

Sinner Wife 201

Chapter 201

Madeline's eyes turned into crescents at Jeremy's shocked reaction.

"What's wrong, Jeremy? It's me... Madeline."

"..."

Madeline!

The name pierced straight into Jeremy's heart like a sharp knife, knocking the breath out of him.

Madeline quirked the corners of her lips prettily at Jeremy's stricken gaze. She leaned closer. "What's wrong, Mr. Whitman? I

thought you're the one who told me to attend the anniversary celebration as your ex-wife?"

Her soft voice engulfed Jeremy's racing heartbeat like a closely woven net.

Hearing her response, Jeremy felt his heart slowly calm down.

'So that's how it is, huh?'

Staring at her pretty as a picture appearance, he felt his heart drown in loneliness.

However, Jeremy made sure to keep that emotion to himself. Quickly but surely, he responded with a warm and seductive smirk.

"You're here."

Madeline smiled. "Yeah, I am."

Meredith was no longer having it. She was pissed at the little distance between Madeline and Jeremy as the two conversed.

"You're here, Miss Quinn."

She walked over to greet Madeline with an ingenuine smile. Then, she tilted her head to blink with innocent curiosity at Jeremy.

"What were you and Miss Quinn talking about, Jeremy? Can I know?"

"I think it's best you don't, Miss Crawford. It's my and Jeremy's secret after all." Madeline smiled knowingly. "Right, Jeremy?"

"..." The fake smile gracing Meredith's lips fell, but she forced another one as she refused to drop her facade in front of

everyone. "Well then. Now that you're here, Miss Quinn, I believe it's my duty as Jeremy's fiancée to formally welcome you to

tonight's celebration!"

With that, Meredith quickly turned around to face Jeremy. "Mrs. Whitman hasn't gotten the chance to announce what she wanted

yet, Jeremy. We should let her finish talking!"

She lifted her eyes to throw Mrs. Whitman, who was still stunned on the stage, a look.

Reading the atmosphere, Madeline's beautiful eyes swept over Jeremy's silent expression again. "Then I'll go get some food.

See you."

Jeremy nodded faintly as he stared back at her beauty. "Hmm."

He had to admit that he found himself attracted to her looks.

To the point where his heart had uncontrollably skipped a beat.

Breathing had become difficult while his heartbeat turned untamable since the moment it skipped a beat.

Her face reminded him of 'her', the very 'her' he had tortured and left gaping, the 'her' who had died with hatred in her heart...

Passing a server, Madeline took a glass of champagne. Holding the wine glass in hand, she found suspicious and inquisitive

gazes sweeping all over her.

Smiling, she brought the glass of silvery liquid to her lips gracefully.

Right then, Madeline felt someone approach her from behind.

She was about to lift her gaze to look when Eloise's warning tone drifted into her ears. "I'm warning you, Vera Quinn. Jeremy is

my daughter, Meredith's, fiancé. Their relationship is great and they're about to get registered. Don't even dream about coming in

between them!"

Madeline's fingers tightened around the stem of the glass as she shook her head with a soft smile.

Her mirthful gaze locked with Eloise's hostile ones. She felt a stab of pain in her heart as she was taken off guard.

"If my memory serves my right, wasn't your daughter a mistress in the beginning? Oh, and I hear that the original wife whose

marriage she went in between, Madeline Crawford? I heard we look almost the same. Perhaps that's why you're speaking to me

in such a tone, Mrs. Montgomery?"

Eloise's expression immediately darkened. "What are you talking about? My daughter has never gone in between anyone's

marriage. Madeline Crawford was the shameless one who climbed into my son-in-law's bed. Meredith and Jeremy would have

had a happy family long ago if it were not for her!"

Chapter 202

Madeline smiled casually. "Did you see it with your own two eyes, Mrs. Montgomery? How are you so certain that Madeline

Crawford is the shameless woman you claim her to be?"

"Of course, I'm certain! I watched with my own eyes how shameless and merciless Madeline Crawford is! Time and time again

she hurt my precious daughter and grandson. Death is the lightest punishment for a woman like her!"

Eloise clenched her jaw, spitting out word after word that dripped with the hatred and disgust she felt for Madeline. It was almost

as if death was not enough to relieve the hatred in her heart.

Seconds later, Madeline heard a mocking scoff from Eloise.

"While you may share Madeline Crawford's appearance, Miss Vera, I do hope that you'd refrain from acting as shamelessly as

that woman!"

With a condescending look, Eloise left Madeline's side and walked back to Meredith.

The 'mother-daughter' duo held each other's hands, looking closer than ever.

Madeline pursed her lips gently as she stared at the sickening sight.

'Oh, Mother.

'My dearest mother.

'I wonder whatever you would do the day you find out that the very 'shameless woman' is your biological daughter.

'Would you continue to believe the lies Meredith fed you and continue to call your own daughter a wretched b*tch, or... would

you hold me tightly in your arms and call me 'dear'... '

Madeline's heart was suddenly overwhelmed with pain.

Her lips pulled into a self-deprecating smirk. Raising the glass to her lips again, she felt a small tug at the skirt of her gown.

"Big Sis Vera." Jackson's clear voice sounded in the air.

Looking down at his small handsome face, Madeline felt the wound in her heart suddenly heal a substantial amount.

"Good evening, Jack." She reached out to ruffle Jack's hair.

"Lillian didn't come with you, Big Sis Vera?" Jackson blinked in expectancy.

She parted her lips to answer, but before she could, she heard Jeremy's attractive baritone voice drift over from the stage.

Mrs. Whitman who was supposed to announce the wedding had been ushered off the stage, while Jeremy stood in her place

now to give a formal opening speech.

In his tailored suit under the spotlight, Jeremy oozed with power and nobility. Charisma was flowing from every gesture he made.

A man like him was probably the subject of most women's admiration and dreams.

Yet admiration was all it could be, for it was too easy for one to lose themselves, burned by the searing light that made him so

blinding...

Madeline chuckled. She had realized it too late, and for it, she had almost given her life.

Swirling the liquid in the glass, she caught a figure from her peripheral vision. She shot Jackson a warm smile. "Big Sis Vera

needs to take a trip to the bathroom, Jack. I'll see you in a bit, okay?"

"Okay, Big Sis Vera. I'll wait for you." Jackson nodded seriously, his promise reminding her of the one Jeremy made her years

ago.

'He's your son, down to the point of making promises.

'Although, Jeremy, I must say, you have not the innocence of your child.'

Smiling, Madeline followed the figure from the corridor to the bathroom, hearing the carefree and familiar hum of a tune.

Calmly, she waited by the door. It was only when she heard footsteps approaching from inside did she slowly turn on the tap and

pretend to wash her hands.

Seconds after, a man walked out of the male bathroom. Humming a tune, he walked over to the sink and began to sweep his

intoxicated eyes over Madeline's above-average physique.

His eyes squinted as they made their way up before finally settling on Madeline's face.

The man's eyes were blown wide the instant they made contact with Madeline's appearance. Staggering backward, his back

knocked against the door. "I-It's you..."

Chapter 203

Tanner's complexion paled as he pointed a finger at Madeline who was currently washing her hands. Shocked, he crawled up

from the ground with a hand on the wall for his strength seemed to have vanished from his legs.

It was the first time he had participated in such a high-class celebration. As a result, he had drunk a good amount to take full

advantage of the situation.

Under the effects of alcohol, Madeline's enchanting smile floated about in his vision. Her face duplicated as the figures began to

approach him. He could not breathe!

Too afraid to look her in the eye, he started to stutter and mumble.

"Mad-Madeline Crawford! Why won't you leave me alone? The person you're looking for is Meredith! Not me!"

Watching Tanner tremble in fear before her, Madeline stepped over with her high heels clicking and a smile on her curled lips.

"You're asking me why Madeline's spirit is haunting you? I'm sure you know exactly why."

"Ah!" Tanner dashed into the male bathroom, terrified. "I don't know! I don't know anything at all! Find Meredith if you want

revenge! Leave me alone! Go away!"

He mumbled, his heart racing in utmost fear.

After a while, the sounds of activity vanished outside. Tanner took a tentative step only to realize there was no one at all!

It fueled his fear. He turned on the tap to wash his face in hopes of sobering up, yet regardless of how much he splashed, the

image of Madeline's thought-provoking smile continued to echo in his mind...

Madeline returned to the ballroom. The atmosphere had lightened greatly and the guests began to drink and dine, enjoying the

food as they chatted with each other.

When her eyes fell on Old Master Whitman, Madeline held back the overwhelming urge to greet him, for she knew impulsiveness

would do her no good.

Meredith was frustrated and pissed now that her plans had been ruined. She had the urge to rage and vent, yet this was a

setting where she had to continue to act as a gentle and kind woman.

The perfect words to get Madeline in trouble formed in Meredith's mind now that the other had returned. She watched Jeremy

approach Madeline and lean over flirtatiously to whisper in her ear.

After that, she watched Jeremy lift an arm for her to hold in his own volition and Madeline actually linked arms!

Meredith's hand balled into a tight fist, the strength she was exerting almost strong enough to crush the stem of the glass.

She was fuming with anger as she stared at how Jeremy had brought Madeline over to Old Master Whitman and how Old Master

Whitman noticeably brightened up at the sight of Madeline. He even raised an arm to pat her shoulder affectionately.

"You're here, Madeline. You've made Grandfather's day." Old Master Whitman treated Madeline as if nothing had happened.

He was never disgusted by her identity. If anything, he was the only one who had placed his unbridled trust in her and protected

her ever since she got married to Jeremy.

As grateful as Madeline was for Old Master Whitman, she was also moved.

She had been extremely worried when the old master was admitted to the hospital due to heart complications three years ago.

To see him energetic and alive now placated the unease in her heart.

However, the old master sighed as he stared melancholically at Madeline. "Such a great girl, beautiful and smart. It's a shame

this grandson of mine was too blind to appreciate such a great wife."

The old master spared Jeremy a displeased glance. "Tell me, what's so bad about Madeline? I can't believe you'd dump such a

beautiful wife to get married to that other one! Hmph!"

"It's not Jeremy's fault, Grandfather. It was never our fate. Right, Jeremy?" Madeline lifted her onyx orbs, not expecting for them

to lock with Jeremy's deep ones.

Had he been staring at her this whole time? His gaze enveloped her with nostalgic warmth as his lips parted to answer. "Rather

than blaming fate, it would be more accurate to say that I was never deserving of you."

His words stunned Madeline.

"Tell me, Madeline. Should we get to start all over again, would you let me fall for you?"

"..."

Madeline felt Jeremy's elbow inch toward her as he spoke, almost as if she would disappear if he relaxed his hold.

"Hmph! I'd never say yes if I were Madeline!" The old master's voice reigned Madeline's emotions back in check.

She had almost allowed herself to hope.

Such was merely a skilled ploy Jeremy was using to placate the old master.

Chapter 204

'To start all over again is too much easier said than done, Jeremy.

'For all the pain you've put me through and all the fatal scars and wounds you left me would never be erased!

'The fact that I loved you is one of the past.

'All I have left for you, is hatred!'

Right then, Eloise walked over with Meredith in tow. "You look happy, Old Master. What are you and this lady over here talking

about?"

"What 'this lady'? This is Madeline." The old master emphasized with displeasure.

"She's not, Grandfather. This isn't Madeline. Madeline died three years ago. This lady is Miss Vera Quinn, she just looks like

Madeline." Meredith explained with a smile, then turned to look at Jeremy. "Aren't I right, Jeremy?"

Smiling, she was so sure that Jeremy would lean over to speak in her ear. Instead, he frowned in distaste.

The old master was infuriated, frowning as he stared at Madeline. "Nonsense! She's Madeline!"

"She really isn't Madeline, Old Master!" Mrs. Whitman had arrived to join the group. Glancing warily at Jeremy, she opened her

mouth to speak anyway. "Just think about it, Old Master. Would we let her in if she's Madeline?"

"You're right, Mrs. Whitman!" Eloise agreed, sparing Madeline a belittling look. "We would have thrown her out already if she's

Madeline Crawford. That shameless and ruthless woman died three years ago!"

Hearing her, color began to drain from the old master's face as his energy and spirit dampened.

Madeline faced Jeremy and frowned with concern.

Jeremy's expression turned horrifyingly frosty. "Are you guys done?"

"Don't blame Mother, Jeremy." Meredith furrowed her brows and held Jeremy by his arm to persuade him. "Mrs. Whitman and

my mom are right. She isn't Madeline. Grandfather has to know the truth someday."

Meredith gave Madeline a deep look. "You don't have to pretend to be Madeline just to make Grandfather happy, Miss Quinn.

What's fake will never be real! Grandfather will know one day, and to delay the truth would only have him feeling worse."

"Plus, you must know that the things my sister did were hardly good. Pretending to be Madeline will only garner you more looks

of disgust and hatred."

Hearing her, Madeline turned to look at her surroundings and smiled. "Oh? Is that so? Was this Madeline really that bad?"

"Of course!" Meredith ascertained in a heartbeat, her voice climbing a few decibels. "She threw away her dignity just to be with

Jeremy! Not to mention how easy she was, having relationships with all sorts of men. Then, to hurt me, she even teamed up with

someone to kidnap my and Jeremy's son. Are you sure you want to be a double for such a person, Miss Quinn?"

"Shut up! Madeline would never do something like that!" Old Master Whitman knocked his cane against the ground in fury.

Meredith sighed with pity. "That's the truth, Grandfather. Madeline was not as pure as you think. She even kidnapped your great-

grandson. Jeremy is well aware of these things too!"

She asked rhetorically, "You saw it with your own eyes, didn't you, Jeremy?"

Jeremy's expression darkened, bile rising within him after hearing the events Meredith recounted.

He had realized the very moment he fell for Madeline that every 'sin' she committed could all be forgotten.

Not to mention how he had suspected if what he saw was the actual truth when Madeline lay in his arms on her dying breath.

Perhaps everything he saw back then was merely what someone else wanted him to see. Perhaps everything he saw was false.

Meredith tugged on him with a coquettish tone in response to Jeremy seemingly ignoring her. "Why aren't you saying anything,

Jeremy? Unless you actually want Miss Quinn to replace Madeline? But what if Miss Quinn's reputation gets tarnished for

pretending to be such an evil woman?"

Crash!

Just as Meredith finished talking, the sound of a wine glass shattering on the floor sounded in the room.

"Are you alright, Sir?"

"A ghost! It's a ghost!"

At his words, everyone's gazes flew toward the direction of the man. Meeting their eyes was the sight of a server helping a man

who had slipped and fallen.

Meredith spared a casual glance in that direction only for her expression to shift dramatically when she realized the man who

had fallen was Tanner, and the 'ghost' he was pointing at was Vera Quinn!

Tanner Long!

This tramp!

How could he have gotten in?

Confusion and unease settled in Meredith's stomach.

Tanner was pointing at Vera, claiming she was a ghost with eyes blown wide and fright written all over his face!

That could only mean that he had mistaken Vera for Madeline and was sent into shock. Being sent into shock meant that he

could end up saying things he should not!

However, Madeline's lips quirked at Tanner's terrified scream. From the corner of her eyes, she watched anxiety flash across

Meredith's expression. Then, Madeline approached Tanner with a confused look.

Locking eyes with Madeline, Tanner's fright grew as he began to shout. "Ah! It-It's really... It's you!"

Coupled with the influence of alcohol, he believed without a doubt that Madeline's ghost had come to haunt him!

For all the horrible things he had done in his life, it made sense to feel such a heavy weight of guilt.

Madeline raised a brow and asked with mock confusion, "Do you know this man, Mr. Whitman? Why does he look so afraid of

me?"

Jeremy had no idea that Madeline was the one who sent Tanner the invitation, allowing him to attend tonight's celebration.

He furrowed his brows and walked toward Tanner, frost seeping from his attractive features.

The sight of Tanner reminded him of how this horrendous man had tried to rape Madeline twice and how he proclaimed to have

an illicit relationship with her.

"Jeremy!" Meredith quickly ran over to pull Jeremy back by his arm. "Today's the 50th anniversary of Whitman Corporation,

Jeremy. Let's not ruin the atmosphere for everybody just because of him, alright? Just have the bodyguards throw him out. You

shouldn't have to deal with it yourself."

“Am I safe to presume that you all recognize this man, Miss Crawford?” Madeline walked over curiously. “Who is he exactly?”

Meredith frowned, displeased. “He used to be one of Madeline’s friends, or rather, Madeline and he were involved in that kind of

relation—”

“Enough.”

Jeremy parted his lips to interrupt, the ferocity in his icy tone rendering Meredith silent.

His gaze and expression as of that moment had people shivering.

“Oh... Is that who he is?” Madeline nodded in understanding before slowly walking toward Tanner who was stumbling on his feet

with a hand on the table for support. “Well then, Sir. You don’t seem very welcomed here. Perhaps you should leave...”

“Don’t come close, Madeline! Go away! I get that you have unfinished business, but if you’re going to haunt someone, I’m not the

one you should be haunting! If you want to haunt someone, go haunt Meredith instead! It’s her! She’s the one who killed you!”

With that, the ballroom fell into pin-drop silence.

The corners of Madeline’s lips curled as she tilted her head to stare innocently into Jeremy’s ice-cold eyes. “What is this man

saying, Mr. Whitman? What haunting? What does he mean haunt Meredith instead?”

At that, Meredith felt the air around her turn void. She felt as if she had been thrown into an ice house.

Not daring to look at the expression on Jeremy’s face, she rushed up to Tanner instead. “What drunk nonsense are you saying,

Tanner? There’s no ghost at all! Madeline’s not here anymore! Also, I’ve never done anything against my conscience! When

have I ever hurt her? I saw Madeline as my own sister. Don’t frame me for things I didn’t do!”

Tanner found himself sobering slightly thanks to Meredith’s shouting, but the sight of Madeline’s intrigued smile seconds later

had him once again petrified.

“Madeline’s right here! Can’t any of you see her? It can’t be that I’m the only one who sees her, right? I knew it. She has

definitely come to haunt me!”

Chapter 206

Tanner was positively terrified, the color draining from his face as his pupils dilated from the fear.

“Go away, Madeline! Stop bothering me! I... I was just doing what I was paid to do!”

“Tanner Long!” Meredith immediately interrupted him and nervously called for the bodyguards.

“Quickly, take this man away!”

Tanner pointed a trembling finger at Meredith, paying her words no heed.

“Madeline Crawford! If... If you want to haunt someone for revenge, then haunt her! It was all Meredith’s orders!”

With Tanner’s words, Meredith felt her body growing cold. Feeling a tyrannical storm of frost swirling around her, she could not

imagine the expression Jeremy was wearing on his face.

“What’s happening? Who is this man? What does he mean?” Mrs. Whitman quickly rushed over to ask.

Meredith frantically tried to change the subject. “Mrs. Whitman! This is Tanner Long. He and Madeline used to be involved illicitly.

They also planned Jack’s kidnapping together!”

“So it’s you!” Eloise glared furiously at Tanner. “You were the one who helped Madeline kidnap my grandchild! You b*stard!

Madeline Crawford has already died for her sins, yet you’re still alive? You need to die!”

“Indeed.”

Jeremy’s icy tone froze Meredith’s breath in her lungs.

Now that he had sobered up, Tanner felt the need to flee. However, he felt something tighten around his neck.

“Repeat the words you just said.”

Jeremy’s bloodthirsty eyes reminded him of a sharp sword that was about to be unsheathed and coming for his neck.

Tanner shivered, cold sweat beading unstopably from the fear he felt.

Meredith’s pupils constricted at the scene before her. She was afraid that the truth of what happened back then would come out.

She staggered forward. “Calm down, Jeremy. Let’s just ignore this person, okay? He’s ostentatious, and all he does is lie. We

can’t trust a man who lied his way into drinking and eating our food. Let’s just let him go!”

Jeremy sent her a cold glare from the corner of his eyes. The corners of his lips tilted into a cold but handsome curve as he

stared at Meredith before parting his lips. "Ostentatious? All he does is lie? I'm pretty sure that's not what you told me back then.

You were very assertive and certain when you told me he was Madeline's ex-boyfriend."

"I... Jeremy, I didn't lie to you. If anything, it would be Tanner and Madeline who lied to you..." Meredith rambled anxiously.

"I guess we'll find out then... Who actually lied to me."

Jeremy's frosty tone sunk ice slabs in Meredith's heart, freezing over the blood in her veins.

"..."

With that, Jeremy pulled Tanner by his tie and drilled his icy gaze into the man. All while reaching out to point a finger in

Madeline's direction. "You see that face? Tell me why you think she's haunting you of all people."

"..." Tanner had just sobered slightly when Jeremy spoke. However, all efforts were wasted as he followed the other's hand to

look at Madeline. His mind fogged as his legs grew weak.

It was hard to stand strong and good when you had done so much bad.

Staring at Madeline, his complexion paled as he began to beg for mercy. He blurted out the truth to distance himself.

"It's got nothing to do with me! Really, it doesn't! Yes, Madeline, I did something wrong, but I only wanted to sleep with you back

then! Everything else was Meredith's plan. She was the one who told me to lie! I never even touched you at all! Madeline, if you

want revenge, get it from Meredith! She's the one who pulled the strings!"

Chapter 207

Just like that, the truth back then finally came to light thanks to Tanner's ramblings.

Jeremy's expression darkened instantly as unrestrained bloodthirst flared in his eyes.

In his fury, he raised a fist that crashed hard against Tanner's cheek.

Tanner stumbled backward, losing his footing. His mind was muddled by the hit.

Wine glasses and plates crashed all over the floor upon impact to the long table behind.

However, Jeremy did not stop. Rather, he pulled Tanner up to deliver two more punches.

Blood trickled from the corner of Tanner's lips as his face turned distorted.

However, no one dared to stop Jeremy.

The man looked terrifying that very moment and too scary. Everyone felt that getting too close would leave them burnt by the

flames of fury that engulfed him.

Jeremy kept thinking that he had been wrong for the past three years.

Especially on the topic of Madeline's purity. He could not shove off the feeling of being blindfolded.

Right now, he had finally taken off the veil that covered his eyes. In light of the truth, he found it hard to face his heart, let alone

the face that swam in his mind...

Watching the scene unfurl, the pretty corners of Madeline's tips tugged up infinitesimally.

Finally.

Finally, she heard Tanner reveal the truth behind her slander.

Finally, she was deemed innocent.

Madeline felt the wounds in her heart hurt a little less.

However, she was still far from healing all the holes that riddled her heart or from pacifying the red-hot burning rage of hatred

within her.

"Tanner! How could you say something like that to slander me?" Meredith accused, her eyes red. She was angry from feeling

wronged.

She had to defend herself now.

Naturally, Eloise did her best to protect her. "What nonsense is this b*stard spewing? As if we needed Meredith to slander her.

Everyone already knew about how easy a woman Madeline was!"

Tanner had suffered quite a few blows, as evident from the taste of blood that filled his mouth. As afraid he was of Madeline

haunting him, Tanner was more afraid that Jeremy would strike him to death.

The hits seemed to have sobered him up as well, and he realized that he had told everything—the things he should and should

not have said. His only priority now was to protect his own life!

"I've really got nothing to do with it, Mr. Whitman. I was merely following Meredith Crawford's instructions. She was the one who

told me to lie about having done something with Madeline. Yes, I liked Madeline Crawford, but I swear I've never touched her!

And the thing about the kidnapping, that has nothing to do with Madeline either. It was all Mer—"

"Tanner Long! The Lord sees everything you do. How could you frame me for something I didn't do? I'll sue you for defamation if

you keep slandering me!" Meredith was determined not to let Tanner continue. "What are you still waiting for? Throw him out! Or

are you waiting for Jeremy to do it himself?"

She ordered the bodyguards impatiently.

The bodyguards immediately turned to pick up a fainted Tanner, kicking him out the doors of the hotel.

Tanner may have been thrown out, yet everyone in the ballroom had clearly heard the words he said.

"It... It was just a small squabble. Please, everyone, it's over now. Please enjoy the rest of the night." Meredith forced out a smile

as she tried to revert the atmosphere of the night, then she turned to Jeremy after fixing a hurt expression on her face. "Jeremy.

Please don't believe a word Tanner said..."

"I knew it. Madeline would never do such a thing!" Old Master Whitman interrupted Meredith's excuses with his infuriated tone.

"So it was all you! You were the one who joined forces with that thug to frame Madeline. How could you kidnap your son just to

harm her? You, you... I can't believe you!"

Meredith shook her head, tears brimming in her eyes. "That's not true, Grandpa Whitman. You can't just convict me based on the

thug's words alone. How could I possibly kidnap Jack? He's my son! How could I have the heart to?"

"Yeah. My daughter would never do such a thing, Old Master Whitman. How could we believe the words of a thug?" Eloise's

expression was stern, her emotions much calmer than Meredith's.

That was because she firmly believed that her precious daughter would never do such a thing.

"Hmph!" Old Master Whitman huffed coldly. He did not believe a word she said.

Chapter 208

Meredith did not care about how Old Master Whitman thought. What mattered to her was how Jeremy did.

Her glistened eyes turned to look at the frosty man. "You believe me, right, Jeremy?"

Meredith's tone was soft as she reached out to grab Jeremy's hands, trying to get him to believe in her.

Instead, all she got was a cold look filled with doubt that swept sharply over Meredith's face from the corner of his eyes. Without

giving her an answer, he walked away.

"Jeremy, Jeremy..."

Feeling hurt, her tears began to fall cooperatively as Meredith watched Jeremy's retreating figure.

Eloise began to comfort her sympathetically. "It's alright, Meredith. Jeremy is smart. I'm sure he wouldn't fall for such lies!"

Meredith nodded and wiped off her tears. "I'll go look for him."

"Meredith." Eloise sighed sadly. Lifting her gaze, she glared at Madeline with displeasure.

On the receiving end of Eloise's disgusted gaze, Madeline found herself smiling and walking over without a care. "If memory

serves me right, you were very certain that you had seen how shameless and ruthless Madeline was, right, Mrs. Montgomery?

Yet the truth speaks otherwise. This precious daughter of yours seems more like the horrible person you described."

"You... Don't spout nonsense, Vera Quinn. Or I'll sue you for defamation!"

"Shouldn't Madeline be the one suing if anything? Your daughter was the one who employed someone else to slander her

innocence and frame her for kidnapping."

"You..."

Madeline found herself unwilling to continue after watching Eloise comfort and stand up for Meredith.

The truth was out in the open, yet Eloise chose to protect and believe in Meredith anyway.

Everyone liked to call themselves logical, yet feelings had always been something selfish. Something so selfish that it could blind

you from black and white, from right and wrong.

Madeline smiled bitterly before turning around and walking away with a glass of wine in hand.

Night fell and the soft summer breeze caressed Madeline's cheeks.

Through the corridors, she found herself staring at an ever-so-familiar silhouette leaning on the balcony at the end.

Against the glass railing stood Jeremy's tall and lithe figure. A wine glass sat between the man's fingers, and there was a bottle

of red wine on the small table next to him.

He quietly lifted the glass, his Adam's apple bobbing as he downed the wine in his glass.

Another breeze of night wind blew, ruffling his chestnut brown hair.

Under the dark of the night, Madeline stared on. A heavy dose of melancholy seemed to have taken root in his drooping eyes

and defined brows. Please bookmark site novelxo.org to read latest content. If you want to read light novel please visit allnovelnext.com to read fastest content.

'Are you blaming yourself, Jeremy?

'Or are you regretting the things you've done?'

Madeline chuckled lightly.

Jeremy slowly lifted his gaze, almost as if he had heard the clickity-clack of her heels.

"Are you drinking your sorrows away, Mr. Whitman? Perhaps the incident just now has destroyed your mood?" Madeline asked

casually, walking toward Jeremy. "You seem like you need company, Mr. Whitman. Shall I join you for a drink?"

Madeline lightly swirled the champagne in her hand and reached over to knock their glasses together, only for Jeremy to pull her

by the wrist before their glasses could even touch.

Curiously, she stared at the inquisitive look in Jeremy's eyes, albeit glazed over by the influence of alcohol.

"Mr. Whitman?"

"It's you, isn't it? Madeline."

Chapter 209

Jeremy's gaze looked exceptionally abstruse and complicated. He clasped Madeline's slender wrist tightly, tightening his hold on

her inch by inch to not allow her to break free.

He could not let go of her hand again. He could not...

Madeline behaved coolly and calmly in the face of Jeremy's doubts.

She curled the corners of her lips, seemingly revealing her annoyance. "If I remember correctly, Mr. Whitman, you promised me

that you'd no longer suspect me of being your ex-wife, Madeline Crawford."

Hearing her answer, the anticipation in Jeremy's eyes seemed to have been extinguished instantly and his hand that was holding

Madeline gradually relaxed.

Madeline withdrew her hand and took a sip of champagne. "To be honest, it's really annoying to be treated as a dead person

every time. If it wasn't for me being afraid of pain, I would have really considered giving myself a makeover."

Jeremy suddenly raised his eyes. "Don't get plastic surgery."

"Hmm?" Madeline raised her eyebrows lightly.

Jeremy paused slightly, then opened his mouth. "Sorry, this is the last time." He promised. "You don't need plastic surgery. Your

natural appearance is the most beautiful."

His words were meant to be for praise and appreciation, but it was merely because her face was exactly the same as Madeline.

He slowly turned around as he spoke, and the bustling city under the night could be seen from this angle.

There were intertwining neon lights and dazzling illuminations, but it seemed that the chill between his brows still could not be

dissipated.

"Miss Vera, can you accompany me for a few drinks?" His emotionless voice sounded.

Madeline looked at his back and found it to look quite lonely and depressed.

She walked to his side with a glass of wine and shot him a neutral glance. "Although I'm quite disgusted that people keep

treating me like a dead person, it seems that the 'dead person', who's your ex-wife, was wronged by mistake. She doesn't seem

to be the shameless, cruel woman as rumored.”

She expressed the hidden grievances and powerlessness in her heart in a joking manner.

Her heart was bitter even though she had finally claimed her innocence.

After saying these words, Madeline observed Jeremy’s eyebrows furrowing tightly.

He looked at the night city and closed his eyes, the evening breeze softening the sharp corners of his eyes and eyebrows.

Jeremy spoke after a long silence.

“What has been the most regrettable thing in your life, Miss Vera?”

“The most regrettable thing?” Madeline took a sip of champagne thoughtfully. “Probably my mistake of a marriage. I was too

naive then and was cheated on by my ex-boyfriend. Even now, he remains at ease.”

Jeremy pulled at the corner of her lips. “Miss Vera, you’re outstanding and perfect, yet there are still men who don’t know how to

cherish you?”

“There are too many blind men in this world and I’m not the only one to be disappointed.” Madeline mocked.

She saw Jeremy’s eyes drooping as if he was thinking about something. He smiled after a few seconds.

“You’re right, there are too many blind men in this world.”

Jeremy laughed at himself and looked at Madeline. “However, the man who failed you is still alive at least. Miss Vera, you still

have a chance to right this regret.”

His tone sounded weaker than it had ever been before and his alluring eyes seemed to have lost their light, looking so

depressed and lonely.

His words had also seemed to reveal what his irreparable regret was.

Madeline casually picked up the glass and drank the liquid in it, then chuckled lightly.

‘Jeremy Whitman, I’m afraid your regret is only because you feel ashamed for having done something bad, no?

‘You’ve never cared about me. More misconceptions will only hurt me more and make me regret more.

‘I don’t need your regrets either.

'What I want is to restore my innocence and have you blind, heartless people witness another face of Madeline's!'

Chapter 210

...

Meredith had originally wanted to take advantage of this good day that was the 50th anniversary celebration of the Whitman

family and borrow the power of the media to help establish her identity as well as status. She did not expect that Tanner and

Vera's appearance would completely disrupt her plan!

Not only that, but there were also various searches being made on the internet that were not good for her.

Meredith could only ask Eloise for her help to remove the searches.

Even though all these public opinions had been suppressed, she was still feeling uneasy when it came to Jeremy.

Meredith never saw Jeremy again in the entire night that passed. His phone line was always busy when she called him that

Meredith had even wondered if her number was blocked.

Worried that Jeremy would believe whatever Tanner said, Meredith went to Jeremy's villa early in the morning to wait for him.

She had also deliberately chosen not to disturb or enter the house. She kept herself waiting at the door.

Jeremy had stayed up all night.

Ever since the day Madeline turned into a handful of ashes, he had never once slept peacefully ever again. He was only able to

sleep peacefully when his father asked someone to buy him a very special aromatherapy kit.

Last night, however, even when he had that aromatherapy, he still could not sleep.

After tossing and turning all night, Madeline still lingered in his mind. She was looking at him with such eager and expectant eyes

again and again, begging him to believe her just once.

However, he had never believed her.

When Tanner slandered her for having an improper relationship with him, he chose to believe the bastard, believing that she was

the kind of bitch who would do anything for money.

He had so cruelly destroyed the hope in her eyes bit by bit, finally turning her into ashes...

His heart hurt, but it was too late.

The corners of Jeremy's eyes were sore. He washed his face, and when he went downstairs, a servant told him that Meredith

had been waiting for him at the door for more than an hour.

Without any response, he asked the servant to wait upon Jackson to get up, wash up, and eat breakfast with him.

Seeing the face in front of him that was almost the same as his when he was a child, he suddenly felt repulsed.

He had treated the child born to him and his wife so cruelly but allowed the child born by another woman to lead such a well-fed

life.

Jeremy instantly lost his appetite and got up, walking toward the hallway.

Jackson raised clear and honest eyes, looking at his father who had always been so indifferent to him. He did not know what he

had done wrong. He only knew that in this family, his father did not like him and that his mother also hated him very much.

He lowered his misty eyes and ate breakfast silently while thinking of Big Sis Vera.

Jeremy opened the door and the gray sky occupied his sight.

Meredith, who had been waiting outside the door, greeted him happily upon seeing Jeremy open the door.

"Jeremy!"

Meredith pretended to accidentally fall on the lawn and sprain her ankle after having been standing for a long time as well as

from being too excited.

"Ah!"

Meredith made a muffled sound of pain. She thought Jeremy would have hugged her nervously as before, but this time, he stood

there motionless like a beautiful sculpture. He looked at her without moving.

Meredith sat up slowly, looking at the man in front of her sadly. "Jeremy... Jeremy, I know you must suspect me because of what

Tanner said, thinking that it was he and I who conspired to wrong Madeline together, but I can swear to God that I've never done

anything against my conscience. If I did, let me be punished by getting myself separated from Jackie forever!"

Meredith was so moved that even her tears began to fall.

Jeremy looked at her, then walked in front of her with a grim expression. "I only have one question for you now."