

## Sinner Wife 181

### Chapter 181

She smiled coldly. "If that's the case, then why did you befriend a woman who looks exactly like her? Wouldn't you be disgusted

looking at my face?"

Jeremy turned around, looking at Madeline with an alluring gaze. "Miss Vera, your face is beautiful."

Yes, that face was beautiful.

Just as beautiful as she was.

No, she was just a little bit more beautiful.

Her face had a simple and genuine quality, perfect in its serenity.

Jeremy looked at the face in front of him as if he was only able to fill his empty heart that way.

Suddenly, the phone rang, stopping his admiration. He looked at the screen and wanted to reject it, but he still answered in the

end. "What is it?"

The breeze was too strong, so Madeline could not hear what was being said on the other end, but she heard Jeremy's unwilling

reply. "I'll return right now."

Madeline had thought that Jeremy would drop her off on the way, but he did not stop until he reached a familiar street. In the end,

the car stopped in front of the Whitman household.

Madeline felt like Jeremy was still suspicious of her identity, which is why he brought her here.

However, she had long since made preparations for an encounter with the Whitmans.

When Mrs. Whitman heard the car, she walked out. Looking at Madeline getting out of the car, she had a look of panic and shock

as she retreated. "Ah! It's a ghost! Ghost!"

Madeline smiled at that. "Mr. Whitman, I told you to drop me on the way. See, I've scared someone off again."

Mrs. Whitman ran right behind Jeremy while pointing at Madeline. "Jeremy, what is this?! Shouldn't this woman be dead? How is

she alive?"

Jeremy frowned. "She's called Vera Quinn. She grew up in F Country, and it's her first time in Glendale."

"Hello, I'm Vera Quinn." Madeline introduced herself.

"Is that true?" Mrs. Whitman asked suspiciously, "Our future in-laws called me earlier to tell me about someone who looks exactly

like Madeline. I even thought they were mistaken..."

As she said that, she pulled Jeremy aside. "Jeremy, what happened? They told me you left Meredith behind during her birthday

party. She's still crying even now. Surely you didn't leave her alone for this woman?"

Mrs. Whitman cast a sideways glance at Madeline, but the moment she met Madeline's beautiful eyes, she withdrew in shock.

"That's my own problem," Jeremy said coolly before looking at Madeline. "Follow me inside."

"Is that okay?" Madeline hesitated.

Jeremy nodded. "Come."

Madeline then walked in without hesitation, scaring Mrs. Whitman into retreating when she walked past her.

Looking at Mrs. Whitman's panicked expressions, Madeline smiled.

Was she afraid now?

It was still too early for that.

Thinking about what Mrs. Whitman had done to Madeline, the worst had yet to come.

Madeline followed Jeremy closely and entered the hall. She immediately heard an old man say in a heavy accent, "Jeremy, you

brat! Tell me what's happening!"

"You didn't appreciate Madeline back then and insisted on being with that mistress no matter what. I only agreed to this marriage

because of Jackson, so what's the meaning of that stunt you pulled today?! Tell me what you left your precious mistress behind

for!"

Hearing that, Madeline felt exceptionally fond.

Her eyes could not help but heat up when she heard the old master call out her name.

Before she could even process it, her hand was pulled over by Jeremy. "Grandpa, don't be mad. Look who I brought over to see

you.”

## Chapter 182

Jeremy whispered a few words to Madeline before bringing her to Old Master Whitman.

Old Master Whitman was already quite old, so his eyesight was not too good. All he could see was Jeremy pulling a long-haired

woman over. However, the moment Madeline was in front of him, his eyes widened in disbelief as he gripped his cane and stood

up from the sofa.

“You... You are... Maddie?” the old man asked in disbelief as his trembling right hand reached out to her, seemingly trying to test

if it was an actual ‘human’ in front of him.

Madeline looked at his hopeful gaze and could not help but feel sad. However, there was a hint of sweetness within that

sadness.

There was still someone who cared about her here!

She smiled as she reached out to hold the old man’s hands. “Grandpa.”

“Are you really Maddie?” the old man asked excitedly.

Mrs. Whitman watched by the side with a suspicious gaze.

“Grandpa, of course she is,” Jeremy said, helping Madeline answer.

Seeing that, Mrs. Whitman’s expression changed. “What? She really is Madeline? Jeremy, didn’t you say that...”

She was interrupted by a cold look from Jeremy before she could finish.

Old Master Whitman ignored Mrs. Whitman’s words as he held Madeline’s hands tightly, pulling her to the side.

His face was full of adoration. Those eyes that had seen all that could be seen were gazing at Madeline, full of warmth and love.

“Maddie, it really is Maddie. It’s great that you’re alive...” he muttered. It was obvious that he was really happy.

Madeline’s face was smiling calmly, but her heart was in turmoil.

In this world, other than that man and Ava, only Old Master Whitman really treated her like family.

The old man had been quite weak in recent years and could not even walk normally. He usually needed to be in a wheelchair,

but the moment he saw Madeline, his spirits were lifted several folds.

Madeline maintained her smile and occasionally nodded her head, but she was obviously careful not to do anything that would

cast suspicion onto herself.

She could feel that Jeremy was definitely still suspecting her of something.

The old man said he wanted to bring Madeline into the garden to look at the flowers, so Madeline followed.

Seeing that Jeremy was going as well, Mrs. Whitman hurriedly pulled him over. "Jeremy, what is the meaning of this? Is she

really Madeline? How could that woman still be alive?"

Hearing Mrs. Whitman's words, Jeremy's expression frosted. "I wish she was still alive."

Seeing Jeremy's unhappiness, Mrs. Whitman said, "So you mean that woman really isn't Madeline? Then why—"

"Grandpa hasn't been well lately, and his spirits have been quite down. Don't you want Grandpa to cheer up?" Jeremy gave a

very good reason.

However, only he knew his true goal.

Old Master Whitman talked to Madeline for a long time, but he never asked her where she went in the three years she was gone.

When Jeremy was going to bring Madeline away, Old Man Whitman carefully looked at Madeline before giving out a caring

smile. "Maddie, even though you've divorced Jeremy, our doors will always be open to you. As long as you're willing, I'll always

be your grandpa."

Hearing that, Madeline was filled with gratitude and warmth.

On the surface, she pretended to look at Jeremy with disinterest before smiling softly. "Thank you, Grandpa. I'll be taking my

leave, then."

## Chapter 183

Old Master Whitman nodded, casting a meaningful look at Madeline as if he had seen through something.

In the car, Jeremy spoke first, "Miss Vera, thank you for fulfilling my unreasonable request."

"Since it's an unreasonable request, I hope there won't be a second time," Madeline said calmly, "Mr. Whitman, you've taken up

a lot of my time. Could you please send me back immediately? You should also go back and console your fiancé."

Jeremy looked at Madeline and saw that her expression was cold and impatient. He said, "I'm really sorry for taking up your time

with your boyfriend. I'll treat the two of you to a meal next time."

"That's not necessary. I'm afraid my boyfriend will get jealous." Madeline rejected.

Jeremy did not say anything else and headed back right after sending Madeline to the designated location.

Madeline stood next to the busy streets, looking down at her palms.

It felt like there was still some warmth in her hands.

Grandpa.

He actually still remembered her.

She smiled, feeling as if a lot of the wounds in her heart had just been healed.

That night, Madeline chanced upon news of Meredith's birthday party as she surfed the internet.

The scoop was that not only did Jeremy not propose to Meredith during her birthday, he even left Meredith for a mysterious

woman.

Everyone was frantically discussing who the mysterious woman was, and there were also some who said that Jeremy never

liked Meredith to begin with. It was just Meredith who clung to him incessantly.

Meredith had borrowed the influence of Jeremy and the Montgomeries to turn into quite a famous makeup influencer these three

years, amassing several million fans for herself. When the news broke out, her brainwashed fans flooded in, all frantically

protecting Meredith.

They said that Meredith and Jeremy were a match made in heaven, claiming that their engagement was already set three years

ago.

They even dragged Madeline's name into it, claiming that their idol would have been married to Jeremy long ago if not for

Madeline's evil and despicable actions.

Somehow, the topic changed just like that, turning all threads of discussion into attacks on Madeline.

Meredith instead turned into a poor victim who was tortured for many years.

Her fans gave their kind sentiments, flooding Jeremy's social media with them.

That was followed by more flaming of that mysterious girl and Madeline.

Madeline could imagine how happy Meredith was looking at those discussions online. She smirked as she left a message on

Meredith's social media. 'Miss Crawford, do you like the gift I gave you?'

Not long after she sent that, Madeline was assaulted by an onslaught of foul private messages from many alternate accounts.

The tone of those messages was exactly like how Meredith spoke.

Madeline casually made herself some coffee, feeling very satisfied while imagining Meredith's current furious expression. She

also knew that Meredith would not let the matter rest.

During the weekend, Madeline brought Lilian into the shop. Lily had a beautiful princess dress on as she played in front of the

door.

She had a beautiful glass bead in her hand and was happily playing with it when it suddenly slipped away. Lillian immediately ran

after it, and as she was about to get it, the bead was suddenly stepped on.

"I thought I saw a familiar face. You're that thing that stuck to Jeremy at KFC that day!"

Lily looked up curiously, her large and innocent eyes blinking as she looked at Meredith and her friend who was smiling sinisterly.

"Aunty, are you calling me a thing?"

"Who's your aunt?!" Meredith's eyes widened. Looking at that small face that looked similar to Madeline's, her pent up rage

surged. She raised her hand and aimed it at Lillian's face. "Shut up!"

Chapter 184

Although Lily was not even three years old, she was very nimble.

Seeing that Meredith was about to hit her so maliciously, she immediately avoided her.

Meredith stretched her hand out, hitting the air. She became even more annoyed and stretched out her fingers to pinch Lily's

face.

Lily opened her cute little mouth and unceremoniously bit the back of Meredith's hand.

"Ah!" Meredith screamed.

Lily loosened her mouth and blinked her big, beautiful eyes. "Aunty, my mommy said that those who like hitting children are bad

people. Since you're a bad person, I can shout and hit you.

"What? What did you say?" Meredith had never expected that there would be such a day when she was actually lectured by a

little girl who was not even three!

She was furious. Seeing Lily having turned and was walking toward the shop, Meredith hurriedly chased after her, forgetting at

that moment that she was still stepping on the glazed bead under her feet. The glazed bead immediately rolled. Unable to hold

herself steady, she fell down embarrassingly and pulled her friend beside her down to the ground as well.

"F\*ck!"

Lily stopped. She turned her head around and stuck her tongue out at Meredith. "Tsk tsd tsd, bad aunty. Hmph, you shouldn't

have bullied me."

The little girl then turned around proudly after she said that.

"You damned girl!"

As a pair of high heels were about to hit the back of Lily's head, a tall and handsome figure suddenly appeared. The man picked

up Lily just in time and stood aside. The high heels flew directly into the glass window of a shop and cracked it.

This showed how much strength Meredith used.

If these high heels were to have hit the back of Lily's head, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Meredith did not expect someone to suddenly rush out to save this damned girl. She wanted to get angry, but when she saw that

this man was Jeremy, her expression changed drastically. She hurriedly stood up and motioned to her friend beside her to pick

up the shoes.

“Jeremy, you... Why are you here?” She gave an awkward and gentle smile.

Jeremy glanced at Lily who was unscathed in his arms, then looked at Meredith questioningly. “What are you doing?”

“Jeremy, don’t get me wrong. It’s because of this kid—”

“Miss Crawford? Mr. Whitman?” Madeline walked out of the shop and saw Lily in Jeremy’s arms. She glanced at the broken

glass again. She then pulled her lips apart and smiled. “Can someone tell me what happened?”

The employee beside her immediately walked to Madeline’s side and explained it in a few words.

Madeline furrowed her eyebrows and looked at Meredith who had a terrible expression on her face.

“Miss Crawford, if you have

any dissatisfactions, you can come to me personally. You don’t need to use a private message to curse me, let alone try to hurt

my daughter. .”

“What? Your daughter?” Meredith looked at the little girl in Jeremy’s arms in shock.

This little thing was actually Vera’s daughter!

Jeremy also looked at the little girl in his arms blankly. She had a pinkish yet tender little face, and her faint eyebrows were

curved like two small crescent moons. Sitting on top of her pretty little nose was a pair of clear eyes that were big and round.

Long curly lashes accompanied them, blinking every so often. She looked especially innocent.

She was like a little fairy with a rare kind of beauty.

He finally understood then why he had felt that this little girl gave him a familiar impression when he first saw her in KFC. She

was her daughter.

They looked alike.

Their eyebrows were almost identical.



## Chapter 185

"Thank you, Big Brother. You've saved Lily again." Lily blinked at Jeremy with her pure-looking glass-like eyes. "My mommy is

here, so you can put me down, Big Brother."

Jeremy looked at the little girl in his arms as a gentle smile appeared on his cold face. "Your name is Lily?"

"Yeah..." Lily nodded obediently but soon furrowed her cute, little eyebrows before shaking her head.

"Only Mommy calls me Lily,

but Dad doesn't call me that."

Dad.

Jeremy never felt these two words to be so harsh before.

Harsh and unfamiliar.

He thought of Jackson. In the past three years, he had hardly heard Jackson call him 'Dad'.

His heart was beating uneasily all of a sudden for some reason.

He put Lily down and she ran straight to Madeline's side. "Mommy, this aunty wanted to hit me just now, but she fell down.

Luckily, this big brother saved me."

Lily raised her eyes in a serious manner before explaining the situation earlier to Madeline.

Madeline smiled gently and hugged Lily. "Mr. Whitman, thank you, but please don't come to me again in the future, lest your

noble fiancée thinks I have something going on with you. It doesn't matter if something were to happen to me, but if my daughter

gets hurt, I will fight you,"

Madeline said before turning her sharp gaze to Madeline. "I will verify the price of the glass window and send it directly to the

finance department of Whitman Corporation. Don't forget to pay for it, Miss Crawford."

"What?" Meredith's eyes widened, but then she saw Madeline turning around and leaving.

"Vera Quinn, you..."

"Have you not caused enough trouble?" Jeremy's voice sounded coldly with a reproach.

Meredith looked over at him, feeling at a loss. When she saw that Jeremy had turned around with a cold expression, she could

hardly be bothered by her barefooted state as she hurried to catch up with him.

“Jeremy, Jeremy, wait for me. You’ve misunderstood me, Jeremy. Listen to me!”

She chased after Jeremy and shouted, but he completely ignored her.

Meredith’s heart was anxious. When she saw a piece of glass shard in the middle of the road, she steadied herself and stepped

directly on it.

“Ah!” she screamed out in pain and fell to the ground. “Jeremy, it hurts...”

Jeremy stopped and saw that Meredith had fallen to the ground sideways. There was a piece of glass stuck in the sole of her

right foot and blood was flowing from the wound.

His thoughts all drifted away at once. She had also accidentally gotten glass pierced in the soles of her feet that year, that month,

and that day.

He had ended up carrying her nervously, walking a mile. She was curled on his back at the time, saying sweetly, “Jez, I want to

be with you forever.”

He had promised without hesitation that he would marry her and protect her forever.

However, he did not know when it began that he no longer wanted to fulfill this promise at all.

Maybe it was the moment he realized that he was in love with Madeline...

“Jeremy, it hurts. There’s a lot of blood...”

Meredith pulled Jeremy back from his memories with her crying voice.

Despite some resistance, he still walked over and crouched down whilst still thinking of that year.

Madeline had walked to the door again and she saw Meredith sitting on the ground while bleeding from the soles of her feet. She

was crying and holding onto Jeremy’s hand.

“Jeremy, what did I do wrong? Why are you so indifferent to me now? Have you forgotten what you’ve promised me? You said

you’d take care of me forever.”

Listening to these words, Madeline felt disgusted. She was already turning around to leave when she heard Meredith say, “Don’t

you see, Jeremy? I injured the sole of my foot the same way that year. I was so scared, but you walked such a long distance with

me on your back. You said that you'd protect me forever and never let harm befall me. Did you forget..."

Chapter 186

Madeline could not help but halt her steps. She looked at Meredith who said these words as a layer of doubt gradually appeared

in her heart.

Why was Meredith and Jeremy's past so similar to her own experience with Jeremy back then?

Moreover, was April Hill the place where they first met as well?

"Jeremy, I don't need anything, but I really can't lose you. Please don't leave me, okay?"

Meredith's soft voice pulled Madeline's thoughts back.

She saw Meredith's eyes that were filled with tears while she looked at Jeremy with an expectant gaze.

Although Jeremy had not responded, he took out a handkerchief to bandage Meredith's wound. He still cared for Meredith so

much.

"Jeremy..."

"Stop talking. I'll take you to the hospital."

Meredith looked at Jeremy affectionately "Jeremy, with you accompanying me, I won't be in as much pain. I know that you'll

protect me forever."

Madeline could hear these words from where she was standing.

While watching Jeremy help Meredith up, Meredith had then turned her head to cast a triumphant and provoking look at her as

she was getting into the car. It was as if she was saying, 'Vera Quinn, you're not qualified to steal my man!'

Madeline looked at this scene indifferently and smiled softly.

'Jeremy, it's such a shame that a smart person like you with extremely high emotional and intelligence quotients who's also able

to expertly maneuver through the business world is still incapable of clearly seeing Meredith's true character even after so many

years.

'Or perhaps, that's what you like about this scheming b\*tch.'

Madeline returned to the store, and not long after picking up the paintbrush, the phone rang.

She glanced sideways and saw that it was actually Jeremy who was calling.

However, she did not answer. Jeremy then called a second time.

Madeline picked up the phone and looked at the name on the screen with indifferent eyes as if she had seen herself from before.

How many times had she called Jeremy back then only to never receive a response? Her outgoing calls were either ended or blocked.

She knew that he had hated her so much, but still, she hoped that she could change her mind again and again.

Thinking about it now, Madeline felt that she was both ridiculous and sad.

How could she have so desperately fallen in love with such a cold and ruthless man?

Madeline did not answer the first two calls. Seeing that Jeremy was making a third call, Madeline then simply silenced the phone and threw it aside.

The rhythm of her heartbeat would never be moved for this man again.

Madeline was busy in the office the entire day. Finally, she was getting ready to bring Lily back to the apartment, but the moment she left, she saw a familiar car parked in front of the shop.

Jeremy got out of the car, and the afterglow of the setting sun was quietly scattered along his jade-like body. His natural and

powerful aura shrouded him with every step he took. His charm was always bright and radiant.

Madeline looked at him and raised her knitted eyebrows. She was about to speak, but Jeremy beat her to it.

"Do me a favor of having a meal with me. After all, I saved your daughter today," he said. He walked up to Lily with a rare smile

on his handsome face. "Cutiepie, are you willing to have a meal together with Big Brother?"

Lily thought for a few seconds, then stretched out her pale and tender little arm to hug Madeline's thigh. She raised her vivid eyes to look at Madeline.

“Mommy, are we having dinner with Big Brother?”

Madeline smiled and stooped down low to hug Lily. “Lily, we won’t be eating with Big Brother. Mommy will be taking you home.”

Of course, she could not give Jeremy and Lily the opportunity to make contact.

If Jeremy still suspected that she was Madeline, then Lily would become his breakthrough point. She would never let Jeremy

discover the secret about Lily.

Chapter 187

Never.

Seeing that Madeline was turning around to leave, Jeremy pulled the corners of his lips into a smile.

“Miss Vera, you seem to

want to draw a clear line with me?”

Madeline turned her head and chuckled. “Mr. Whitman, you and I have always been just passersby.

There’s no need to draw a

clear line.”

She quickly brought Lily into the car and returned to the apartment.

Right after taking a shower, she prepared to put Lily to sleep when the phone rang again.

After looking at it, it turned out to be Meredith.

Madeline walked to the balcony to answer the phone, and Meredith’s questioning voice came from the other end, “Vera Quinn,

where is Jeremy now? Are you with him?”

Madeline laughed in a low voice. “Miss Crawford, why would you come to me to ask if your fiancé is missing? You’re really

interesting.”

“Vera Quinn, you don’t have to pretend! Isn’t your plastic surgery meant to look like Jeremy’s ex-wife just so you can attract his

attention?” Meredith’s tone was full of resentment.

“Listen to me. Don’t think that you can attract Jeremy’s attention by doing this. What rights do you have to fight me for a man?!”

After Meredith arrogantly spat out these few words, she suddenly sneered proudly, “In terms of reputation and status, I’m a

dignified and wealthy lady who has millions of fans on the internet! What about you? Don't you just have some lousy money?

The money may have also been obtained through some abnormal means! Vera, how can you compare with me? So, you'd better

stay within your bounds or things won't end well for you!"

Beep, beep.

Without giving Madeline any more chances to speak, Meredith hung up the phone. With this, it was as if it meant that she had

won.

However, in Madeline's view, Meredith's anxious performance just revealed her inner worries and anxieties at the moment.

While imagining Meredith's unhappy appearance at this moment, Madeline turned around and went back into the room.

Just as she walked in, the phone rang again.

The caller ID showed that it was Jeremy.

This was really interesting.

Thinking of Meredith's call just a moment ago, Madeline decisively swiped the answer button.

Before she even spoke, the voice of a strange man sounded on the phone. The background noise was mixed with all kinds of

music and voices.

"Miss Vera Quinn? Your friend, Mr. Whitman, is with us right now. He's drunk. Could you please come and pick him up?

Here's..."

The man reported the exact address, and Madeline's mind instantly brought up an old scene.

After she had put Lily to sleep, she then changed her clothes and left.

She did not forget to call a certain friend to ask her to come to the apartment to watch Lily when she left, lest the little girl woke

up halfway and became afraid after not being able to find her mother.

The evening breeze of the late summer came in wisps, also bringing with it the unbearable past events.

Madeline once again entered this high-end entertainment venue called Zero Degrees. The lights in the lobby were so glaring that

she did not like it.

Back then, it was because of Meredith's lie that she had thought that her grandfather was seriously ill. At the end of her rope, she

had come here to sell alcohol, but in the end, she did not make any money but only got humiliated and left with a debt of 500,000

dollars that made her not want to live anymore.

On the day of the divorce, Jeremy might have thought that she had asked for 500,000 dollars to be free and happy. He would not

know that she wanted to return the money to Daniel Graham before she died. She did not want to owe anyone, especially those

who had treated her well.

Madeline stopped the memory and halted her steps.

In front was the room where Jeremy was in. It was also the place where she was humiliated and got trampled on by Meredith

and Jeremy.

Madeline pursed her pink lips as a spark of revenge flashed in her eyes. Just as she was about to push the door open to enter,

she noticed that someone had stopped by her side and was looking at her.

"You... You... Ma-Madeline?!"

## Chapter 188

The voice was familiar and her nerves were telling her that the owner of this voice extremely repulsed her.

She tilted her eyes up and looked over. The lights in the corridor were very bright and Madeline could clearly see Tanner's ugly,

wretched face appearing in her sight.

When Tanner was drunk, he thought that this woman only looked a little familiar after looking at her side profile. However, now

that he could see Madeline's face clearly, he was instantly shocked! He backed up again and again, and as a result, both his feet

tripped. He fell on all fours.

Madeline stood calmly at the door of the room, watching Tanner turning pale with fright. He looked like he was crawling backward

in a panic, and she smiled brightly with the corners of her beautiful lips.

“Sir... Is something the matter?” she asked with a puzzled smile on her beautiful face. “Are you okay? Do you want me to help

you up?”

Tanner looked at her, his eyes widening in horror. “Ma-Madeline! Don’t come over!”

‘Don’t come over?’

‘Hmph!’

Madeline smiled even more brilliantly and walked toward him. “Why is this gentleman so scared? I’m a human, not a ghost. Why

are you—”

“Ghost! You’re a ghost! Madeline, you’re a ghost! Don’t come over! Don’t come to me. I told a lie at best. I didn’t do anything to

you. I’m not the one who killed you. If you want, go to Meredith! Don’t come to me!”

After Tanner was done roaring at Madeline, he ran away.

It was as if he would have been killed by Meredith’s ghost in a second.

Madeline snorted funnily whilst looking at Tanner’s back.

She had never done anything against her conscience in her life, but she was tortured until her body was incomplete and bloody.

These people who had hurt and bullied her, instead of getting any retribution, still went to nightclubs to drink and dance as usual.

Thinking about Tanner’s horrified response just now, Madeline curled her lips slightly, already planning one of the links to her

revenge.

She turned around and finally pushed open the heavy room door in front of her.

The lights in the room were very soft and not as colorful or messy as the ones in the hall. They were also not as bright and

dazzling as the ones in the corridor.

She walked in and saw Jeremy leaning lazily against the corner of the sofa.

He was wearing a white shirt with the neckline slightly opened. She could vaguely see his collarbone which was very sexy

hidden under the shirt, just looming.



His eyes were closed as if he was sleeping. The soft warm light of the crystal lamp lightly spilled on his angular and handsome

face, but it seemed that the fatigue between his eyebrows could not be dispelled.

This was the first time Madeline realized that he had such a tired look on his face when he fell asleep.

However, how could he be tired?

He was worth hundreds of billions with a woman he liked by his side and a son. Why was he tired?

She put down her bag and walked toward him. "Mr. Whitman."

Madeline called out, but Jeremy did not respond. There was the faint fragrance of wine lingering around him, covering up his

breath. Madeline glanced at the bottles of red wine on the coffee table, wondering how many Jeremy had drunk.

"Mr. Whitman," she called out again, but she still could not get any response. "Jeremy."

Finally, Madeline called his name, a name that had appeared in her heart countless times. She had also thought that this name

would remain in her heart forever like an ivy until the day she died.

Yet during the time when she was really about to die, she then realized that she had been chasing the love of her life, but it was

just a dream bubble of a person.

With an indifferent gaze, Madeline looked at the man who was breathing steadily and sleeping serenely in front of her. Then, she

smiled softly.

'Jeremy, it's true that I loved you back then, but it's also true that I don't love you anymore.'

Just then, a phone's ringtone rang out. The room was quiet, so the ringtone was very clear.

Madeline lowered her gaze and saw Jeremy's mobile phone vibrating incessantly. Her sixth sense was telling her that this call

was most likely from Meredith.

She stretched her hand out without hesitation and was just about to swipe the answer button when her palm was suddenly held

tightly.

Madeline was startled and looked sideways, not wanting to run into Jeremy's deep and hazy eyes.

Somehow, Madeline's heart was beating fast, but she smiled calmly. "Mr. Whitman, are you awake? I originally wanted to answer

the call for you, but since you're awake, you can answer it yourself."

Chapter 189

She tried to pull her hand back, but Jeremy did not seem to show any signs of letting go.

"Please let go of me, Mr. Whitman."

"I'll never let you go again."

What?

Madeline was shocked at Jeremy's unexpected confession.

She turned to stare at him in confusion, not expecting Jeremy to suddenly pull her into his arms.

As she was in her heels, Madeline lost her footing at the sudden tug and fell onto Jeremy.

For a split second, she felt the familiar warmth despite their distance.

He may have never loved her, but that did not mean nothing had happened between them.

Quickly recollecting her emotions, she tried to push herself up only for Jeremy to wrap an arm around her waist.

"What are you doing, Mr. Whitman?"

As she was feeling uncomfortable, Madeline tried to struggle out of his grasp. Her efforts were futile due to the difference

between their strengths.

Right then, the hand around her waist suddenly moved upward, pressing Madeline against Jeremy before she realized what was

happening.

His intoxicated yet handsome appearance was magnified before her eyes. With their breaths mingling and their noses touching,

Madeline was stunned by the lack of distance between them.

She had never expected to get so close to Jeremy again.

However, Jeremy seemed truly drunk. His eyes were dazed and glazed over as they stared back at Madeline.

Slowly, he lifted a hand, his warm fingertips caressing Madeline's cheeks. In his eyes swirled a myriad of unspoken feelings.

Madeline did not understand them, nor did she want to maintain such close distance and position.

She lifted a hand to push Jeremy away in distaste. "You're drunk!"

Taking her bag, Madeline made a move to leave only to have Jeremy hold her close from behind. The warmth she used to yearn

for engulfed her, making it hard for her to escape.

"Madeline."

Jeremy's low and raspy baritone voice sounded, thick with mixed emotions.

Madeline halted in her steps, doubting the truth behind the situation.

"I missed you, Madeline..." the man spoke softly against her ear.

Madeline smiled at the hilarity of the situation. 'Do you think I wouldn't know that you're trying to test if I'm your ex-wife, Jeremy?

'You miss me?

'Hmph!

'The only person you miss is the evil b\*tch, Meredith!

'Since when have you ever missed me?

'Had you never thought, for one moment, that I was human too? That I would hurt too when my appearance got disfigured when

my cornea got removed? No!

'You didn't, Jeremy Whitman!

'So don't tell me you miss me or that you want me. All you've wanted was for me to die!'

Bang!

The doors of the private room were kicked open.

After hearing about it, Meredith had sped over to find Jeremy hugging Madeline in his arms. Furious, she ran over and took one

of the many red wine bottles lying around.

"Vera Quinn, you b\*tch! I'm going to kill you!"

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Meredith ran toward them like a madwoman, completely forgetting about her gentle and kind persona in front of Jeremy.

She raised the bottle and aimed it at Madeline's face.

In the nick of time, Jeremy raised a hand to stop Meredith.

He pulled Madeline behind him. Intoxicated as he may have seemed a moment ago, Jeremy now glared at Meredith with

displeasure, completely sober.

"What are you doing?"

Seeing Jeremy protect Madeline had Meredith struggling to keep her anger in check. However, she also knew that tears and

acting weak were the only things she could do in this situation.

"I didn't actually want to hit her, Jeremy. I just don't want to see this woman always with you." She complained hurtfully, placing

the bottle back down.

"Can't you tell, Jeremy? She even did plastic surgery to look like Madeline so that she can attract your attention. Jeremy, don't

be fooled by this woman."

Jeremy turned to look at Madeline's flawless skin at the words 'plastic surgery'.

Madeline, however, merely smiled. "I had no idea that Miss Montgomery and the future Mrs. Whitman could speak in such an

irresponsible manner. My appearance is a gift from my parents. Who are you to accuse me of plastic surgery? And even if I had

done plastic surgery, pray tell why I would turn myself into a dead woman?"

The words 'dead woman' pierced into Jeremy's heart.

Any remaining sign of drunkenness had immediately vanished. The pain of losing Madeline and the woman who loved him the

most woke him up.

Madeline brushed past Jeremy to stand in front of Meredith. "If you have time to throw a tantrum, Miss Crawford, I suggest you

use it to think about why I was the first person your fiancé called when he was drunk instead of you, his fiancée."

"You..."

“Please refrain from contacting me again, Mr. Whitman. We wouldn’t want this soulmate of yours feeling jealous, now would we?”

With that, Madeline turned and left.

Grinding her teeth together, Meredith glared at Madeline’s retreating figure before turning around to reach for Jeremy with a

pitiful look in her eyes.

“Let’s go home, Jeremy. That woman’s not worth ruining our relationship over.”

She tried to persuade him, but Jeremy had chosen to evade her outreached arm.

He lifted his eyes to stare at her, displeasure swimming in the deep gaze. “How did you know I’d be here?”

Something flashed in Meredith’s eyes. There was no way she would tell him that she had her own people spying him. “I didn’t

know you were here, Jeremy. All I knew was that I was worried because I didn’t know where you were. I came here to try my

luck, but I didn’t expect to see you and that Vera Quinn...”

She explained as tears of hurt fell cooperatively from her eyes.

“I don’t want another woman to come between us again, Jeremy...”

All Jeremy could think of was Madeline’s face when he looked at Meredith’s tearful eyes.

He realized that the moment Madeline had taken root in his heart, any other woman had become the mistress—including

Meredith.

Jeremy returned to the villa with Meredith following behind.

Meredith did not like the villa at all. Sure, it was luxurious and beautiful, but it was also filled with traces of Madeline. Madeline’s

death did not change the fact that Meredith still hated her.

Oh, how she wished that Jeremy would build a new one in commemoration of their marriage. Yet three years had passed and

she had not received even a single bracelet from him, let alone a new villa.

Jeremy made a beeline for his bedroom the moment he returned to the villa.

Meredith wanted to follow after him, but Jeremy stopped her outside. “I’m tired. Go back.”

“Let me spend the night with you, Jeremy. It’s been so many years. You must know how I feel about you by now. You used to tell

me I’m the most perfect girl you’ve seen.”

Meredith stared at Jeremy suggestively, reminding him of a memory he held dear. Knowing that Jeremy had drunk tonight, she

hoped that the alcohol would help him lose some of the logic holding him back.

Jeremy hesitated, and Meredith took the opportunity to reach for his hand.

“Don’t you want to go back, Jez? Back to how happy we used to be together?”

“Dad.”

Just when Meredith was so close to persuading Jeremy to allow her into his room, the voice she hated rang out.

Embers of anger licked within her, but to be with Jeremy, she had no other choice than to play the part of a dignified and loving

mother. Turning her head, she smiled lightly at Jackson.

“Why aren’t you asleep yet, Jack? It’s late.”