she placed the shard against Ryan's neck.

Ryan felt a small stab of pain shoot up. He knew that the shard must have sliced the skin around his neck.

"Don't you dare, Ryan Jones." Madeline's gaze was determined. She appeared fully ready to kill him even if it was at the cost of

her life.

Ryan had not expected Madeline to be so difficult. Her lively and beautiful eyes were red, emphasizing the hollow and pale

complexion of her face.

He lifted his hand to take the shard from Madeline's hand, but her grip was unrelenting. Even if it was at the cost of a bleeding

palm, she refused to let go of it and kept it pressed against his neck.

"Stay the f*ck away. I don't want to see you!" Physically, Madeline was in horrible condition, but that did not dilute the

determination in her tone.

Ryan knitted his brows and dragged Madeline's hand with brute force as his gaze sharpened.

"I told you that I'll let you do what you want as long as you listen to me. I'll even let your parents go back to Glendale, so why

can't you just bow down to me? You're the one who's forcing me here, Eveline."

"Hah." Madeline scoffed bitterly as a tear trickled from the corner of her eyes. "Will you actually let my parents go, Ryan? Who

are you kidding here? You're just going to use them to control me again so that you can achieve whatever vile goal you're aiming

for!"

Ryan's expression darkened. He seemed moments away from erupting in anger when he suddenly loosened his grip.

Madeline fell onto the bed limply. She pushed herself back to stare at the man sitting by the bed guardedly. She did not let go of

the shard in her grip.

It was as if the shard was her life force and the only thing keeping her from bending under Ryan's brutal behavior.

Chapter 1306

Ryan stared at Madeline with displeasure for a few seconds before he suddenly yelled for a maid, "Have Doctor Brown get here,

quick!"

The maid nodded and acknowledged, then frantically looked for Adam who was currently in the underground lab.

Upon entering the room, Adam was met with Madeline bleeding from her hands and legs as she sat on the corner of the bed.

There was a large patch of blood on the mattress. The sight of it was bone-chilling.

"Dress her wounds." Ryan pressed a hand on his forehead and left the room with an exasperated expression.

Adam immediately reached for his medical kit and frowned as he stared at Madeline who was mentally exhausted but also taut.

"I told you to stop acting so rashly, didn't I?" Adam deliberately lowered his voice and glanced at the door from the corners of his

eyes. "Why can't you and your husband just stop being so stubborn?"

Madeline's gaze shifted as she looked at Adam's indifferent expression. She did not know who this 'husband' of hers Adam was

referring to.

Adam noticed the change in Madeline's expression but did not react.

"Keep water away from your wounds. You're going to be the one suffering if they get infected."

Ryan then appeared by the door just as he finished reminding Madeline.

Madeline looked wary as Ryan approached her. She wanted nothing more than to further distance herself from the man.

Yet Ryan continued to walk toward her and princess-carried her against her will.

"What are you doing? Let go of me, Ryan!" Madeline was terrified that the man would force himself on her again. She wanted to

escape.

Ryan remained silent and carried Madeline to his room. He threw her onto the bed and turned to leave with a frosty look on his

face.

Madeline ran after him on her tiptoes as her legs were bandaged, but Ryan had already locked the door.

"What do you want from me, Ryan? Don't you dare hurt my parents!" Madeline shouted with all her might from the other side of

the door. Her heart was racing past the tempo of what it could sustain.

"Do you hear me, Ryan? Ryan Jones!"

Madeline called out his name but was not given any reply.

She leaned against the wall tiredly, her injured body sliding limply down the door.

Looking at the night view outside the window, Madeline felt her eyes grow wet.

'Your Linnie can't do this much longer, Jeremy.

'Won't you come and get me soon?'

In the study.

The more Ryan thought about it, the more pissed he felt. He had never expected Madeline to be so obdurate.

She would rather bleed than let him touch her.

Did he pale in comparison to Jeremy Whitman?

He scoffed at a sudden epiphany and took his phone next to the study desk. Scrolling, he looked for a specific number on the

contact list and dialed it.

Jeremy was currently checking every piece of surveillance footage Ryan's car had passed to pin the man's last location when his

phone suddenly rang.

He glanced at the display and was stunned for a moment in disbelief. He picked up the phone and was even more surprised to

realize that it was a video call.

"Ryan?"

"It's me." Ryan's voice echoed over the line, and Jeremy's screen then clearly showed Ryan's sinister smile. "Surprised that I

video called, aren't you? That's because I have something nice here that I'd like you to see."

 Chapter 1307

Unease crept into Jeremy's heart at the sight of Ryan's malicious smile through his phone screen.

He could tell that whatever Ryan wanted to tell him through the video call was definitely related to Madeline.

"What did you do to Linnie, Ryan?" Jeremy found it hard to keep his calm.

He questioned fiercely only for the man to reply with a chuckle. Ryan then turned the camera to the floor.

"Talk, Ryan!" Jeremy grew frustrated.

Ryan watched Jeremy's reaction in satisfaction. The more distressed Jeremy was, the better he felt.

Ryan ignored Jeremy and walked toward the room Madeline stayed in. Then, he pointed the camera at the bloodied mattress.

Jeremy felt his heart being torn into pieces at the sight of the large pool of blood-red. The color of his irises seemed to be dyed

the same color now.

"Do you see this, Jeremy Whitman? Don't you think the bright red on this mattress looks absolutely stunning?" Ryan provoked

Jeremy. "It's all blood from your beloved woman."

He watched Jeremy's expression turn into one of thundering shock. He could imagine how much the sight hurt and tormented

Jeremy's heart.

"What did you do to Linnie? Ryan! Where is she?"

Jeremy thought he was about to go mad!

He could not possibly imagine how Madeline was doing right now, let alone think about how much Madeline had suffered when

Ryan tortured and hurt her.

"Ryan Jones."

He spat out the two words from his thin lips, his tone laced with the frost of the coldest winter that could chill one to their bones.

"For every drop of blood Linnie bled today, I'll make sure that you pay it back in double."

Ryan disagreed and turned the camera back to him. He met Jeremy's furious and icy gaze with belittling ones of his own. His

tone was disdainful when he spoke, "You can tell me this again if you manage to find me at all, Jeremy Whitman."

"I will find you, Ryan. Very soon."

Ryan scoffed at Jeremy and provoked him again. "While I can wait for you, I don't know if I can say the same for your beloved

woman."

"Ryan!" Ryan's words had easily fueled Jeremy's flames of fury. "Don't you dare touch Linnie again! Don't you dare!"

"But what if I do? What if I do touch her again, and in front of you too?"

"What?" Jeremy hated the fact that he could not grab Ryan by the collar through the screen. "What more do you want to do?"

"Aren't you digging up my past to look for me?" Ryan smiled evilly. "With every step deeper you delve, I'll increase your wife's

torture by two degrees. I wonder who'll give in first, hmm?" Ryan threatened.

"I know that you're spending every moment looking through surveillance footage to look for my location, Jeremy, but I suggest

you stop."

Jeremy looked up at the computer screen in front of him that was replaying multiple road surveillance footage.

How did Ryan know he was checking the surveillance footage?

However, Jeremy was not in the right headspace to focus on such topics. He forced himself to calm down.

"Where's Linnie, Ryan? What did you do to her? Why did she lose so much blood?"

"I suppose you'll find the reason behind her injuries sweet, won't you?"

Ryan paused before he delved into it with a sneer. "To keep her purity, she'd rather die than let me do as I wish. Aren't you

satisfied with such a reply?"

Jeremy felt as if the inside of his chest was being stuffed with cotton, expanding inch by inch until it suffocated him.

Linnie.

"Keep searching for my whereabouts if you want Eveline to keep bleeding. As long as you're fine with the consequences, you're

free to do as you wish."

Ryan then hung up the phone.

Jeremy called again, but his number had been blocked.

His grip on his phone tightened. He felt the sudden urge to smash his phone to placate the surging fury within him. Still, he

managed to keep it in check.

He could not let his emotions cloud his judgment. What he needed to do now was be calm and collected.

Chapter 1308

Jeremy returned to the study table and continued to scan through the surveillance footage, but he found himself unable to focus.

His mind kept feeding him images of Madeline being forced to a corner and fighting back against Ryan with all that she had. She

would always end up with wounds and be drenched with blood before Ryan would let her go.

"Linnie."

Jeremy paced before the French windows with unease as he wore the ground below him down with his maddening frustration.

He left the house and stopped his car where the surveillance footage showed Ryan's last known location.

Jeremy was about to survey the area when he suddenly received an anonymous text with a simple sentence: [Rest assured,

she's alright for now.]

There was no doubt that the 'she' in the text referred to Madeline.

Jeremy's frantic heartbeat slowly settled.

Still, he was confused as to who had sent the text. Was it the same person who did emergency aid on him and sent him to the

hospital from the warehouse?

...

Madeline remained locked in Ryan's room for the entire night. The man did not go to bother her either.

As far as Madeline was concerned, it was a good thing.

However, the moment the sky brightened, Adam and the maids entered the room.

The maids helped Madeline wash up and change while Adam approached Madeline with his medical kit to redress her wounds.

Madeline used to reject Adam's approach, but she resorted to staring at the man this time.

Adam knew that Madeline was staring at him but remained unfazed as he cleaned Madeline's wounds and redressed them.

The maids brought Madeline's breakfast. Adam spoke meaningfully without raising his head, "Let your wounds heal and recover

first if you want to fight back."

He spoke nonchalantly, then took his kit and left.

"Adam," Madeline called out to him and got on her tiptoes. She was about to stand when she saw Ryan walking toward them

outside the room.

She swallowed the words that were already at the tip of her tongue back down.

Adam turned to glance at Madeline who fell silent and pushed his glasses up with a shadow of a smile before he turned to look

at Ryan. "Her wounds are alright. I'll be going now if there's nothing else."

"Wait."

Ryan stopped Adam in his tracks just as they brushed past.

Adam's footsteps came to a halt as a spark flashed through his eyes that were behind his glasses.

Ryan glanced at him. "Give me the bottle of reagent for her injection."

Adam looked at Ryan confusedly but went back to the lab to fetch a bottle of reagent for him without asking questions.

Ryan took the reagent and stared at Madeline's wary expression. He spoke coldly, "Out, all of you."

The maids made a sound of acknowledgment and left, so did Adam.

Just as he was closing the door, Adam glanced subtly at Madeline through the gap before he finally shut it.

Madeline was now left alone with Ryan in the large bedroom.

Madeline sat by the bed where the early morning sunshine splashed over her fair features. Ryan felt his heart skip a beat at the

sight.

He walked toward Madeline who resembled a delicate ice sculpture as she stared coldly at the approaching man without moving

at all.

"What do you want this time?" Madeline asked calmly as she quietly tightened her grip on the item in her hand. "Are you trying to

force me to obey you again?"

Ryan stopped before her and shook his head with a smile.

"You want to see Jeremy, don't you?" he suddenly asked.

Madeline widened her eyes in shock when she saw Ryan taking his phone out the next second. Tapping on it here and there, he

then turned the phone to Madeline.

Jeremy did not expect Ryan to call him again, let alone another video call.

He answered it without a thought. He was about to question Ryan where Madeline was but was surprised to see the woman who

he missed so much that he was moments away from going crazy.

"Linnie!"

Chapter 1309

Hearing the voice she had been dreaming about for every moment of every day, Madeline looked up to stare at the phone in

Ryan's hand. Her eyes widened in shock as she tried to look for the source of Jeremy's voice.

However, Ryan had turned the phone and Madeline was met with the back of the phone.

'Is it you, Jeremy?

'Is this your voice?'

Madeline got up to her feet and walked over to check, but Ryan grabbed her by the wrist before she could make it any further.

He pulled her toward him.

He turned Madeline around so that her back was against his chest. Then, he grabbed her jaw to force her to stare into the phone

screen.

Madeline struggled frightfully to escape Ryan's grasp, but Jeremy's features suddenly entered her line of vision.

"Jeremy..."

"Linnie!" Jeremy's voice echoed clearly into Madeline's ears.

Madeline stared at the frantic and unsettled man. She felt the corners of her eyes beginning to grow hot.

She knew why Jeremy seemed moments away from going mad. She tried to struggle out of Ryan's grasp so that Jeremy would

not need to see her being tormented by Ryan.

Ryan saw through Madeline's plan and did not give her the chance to do so. He tightened his grip on Madeline's jaw and forced

her to stare straight at the camera.

The sight tore Jeremy's heart into two.

He was even more shocked to see that Madeline's long locks had been cut short.

Her originally flushed and fair complexion was now hollow and colorlessly pale to it at all.

Jeremy's shattered heart felt like salt had been rubbed into the wounds as he watched Madeline try hard to escape from Ryan's

hold, but it was to no avail.

Words could not describe the ache he felt in his heart.

She was suffering in front of him, yet all he could do was watch as another man tortured her.

Linnie.

Jeremy's fingernails etched crescent moons into his palm, and his alluring eyes grew red.

Madeline's heart hurt as she watched Jeremy cry with reddened eyes on the other end of the line. She willed herself to ignore

the pain she felt and calmed herself to comfort him.

"Don't worry about me, Jeremy. I'm alright, I really am."

"I'll come and save you from that crazy b*stard soon, okay, Linnie? Wait for me."

"I'll wait for you, Jeremy. I know you'll come and bring me home—ugh."

Ryan's grip suddenly tightened around Madeline's slim neck before she could finish speaking.

"Ryan!" Red dyed Jeremy's misty eyes as the man pursed his thin lips. "Stop touching my wife. What kind of coward are you to

attack a woman?!"

Ryan's smile widened as he watched Jeremy being moments away from going mad. He leaned down intimately to hover his face

next to Madeline's. "But this isn't just any woman, is it? She's the woman you love the most, Jeremy Whitman."

"Leave Linnie alone! Ryan! Don't you dare touch her, do you hear me?"

Jeremy could not find it in himself to remain calm as he watched Ryan lean toward Madeline. Before he knew it, he raised his fist

and smashed it hard against the glass table in front of him. A crack appeared on the glass before it crashed and shattered.

"Jeremy!" Madeline's heart leaped at the sound as it suddenly pulled her nerves taut.

"Hmph." Ryan chuckled lowly. "You're already this angry? We've only just begun."

Ryan then moved to press his lips on Madeline's cheek in front of Jeremy's eyes.

Chapter 1310

Madeline summed up all her strength to avoid it, but she still could not as she had not eaten anything for an entire day.

Furthermore, she sustained all sorts of torture from Ryan.

"F*ck off!"

Madeline roared, but Ryan was gripping the back of her head to prevent her from running away. Ryan got away with planting his

lips on Madeline's cheek in the end.

The act pierced a thousand arrows through Jeremy's heart as it broke.

Strands of Madeline's short hair ended up covering her face amidst her struggle, yet it did not stop Jeremy from seeing that his

beloved was crying.

"It hurts, doesn't it, Jeremy? If you don't want Eveline to suffer anymore, then transfer all of Whitman Corporation's stocks to my

name and publicly announce that Whitman Corporation has gone bankrupt."

Ryan's eyes were filled with aggressiveness as he demanded.

Madeline's wet and tear-stricken face snapped up, her gaze looking firm. "Don't listen to him, Jeremy! He won't let me go even if

you fulfill all of his wishes. Don't give the crazy b*stard anything he wants!"

Breathing itself felt like a difficult feat as Jeremy took in Madeline's hollow features.

Despite being well aware that Ryan could not be trusted to keep his word, Jeremy had no other choice but to do as he said.

He would not let go of any shred of hope that she would be alright.

"I'll give you anything you want as long as you leave Linne alone, Ryan. Even my life, so stop touching her!" Jeremy replied.

Ryan curled his lips in satisfaction.

Madeline shook her head as if her life depended on it. "No, Jeremy, don't agree to it! Listen to me. Don't say yes to anything he

asks. He has never planned on letting me go at all. What's the point of me living if you're just going to give him your life?"

"Linnie!"

Ryan's expression darkened at Madeline's words.

"Why do I feel like you're forcing me to do what I don't want to again, Eveline?" His sinister tone sounded in Madeline's ears.

He suddenly pushed Madeline toward the bed. Caught off guard, she fell onto the floor and yelled out in pain.

"Linnie!"

Jeremy felt a dull ache that was as if he had been hit as well when he watched Madeline fall weakly onto the ground.

Ryan took the phone mid-call and walked toward Madeline to pull her up.

"I'll have someone transfer all the stocks now, Ryan! Leave Linnie alone! Do you hear me?" Jeremy roared, his furious eyes

turning into slits. He could not bear to see the scene before his eyes.

How could he bear to see Ryan tormenting her like that?

Hearing Jeremy roar through the phone, Ryan turned to meet Jeremy's misty and red eyes with mirthful ones of his own. "You'd

better mean what you say, or else..."

Ryan paused meaningfully and pulled Madeline into his arms forcefully.

Just then, Madeline lifted her teary gaze that held the strong glint Ryan had been trying to smooth away and glared at him.

Her gaze stunned Ryan for a moment. Madeline took the chance to push him away while she pressed the clip she had been

holding on the entire time against her wrist.

Both Ryan and Jeremy, through the screen, felt their hearts lurch at the sight.

"Linnie! What are you doing?" Jeremy was frantic, his heart feeling like it was being held above an abyss by a thread. "Let's not

be rash, Linnie!"

Ryan seemed much calmer in comparison, but he was panicking internally. "What are you doing, Eveline?"

Madeline curled her pink lips into a cold smirk that graced her pale and drained complexion. "I won't give you the chance to

threaten the people around me anymore, Ryan."