

Sinner Wife 281

Chapter 281

“Pfft.” Madeline burst out laughing. “The woman you love the most is your ex-wife Meredith? Mr. Whitman, this joke isn’t funny at all.”

Madeline was laughing, but there was a dull ache in her heart.

That bloody wound was still causing her to be in pain without showing any signs of relenting. When she recalled those scenes

from the past, there was only blood and tears.

However, what had he said back then? Did he say that he loved her?

If the opposite of love was hate, then he had indeed ‘loved’ her. He even ‘loved’ her to death!

When he looked at the sarcastic smile on Madeline’s face, Jeremy smiled superficially. “You’re right. It’s just a joke.”

He was laughing at himself, but deep within, his heart was as painful as if it had just been cut by a knife.

It was exactly like a joke. It was so pathetic that he almost did not believe himself.

However, this was already an undeniable truth.

“Well, the joke’s over. I should go now,” Madeline said in a cold tone. Then, she pulled her hand away from Jeremy’s hand

without hesitating.

However, when she turned around, Jeremy walked in front of her.

“Do you have anything else to say to me, Mr. Whitman?” Madeline asked calmly.

“I said you can call me by my name when we meet.” He looked at her. “You should think about what I said to you after you go

back.”

He meant their marriage.

Madeline was feeling more and more confused about this man. “Jeremy, why would I marry you? Won’t you think about the ex-

wife who you despise so much when you look at my face? Won’t you feel disgusted? Or perhaps you’re a masochist?”

Jeremy raised his eyebrow slightly. “Just think of me as a masochist, then,” he said while opening the door of the passenger

seat.

"It's too secluded here. I'll drive you home."

Madeline looked at the unreadable smile on the man's handsome face. Then, she turned around and got into the car.

When she got back to the empty apartment, she searched online for her wedding photo with Jeremy six years ago.

Looking at the photo of both of them, her mind started to wander. Her quiet heart started to beat faster for no reason.

Now that she was reminiscing, those memories felt like they had just happened yesterday.

He was wearing a suit while looking arrogant and elegant at the same time. He was a man who was like no other.

She had held his hand as they walked into the church. There was a happy grin on her face.

However, that smile never again appeared on her face after that day.

Six years. In those six years, he brought her only pain and more pain after she married him.

However, what was he saying now?

The woman he loved the most was her?

"Hmph." Madeline scoffed as her heart tightened.

'Jeremy, it's fine if you didn't love me when I was alive. Now that I'm dead, you still want to crack jokes to make fun of me.

'The woman you've loved this entire time is that evil two-faced b*tch Madeline!

'Even though you're aware of all the heinous things she has done to me in the past, you merely called off your marriage to her.

Do you think this is enough to lessen the hurt you caused me?

"No.

'The punishment you and Meredith are experiencing today is far from enough!'

It was dusk when Madeline arrived at the kindergarten.

After she picked Lillian up, Madeline looked into the kindergarten subconsciously. She looked for Jackson among the other tiny

figures. However, after looking around, she could not find him.

Madeline turned around dispiritedly. When she was about to leave, she saw Eloise walking out with Jackson.

Eloise had spotted Madeline as well. Anger rose on her elegant and graceful face.

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However, since Jackson was around, Eloise had to control her anger.

"Vera." Jackson lifted his head to greet Vera. There was a rare smile on his clean and smooth face.

Madeline smiled in return. "Jack, how are you?"

When Eloise saw this, her face fell. "Jack, what did you call her? Do you know her? How would you know this evil woman?"

"Vera isn't a bad person." Jackson knitted his eyebrows together. The smile on his face disappeared gradually as he became

down and dispirited again.

"She's a bad person! She's the one who caused your mother to be hospitalized!" Eloise's tone became awful. She glared at

Madeline while gritting her teeth. "Vera Quinn, stay away from my family. I'll get back at you for what you've done to Mer!"

"Pretty Grandma, why are you screaming at my mommy?" Lillian said in a voice as soft as cotton.

Eloise finally spotted the little girl who looked about two to three years old next to Madeline.

She wanted to teach Madeline a lesson, but when she saw Lillian's big eyes and doll-like face, she was stunned.

She looked so much like her.

She looked exactly like Meredith when she gave birth to her.

"What are you looking at, Mrs. Montgomery?" Madeline smiled and asked.

Eloise came back to her senses and pointed at Lillian. There was suspicion in her eyes as she asked, "Is this your daughter?"

Madeline nodded. "Is there something wrong?"

"..." The expression in Eloise's eyes changed. She inspected Madeline's face profoundly for a while. Then, she scoffed. "Hmph,

Vera Quinn, so you have a daughter yourself? Have you ever thought about how heartbroken you'd be if your daughter gets hurt

by someone? Do you really think my daughter has no mother who loves her?"

At the end of the day, she was feeling sorry for Meredith again.

Madeline smiled. "I won't allow anyone to hurt my daughter, but Mrs. Montgomery, are you sure you really love your daughter?"

"What do you mean?" Eloise asked in dissatisfaction. "Are you trying to incite disharmony between me and Mer again?"

Madeline looked at Eloise calmly. "What I said on the roof is true. Rose did say so herself that your biological daughter with Mr.

Montgomery has been dead since three years ago."

"Rubbish!" Eloise did not believe what she said.

Madeline looked at the change in Eloise's expression as her heart ached dully. However, she smiled calmly. "I'm not spewing

rubbish. Time will give you the answer. However, I'm pretty curious. Did anyone around you die three years ago?"

"..." Eloise wanted to continue yelling at Madeline, but when she heard that, she felt her heart throbbing.

She immediately thought of Madeline.

Madeline had died three years ago!

"Lily, say goodbye to Jack. We're going home now."

"Okay," Lillian replied obediently and waved at Jackson.

Madeline looked at Jackson gently. He had been looking at her the entire time. She felt reluctant. "Jack, I'll see you soon."

"Vera." After Madeline turned around, Jackson called out her name and escaped from Eloise's grip. Then, he ran in front of her.

"This is for you."

Jackson handed her a simple crystal bracelet. The pristine crystals reflected brilliant rays under the sunlight. "I made this during

art class. I hope you can always wear it."

Madeline looked at Jackson's expectant gaze dispiritedly. She felt waves and waves of pain in her heart.

"Jack..."

"Jack, what are you saying to that evil woman? Come back here to Granny and we'll go home now." Eloise walked over hurriedly

and grabbed Jackson before leaving. She did not even look at Madeline.

Madeline held Lillian's hand and looked at the car that was driving away. She held the bracelet even tighter in her hand.

After they went home, Madeline wore the bracelet around her wrist carefully. It was such a simple bracelet, but she felt that it

was so beautiful.

She hated Meredith and Jeremy, but aside from the fondness she felt for Jackson, she also felt sadness.

After she sought her revenge from Meredith and Jeremy, would that child hate her?

The next morning, Madeline woke up early. She wanted to buy a present for Jackson in return for the bracelet he gave her.

However, when she walked out of her residential area, a car stopped in front of her abruptly.

Two men in black rushed in front of her and took out a handkerchief to cover her mouth and nose. Madeline struggled for a while

before losing consciousness.

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Daniel had found out where Madeline was staying. When he got there to see how she was doing, he did not expect to see this

scene in front of him.

"Maddie!"

His heart started racing. He ignored everything and slammed on the accelerator to follow the car that had brought Madeline

away.

However, the car was driving too fast and was even running red lights without a care. Daniel did not want to lose the car, so he

ignored the red lights as well. However, at this moment, there were two students in uniform crossing the road. Daniel slammed

the brakes immediately.

He managed to prevent an accident from happening, but he also lost the car.

He thought about what Madeline would have to face later and immediately called the police. Then, he pulled some strings and

got the camera footage.

He had lost her once before three years ago. This time, he would not allow anything to happen to her again.

‘Maddie, you’ll be okay.

‘I’ll definitely get you back safely this time.’

...

Hospital.

There were steel plates on Meredith’s legs and they were wrapped with a heavy layer of gauze. However, she could walk out of

the toilet as if nothing had happened to her.

Rose scanned the area around the ward before closing the door. “Mer, those people called me just now. They said they did

everything according to your commands,” she said with a lowered voice. There was an obvious evil grin on her face.

Meredith scoffed arrogantly before leaning against the bed lazily. “I thought she was all that, but look, she has still fallen into my

hands. I can do anything I want to her.”

“Of course. How can that woman compare to my sweetheart?” Rose looked pleased with herself. She looked outside of the room

cautiously again. She was afraid someone would come in at this moment. “Mer, what are you planning to do next?”

Meredith smirked sinisterly. She lifted her eyebrow and said, “What do you think is the worst punishment for a woman?”

“Of course, it’s...” Rose stopped in the middle of her sentence as an equally sinister smile appeared on her face. “Yes, you

should do that! Let those men torture her to death! Who told her to cross you?”

“Hmph! Not only do I want her to be humiliated, but I also want her to kneel in front of me and beg for my mercy.” Meredith

clenched her fists. “I would’ve married Jeremy by now if it isn’t for that b*tch! Since she wants to go against me so badly, then I’ll

just give her a push.”

“She deserves this!” Rose rolled her eyes and frowned all of a sudden. “Mer, say, why is that woman so insistent on going

against you? Do you think she's actually that b*tch Madeline? Do you think she's not dead and she's back for revenge?"

"Hmph, how is that possible?" Meredith scoffed and denied. "If that dimwit Madeline is as brainy as Vera, she wouldn't have died

so soon. However, there's no difference either way. They will both have the same ending."

Rose listened with a pleased grin on her face. Then, it became a greedy smirk. "Don't forget to get a few tens of millions from

them so that we can split it between us. That woman should have some money."

She reminded her before looking at the outside of the room once more.

At this moment, she saw a tall figure walking toward them from the window. She changed her expression. "Jeremy is here," Rose

said. Meredith immediately wiped that sinister grin off her face. She lay on the bed as if she no longer had any hope in life and

started to tear up.

Rose sat back down next to the bed and forced tears into her eyes. "Mer, don't be like this. Jeremy won't abandon you no matter

what happens to you. Don't do stupid things, Mer..."

Before Jeremy could reach the door, he heard Rose's loud wails.

He frowned and pushed the door to go in.

"Mer, Mer..." Rose bawled pretentiously. When she saw Jeremy, she got up and ran up to him. Her face was filled with pain and

despair as she said, "Jeremy, you're finally here to visit Mer. Hurry up and comfort her. Her face is ruined and now even her legs

are crippled. I don't know how to comfort her anymore..."

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"Leave us alone." Jeremy interrupted Rose coldly.

Staring at the silent Meredith, Rose wiped a fake tear off the corner of her eye. "Then I'll trust you to take good care of Meredith.

She can't take any more shocks."

Then, she turned around and left, closing the door behind her.

Jeremy walked toward Meredith who lay quietly on the bed.

Putting on a pitiful act, Meredith shut her eyes and tilted her face to the side, away from Jeremy.

"I've already gotten the best doctor there is to treat you. Your legs will heal soon," he spoke calmly, "If you don't want to see me,

then I shall take my leave."

Hearing that, Meredith quickly turned her head back around and reached out to grab Jeremy's hand.

"Don't go, Jeremy!"

She stared lovingly at the man as large droplets of tears she had forced out began to trickle out sadly.

"You must hate me a lot, don't you, Jeremy? You don't even want to see me anymore, right?" Her tone was weak and her

complexion was pale, exaggerating her sickly state. "I can't live without you, Jeremy. Don't you know? I can give everything,

even my life, if it means that I'll have you. I'd rather die than lose you!"

Tears began to stream down her heart-clenching and pitiful expression. However, Jeremy's face remained stoic as he turned a

blind eye to her act.

Meredith sobbed, sorrowful tears falling in large droplets from her eyes. "I know I did something wrong and disappointed you,

Jeremy, but we have so much history. Won't you give me another chance?"

"Chance?" Jeremy finally reacted. The man chuckled humorlessly, and his tone was crisp when he said, "Did anyone give

Madeline a chance?"

"..." Meredith was stunned, never expecting Jeremy to ask such a question.

Her heart skipped an inexplicable beat as she lifted her reddened eyes to meet Jeremy's cold and dark ones.

"Does this mean you don't want me anymore?" Meredith pouted as her voice wobbled. "You were the one who promised to marry

me back then, Jeremy. I—"

"If you want a marriage, I can give you one," Jeremy spoke emotionlessly.

Meredith was elated. "You mean it? Oh, Jeremy!"

"I mean it, just like how I'll mean the divorce right after."

“...” Meredith’s smile froze. “Why, Jeremy?”

“Meeting you back then was like a blessing, I meant every ‘I like you’ and promise I made. Yet it took losing her for me to realize

that those words were merely said out of infatuation during a relationship that was more like puppy love. It took losing her for me

to realize what true love felt like.”

“...” The blood drained from Meredith’s face, further paling it.

The expression of unbearable pain Meredith wore had Jeremy slightly reluctant as he remembered the scenes from his youth.

However, his eyes quickly turned cold again when his mind helped him recall everything Madeline had gone through.

His gaze stared straight into Meredith, the depths of his eyes acting like a whirlpool that made Meredith’s breathing become

hitched. “So yes, we can get married. But I don’t love you, so you’ll only be in pain.”

“No! That can’t be!” Refusal swam in Meredith’s round eyes. “You’ve never loved another woman, Jeremy! I’m the one you love!

You’re just sorry for what you did to Madeline. You don’t love her. You don’t! I won’t have it!”

Meredith wailed heart-wrenchingly while strengthening her grip on Jeremy’s hand. She was about to say more when Jeremy’s

phone rang.

The caller ID showed that it was from an unknown number.

While Jeremy had never been one to answer calls from unknown numbers, his desire to rid himself of Meredith was greater.

Picking up the phone, he was met with Daniel’s anxious and heavily accusatory tone. “It’s you again, isn’t it, Jeremy Whitman?

How much more do you want to torture Madeline? Tell me where you took her!”

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Jeremy furrowed his sharp brows. “What did you say?”

“When will you stop, Jeremy? Until Madeline dies? Is loving you so much of a sin? Tell me, where did you bring her?” Firing the

questions at rapid speed, Daniel’s worry and anxiousness became apparent and real.

Still, Madeline was already dead. It was the truth no matter how much he refused to face it.

Soon enough, he thought of Vera Quinn.

Vera was the only possible reason why Daniel would believe that Madeline was still alive.

Did something happen to Vera?

His heart sunk as a feeling of unease began to bubble within him.

Without another thought, Jeremy broke out of Meredith's grip and turned around.

Meredith was stunned for two whole seconds and by the time she looked up, Jeremy had already walked out of the hospital

ward. "Jeremy! Jeremy, where are you going?"

She asked frantically, but Jeremy did not even spare her a glance from the corner of his eye, let alone turn around.

Rose, who had been waiting outside the door, immediately pushed it open and entered only to watch Jeremy leave.

Then, the next thing she saw was Meredith knocking a cup of water from the nightstand to the floor in fury.

Rose immediately ran over. "What's wrong, Meredith? What did you and Jeremy talk about?"

"Hmph! What's wrong?" Meredith clenched her fists, anger and indignance flaring in her reddened eyes.

"He just told me he's

been in love with Madeline all his life! He likes that b*tch!"

"..." Shocked, Rose prodded carefully and asked, "You mean Jeremy told you he loved the Madeline he met when they were

young, right? That's alright since Jeremy thinks that you're that girl anyway!"

Rather than quenching Meredith's anger, Rose's words had only added fuel to the flames.

She understood what Jeremy meant too well.

Jeremy only ever had Madeline in his heart, be it when they were young or now.

He liked her so much to the point of fancying a woman who looked like her!

Her, on the other hand? She never had a place in his heart!

Everything nice he had given her was merely the product of Jeremy fulfilling the promises he once made to Madeline!

Meredith smiled sinisterly when she remembered how Jeremy had rushed to leave moments ago. "Give me your phone."

Rose quickly handed her phone to her, a greedy smile growing on her face. "Remember to tell the men to tighten the ties,

Meredith. So tight that the liquid gets wrung out of her. Let's see how she'll keep acting arrogant in front of us after that!"

The corners of Meredith's lips quirked upward. "As if I'd stop at wringing the liquid out of her. I'll make sure she'll never see the

sun tomorrow!"

...

After leaving the hospital, Jeremy took the initiative to contact Daniel.

The two agreed on a place to meet. When he saw Jeremy, Daniel immediately rushed toward the other to hold the man by his

collar.

"How can you even call yourself a man, Jeremy Whitman? I understand that you don't like Madeline anymore, but why do you

have to hurt and torture her? Why did Madeline have to fall for such a b*stard like you?!"

Jeremy spoke indifferently in the face of Daniel's furious accusations, "Let go."

His tone was cold as his icy eyes stared at Daniel's infuriated expression.

"You played a part in the souring of my and Madeline's relationship back then, Daniel."

Daniel scoffed humorously as he let go of Jeremy's collar. "You call yourself a man, Jeremy? You have the guts to do it yet not

the guts to admit it?"

Jeremy straightened his shirt lazily until his collar was completely void of wrinkles. Then, he stared and shot Daniel a smile, one

that was more sarcastic than the one Daniel gave him.

"Have the guts to do but not the guts to admit, huh?"

The corner of his lips slowly tugged into a smirk.

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"What about you, then? Did you forget the tacos you and my wife were so lovingly enjoying by the roadside, Daniel? You even

sent her home afterward. How kind of you. Did you perhaps forget about the kiss in broad daylight?" Jeremy interrogated

chillingly, the smile on his face long gone by now and was instead replaced with the frost that forced one to divert their gaze.

"I'm telling you, Daniel. Madeline will always be my woman. Even in death, her ashes belong to me! Who do you think you are?"

You've been nothing more than a delusional homewrecker who tried to steal a woman from her husband."

At that, Daniel chuckled.

"A homewrecker? So you do know that word. Perhaps Madeline would not have been framed time and time again by that

homewrecker Meredith had you not turned a blind eye every time! You were an accomplice!"

An emotion rippled through Jeremy's calm features.

He could not deny that he had indeed played the role of the executioner when it came to the harm Madeline had been put

through.

He had been the cause of at least half the wounds she carried and the blood she bled.

Jeremy frowned. "I didn't come here to talk to you about this, Daniel."

Daniel realized that their conversation had trailed off-topic as well. He suspiciously looked at Jeremy.

"Are you really not the one

who kidnapped Madeline?"

"She's not Madeline." Jeremy emphasized.

"Are you still trying to lie to me?" Daniel stood his ground. "I refuse to believe that there would be two people who share the

same appearance. You must've brainwashed Madeline!"

"Huh." Jeremy chuckled lowly. His gaze was suddenly washed over with unending loneliness. "It'd be nice if you were right. At

least then, she'd still be alive."

...

After a long sleep, Madeline awoke blearily.

Blinking her eyes open, Madeline realized that both her hands and legs were tied up. She was currently locked somewhere dark.

The only source of light she had was from the small rectangular window on the wall in front of her. With how the sky looked at

this moment, she deduced it to be evening already.

Right then, the door 'creaked' open and a ray of light shone inside. Madeline quickly closed her eyes, pretending to still be

unconscious.

Two men strolled inside. One of them stopped in front of Madeline and roughly pinched her delicate chin.

"Tsk. What a pretty lady. We're going to have so much fun playing with her later!"

"How about we have a taste test?"

"Yes! I can't wait anymore!"

After reaching an agreement, the two men's eyes shone.

One of them placed a hand on Madeline's clothes and began to take her jacket off.

"Hey, hey, hey. What are you two doing?"

Someone stopped the duo just as Madeline was about to struggle.

"The b*tch just called and said she'll be here in a few minutes. She said she wants to watch us play with this woman and film us

doing it. Save some strength and don't touch the chick just yet."

"Fck! That btch sure knows how to have fun!" exclaimed the man who had a hand on Madeline's jacket. The two followed the

other man out and locked the door behind them.

Madeline opened her eyes and slowly sat up. After forcefully calming herself, she took a good look at her surroundings. All sorts

of cardboard boxes littered the room and glass shards were scattered around the ground below the window.

Shuffling over, Madeleine grabbed a large piece of glass with her hands and began to work on the rope behind her.

Her hands began to bleed from the rope before the rope could give.

What were such wounds to her in the face of the torment she had endured before?

Biting through the pain, Madeline finally cut through the rope around her hands and began to work on the rope around her feet.

Staring at the only small window in front of her and the messy boxes that were littered all over the room, an escape plan formed

in Madeline's mind.

Alas, right at that moment, footsteps began to sound from outside the door...

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Madeline's heart raced and she was nervous.

From the sound, the men had already reached the door. Madeline had no other options. She needed to act now.

Bracing through the pain of her bleeding hands, Madeline moved an abandoned chair.

The men outside were already tinkling with the lock. After taking a rock from the ground, Madeline stepped on the chair.

"F*ck! Didn't you open the door just now? How did you lose the key? Look for it, now!" An angry voice rang out from outside the

door.

Hearing them, Madeline realized that this was a great opportunity for her.

Staring at the broken window in front of her, she raised the rock to hit it.

Crash!

The glass shattered instantly with a crisp crack.

The people by the door immediately fell silent for a few seconds before someone roared. "F*ck! The chick couldn't have run off,

could she?"

"What? She ran off?" A woman's infuriated voice drifted over, followed by an order. "Kick the door down! The two of you, look for

her outside. She couldn't have gone far!"

With that, the room door was quickly opened with force.

When they ran in, Meredith and the two men were met with the sight of a bundle of ropes on the ground.

"Vera Quinn!" Meredith clenched her teeth. Lifting her head, she found the small window with its glass broken and its remnants

clinging to a small piece of cloth. "I can't believe she actually ran off! Go, run after her! Either you find her, or I'll kill you!"

“Let’s go! We’ve got to find her, quick!” The thugs immediately chased after the loose woman cooperatively.

Meredith kicked the pile of rope and ran out in humiliation.

The surroundings grew quiet.

Slowly, Madeline poked her head out of the pile of junk. Her onyx orbs surveyed the room before her gaze fell on Meredith who

stood impatiently by the side.

“I was right. It was you, after all, Meredith.”

Madeline was hardly shocked.

She took a deep breath and was glad that she had made the smart choice.

Having already died once, she refused to let anyone hurt her again—especially Meredith.

Although, to escape would pose a certain difficulty since Meredith was still waiting outside.

She did not have her phone on her either, so contacting someone was also out of the question.

Lowering her eyes to think, Madeline’s gaze fell on the crystal bracelet around her hand and felt the worry in her heart calm

considerably.

Smiling softly, Madeline caressed the bracelet. Jackson’s appearance soon surfaced in her mind.

She could not imagine why such an obedient child like Jackson would have such a horrible mother like Madeline.

Not to mention how the child looked nothing like Meredith. He did look like Jeremy, though. His aura and the appearance of his

brows were a replica of his father’s.

Grumble, grumble.

Madeline’s stomach began to rumble.

She was kidnapped the moment she left the house before she had the chance to eat anything. Then, they had drugged her with

chloroform. Her mind was still foggy and drowsy.

She had to find a way out soon since the chance of getting found was still high by hiding here.

...

With the help of a few connections, Jeremy found that the vehicle used to kidnap Meredith had run several red lights. Cameras

showed it driving into an alleyway, but that was also the last known location of it.

He rushed over immediately. The vehicle had indeed been parked there, but it was also empty now. Jeremy found nothing

suspicious about the surroundings.

They had evidently moved Madeline to a secondary location.

The vehicle was a stolen one, thus there were no links to the kidnapper's identities.

The sky began to darken and Jeremy had yet to find where Vera was. He was beginning to feel frustrated.

Jeremy found it impossible to force himself not to worry, not when Vera looked just like Madeline.

Jeremy no longer wished to see sadness or hurt flash through that face.

He wanted her to be safe.

Following the pavement, Jeremy tried his best to seek even the littlest clue that would point him to Madeline's location, all as his

heart continued to beat erratically.

With every passing minute, Jeremy's worry grew.

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Right at that moment, an anonymous text appeared on his phone. 'West Waste Paper Factory. She's there. Save her.'

Jeremy's eyes shone. He immediately tried to call the number, but it could not connect.

With no time to worry or suspect, Jeremy turned the car around and sped toward the location on the text.

Night fell and Madeline was forced to stay in the same place.

The dark room's lights brightened and she could see Meredith still waiting in the same spot.

Soon after, the men returned empty-handed.

Of course, they had never stopped to think that Madeline was still inside the room and that the cloth was merely a ploy to divert

their attention.

The play was a success.

“Useless! All of you!” Meredith was infuriated, pointing at the men as she scolded. Then, she left, only to be stopped by the

leader who had a scar on his face.

“Sure, she ran off, but we also did work for you today. Pay up.”

Meredith scoffed and crossed her arms in all her spoiled rich girl fashion. “You lost the woman and you still want me to pay you?

Be grateful that I haven’t taken your life! You useless piece of trash!”

She spared them a belittling eye-roll. No more than two steps later, she was held back by two men.

Furious, Meredith turned around to go on a rampage but was instead gifted with a heavy slap across the side of her face. The

man with a scar held her by both her cheeks and glared Meredith’s arrogance away.

“What do you think you’re doing? Let go of me! Do you have any idea who I am? I—”

“Shut up, you b*tch! I don’t care who you are. We just want the money!” The man with a scar gifted Madeline another slap.

Meredith screamed in pain. “Not the face! Anywhere but the face!” she yelled. The wound on her face had yet to be healed and

was still wrapped in bandages. One could only imagine how much a slap across her face would hurt.

Such pain was still fresh in Madeline’s mind.

“You just want money, right? I have money! I’ll give it to you! Just let go of me first.” Meredith struggled against their hold, her

tone turning into a frantic one.

The scarred man replied with a wretched smile. “Too late!”

“Wh-What do you want?” Meredith was starting to feel afraid.

“What do we want?” The man with a scar pinched Meredith by the chin. “We took the job thinking we’d get to touch and be paid.

Instead, what we get is you being difficult and the person running away. So tell me, shouldn’t you repay us somehow?”

The words placed Meredith in a few seconds of stunned stupor before she ultimately gave an arrogant smile. “You want me to

spend the night with you? Hah! Have you seen yourself? What makes you think trash like you would have the right to sleep with

me? Have you any idea who my fiancé is? He's Glendale's—"

Rip! The men began to tear Meredith's clothing before she could even finish speaking. "You b*tch! I'd play along if I were you. I'll

make you pay the price if you continue being difficult!"

"Ah!"

Meredith shrieked as they dragged her to the floor.

Raising a fist, Madeline was about to step forward with the mind to stop them. However, she hesitated when she remembered

the things Meredith had done to her.

She would have been the one in Meredith's place instead had she not thought of a plan to save herself.

Meredith had this coming for her, did she not?

Perhaps this was karma.

"What a sl*t. You say you don't want it, but you sure don't act like it," the scarred man spoke wretchedly.

Madeline had indeed heard Meredith fighting back, but her tone changed somewhere in the middle into something more akin to

pleasure.

Madeline found herself feeling sick in the face of Meredith's enjoyment.

Not that she was surprised. Meredith had always been a philanderous one. Her private life was a complete mess when she was

a student.

Madeline could not help but laugh at the thought that Jeremy had been loving such a woman all these years.

'Look, Jeremy Whitman. This is your goddess of purity.

'What a blind man you are.'

Madeline could not help but raise her arms over her ears in disgust when she heard Meredith moan. When her hands were

hovering over her ears, Madeline was shocked to find a rat dash by her feet.

Startled, Madeline instinctively moved out of the way only to fall onto the ground as her legs cramped up due to squatting for a

long period of time. The cardboard boxes beside her fell with.

All lewd sounds came to a halt at the same time as several pairs of eyes stared into the small room.

“Did I hear something?”

“F*ck! Has that chick been inside all along? She didn’t run off at all!”

“Now we’re playing! Two of you, go in and search!”

Chapter 289

The two thugs immediately ran to the darkened room, groping around for there was no source of light to guide their way. Right as

they were about to reach for their phones, they saw a black shadow dash past them from the wall behind.

The two quickly turned their heads back. Using the lapse in time, Madeline threw the chair in her hand at them before turning

around and running outside.

The thugs reflexively held their arms out to brace themselves. “F*ck! The chick really is here!”

“Catch her!”

Knowing that it was now pointless to keep on hiding, Madeline decided that she would not sit and wait for them to find her. Using

their blindspots against them, Madeline ran out just as they entered the room.

However, there was no foolproof way to prevent her from being seen. After exiting the darkened room, Madeline was met with a

flushed and unclothed Meredith as well as two other thugs with unkempt clothes.

Madeline felt a wave of disgust hit her at the sight.

“Vera Quinn?!” Meredith pointed in mortification as she watched Madeline run out of the darkened room. “I can’t believe you’ve

been hiding inside this entire time!”

“Tsk. I’ve got to say that she’s smart. She got us fooled.” The scarred man stared at Madeline with excitement.

Not wishing to dwell and waste time, Madeline began to run toward the gates not too far away.

“Don’t let her get away!” Meredith roared, clenching her jaw.

She could not believe that she had been played!

Meredith would not have had to sleep with such ugly ruffians if not for Vera! Not to mention how she would still have to pay them

after letting them have their way with her!

Although, she quite enjoyed it, considering she had not fooled around with other men ever since she got together with Jeremy.

Jeremy had not touched her at all even after this whole time, so Meredith was thirsty for action.

Hearing the footsteps behind her drawing close, Madeline summoned up all her strength to dash over to the gates that were right

in front of her.

Just as she was about to step through the gates, Madeline felt a muscled arm holding her roughly in place.

"That's enough running for you!" A thug tugged at her harshly.

"Let go!" Meredith quirked a defined brow as a dangerous glint appeared in her eyes.

"Let go? You wish! We'll let you leave after we've had our fun with you!"

"Disgusting!" Madeline yelled. Remembering the three self-defense tactics Felipe had previously taught her, she quickly turned

around to elbow the thug in the abdomen.

"Ow!" Not expecting Madeline to do such a thing, the thug's grip loosened as he yelled in pain.

The three other thugs were dazed as they watched the scene unfurl. No more than two seconds after, the man with a scar on his

face gave his subordinates the order to catch Madeline.

As much as Madeline refused to back down, the fact that she had yet eaten anything coupled with the effects of the chloroform

hindered the strength in her limbs and even gave her a headache.

Watching the two men run toward her, she took the chance to extend her leg to trip him. The sight of a comrade falling had the

other stunned before he quickly reached out for the drugged spray. He then aimed it at Madeline.

"Stop moving! Or I'll have you know what it feels to be drugged!" The thug threatened.

Madeline refused to lose consciousness again, for only while conscious could she fight back.

Meredith was still in shock. She never expected Vera to know self-defense.

She was indeed smarter than that piece of trash Madeline.

Not that it mattered.

Not when she was obediently not moving right now.

The corners of Meredith's lips tilted sinisterly. "Everything you tried on me just now, I want you to do double on the woman!

"Look at this woman's face. It'd be a shame if you went easy on such a gorgeous face. Don't hold back, boys!"

With that, wicked smirks grew on the four thugs' faces as they slowly walked toward Madeline.

Chapter 290

"Have fun, Vera Quinn! They're not bad!"

"Have you no shame, Meredith Crawford?"

"Hahaha... Maybe if you begged, I might have thought about letting you go. Too bad though, if you're going to be so stubborn,

then you can just die!" Meredith's eyes hardened as an evil smile appeared on her bandaged face.

Madeline refused to allow Meredith to hurt her anymore, especially not before she took revenge for all Meredith did to her back

then.

Watching the four men approaching her, Madeline slowly raised her fists.

She would fight to the death before she let herself fall into the hands of these men.

When her eyes fell on a wooden stick by the wall, she dashed to pick it up before anyone could stop her.

"Oh? What a feisty one. I like it." The scarred man smiled wretchedly with a hand rubbing his chin as he stared disapprovingly at

the wooden stick in Madeline's hand. "I'd stop fighting back if I were you, beautiful, lest you suffer unnecessary beatings for your

misbehavior!"

Madeline walked toward the scarred man with a mocking smile gracing her alluring features. "The one you should be worried

about is yourself!"

"Hahaha..." The scarred man roared with laughter. Ignoring Madeline's threat, the three other thugs joined in.

Right then, Madeline raised her foot and kicked the scarred man between his legs!

"Ow!" The scarred man wailed! Clutching his manhood, the man rolled around the floor in agony.

"B*tch! I want this chick

destroyed! Make her pay!”

“Yes, Boss!” The thugs complied. To prevent further mishaps, one of them took out the chloroform spray and aimed it to

Madeline’s face.

Madeline ended up breathing some of it in before she could stop herself. Its chemical scent immediately plunged her into a

dizzying state.

Madeline quickly held her breath, but she had already begun to see stars in her vision. The few wretched men’s smiles split into

many and each was coming at her while surrounding her tightly.

Madeline felt her legs give. Even after using the stick to hold herself up, she could not block out the abominable laughter from

around her.

“Go on! Run! Why aren’t you running, huh?”

“Hahaha...”

“I’ll make you pay! Take off her clothes!”

Madeline was slowly losing her grip on her consciousness, but the words had her balling her fists and swinging the stick at any

man who dared approach her. However, she fell limply on the ground the next second.

“Don’t touch me!”

While Madeline’s breaths began to falter, her spirit did not.

In a haze, she watched the men reach out to her while Meredith sat, casually smiling as she watched not too far away.

‘Meredith Crawford, you killed my child, then pushed me into life-threatening danger time and time again. I swear that if I die

today, I’ll drag you with me to hell!’

Hatred burned red in her chest, strong enough that it gave Madeline the newfound strength to stand up again determinedly.

Meredith was stunned to see Madeline stand, but she did not think the other had the strength to fight back anyway.

The men could not wait any longer. Impatiently, they pulled Madeline by her arm when she stood and began to forcefully remove her clothes.

Two strong beams of light suddenly shone straight at them right as they got rid of her jacket. The rays of light blinded them and forced them to close their eyes.

Within the car sat Jeremy who could blatantly see how the men had surrounded Vera. Her outfit had been partially shed, leaving her bare shoulders out in the open.

Jeremy pursed his thin lips into a cold line as his fingers gripped the steering wheel. Unbridled flames immediately swarmed his chest!

Stepping hard on the accelerator, he aimed the car precisely to one of the men who refused to let Madeline go. The man flew

backward upon impact and Jeremy quickly alighted the car. Fury and dominance oozed off the man as he kicked the other two

thugs who held onto Madeline with one leg.

No longer held up, Madeline immediately lost her balance and fell limply.

Jeremy felt his heart sink as he reached out frightfully, pulling Madeline safely into his arms. Relief flashed in his eyes when he

felt the warmth of her body against his. "It'll be alright, Madeline. It'll be okay. I've got you now."