

Sinner Wife 211

Chapter 211

Meredith nodded sincerely. "Jeremy, no matter what you ask, I'll answer you truthfully."

"Okay." Jeremy's deep, black eyes were fixed on Meredith. "Did you really see the b*stard Tanner and Madeline together?"

"Yes! I really saw them with my own eyes!" Meredith answered without thinking.

Jeremy's black eyes gradually sank and there was a chill in those bottomless eyes.

Sensing that the surrounding airflow had suddenly become abnormally heavy, Meredith panicked, but she still insisted. "Jeremy,

what I've said is all true! Jeremy, you have to believe me..."

"Believe you..."

Jeremy repeated these two words as a mocking tint surged in his eyes.

"She spoke to me the same way back then, wanting me to believe her."

"What?" Meredith looked at the unsmiling Jeremy. "Jeremy..."

He parted his thin lips slightly. "I've already given you the chance." After saying this, he turned around coldly.

The underlying meaning of this was obviously that he did not believe her!

Meredith did not care then that she was pretending to have a sprained ankle and immediately stood up to catch up with Jeremy,

hugging him tightly from behind.

"Jeremy!"

She pressed her face tightly into Jeremy's back.

"Jeremy, I've been with you for so many years. Don't you know what kind of person I am? Why would I be lying?! Everything I've

said is the truth. Madeline really spent time with Tanner! Not only Tanner, but also Daniel! And your uncle, Felipe! Madeline loves

entangling herself with those men, she—"

"Enough!"

Jeremy interrupted her angrily, his stern face filled with indignation.

Meredith quickly closed her mouth in fright.

The air condensed again and Meredith felt a tremor of anxiety.

She hugged Jeremy tighter but suddenly heard Jeremy's commanding voice. "Let go of your hands."

Meredith's eyes widened in shock, unable to accept Jeremy's rejection and alienation from her.

"No! I won't let go! Jeremy, I love you. I just want to be with you forever. Don't let those meaningless people influence our

relationship, alright?"

With a crying voice, Meredith hugged Jeremy's waist even harder.

However, in the next few seconds, Jeremy pried open her fingers forcefully one by one, and very quickly, her embrace was

empty.

"Jeremy..." Meredith looked at the expressionless man with tears in her eyes.

Jeremy glanced at her. "If Jackson's kidnapping was related to you, I'll officially declare my engagement to you invalid."

"..." Hearing this, Meredith was instantly in disarray!

They had been engaged three years ago!

Everyone in Glendale already knew about it!

Yet, what was he saying now about declaring the engagement invalid?!

What was the meaning of this?

Meredith resolutely refused to accept such a plot twist. She recovered and saw Jeremy preparing to drive out. She hurried to the

car and grabbed the half-open window with both hands.

"Jeremy! Jackson is my biological son. How could I ask someone to kidnap our son? My own flesh and blood? How could I do

such a crazy thing?!" Meredith clutched the car window tightly as she continued explaining to the indifferent man.

Jeremy slowly drove the car out of the villa yard while turning a deaf ear to Meredith's explanation.

Meredith chased on to explain, her voice getting louder and louder. However, Jeremy sped up instead and closed the window.

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"Jeremy! Jeremy, you have to believe me! You can't condemn me for that madman Tanner's nonsense! Have you forgotten the

days when we were at the beach? You said that I was the most innocent and kindest girl you've ever met! You said that you'd

always be with me and make me your bride, that you would protect me and trust me forever. Jeremy, Jeremy, Jeremy!"

Meredith did not think that Jeremy would ignore her up until this point.

Seeing the sports car zipping away, Meredith stamped her feet in anger.

"Madeline, you b*tch! Why couldn't you just die in peace?!"

She turned around angrily and entered the villa. Seeing Jackson who was carrying his school bag and heading out, Meredith

stepped forward while sending the servant to go buy vegetables. This left only her and Jackson in the house.

Jackson looked at Meredith, his beautiful black eyes filled with defensiveness and repulsion. His little hand was gripping the

shoulder strap of his school bag.

The more she looked at him, the more hateful he became!

Meredith rolled her eyes at Jackson with extreme disgust, suddenly stretching out her hand to grab Jackson's thin little arm.

Jackson did not speak, but his body resisted. In the end, he was still just a five-year-old child who was unable to repel the

strength of an adult.

Meredith dragged him to the utility room, pushed him in without any explanation, and locked the door.

Bang!

Jackson slapped the door hard.

Meredith kicked the door viciously. "Shut up, you annoying child! I knew I should've strangled you when you were in the belly of

that b*tch, Madeline!"

She cussed and transferred all her resentment as well as dissatisfaction onto Jackson.

After struggling and crying for help, Jackson finally shrank helplessly in the dark corner while hugging his small body tightly.

"Big Sis Vera..." he murmured in the darkness. It seemed that only by calling this name could he see a little light.

Meredith knew that Jeremy could not be allowed to investigate the truth of the kidnapping incident back then. Otherwise, she

could not imagine what kind of punishment Jeremy would give her, let alone when she could no longer be the young wife of the

Whitman family.

After thinking about it, Tanner was still the only one who knew the truth.

Madeline was already dead and the dead could not speak.

As such, it was now enough for her to just deal with Tanner!

In any case, she could not let Tanner talk nonsense!

...

After Madeline had sent Lillian to the kindergarten, she then returned to the apartment.

She lit up the new incense she had just made and took a fine brush to draw a portrait on the drawing paper.

'Jeremy, oh how much I once loved you and how much I hate you now.

'I can't wait to see the look on your face when you discover Meredith's true face.'

The mobile phone on the table vibrated suddenly. Seeing the caller ID, the corner's of Madeline's lips rose. She quickly picked

up the phone, the smile on her face revealing her joy at the moment. "Do you want to come back now? That's great, Lillian and I

will pick you up."

After hearing the man's quiet, water-like voice on the other end of the phone, Madeline then hung up, feeling much better.

The doorbell rang just then and Madeline unexpectedly saw Jeremy's stern face through the peephole. His expression was deep

while his eyebrows were furrowed tightly. He looked to be in a bad mood.

Thinking of what had happened last night, Madeline could roughly guess why Jeremy was in a bad mood.

After he rang the doorbell again, she then slowly opened the door with a surprised expression. "Mr. Whitman? Why are you

here?"

Jeremy looked at Madeline with a tired gaze as his lips moved lightly. "Miss Vera, I want you to do me a favor."

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Madeline stared at the deep, sea-like eyes in front of her with curiosity. "What's the matter?"

"I hope that you can help me find out the truth," Jeremy said the words softly, his deep eyes pleading with anticipation.

After Madeline quietly listened to what Jeremy wanted her to help him with, she was surprised.

She thought for a moment before nodding.

"Okay, I'll help you."

"Thank you." Jeremy thanked her.

At this moment, Madeline vaguely saw a faint smile in Jeremy's eyes, but it was fleeting. Madeline never thought that she could

be herself again.

Jeremy took her to the beauty salon. Madeline saw that Jeremy had shown a photo to the stylist, and the stylist nodded to

express their understanding.

Madeline did not know what photo Jeremy showed the stylist, but she saw herself in the mirror an hour later.

Her long, dark, and smooth hair set off her clean and elegant face, giving her the illusion of having come from worlds away.

Afterward, Jeremy took Madeline to the villa.

Looking at the villa that used to be their wedding home, Madeline's heart carried mixed emotions, but there was an ironic smile

on her lips.

She followed Jeremy in and upstairs.

Three years had passed.

She did not expect that she would step into this house again one day, into the bedroom that she had once shared with him.

As soon as she entered, Madeline smelled a faint and unique fragrance. She was familiar with the fragrance of this incense

because she had made it herself.

It was also after her 'rebirth' that she discovered her sense of smell was sharper than that of ordinary people. When she was

bored with designing, she would study some spices and incense to broaden her knowledge and creativity.

She did not want to have herself be the pretty dunce who blindly chased after love.

Jeremy took her to the closet. He opened the closet, and the neatly arranged dresses in front of him surprised Madeline a little.

When she entered the bedroom just now and saw that there were no changes in the interior inside, she was already a little

surprised. What was even more unexpected was that her clothes from three years ago were still here .

"Miss Vera, you can pick out a suitable one to wear. I'll wait for you outside." Jeremy finished speaking, then went out.

The door closed and Madeline was the only one left in the room.

She stretched out her white and beautiful hands, gently placing them on the clothes she had worn before. She stroked them one

by one as if she was touching them for the first time again back when she was still her.

However, her former self's body was covered in bloody scars.

Touching them at this moment, Madeline felt her hand ache.

'Jeremy, the hurt you've inflicted on me, no matter how you make up for it, you can't heal those wounds. I will have you

remember that all your life, and I'll make you remember for your entire life about how wrong you were!'

"Mr. Whitman, you can come in now."

Jeremy was waiting silently at the door. Hearing the voice from the room, he suddenly opened his tired, black eyes and opened

the door before walking in.

It was obviously a dim and rainy day, but when Jeremy opened the door and saw Madeline who was wearing a clean white skirt

with her black hair swishing as she smiled gently, it was as if she was a beam of bright sunshine shining through.

He could not help but think of the first time he had seen Madeline. It was her first day in college.

Her smile was also very sunny and innocent.

Madeline...

Jeremy's throat moved, and in the end, he swallowed back her name.

She was dead.

She had died three years ago.

The one in front of him was not her.

"Mr. Whitman, is my current look exactly the same as your ex-wife's?" Madeline smiled and walked in front of Jeremy. There

were no flaws in her gestures and she looked extremely natural.

Jeremy looked at her and nodded lightly. "Very similar."

He smiled faintly, but no matter how much she looked like her, it was just 'like'.

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It was still not her.

"That's good." Madeline smiled, satisfied. "I heard that Mr. Whitman hates Madeline very much. She has been dead for three

years. Why do you still keep her old clothes in your room? "

Jeremy locked his gaze on Madeline's face when he heard these words. "How do you know that these are my ex-wife's clothes?"

Madeline smiled calmly. "This is a very simple guess, isn't it?"

Hearing this rhetorical question, Jeremy smiled. "That's right."

At the same time, Meredith contacted Tanner who had just come out of the hospital.

Tanner had not gained anything last night, having been scared to death by the sudden appearance of a 'ghost'. He was also

severely beaten by Jeremy until he lost a tooth. He had simply suffered double the loss.

He came out of the hospital as soon as he heard that tooth fillings cost tens of thousands of dollars.

Where was he to get so much money as a quack? When he received a call from Meredith, he felt as if an opportunity had come.

Meredith was very cautious and did not transfer anything to Tanner, fearing that Jeremy would find a trace.

She put on a wig and sunglasses, changed her outfit, and arranged for Tanner to meet her at a remote cafe.

Upon meeting, Meredith generously gave away 100,000 dollars in cash.

As soon as he saw the amount of money, Tanner's eyes lit up. He snatched the bills quickly and repeatedly agreed. "Miss

Montgomery, don't worry. This isn't the first time we've cooperated. Your business is mine!

"Oh, I blame myself for my drunkenness and misstep last night, but you said that... Who's that Quinn..."

"Vera Quinn." Meredith repeated impatiently. "You'd better remember it. That's not Madeline! That b*tch Madeline died three

years ago. There are no such things as ghosts in this world! Even if Madeline has really turned into a ghost, I can also make her

go away!"

Tanner shrank his neck when he heard the word 'ghost'.

It was hard to straighten oneself up when they had done a lot of bad things.

"You can keep the money as long as you keep your mouth shut about the kidnapping. I promise you won't ever have to worry

about having nothing to eat or drink in your life!"

"Miss Montgomery, don't worry. I know what to do," Tanner replied repeatedly, then said unhappily,

"That Vera Quinn, how dare

she frighten me?! I have to let her know how good I am!"

Meredith was satisfied with this.

It would be a good thing for her if Tanner could deal with Vera.

She also hated the woman!

Yet, now the most important thing was about the kidnapping. In any case, Jeremy could not find out that it was related to her!

On that rainy day, night fell early.

Madeline sat in Jeremy's car as they waited on the route that Tanner used to go back to his rental house every day.

It was almost ten o'clock when Tanner finally appeared.

He got off a taxi and started humming while feeling in a good mood.

Madeline got out of the car immediately and walked under a tree.

"Tanner," she called out.

Tanner stopped abruptly and looked toward the source of the voice.

Seeing a white shadow in the night, he paused for a while. Then, he showed a frightened expression.

“Madeline!”

Madeline felt very comfortable seeing Tanner who she had frightened.

She knew that she was not helping Jeremy—she was helping herself.

She would not let go of these people who had harmed her.

However, to Madeline’s surprise, Tanner suddenly showed a playful expression after being frightened.

“Maddie, do you miss me?

Is that why you’ve become a ghost? You want to make things up with me, don’t you? If you want to find me, just give me a

reminder. Don’t pop up all of a sudden. Did you know that yesterday, you scared me till I spoke nonsense at Whitman

Corporation’s 50th anniversary party? You’ve even wronged your sister, Meredith.”

Tanner suddenly turned the conversation around. There was no longer a look of fear on his face. Instead, he walked toward her

with a frivolous expression. His face was hurt, making his appearance even more ugly.

“Maddie, I miss you too. I want to relive my old dreams with you, especially the mole on your chest. It’s so beautiful!”

His words were getting nastier and nastier while his expression became more and more wretched.

Madeline looked at this man who had used violence against her with hatred. Even her fists were shaking.

“Maddie, since you keep pestering me like this, why don’t you follow me upstairs now and we can be gentle and affectionate with

each other?”

After saying these words, Tanner stretched out his hands and pounced on Madeline!

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Seeing Tanner charge over, Madeline thought of the atrocities he had done to her.

After a flash of a moment, when she had finally reacted to counterattack, a gust of wind roared from behind her all of a sudden.

Jeremy’s warm palms held onto her shoulders tightly, bringing her to the side.

Madeline was instantly surrounded by a familiar yet unfamiliar warm breath. Before she could see clearly, she saw Tanner

swiping the air before hitting the tree. It was followed by Jeremy's right hand twisting him around.

Tanner suddenly screamed, "Ow, ow!" However, Jeremy did not let up. He lifted his foot to Tanner's knee and kicked him

viciously, forcing Tanner to kneel down before kicking him away.

Madeline thought that Jeremy wanted to continue to teach Tanner a lesson, but he suddenly hugged her tightly, worried.

"Don't be afraid, I'm here. I won't let anyone bully you again."

His gentle voice slipped into her ears like water in the night. It was so unbelievably gentle, carrying a trace of tension and worry

as if he was really worried that she would be hurt.

Madeline opened her eyes blankly, feeling Jeremy's embrace increasingly tighten.

Fine beads of rain fell from the sky, then densely. It was accompanied by the late summer breeze. It was so cold.

Yet the heat from his chest, which was pressed close to her and penetrated into her skin through their clothes, was so hot.

At such a close distance, she could hardly tell if it was her own heartbeat or Jeremy's heartbeat that was disturbing her thoughts

at the moment.

When she was almost lost in a daze, the pain from her invisible wounds made Madeline sober. "Mr. Whitman, if you continue

doing this, I'll get angry," she spoke softly, and the meaning of refusal was obvious.

Jeremy's eyes froze as if he had just walked back from a beautiful dream.

"Sorry," he whispered softly in her ear, then let go of his embrace.

He grabbed Tanner, who had wanted to run, and pushed him to the tree. His deep black eyes pierced Tanner like a poisonous

sword.

"Listen, I'll only give you one chance." Jeremy's thin lips parted open a little and his tone was cold. "The kidnapping of my son.

Who did it and what did they mean by it?"

Tanner tilted his swollen mouth and stretched his trembling finger out to Madeline.

“Yes, it’s her! It’s Madeline! It was Madeline who contacted me and asked me to kidnap your son!” He was completely denying

what he said at the dinner party last night.

Obviously, such a sudden change was definitely bought.

Jeremy furrowed his eyebrows and pressed his strong arm against Tanner’s neck. “So, are you asking for money or life?”

Upon hearing this, Tanner’s pupils shrank. As he looked at Jeremy’s sharp black eyes, he could not help but shudder. “Whi... Mr.

Whitman, it really is Madeline! I’m not lying!” He pointed at the silent Madeline. “Madeline, don’t think just because you’ve

become a ghost that I’m afraid of you! A sinister and vicious woman like you who can sleep around for money deserved to die,

you—”

Crack!

Before he could speak anymore, he got another punch in the face.

Jeremy seemed to have been rubbed the wrong way and his eyes were dark like he was Satan from hell. He raised his fist and

slammed it on Tanner’s body.

Tanner screamed with pain and kept bleeding from his mouth.

At the end of his screams, Tanner was almost dying.

Madeline was quite happy watching Tanner suffer, but if he was killed in this way, Meredith would still be at large.

She walked over and grabbed Jeremy, who was squeezing his fists and still trying to beat Tanner. “If you hit him again, you’ll kill

him.”

Jeremy’s fist stopped mid-air. His expression was gloomy and his eyes were red as if he was about to swallow the whole world. It

was terrifying.

His right hand was also covered with blood, but he could not tell whether it was his or Tanner’s.

If it was not for Madeline’s prevention, he would have really killed Tanner.

Jeremy drove Madeline back to the apartment. He did not say a word on the way back and the atmosphere was very strange.

They were originally supposed to go find Tanner so that he could learn the truth about Jackson's kidnapping back then, but

someone had obviously found him before them.

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The person who looked for Tanner must have been Meredith.

Madeline knew it very well, but she did not think Jeremy did.

He had always believed in Meredith blindly.

It was also because he had indulged Meredith again and again that it brought her such deep pain previously.

However, if he really wanted to cover for Meredith, why did he take the extra effort to ask Madeline to pretend to be who she was

back then to worm facts out of Tanner?

Madeline thought that Jeremy would leave right away, but she did not expect him to follow her to the door of her apartment.

"Can I go in and sit for a while?" Jeremy parted his lips lightly, requesting.

It was already late at night. Madeline wanted to refuse, but she glanced at his bleeding hand and decided to open the door to let

him in. "Come in."

She did not think she was feeling sorry for him. She just wanted to get some information from him.

Madeline brought out the medical kit. Seeing the man sitting impassively on the sofa, she walked in.

Jeremy lowered his hands and sank weakly into the soft sofa. There was intense melancholy between his eyebrows, and he

looked depressed.

Madeline did not say a word. She just quietly took out the alcohol swab and treated the injury on the back of Jeremy's hand, then

gently wrapped it with gauze.

"I never believed in her."

Jeremy suddenly said such a sentence.

Madeline's movements stopped for a bit. She then asked with a calm and composed smile, "Mr. Whitman, who are you talking

about?" she asked, but she then heard Jeremy chuckle in a low voice.

He seemed to be talking to himself. "I really didn't expect her to do such a thing. I had trusted her so much all this while."

Madeline understood that he was referring to her past self in his earlier sentence and was now talking about Meredith.

'Oh Jeremy, there are many things you didn't expect. What you've seen is just the tip of the iceberg of Meredith's false front!'

Madeline raised her beautiful eyes calmly and asked knowingly, "Mr. Whitman, do you mean that regarding your ex-wife

kidnapping your son, you had already known who was the real perpetrator? It was just that you didn't want to believe it, did you?"

Hearing her question, Jeremy seemed startled.

His slender, dewy eyes suddenly became a little hazy. That deep gaze was scrutinizing her clean and clear eyes. He was feeling

complicated.

Jeremy slowly raised his hand after a while. His warm fingertips touched Madeline's delicate cheeks as he bobbed his Adam's

apple a few times until there was a lump in his throat.

"I'm sorry."

He suddenly spat out these two words. His voice was low and charming, but very hoarse.

Madeline kept smiling all the time, but she could not control her stunned expression at this moment.

She seemed to have caught a light flashing through Jeremy's eyes. In the next second, he spread his arms and took her in,

hugging her tightly in his embrace. His warm breath was fanning out on her ear.

"I'm sorry..."

She heard his apology again. Jeremy hugged her tighter as his scent enveloped her more profoundly.

Madeline's hands dangled at her side. She was unable to control herself for a while.

She could not tell who Jeremy was apologizing to at this moment, whether it was to her current self or to her former self...

Click!

Suddenly, there was a clear sound of the door opening.

Madeline returned to her senses all of a sudden. Seeing the man coming in from the door, she pushed Jeremy away.

“Mr. Whitman, you should go back now. My fiancé is here.”

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As Madeline’s voice fell, Jeremy’s embrace then became empty.

A sense of endless loneliness occupied his heart for a moment. He seemed to have just gotten back from getting lost.

Looking at the face in front of him, Jeremy realized that he had lost his cool just now.

He had even shown her that depressed and gloomy side of his that no one knew. Moreover, he had craved for her hug so much,

even longed for her to feel sorry for him and hug him tight...

This was something that had never happened before.

Yet he knew that he was only like this all because of this face.

This face that was almost identical to hers back then.

“Didn’t you say you’d arrive tomorrow? Why are you back so sudden?” Madeline brought Jeremy back to his sense with her

somewhat cheerful voice.

Only then did he realize something and remembered what she had just said. ‘My fiancé is here.’

Fiancé?

“Is there a guest home?” A man’s voice was heard.

Jeremy frowned. Although this voice was not particularly familiar, it was not foreign to him either.

However, if the owner of this voice was Vera’s fiancé, he was really shocked.

“Jeremy, is that you?”

Just as Jeremy raised his gaze and looked over, that voice sounded again.

Felipe Whitman, who was wearing a black suit, slowly walked in. It was raining outside, so his shoulders were dotted with

raindrops, but it did not affect his overall elegant and gentlemanly manner one bit.

The two pairs of slender black orbs encountered each other like that.

Jeremy's eyes were obviously as dark and deep like water with a tranquil atmosphere, but at this moment, an undercurrent was

quietly surging out from Jeremy's eyes like a burst of invisible gunpowder smoke.

"It's actually you?" Jeremy stood up slowly.

At this moment, Madeline smiled faintly and walked to Felipe's side while holding his arms naturally and affectionately.

"Mr. Whitman, this is my fiancé, Felipe Whitman."

She introduced him with a smile before raising her puzzled eyes to look at Felipe's gentle face.

"You just called Mr. Whitman 'Jeremy'. Do you guys know each other? No, you both share the same surname..."

"Jeremy is the nephew I've mentioned to you before." Felipe parted his lips to answer unhurriedly. His voice was mild as the

night outside the window, slipping into her ears as quietly as gentle water.

Madeline looked surprised, then she smiled. "So it turns out that Mr. Whitman is your nephew." She sighed. "Ever since I came to

Glendale, the only friend I made was Mr. Whitman."

"How fated." Felipe smiled gently and looked at Jeremy who had not said a word. "Jeremy, thank you for taking care of Vera all

this while."

After he said this, there was a low chuckle in the silent air.

Jeremy walked toward Felipe. Both of them were over six feet tall. They were neck and neck, and their appearance was even

more difficult to judge.

Yet, compared to Jeremy's assertive edge, Felipe displayed a somewhat more graceful and gentlemanly temperament.

Jeremy's meaningful gaze flicked across Felipe's face and finally landed on Madeline's slightly smiling palm-sized face.

"Is he really your fiancé?" he looked at Madeline and questioned.

Madeline nodded without thinking. "Of course, could he be a fake?"

“Huh.” Jeremy smiled sarcastically. “A woman who looks exactly like my ex-wife has become my future aunt-in-law?”

“Jeremy.” Felipe interrupted calmly. “I know Vera and Madeline look alike, but they’re two different people. I hope you’re not imagining things.”

“It’s hard for me not to imagine things.” Jeremy looked at Madeline with an intrigued smile.

After he said this, he walked to Madeline’s side and suddenly bowed his head. A warm breath slipped past Madeline’s ear.

“I’ve suddenly begun to look forward to my next meeting with you, Miss Vera.”

Accompanied by his somewhat joking and profound words, Madeline’s hand that was holding onto Felipe’s arm tightened slightly

by an inch.

Sensing Madeline’s uneasiness, Felipe raised his hand and gently held hers.

“Don’t worry.” He soothed, his tone always so unhurried, soft, and calm.

Soon, Jeremy left on his own.

It was only after the door closed did Madeline let her guard and vigilance down.

She quickly withdrew her hand from Felipe’s arm. Lifting her eyes to meet those smiling and gentle black orbs, the uneasiness

and anxiety in her heart seemed to disappear in an instant.

“It’s really good that you’re back.” She smiled, her eyes flashing with endless gratitude and joy.

Felipe raised his hand and tucked Madeline’s long hair on the side of her face behind her ears. It was evidently such an

ambiguous action, but when he did it, it seemed very natural and generous.

“I’ve seen all the news during this time and you’ve done a great job.”

Chapter 218

Madeline shook her head. “I still didn’t handle it well enough. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be suspecting me again and again for being

his damned ex-wife.”

Madeline carried bitterness in her emotions when she said the last two words, but she quickly smiled at Felipe faintly.

“Don’t worry about me. I’m no longer the silly and stupid Madeline Crawford. I won’t disappoint you with the chance of rebirth that

you've given me."

Felipe curled the edge of his lips and smiled. There was a touch of mystery in those bright and deep eyes.

Madeline helped him to take off the coat that had been dampened by rainwater and got him new toiletries.

He took a shower and put on a white bathrobe, wiping a few strands of his wet hair with a dry towel.

He entered Madeline's room naturally. Seeing the cutie asleep on the bed, Felipe bent down slowly and dropped a loving kiss on

Lily's cheek.

"Felipe, I've cleaned up the room." Madeline entered the room softly.

Felipe turned and walked toward her. "I'll be going back to Whitman Manor in two days. Come with me."

"Okay." Madeline nodded.

"Rest early. Goodnight," Felipe said with his head bowed. His thin, pale lips landed between Madeline's eyebrows without staying

on unnecessarily long. He turned around and went out quickly, closing the door smoothly.

Madeline stood still in a daze, feeling somewhat complicated.

She was not a fool. Felipe only helped her so much because he had romantic feelings for her to some extent.

Especially when she was accused by Meredith of stealing the necklace six years ago. At that time, he had provided her with

evidence that could prove her innocence.

He had already been helping her secretly since back then.

However, in the three years she spent with Felipe, she felt that he was too mysterious. It could even be said that he was

unpredictable.

He was a gentleman, a decent gentleman.

However, Madeline's instinct told her that he had a hidden secret.

Madeline shook her head to force herself to stop thinking about it.

After Jeremy left, he sat in his car. Even after the lights in Madeline's apartment were switched off, he still did not leave.

"Felipe Whitman."

Felipe's name came out from his lips.

Thinking of how Felipe used to care about Madeline's every move, he gradually lowered his gaze.

"No."

He suddenly denied something and thought of Madeline who had been on the operating table with no vital signs.

Her breathing had stopped and there was no pulse. She was a dead person.

Yet, if Vera Quinn was just Vera Quinn, he could no longer doubt it anymore. It was just that Vera was having such a relationship

with Felipe, so it was hard not to arouse his suspicions again.

Thinking of Vera's conversation style and manner, he could not help but think that she could be the Madeline from back then.

Jeremy looked at the wound that had been bandaged not long ago. He caressed the gauze as though he could still feel

someone's remaining warmth on the bandages.

He looked down and his gaze suddenly became tender.

'Madeline, I would rather it be you.

'Even if you no longer love me and hate me to my bones, I can accept it.

'As long as you're alive.

'As long as you're still alive in this world, whatever you want to do, I'll accompany you.'

The next day, Madeline woke up early to make breakfast for Lily. Seeing that Felipe was still resting, she closed the door gently

and sent Lily to the kindergarten.

When she was about to leave after sending Lily, Jeremy's car stopped in front of her.

"Mr. Whitman?" She behaved very calmly.

Jeremy got out of the car and opened the door to the passenger seat for Madeline. "Future Aunt-in-law, would you do me a favor

and get in the car?"

"..." Although she was not used to hearing this form of address from Jeremy, she still got into the car calmly.

The car sped down the busy street and finally stopped at the intersection of the commercial street.

"There's a breakfast shop here that makes delicious food," Jeremy said while getting down the car to open the door for Madeline.

Had he brought her here for breakfast?

Madeline somehow felt a little weird about it.

She got out of the car hesitantly. Seeing so many office workers rushing to work, she then seemed to have seen a familiar figure

passing by in the crowd.

"Ma-Maddie?!"

Chapter 219

In the crowd, there was suddenly an overly familiar voice that came from nowhere.

Madeline's heart was in her mouth all of a sudden and her heartbeat also increased. Yet, her face revealed no reaction. She

walked toward Jeremy without even a single ripple.

"Mr. Whitman, did you deliberately bring me here for breakfast?" She smiled, the morning rays after the rain falling on her

immaculate and delicate face, shining beautifully.

Jeremy seemingly glanced in a certain direction, then nodded. "Won't my future aunt-in-law show deference in a public setting?

Or are you worried that Uncle Felipe will be jealous?"

"Why would Felipe be jealous because of such a thing?" Madeline smiled calmly, but her heartbeat was erratic.

She could still hear that familiar voice calling out 'Maddie' again and again.

That voice, accompanied by rapid footsteps, got closer and closer.

However, she just calmly followed Jeremy's footsteps to the breakfast shop.

"Maddie!"

At last, just when Madeline was about to step into the breakfast shop, the person in front of her held her hand tightly.

"Maddie! Maddie! It really is you!"

Ava held Madeline's hand tightly with excitement. Her tears were like a broken dam, cascading down from her eyes without

restraint while smudging her delicate makeup in no time.

“Maddie?” Madeline raised her eyebrows in confusion. “Could it be that you’re Madeline Crawford’s old friend and you also think

that I’m her?”

Hearing Madeline’s answer, Ava’s tearful eyes whirled from shock.

“What do you mean ‘think’ of you as Madeline? Maddie, what on earth happened? Why did you show up here?”

Ava had many questions, but in the end, it was incomparable to the surprise of seeing Madeline at this moment.

She spread her arms around Madeline excitedly, feeling the realness of her friend’s flesh and blood. Ava’s voice trembled.

“Maddie, it’s really you! That’s great! You’re still alive!”

She took Madeline’s hand in agitation and glared at Jeremy fiercely. “Maddie, why are you still with this scumbag? He and

Meredith almost killed you back then! How can you still forgive him? Come with me! Don’t be together with this scumbag

anymore!”

Ava glared at Jeremy angrily and pulled Madeline up to leave.

However, not only did Madeline not take a step, but she also withdrew her hand forcefully.

“Miss, you’ve got the wrong person. I’m not Madeline Crawford.”

She handed her business card calmly as she said.

“This is my business card.”

Ava stared at the business card Madeline had handed over blankly. The words ‘Vera Quinn’ looked unusually strange.

“Maddie, what are you saying? How can you not be my Maddie?!” Ava raised her hand, wiped her tears, and looked at

Madeline’s face carefully. These delicate eyebrows were exactly the same as Maddie’s and even the dimples that appeared

when she smiled slightly were exactly the same. How could it not be her?!

“Maddie, are you being threatened by this scumbag? Or have you lost your memories? I’m Ava! Don’t you know me anymore?”

Ava's wet eyes looked at her hopefully.

Madeline curled her lips calmly and met Ava's eyes with a smile.

"Miss, I really don't know you. I also didn't lose my memories. Please stop saying that Mr. Whitman is a scumbag, and don't call

me 'Maddie' anymore. I don't want to continue to be recognized as a dead person."

Ava looked at Madeline who had said these words in disbelief. The excitement and eagerness in her heart were gradually

extinguished by Madeline's indifferent gaze.

"Maddie, what... What are you saying? Why did you become like this? I'm Ava! Your best friend, Ava!"

She stressed hard, trying to find something in Madeline's eyes that could tally with her, but there was nothing.

Madeline gave Ava a cold look and turned her head. "Mr. Whitman, I've suddenly lost my appetite to eat. Please send me home."

"Okay." Jeremy agreed readily.

"Maddie? Maddie!" Seeing that Madeline had turned around to leave, Ava caught up grudgingly but was stopped by Jeremy.

"Jeremy, you scumbag! You must've done something to Maddie! Otherwise, she wouldn't have become like this!"

Chapter 220

Jeremy sneered lowly, his slender, dewy eyes looking at Madeline's elegant back. "You really think she's Madeline?"

"Nonsense! Of course, she's Maddie!" Ava affirmed without a doubt. "Jeremy, I'm telling you, don't think about hurting Maddie

anymore. If Maddie gets hurt again, I'll fight you tooth and nail this time!"

Hearing Ava's warning, Jeremy suddenly curled his lips in self-mockery.

A friend who would fight tooth and nail for her.

However, what about this husband?

Jeremy did not say anything. He then got into the car and started the engine.

Madeline was seated in the car. She caught a glimpse of Ava's dejected figure in her peripheral vision. She gradually became

smaller and smaller in the rear-view mirror, and her heart hurt more and more.

'I'm sorry, Ava.

'Now is not the time to acknowledge you.

'I'll offer you a humble apology after I take my revenge.'

Madeline recollected her attention. When the car passed by an intersection, she requested. "Stop the car."

Jeremy looked at her, puzzled, but he saw Madeline's solemn face.

He stopped the car. Madeline then opened the car door and left.

Jeremy's expression changed slightly. He hurriedly got out of the car to chase after her and grabbed her slender wrist. "Where

are you going?"

After getting stopped, there was a bothered look on her graceful face. "I have deliberately saved your reputation just now with so

many people around, Mr. Whitman, but I'm really tired of you trying to see if I'm Madeline Crawford again and again."

She frowned, looking extremely unhappy. "I don't have to guess it. I know you didn't want to take me to breakfast at all. You just

knew that Madeline's friend would show up there, so you brought me there on purpose, isn't that right?"

"Yes." Jeremy admitted flatly. He stared deeply at Madeline. "You look exactly like my ex-wife, which is completely fine, but you're

a woman who looks exactly like my ex-wife and is Felipe's fiancée. It's hard for me not to suspect you."

Madeline chuckled upon hearing this. "The world is large and full of wonders. Mr. Whitman, didn't you also commit marital

infidelity and conspire with your mistress to drive your first wife to death? In that case, is there anything else that is impossible?"

Jeremy's gaze gradually sank.

This face was not similar, but it was exactly the same!

Yet, her words and actions were the complete opposite of how she used to be.

She had always been so careful, so inferior and cowardly. She was never this eloquent and her gaze was never bright like a

torch.

“Can you let me go?” Madeline looked askance at her wrist that was being held tightly by Jeremy.

However, she never thought that not only did Jeremy not let her go, he instead gripped her wrist harder as he took her into his

arms.

She fell into his arms without warning. A once familiar scent surrounded her all of a sudden, and that was Jeremy’s scent.

Madeline looked lost. “What are you doing?”

Jeremy just curled his lips. “It turns out that in your eyes, Miss Vera, I’m such a scumbag.”

He tugged the corners of his thin, sexy lips up and smiled evilly. “Since you’ve already seen through my scumbag nature, then

you’d better be careful, Miss Vera. Because I like to challenge relationships that breach common sense, Future Aunt-in-law.”

“...”

Facing Jeremy’s profound provocation, Madeline pushed him off angrily. She turned around and walked across the road, trying to

avoid Jeremy as quickly as possible.

She had only taken a few steps when suddenly, she heard a rapid honking.

Madeline stopped abruptly and looked sideways. She saw a car speeding toward her, about to hit her in the next second.

Jeremy, who saw this scene, had his heart come up to his throat.

“Madeline—”