

Sinner Wife 191

Chapter 191

Jackson's eyes quickly flitted away upon seeing Meredith's smile.

"I need Dad to sign something."

Meredith smiled warmly as the workbook in Jackson's hands caught her eyes. "How about I sign it instead?"

Jackson pinched the corner of his workbook and turned to look expectantly at Jeremy.

"Just let your mom sign it instead. Don't go to bed too late." Then, Jeremy closed his room door.

Staring at the closed door, all the light in Jackson's eyes was replaced with unknown fear and darkness.

Turning around, he walked quickly to his own room.

Rejected by the door, Meredith immediately dropped the smile on her face.

Extremely displeased, she marched into Jackson's room. She kicked the door open right as he was about to close it.

The word 'Mom' was on the tip of Jackson's tongue, yet he dared not call Meredith that at all.

"What's wrong, Jack? I'm your mother. Why do you always look so sad every time you see me?"

She approached with a smile, only for her expression to shift drastically the next second. Almost as if she was a demon who had

torn off a kind mask, there was nothing but ugly underneath.

"Of all the times, why did you just have to appear at that moment? All you know is to ruin my plans! Do you think I'd have kept

you alive had it not been for the fact that you were useful? Every time I see you I hate you even more!" Meredith roared without

restraint.

Running around her, Jackson hid in the bathroom and locked the door behind him.

Meredith ran after him to the door, continuing her round of verbal attacks that sounded downright horrible.

She did not have an ounce of like for Jackson. If anything, all she felt was deep hatred! Just like how she hated Madeline before!

Even if Jackson was the cause of her many benefits.

Sure, everyone would think that Jackson's eyes and brows were a replica of Jeremy's, but Meredith could not help but feel that

Jackson was slowly growing to resemble Madeline.

He was Madeline and Jeremy's son, after all!

It made sense for a son to resemble his mother!

What nobody knew was how she had tortured Jackson behind everyone's backs. Jackson was five, yet he did not have the

energetic and bubbly personality fit for a child his age.

At that moment, Jackson was squatting in the corner with his eyes shut tight and his small hands covering his ears. He was

shielding himself from Meredith's scoldings.

'Why is my mother so different from everyone else's? Why...

'Shouldn't mothers love their child the most?'

His mind was filled with question marks as his long curly lashes sat heavily on his eyes from tears he had unknowingly begun to

shed.

Returning to the apartment, Madeline took a cold shower.

She did not want to be swayed by Jeremy again just because he had called her 'Madeline'.

Walking to her bed, her resolve for revenge strengthened as she stared at the calmly sleeping child.

Lillian would have a sister had it not been for Jeremy and Meredith.

Madeline's fist tightened. She vowed to avenge herself and her late child no matter what.

The following evening, Madeline arrived at the kindergarten to pick Lillian up from school as usual.

Traffic was horrible due to the

rain and she was half an hour late.

Most kids had already been fetched when she arrived, leaving Lillian and another boy at the guardhouse.

After walking closer, Madeline realized that the boy was no other than Jackson Whitman.

Seeing Madeline, Lillian ran toward her excitedly. "Mommy! Hugs!"

Staring at the adorable and innocent girl, Madeline scooped Lily into her arms to plant a loving kiss on her cheeks.

Jackson felt a swell of emotions bubbling within him as he set his eyes on Madeline's face from the side.

He lifted his handsome but childlike face, summoning his courage to walk up to Madeline.

Realizing something was amiss, Madeline lowered her confused gaze to meet Jackson's. "What's wrong?"

Chapter 192

"Is it you, Maddie?"

Staring seriously at Madeline, Jackson finally mustered the courage to ask.

Stunned for a second, Madeline then replied with a smile, "Hey, buddy. I'm Lillian's mother. I can tell you my name if you want?"

It's nice to meet you, I'm Vera Quinn."

She introduced herself with a smile, realizing that Jackson was currently analyzing her.

The small face before her eyes was a fair one of exquisite features, a result of Jeremy's great genes.

For some reason, Madeline could not help but feel like there was something deeper and more pressing within Jackson's onyx

orbs.

Perhaps it was the light.

What issue could such a young child have, anyway?

Memories of how Meredith had cut Jackson's cheek to frame her appeared in Madeline's mind. She could still remember how

freely the blood flowed and how the boy wailed. It must have hurt a lot.

Seeing the flawless cheek of his now, Madeline sighed an inexplicable breath of relief.

Thank goodness it had not scarred.

"Mommy, Mommy. This is the Jackie I told you about. We're great friends!"

Lily's voice was sweet and soft, melting her heart like cotton candy.

Madeline nodded. "Oh, so you're Jackie?" she said cooperatively despite not wishing for Lily to get too close to Jackson.

It was not because she disliked Jackson, but because their relationship was an unconventional one.

"Time to go home, Lillian. Say goodbye to Jackie now, okay?"

"Okay." Lily reached out to wave a chubby hand. "Bye-bye Jackie. See you tomorrow."

Madeline smiled warmly at Jackson. "Bye, buddy."

With that, she turned around with Lily in her arms and left, holding an umbrella over them with one hand.

Yet no more than two steps later, Madeline found herself stopping unexpectedly in her tracks.

The rain fell heavier and the last winds of summer were chilly as they blew past.

Turning back, Madeline stared at Jackson who stood by the gates. The boy did not seem to be wearing much and the schoolbag

weighed heavily on his little body. Jackson's bright eyes bore into her.

He was so close, yet Madeline could not help but feel there were miles between her and Jackson.

Her heart suddenly clenched as she remembered the child Meredith and Jeremy had killed.

She walked back to stand in front of Jackson. "Are your parents coming to fetch you, buddy?"

"My dad's busy," Jackson replied.

Madeline smiled. "What about your mom?"

Madeline watched rejection flare in Jackson's eyes at the mention of Meredith.

That moment, Jackson's class teacher walked over to tell her that it had been almost half an hour since the day had ended but

they had yet to get in contact with Jackson's family.

Madeline hesitated before dialing Jeremy's number. It went to voicemail.

Mulling over the thought for a few seconds, she then decided to invite Jackson. "Hey, buddy. Do you want to come home with me

first? We can wait until your dad contacts me and comes to bring you home."

"That's awesome! Jackie's gonna be a guest at our house! I'm so happy, Mommy!"

The little girl wrapped her arms around Madeline with a coquettish exclamation, making Madeline find it hard not to ruffle her

head fondly.

Seeing as Madeline seemed to be acquainted with Jackson's father, the class teacher handed him over to him.

Half an hour later, Madeline arrived at the apartment with the two children in tow.

Lily jumped around and pulled Jackson into the house excitedly, already sharing her favorite snacks and fruits with him.

Madeline went to the kitchen to bake small cakes for the two kids.

In the open kitchen, Madeline was given a clear view of Lillian and Jackson sitting on the small stools by the coffee table.

For a child who detested homework, Lily had surprisingly taken her workbook out on her own today.

Chapter 193

“Hey, Jackie? Do you know why one plus one equals two?”

“Why do two apples plus one banana equals three?”

“Jackie, Jackie. Do you like mushrooms?”

As if transforming into the Book of Questions, Lily began to ask Jackson one question after another with her round eyes shining

with curiosity and life.

Jackson may only be five years old, but he appeared much more mature.

He seriously tried to answer every one of Lily’s questions. He would repeat himself patiently when Lily showed even the slightest

bit of confusion.

Madeline had initially been afraid that something would go wrong should Lily and Jackson become friends.

Yet the sight in front of her quelled those worries, for Jackson was acting like an understanding brother who loved his younger

sister without limits. The heartwarming sight melted her heart.

However, Madeline’s smile did not last too long.

Perhaps Lillian would have a sister who loved her if her first child was still alive.

Perhaps she would be privy to such a heartwarming scene.

“Do you want to play hide and seek, Jackie?” Lily stretched a hand toward Jackson.

After hesitating for a moment, Jackson took Lily’s hand. “Okay. I’ll play with you.”

Madeline found his voice childish but unusual when he opened his mouth to speak.

Yet that was not the only problem. Jackson did not seem to know how to smile, and that was very wrong.

He had not smiled once ever since they returned.

Such was not the behavior of a normal child.

Befuddled, Madeline placed the freshly baked cake and orange juice on the coffee table. Before she could search for the kids,

her phone rang.

Reading the caller ID, she accepted the call.

“Why did you call? I thought you were the one who told me not to look for you anymore, Miss Vera.”
Jeremy’s alluring baritone

voice sounded over the line, his tone flirtatious.

Madeline chuckled. “Didn’t you realize the calls from your son’s class teacher before you called me back, Mr. Whitman? I

understand that work is important, but a child also needs the loving nurture of his parents.”

The line grew silent at her words.

Not too long after, Jeremy’s voice sounded from the speaker again. “My son’s with you? Send me your address. I’ll be there

shortly.”

Madeline did not mind giving Jeremy her address. After all, searching it up would be an easy feat for him if he truly wanted to

know.

After sending the address, she hung up the call.

“Jackie? What’s wrong? Jackie, Jackie!”

Lily suddenly shouted just as Madeline was about to call the two children over for snacks.

Realizing that something may have happened, Madeline quickly ran to the storeroom where the sound came from.

Turning on lights, she was shocked to find Jackson squinting in the corner with his head between his knees. The boy’s arms

were wrapped around himself as he trembled.

Lily blinked innocently at her. “Jackie and I were just playing hide and seek, Mommy. Then, he suddenly hid in here and stopped

talking.”

“It’s alright, baby. Mommy’s here.” Madeline comforted Lily before walking over to squat in front of Jackson.

“What’s wrong, Jackson?” she asked kindly, reaching out to touch his shoulder.

Jackson shook at the touch and hugged himself tighter in fear.

Madeline felt her heart tighten at the strange reaction, her worry doubling. “Don’t be afraid, Jackson. Aunty Vera won’t hurt you.”

Madeline reached out again to place a hand on Jackson's shoulder.

Jackson finally raised his head. His complexion was pale and his expression looked lost. His round eyes were brimming with

tears.

For a reason unbeknownst to her, Madeline felt her heart break at the sight. The feeling resembled the time when she was

forcefully inducted into labor. Her heart stabbed with a pain that was akin to losing a child.

Her hand slowly rose to softly pat Jackson's head, her tone warm and soft as she said, "What's wrong, Jackson? Did something

upset you? You can tell Aunt Vera. It's alright, shh. It's going to be okay. Aunt Vera's here. I won't let anyone hurt you."

Jackson's eyes reddened as he watched Madeline comfort him. His small lips pursed as he dove into Madeline's arms. His voice

trembled as he shook. He called out to Madeline. "Mom..."

Chapter 194

The last thing Madeline could ever have expected was Jackson running into her arms, calling her his mom.

Jackson must have been feeling terrified and insecure.

He buried his tiny physique deep into her arms. It was as if the only way to lessen his fear was to hold her tight with both his

hands while his eyes remained shut.

Madeline felt her heart clench at the signs of distress on his small cheeks. It had been a long while since she had felt such an

intrusive stab of pain eating its way out of her chest.

She lifted a hand to lightly pat the back of Jackson's head, her voice soft.

"It's alright now, Jack. It's alright."

With her comforting words, Madeline saw Jackson relax and calm from his previous upset state.

"Is Jackie okay, Mommy?" Lily walked over and asked innocently.

"He'll be alright. Don't worry." Madeline smiled. "Mommy made you some snacks. How about you share some with him?"

“Okay!” Lillian reached out a hand to Jackson. “Come on, Jackie, let’s go eat some snacks together! Mommy’s cake is the best!”

At her words, Jackson seemed to finally pull himself out of that mindset.

He blinked open his round eyes, his long eyelashes fluttering as he looked up to stare at Madeline Crawford. Slowly but surely, a

red blush of what looked like embarrassment tinted his handsome little cheeks.

“Sorry.” He suddenly apologized.

The words echoed with familiarity in Madeline’s ears.

She smiled warmly and gently caressed Jackson’s small cheeks. “What are you apologizing for, silly? You didn’t do anything

wrong.”

A quick flash of envy left as fast as it came in Jackson’s eyes as he took in Madeline’s gentle, kind smile. He envied Lillian for

having such a warm and familiar mother figure.

Madeline found herself sighing an inexplicable breath of relief when she saw that the state of Jackson’s emotions was back to

normal.

Mirth washed over her chest as she watched the two children sitting next to each other while eating the snacks she made.

Especially when she watched Jackson caringly wipe off the butter smudged on the corners of Lillian’s mouth.

Her heart clenched again, this time reminding her of the child she lost.

Right then, Lily got up to use the bathroom. Only when she was conveniently out of earshot did Madeline dare to ask, “Hey, Jack.

How does your mother normally treat you?”

Jackson hesitated as he drank his orange juice, the light in his eyes slowly dimming.

The answer to the question was clear as day.

Three years ago, she had watched Meredith heartlessly slash Jackson’s cheek with a fruit knife.

Meredith scared her more than any demon for being able to remain aloof in the face of her son’s tears.

How could such a woman who preyed on her own son for status and wealth exist in this world?

To the point that Jackson would act in such a weird manner. What had she done that warranted so much fear in him that he ran

into her arms and called her his mom?

Had Jeremy never paid Jackson any attention? Had Jeremy left Jackson to deal with Meredith's torture alone?

Jackson's silence had Madeline putting a hold on her questions. Ruffling his adorable head, she changed the subject.

"You think that I look a lot like someone you know who's named Maddie, right?"

At her words, Jackson's gaze bore heavily into her before he nodded. "I thought you were Maddie in the beginning."

Madeline smiled. "What if I am this Maddie? I'm sure your mother told you that Maddie was a horrible woman, didn't she? That

this Maddie had hurt you before, Jack."

Jackson's expression grew solemn when he heard her words. Then, he started to shake his head vigorously.

"Maddie definitely isn't a horrible woman. She would never hurt me."

His words were certain, and his eyes were exceptionally determined.

Madeline was stunned as an indescribable feeling started to bubble in her heart.

Chapter 195

To have Jackson Whitman trust her so much despite his young age was something Madeline had never expected.

"Can I call you Big Sis Vera from now on?" Jackson looked at Madeline expectantly.

Madeline nodded and smiled, her mind wavering at the memory of Jackson calling her 'Mom' moments ago.

"Of course."

Hearing her reply, a smile finally graced Jackson's features.

This was the first time Madeline had seen Jackson smile, be it three years ago or three years later today.

Two dimples appeared by the corners of Jackson's mouth as he smiled. He looked warm and adorable, just like Lillian.

Madeline felt warmth flood into her chest at the child's angelic smile.

Not too long after, Jeremy arrived.

He wanted to enter the house, but Madeline held him off outside.

"Please do take better care of your son, Mr. Whitman. He is, after all, the precious child of you and your beloved." There was

more to Madeline's words that met the eye. Turning around, she fixed Jackson a gentle and light smile.

"Come on, Jack, your

father's here to fetch you home. You can always come again next time."

"Okay." Jackson nodded and slowly shuffled to stand beside Jeremy.

Instead of greeting his father, Jackson remained silent by his side.

The father-son duo gave her a strange and distant feeling.

"Thank you, Miss Vera." Jeremy expressed his gratitude. He wanted to say more but was interrupted by an untimely phone call.

Looking at the caller ID, he realized that it was from Meredith.

Jeremy spent a few seconds hesitating before accepting the call anyway.

When the line connected, Meredith's complaints and wailing drifted in from the other end. "Jeremy! I just went to pick Jack up

from the kindergarten but the teacher told me a woman called Vera Quinn had already taken our son away! What does she

want? Why did she kidnap Jack? What are we supposed to do now, Jeremy? I'm scared. What if Vera Quinn hurts Jack?

Jeremy..."

There was no way Madeline could not catch a word with how loud Meredith was being.

She chuckled as she watched Jeremy frown with his lips apart, ready to respond. However, Madeline reached out to take his

phone and placed it by her ear instead.

Meredith's high-pitched screams continued to sound from the speaker. "Jeremy, Jeremy, can you hear me? Je—"

"Miss Crawford? You're correct, I've kidnapped your son. In fact, not only did I kidnap your son, but I also have your fiancé with

me. You want to save them, don't you? So how about you bring the ransom to my house? Oh, and call the police too while you're

at it."

“ ... ”

Meredith froze when she heard Madeline’s voice, slowly taking in the other woman’s words.

Imagining Meredith’s embarrassed and pissed expression, Madeline smiled and returned the phone to Jeremy.

“This must be the legendary love of Mr. Whitman’s life. Quite the high maintenance, I’d say.”

Madeline waved Jackson goodbye with a warm smile. “Bye-bye, Jackson. See you next time.”

Jackson smiled and waved back. “Bye-bye, Big Sis Vera.”

Madeline nodded and quickly closed the doors.

She let out an ironic smile when she saw the grim expression Jeremy wore from her peripheral vision.

The following day, Jeremy caught Madeline by surprise as he found her working in the shop as usual.

In a tailored suit, Jeremy’s divine aura attracted numerous envious gazes.

He made a beeline to speak to Madeline, going straight to the point.

“Grandfather believes that you’re my ex-wife, Madeline Crawford. As a result, he wishes that you could attend the 50th

anniversary of the founding of Whitman Corporation. The anniversary is in two days.”

Madeline continued to draw without lifting her head. “I’m sorry, but I don’t want to attract any more unnecessary issues, let alone

be suspected from time to time by other people as your ex-wife.”

With that, she lifted her gaze to stare into Jeremy’s bottomless eyes. Madeline chuckled.

“You suspect it too, don’t you, Mr. Whitman? You, too, suspect that I’m that damned ex-wife of yours.

“You pretended to be drunk when you called me over to the club. You knew what you were doing when you held me and cried

lovingly for Madeline. Perhaps you’ve forgotten, Mr. Whitman, but everyone is well aware of how much you hated and were

disgusted by Madeline Crawford. There was absolutely no way that you would cry for her in such a tone even if she was still

alive, let alone speak the words you claimed you wanted to say, no?”

Chapter 196

Jeremy felt a rush of unease wash over him when he recognized the sarcasm and disdain in Madeline’s eyes.

Pursing his lips, his gaze drilled into Madeline's eyes.

"As such, it'd be great if you would stop looking for me, Mr. Whitman. I really don't want to be treated as the dead again."

Madeline rejected him indifferently.

"It won't happen again."

Jeremy parted his lips to say after a moment of silence.

With his gaze fixated on her, he bent his head to lean closer to her.

"I promise you, it won't happen again."

Madeline chuckled lightly. "Are you admitting to testing me the other day, Mr. Whitman?"

Jeremy remained silent under her inquisitive tone.

Perhaps so. While the entire world was privy to how shamelessly in love Madeline was with Jeremy, Jeremy was the only one

who knew he loved her back.

The truth was, Jeremy had lost his mind the other day. He was not testing her, no. He had fantasized that she was still alive...

Yet, that was all it was. A fantasy.

Now, he was awake.

He would not fantasize the woman before him to be the one in his heart.

Madeline took Jeremy's quietness as silent admittance.

Softly, she scoffed. "With that being said, I shall accept your invite, Mr. Whitman. After all, offending you would do no good to my

days in Glendale."

Reluctant as Madeline seemed, Whitman Corporations' anniversary was an event she needed to attend!

After all, she was going to reveal the other side of Meredith in front of the celebrities gathered.

After accepting Jeremy's invitation, Madeline quickly mailed it off anonymously to someone else.

After that, she went to the counter of a store to pick up the gown she had ordered from the internet.

What a small world it was. After entering the store, Madeline was met with the sight of Meredith who was being served

enthusiastically by several assistants. She did not even realize Madeline's presence.

"These are all the latest styles from last week, Miss Montgomery. Especially these few here, I'd say they match your aura very

well." The shop assistants praised with smiles.

Meredith took the dresses to check the price tags. "This won't do. This is too cheap for a person of my status. Don't you have

something more expensive?"

"Yes, yes, of course! This way, please!" Elated by Meredith's desire for more expensive outfits, the shop assistants immediately

brought her to a side for more options.

"What about this style, Miss Montgomery?"

"This here is this season's limited evening gown, Miss Montgomery. Its price is also very fitting of your status! I'm sure you'd be

the center of everyone's attention should you wear this to the Whitman Corporation's 50th anniversary!"

"Indeed! You'd match Mr. Whitman with this evening gown, Miss Montgomery!"

Meredith smiled arrogantly after being put up on a pedestal with the shop assistants' singing her praises after praises.

However, she still felt rather unsatisfied. Her gaze wandered until it fell on a mannequin as if she had been enraptured by the

outfit it wore.

"Why haven't I seen this dress before? I like its unique style. I want to try it on," Meredith ordered.

The assistants smiled awkwardly. "The gown has already been pre-ordered by another client, Miss. Montgomery."

"Then give her another one from another warehouse." Meredith was displeased. Desire was apparent in her gaze as it bore

holes into the gown.

"I..." The assistant was placed between a rock and a hard place. This dress was handmade, so it was not cheap. It had to be

ordered from overseas half a month before purchase, so this was the only one in the entirety of Glendale.

Hearing her, Meredith's expression fell slightly while the possessiveness in her eyes flared.

"I want this dress. You can just tell the client their pre-ordered gown hasn't arrived yet. You should wrap this dress up for me if

you want me to continue shopping with you."

"I..."

"What are you still waiting for? Are you telling me a casual customer is more important than long-term ones like me?" Madeline

urged them, displeased.

The shop assistants shared a glance before breaking out into fawning smiles again.

"Just a moment, Miss Montgomery. I'll wrap it up for you now," a shop assistant said as she took the dress.

"It makes sense how Madeline lost to you, Miss Crawford. How could she possibly match your bossiness? She was never your

opponent to begin with."

Meredith had not expected such a sentence to come from behind her as she waited happily for the shop assistant to wrap the

dress up for her.

Her expression darkened as she whipped her head around. A few shop assistant's gazes fell on her as well.

"Vera Quinn?" Meredith's gaze turned sinister, but the smile remained on her face in the public setting.

"It's you? I never thought

you'd be able to afford something from such an expensive shop. Maybe selling jewelry does come with quite the salary, huh?"

She mocked.

"You're right. It really isn't easy earning money. I'm not you, after all, Miss Crawford. I don't get to spend my family wealth without

working for it."

"..." The corners of Meredith's lips twitched as distaste settled on her face. The fake smile she put on disappeared instantly as

she turned to glare impatiently at the shop assistants. "Wrap it up already!" She quirked an eyebrow at Madeline. "Jeremy's still

waiting for me for lunch!"

“Yes, yes, of course! One moment, Miss Montgomery,” the shop assistants replied, wrapping up the gown and handing Meredith

the bag.

Sparing an arrogant glance at Madeline, Meredith reached out to receive the shopping bag only for Madeline to take it neatly

before Meredith’s fingers could touch the bag’s handles.

“What are you doing, Vera Quinn?” Meredith roared in anger.

The shop assistants were shocked as well, immediately standing on Meredith’s side to point fingers at Madeline’s behavior.

“What are you doing, Miss? This belongs to Miss Montgomery! How could you take other’s things?”

“Other’s things?” The corners of Madeline’s lips quirked meaningfully. “Do you like this gown, Miss Crawford? What a shame, I

like it too.”

“Hmph. You like it too? Just because you like it doesn’t mean it’s yours!” Meredith smirked mockingly.

The assistants chuckled as well, a belittling gaze in their eyes. “This is a six-figure dress, Miss. You’re not the only one who likes

it. We like it too. But liking it doesn’t mean it belongs to you! Please put the gown down, Miss, or we’ll have to call security.”

Chapter 197

Staring at the snobbish shop assistants and the arrogant Meredith, Madeline casually pulled out a card and threw it at the face of

the shop assistant who had threatened to call security. “Pick it up and take a look, then tell me whether I’m allowed such a dress

or not.”

Taken aback by Madeline’s temperament, the shop assistant quickly picked up the card. Reading the words atop, her expression

immediately shifted into an embarrassed one. She flushed red as she bowed and apologized to Madeline.

“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry! I didn’t know you’re Miss Quinn! I’m sorry, really! Please forgive me!”

Seeing their colleague’s reaction, the other salespeople came over to read the card Madeline had thrown down.

Their expressions shifted immediately at a glance as they began apologizing to Madeline.

Meredith was stunned to see the shop attendants suddenly apologize to Madeline, treating her with respect.

“What are you doing? Why are you so polite to her?” Meredith rolled her eyes in disagreement. “What’s so shocking about this

woman’s name card anyway?”

Meredith smirked as she disdainfully reached out to take and read the card that was in the assistant’s hand.

“Hmph. In the end, she’s just a person who sells jewelry. What’s so great...” Meredith’s face fell amidst her mocking words, doubt

and unwillingness to believe the truth bleeding out of her eyes as she stared at Madeline. “You’re this brand’s honorary

member?!”

Pinching the faint purple VIP card in her hands, Meredith’s eyes were filled with suspicion and doubt despite the words ‘Vera

Quinn’ boldly engraved on it.

Meredith had become an honorary member of many luxurious stores ever since she became the oldest daughter of the

Montgomery family. She wanted to become one for this store to further elevate her taste, yet she found herself unable to meet

their requirements just yet.

She had never expected the woman she hated so much to fulfill such requirements, though!

Madeline’s lips curled as she turned to face Meredith’s fuming face. “So can this jewelry seller take the gown now?”

With that, she plucked the card from Meredith’s hands and turned elegantly.

“Wait!” Meredith walked forward to stop Madeline. “So what if you have that card, Vera? Let me tell you, someone has already

pre-ordered that dress long ago.” She crossed her arms and smirked. “If I can’t have it, neither can you!”

Staring at Meredith’s ugly selfishness in the face, Madeline’s lips tugged into a victorious smile. “I think you’re mistaken. The one

who can’t have it is you, Meredith Crawford. The gown has been mine since half a month ago.”

“What?” Meredith’s smile hardened.

An assistant hurriedly explained. "That's true, Miss Montgomery. Someone has already pre-ordered the gown half a month ago

as we've mentioned earlier and that person is... Miss Vera Quinn."

"..." Meredith was speechless.

"So can I go yet?" Madeline smiled at the sight of Meredith Crawford being close to blowing up.

The store members quickly stepped forward to form two lines as they bowed respectfully to bid Madeline farewell. "Have a nice

day, Miss Quinn. Please come again."

Madeline raised the corner of her lips prettily, her mirthful gaze sweeping over Meredith's frustrated expression.

"From the behavior you've shown during this short period of time, Miss Crawford, I'm starting to understand why Mr. Whitman's

refusing to get married."

"What... What are you talking about? What do you mean, Vera Quinn?"

"I'm speaking in English. Don't you understand, Miss Crawford? That doesn't make sense, unless you're telling me that we're not

the same kind?"

"..." Meredith was close to exploding, but to protect her image of a saint, she clenched her teeth and refrained herself.

Madeline spared her a glance before turning around casually.

'You're angry, aren't you, Meredith?

'Don't get too angry. We've only just started.

'I'll take back every single thing you owe me!'

Chapter 198

Meredith returned to the Montgomery household with a belly full of anger. Seeing her return, the housekeeper poured her a cup

of tea and brought her a plate of snacks.

"What's wrong, Miss Meredith? Here, have some fruits to chase away the anger." The housekeeper fawned over her smilingly.

"Who are you to poke your nose into my business?" Meredith rolled her eyes, displeased. "Where's my mother?"

The sound of a car drifted in from the door after she asked, and the housekeeper shot a gaze toward the door. "I believe Madam is back."

With that, Meredith immediately stood. "Tell my mother I'm in my room when she asks."

Giving the order, she picked up her bag and rushed up the stairs.

The housekeeper acknowledged and stared at Meredith's retreating figure with hatred in her eyes.

"You're Brittany's indirect killer, Meredith Crawford! Brit would still be living happily and easily as the oldest daughter had you not

suddenly appeared and stole her spot!"

Having said that, she sensed Eloise's steps approaching.

"Where's Meredith, Diana? Is she back yet?" Eloise's voice drifted over.

While the housekeeper was around Eloise's age, she was no match for the other in terms of physique or temperament.

Turning around to face Eloise, she replied respectfully, "Miss Meredith has just returned. She should be in her room."

Eloise nodded and turned to walk up the stairs with a smile.

"Look what Mom got you, Meredith? Only my daughter is worthy of such beautiful jewelry in all of Glendale. With this, I'm sure

you'll become the center of everyone's attention during the Whitman Corporation's 50th anniversary celebration."

Eloise spoke while she walked into Meredith's room. Stepping inside, she dropped the jewelry box in shock at the scene within

the room.

"Meredith! What are you doing?" Eloise rushed forward to take the fruit knife away from Meredith.

"What happened, Meredith?

Who bullied you? Tell Mom. I'll never let anyone harm my precious daughter!"

Eloise's heart raced in worry and fear as she pulled a 'suicidal' Meredith into her arms.

She had lost her precious daughter once already 20 years ago, and she refused to lose this precious child again.

Meredith leaned sorrowfully into Eloise's chest, trying her best to squeeze tears from her eyes. "It hurts, Mom. I'm so tired... Why

is my relationship with Jeremy so difficult? It used to be Madeline, now there's a Vera Quinn too. I..."

"Vera Quinn?"

Eloise's mind supplied her with a face of a woman who looked exactly like Madeline.

"What did that woman do to you?"

"She humiliated me in public, made fun of me, and mocked how Jeremy would never marry a woman like me. She's always with

Jeremy, even using Jack to get closer to him. I think Jeremy has feelings for her too..."

She lifted her eyes that had gone red from all the tears. "My feelings for Jeremy are too deep, Mom. I fell for him the moment I

saw him when we were kids. I really can't live without him. I'd rather die if it means that I can't be with him..."

"Don't think that, silly child. It won't be the end of the world! Mom can't lose you again!" Eloise comforted her daughter with

distress as her eyes darkened. "Vera Quinn is just a shameless b*tch. I can't believe she'd seduce Jeremy even when he already

has a fiancée. Don't worry, Meredith, your mom will get her back for you!"

"No, Mom. Don't go." Meredith quickly pulled Eloise back.

"I can't just sit and watch when others bully you like this, Meredith. You can't be too kind. Kindness will only make the bullying

worse."

"I know you love me, Mom. But she'll definitely tell Jeremy if you bother her and I don't want Jeremy to be sad."

Meredith wiped off a tear as she grasped Eloise's hand in hers.

"I have another way to get Jeremy's heart back, Mom. Will you help me?"

There was no way Eloise would reject her daughter. "Tell me, Meredith. What's your plan? Mom would do anything to make you

happy."

Chapter 199

The day of Whitman's 50th anniversary arrived in the blink of an eye.

Madeline lazily gave herself a spa treatment before finally plopping herself in front of the vanity to start doing her makeup.

After that, she donned herself in the gown that Meredith could only wish to own, picked up her designer purse, and got into a car

toward Glendale's first-ever luxurious six-star hotel.

Rows of street lamps glowed as the night began to darken. Staring at the reflection on the windows in the car, her red lips curled

as she raised a hand to rearrange the baby hair around her forehead.

The beauty of the small smile gracing Madeline's lips was reflected in the rearview mirror, causing the driver to almost run a red

light.

It was the first time he had seen such a beautiful woman.

At that moment, the main entrance of the six-star hotel was already packed with people.

Reporters fought each other for first-hand material while various passersby also stopped to collect small gifts.

Guests with the invitations entered the hotel to arrive at the floor of the celebration hall.

It was an outstanding sight, for numerous celebrities had come to attend the celebration of Whitman Corporation's 50th

anniversary.

Despite not getting to wear the gown she wanted to, Meredith had still dressed in a way that gave off a dignified and generous

aura.

She was attending the celebration as the future Mrs. Whitman, after all.

Not to mention the highlight of the night! She would not allow mishaps when it came to her appearance!

Donned in a tailored black suit for the night, Jeremy elegantly entered the venue.

Under the warm glow of the chandelier that danced on his attractive features, coupled with the tailored suit that accentuated the

man's physique, Jeremy seemed to ooze with princely dignity and grace.

The ladies there stared at him, trying to approach and flirt only to back down at the cold deterrence in the man's eyes.

Whereas Meredith seemed to take the chance to walk by Jeremy's side, greeting people here and there as his wife.

She loved these events for the envious gazes these women would shoot in her direction.

Standing by Jeremy's side signified her exceptional status and fame!

Sweeping over his surroundings, Jeremy pursed his lips in distaste. "Why are there so many reporters?"

Meredith's eyes shone as she quickly answered with a smile, "A 50th anniversary is a big day for Whitman Corporation. It makes

sense that reporters are here to witness this grand event."

"That still doesn't explain why we have entertainment reporters here," Jeremy replied faintly, lowering his gaze to look at his

watch.

Although displeased at Jeremy's act, Meredith kept the smile on her face. "Are you waiting for someone, Jeremy? Is it Miss

Quinn?"

Jeremy did not answer. Instead, he pulled out his phone and walked to the side to make a call.

Meredith pinched the stem of the wine glass in infuriation just as Eloise walked over to her side. "I've already told the reporters,

Meredith, and Jeremy's mother too. All there's left to do is announce the date of the wedding. Old Master Whitman's bound to

pressure Jeremy when the reporters write about it and there won't be a way for Jeremy to walk out of this."

Meredith's smile returned at her mother's words of assurance. "Thank you, Mommy."

"Silly child. Who else would I help if not my daughter? I'm here for you, no matter what."

Meredith took Eloise's hands gratefully. The smile on her face was bright, yet the one in her heart was sinister.

'Yes. Exactly, Eloise Patton. Just like that. I'm your daughter, never forget that!'

At the same time, Madeline received a call from Jeremy just as she was about to alight the vehicle.

After hanging up, she stepped out of the car.

From a distance, Madeline watched a familiar silhouette march his way into the hotel. The man arrogantly fished out the

invitation and walked inside.

From afar, the corners of Madeline's lips tugged.

Wonderful.

Tonight's main witness had taken the bait.

Madeline smiled, satisfied. She took elegant steps to the hotel.

Chapter 200

All eyes fell on Madeline from the moment she got off the car...

Inside, Jeremy was frowning. A deep look flashed in his icy eyes as he found himself frustrated by Madeline not picking up his call.

Suddenly, he felt a tug at his pant legs.

Looking down, Jeremy was faced with Jackson's indifferent expression.

"Where's Big Sis Vera? Is she not here yet?" Jackson was very much looking forward to Madeline's arrival.

Jeremy felt his heart grow distant as he stared at his son.

The sight of Jackson would always remind him of how he had destroyed the ashes of his and Madeline's daughter.

His heart raced as frustration bubbled each time the memory of Madeline's last words as she tugged on his collar replayed in his mind.

"Jack," Meredith's voice sounded.

The hand on Jeremy's pants tightened as the light in his eyes vanished. He let go to flee, only to be caught by Meredith in the end. "Where are you going, Jack?"

With a fake smile plastered on her face, Meredith gripped Jackson's small wrist tightly and lifted her head to smile gently at

Jeremy.

"Your mother is asking us to go over, Jeremy. She said she has something important to announce."

Jeremy's cold gaze lifted slightly. "Announce? Announce what?"

Meredith blinked her eyes innocently. "I don't know either. Maybe it's to do with the corporation? Perhaps we should head over

first."

Staring at his mother who had already walked on stage in confusion, Jeremy's long legs began to walk.

With Jeremy already taking the bait, Meredith tugged Jackson harshly. "Come on!"

Jackson tried his best to struggle against the hold, but all efforts were futile for his strength was no match for Meredith's.

Mrs. Whitman had taken the stage. Seeing Meredith walk over with Jeremy and Jackson in tow, she took the mic and began.

"Dearest guests and reporters, I would like to thank you for your attendance today. I'm Jeremy Whitman's mother. Tonight, I

would like to take this opportunity to announce some wonderful news, and I'd like all of you present to witness such a moment."

"Wonderful news?"

"Could it be Young Master Whitman and Meredith Crawford's wedding?"

"It has to be!"

The audience began to whisper among themselves. Jeremy's eyes darkened at the sound of the rumors while Meredith's smile

grew.

Jeremy and her wedding date was finally going to be announced!

The moment she had been waiting for had finally arrived!

Mrs. Whitman smiled and spoke, "Indeed. The announcement I'm going to make will be about this marr—"

"Who's that?"

"Why does she look so familiar?"

"Could it be that woman from the auction?"

The ballroom erupted into a rambunctious frenzy, interrupting Mrs. Whitman just as she was about to unwarrantedly announce

details of the wedding.

Everyone's gaze fell in the direction of the ballroom doors to see a woman in a luxurious gray gown taking light and elegant

steps toward them.

Her dress flowed fluidly behind her every step.

Everyone was stunned as they set eyes on Madeline's flawless appearance.

From her soulful eyes to the joy exuding from her pink cheeks, Madeline's beauty made one feel an indescribable way.

While beautiful faces were hardly a scarcity in the guests' lives, they could not help but find Madeline's beauty exceptionally

brehtaking. It was impossible to tear their eyes from her!

Everyone was curious about where Madeline had come from. The woman was smiling calmly while walking over to a crushed

Meredith and Jeremy, who had his eyes fixed on her. Stopping in front of him, she smiled. "I'm here, Jeremy."

Jeremy's eyes constricted as he stared at the mesmerizing woman in disbelief. "What did you call me?"