

Sinner Wife 291

Chapter 291

Madeline's head felt muddled under the influence of the drug. She vaguely thought she had heard a voice by her ear, calling her

Madeline and telling her that it was going to be alright.

Madeline struggled to open her eyes just so she could see who it was, but her eyelids seemed to grow heavier by the second.

Instinctively, she curled toward the man who refused to let her go. Perhaps because he gave her a sense of security.

This might have been the first time Madeline felt what it meant to be protected.

All she had been subjected to these past few years were nothing less of torture. Every time she wished someone would help her

up, all she received was more pain.

It had gotten to the point where she had given up on hoping because her heart was tired from all the disappointment.

Right now, she finally understood what it felt like to have someone supporting her back and it was very warm...

Jeremy felt the person in his arms lean deeper into his embrace, her hands slowly sliding up to rest around his neck to hold

herself in place.

Jeremy's thoughts snapped back to reality. Lowering his gaze to stare at the woman in his arms, Jeremy could not help but be

reminded of Madeline Crawford who he had lost long ago.

"How are you feeling, Vera?" he asked. Despite knowing very well that she was not Madeline, her appearance had Jeremy

finding it impossible not to care about her.

Madeline's brows furrowed "Dizzy..."

"I'm bringing you to the hospital now!" Jeremy immediately carried her to the car.

"Jeremy!"

He was surprised to hear Meredith's voice come from the factory behind.

Jeremy halted and turned around in confusion only to be met with the sight of Meredith kneeling on the floor with tears streaming

freely down her face. Her clothes were a mess as she pointed her finger at the thugs he had dealt with.
“Jeremy! These men

forced themselves on me! You have to stand up for me, Jeremy! It hurts, I don’t want to live anymore!”

Chupse.

Jeremy felt the thread of his sanity snap as he furrowed his sharp brows.

His memory provided him an image of the pure and innocent Linnie from his youth.

Regardless of how certain Jeremy was that he had never once loved Meredith in all their years together, his heart still refused to

believe that she, as memory served, was anything but pure and innocent—untainted.

How could such a thing occur now?

After receiving a report, the police arrived in no time.

The four thugs were apprehended while Madeline and Meredith were both admitted into the hospital.

Both Sean and Eloise rushed to the hospital when they got wind that something had happened to Meredith. Eloise sobbed into

Sean’s arms when she was told that Meredith had been taken advantage of by four different men.

“How could this happen? Wasn’t Meredith supposed to be resting in the hospital? How could she suddenly... Sean! Why must

our daughter suffer such a harsh fate?”

“It’s all my fault. I should’ve kept a better eye on Meredith.” Rose blamed herself while she mused internally, ‘What on earth had

happened?

‘Didn’t Meredith go to record a video of Vera getting taken advantage of? How did she end up being the victim?’

“Where’s Jeremy? Why isn’t he here looking after Meredith?” Eloise huffed as she looked around the hospital room.

“I heard that Vera Quinn also got admitted. Jeremy must’ve gone to see her.” Rose sighed sadly and wiped off her tears as if she

was extremely sad. She pressed on, adding oil to the fuel by saying, “Meredith’s here suffering yet Jeremy has gone to see that

witch!”

"This is absurd!" Eloise exclaimed, immediately turning around to ask the nurse which room Madeline was resting in...

Within the quiet hospital ward stood Jeremy as he watched impassively as Madeline slumbered off.

He felt his heart clench at the raw memory of her almost being taken advantage of mere moments ago.

Taking a tentative step toward Madeline, he slowly reached out his hand.

His warm fingertips fell on her brows on their own accord. She looked exactly like her, from the curve of her eye to the delicate

bridge of her nose to her cherry pink lips. She was breathtakingly beautiful.

Still, this was not the woman on his marriage certificate.

Chapter 292

Bending his finger, Jeremy was about to pull his hand back when the decisive words of Ava and Daniel echoed in his head.

'She is Maddie!

'I refuse to believe that there are two people in this world who would look so alike!'

How could they be so sure? Unless it was because they saw some sort of identifying mark?

Identifying mark?

Jeremy was reminded of the mole above Madeline's left chest.

Jeremy remembered how Vera's grip on the towel had tightened when she walked out of the bathroom the time she had stayed

the night for Jackson.

Had she perhaps done so not out of embarrassment but out of fear of him realizing something?

Jeremy's heart rate sped up at the thought. Staring at Madeline who was still deeply asleep, one of his fingers fell on the button

of her hospital gown.

The first, second, and third buttons were unclasped in quick succession.

Click. The ward door burst open when Jeremy's hand was still on Madeline's gown.

"What are you doing, Jeremy?" Felipe walked into the room. Seeing Jeremy's hand on Madeline's clothes, he walked up to tuck

the blanket over Madeline's shoulders.

Jeremy took his hand back as his deep, cold, and inquisitive gaze met with Felipe's.

“How did you manage to move my wife overseas back then?”

Felipe smiled calmly. “What are you talking about, Jeremy? You can’t possibly still think that Vera is Madeline, can you?”

Jeremy pursed his thin lips, opting not to answer.

Felipe chuckled faintly and sighed. “The dead cannot be brought back alive, Jeremy, nor do I have the ability to revive a dead

person. Madeline’s death pains me as well, but perhaps, death is more of a relief to her.”

Jeremy’s eyes dulled, but he chuckled coldly. ‘Relief?’

“Am I wrong? She gave her passion and love, waited for you her entire life, yet what did you give back in return? Did you ever

care for her? No. In fact, you never even stopped to see her for who she was.”

Jeremy felt a coldness washing over him at Felipe’s words.

“You only hope that Vera is Madeline, Jeremy, because you know you’ve blamed her for things she didn’t do. You’re guilty, so

you hope to make it up to her. In your eyes, Vera is merely a vessel for you to make peace with the guilt inside you.”

“Shut up!” Jeremy interrupted icily, his chest heaving.

He no longer wanted to remember how he had hurt Madeline in the past, for every time he did, even breathing and the fact that

he was alive felt like a sin.

She had loved him her entire life, even until her dying breath.

Yet what had he given her in return? Nothing but endless torture.

“I’m going to get Vera her prescriptions. Don’t do anything you shouldn’t.” Felipe reminded on a heavy note before he turned

around and left.

Outside the door, Felipe’s thin lips curled subtly as he watched Jeremy stand soullessly by the bed.

‘There was no such thing as a pill of regret, Jeremy. A love too late is worth nothing. You don’t deserve Madeline anymore.’

The unconscious Madeline began to dream. It was a scene from her youth when she and Jeremy had first met by the seaside.

The sea breeze was salty, but the air was sweet.

Hand in hand they ran without a care in the world. Oh, how pure and easy their life used to be.

Perhaps she had gotten hurt then, and in her wound buried a thorn. Every time they met again, the thorn would start to hurt her.

The pain only worsened until she got to the point where she started praying for death...

Madeline furrowed her defined brows as the dreamscape began to shift, bringing her back to the most painful memory from three

years ago. Her hands reflexively gripped the bedsheets, and she began to mumble while sleepwalking.

"Why, Jez? Why won't you just believe me..."

Chapter 293

For a moment, Jeremy thought he heard someone calling the name 'Jez'. This thought snapped him back to reality as his

confused gaze landed on Madeline.

He watched her pretty brows crease and her cherry blossom lips part as if she was sleep talking.

"Why..."

Madeline's brows furrowed deeper at the sudden question.

'Why?

'Did she just say why?'

Starting at the look of distress on Madeline's features, Jeremy leaned over to hear her better.

"Why won't you believe..."

Bang!

Just as Jeremy was about to lean his face closer to Madeline's ear, the ward door was pushed open with a loud bang.

He was interrupted right before he could hear Madeline's entire sentence.

His sharp brows were scrunched as Jeremy lifted his gaze that was filled with extreme displeasure.

Eloise barged into the room in a huff. "How can you be here waiting by this woman's bed lovingly while my daughter is still in a

coma because of you, Jeremy Whitman? Not only that, but I can't believe you kissed her too! What do you take Meredith for?"

Kiss her?

Jeremy stared coldly at Eloise, thinking that she had seen him lean forward toward Vera and misunderstood the scene.

The dignified and proud Jeremy met Eloise's fuming gaze before he parted his thin sexy lips in a casual reply. "Yeah, I kissed

her. So what?"

Eloise's expression darkened. "How could you say such a thing, Jeremy? Meredith's—"

"Meredith and I are no longer engaged." Jeremy's words were frosty and distaste became apparent in his peach blossom eyes.

"How many times must I repeat myself before you accept the fact?"

"You..." Eloise felt the fury consume its way to her chest. "How could you be so heartless, Jeremy? Meredith's been with you for

so many years. You're the only one she has ever wanted. How could you dump her for a witch who looks just like Madeline

Crawford? Do you even have a guilty conscience, Jeremy?"

"Enough!" Jeremy suddenly yelled, startling Eloise to a halt.

Jeremy's attractive features were currently graced with a splash of fury and his eyes were covered with frost. "I refuse to allow

anyone to slander her again."

"Her?" Eloise rolled her eyes hilariously at Madeline who was still deeply asleep, thinking that Jeremy was referring to Vera

Quinn. "Hmph. The Montgomeries will never forgive you if you hurt Meredith, Jeremy. Nor will we forgive this witch!"

With that said, Eloise left. Her infuriated words carried the promise of a threat and the dignified aura of a rich missus.

However, Jeremy did not seem fazed at all by her threat. The Montgomeries may be one of Glendale's four major rich families,

but they did not hold a candle to the Whitmans.

Not to mention, since when had anyone managed to threaten Jeremy Whitman? Jeremy was afraid of no one.

If anything, Jeremy's biggest fear would be the moment blood trickled out of Madeline's mouth as she lay lifelessly in his arms...

He initially wanted to listen to Madeline sleep talking, but she seemed to have stopped talking after Eloise's interruption.

After staring at Madeline's quiet appearance for a few seconds, Jeremy turned and left as well.

Only after the doors were closed did Madeline dare to blink open her eyes.

When Eloise barged in earlier, it had shocked her awake.

While pretending to still be asleep, Madeline listened in to every word of hatred Eloise had for who she was before and who she

was now.

The corners of her lips quirked self-deprecatingly as her eyes burned and reddened.

Chapter 294

The previously blurry memories from right before she succumbed to darkness finally cleared, and she remembered how Jeremy

had suddenly appeared to save her in time.

She remembered how he had held her tightly and comforted her as well as how she had leaned into his embrace from how safe

he made her feel...

Madeline's heart began to race, thumping a familiar beat in her chest.

She bit her lip and clenched her fists.

'No. How could I possibly fall for him all over again?

'I hate him!

'The love within me died with every push toward the deep end he forced me to take.

'It's like how drowning survivors would never yearn for the sea again.

'But I promise I'll let you know how it feels to be suffocated, Jeremy.'

...

Eloise returned to Meredith's hospital room where Jeremy arrived shortly after.

Eloise seemed proud of herself at Jeremy's arrival, thinking that her words must have gotten through to him.

"Took you long enough to start worrying about Meredith." Eloise's tone was cold.

"Meredith has gone through too much, Jeremy. I can't believe she got... taken advantage of by four different men. Stay by her

side, Jeremy. I'm scared that she might take her life lightly because this burden is too much for her to handle..." Rose wiped a

tear sorrowfully, playing the part of a broken-hearted mother.

Jeremy frowned, directing the frost in his gaze to Rose.

Amid her fake crying, Rose averted her gaze immediately when they met Jeremy's suspicious ones.

"I thought you were watching Meredith this entire time? How did she end up at the waste paper factory in the west?"

"I went to get her some water, but Meredith was gone when I returned," Rose stuttered to explain.

"I thought her legs were fractured? How could she suddenly walk again?"

"It... Someone must've planned to take Meredith away!" Rose lied. "It must be Vera. She must've told someone to kidnap

Meredith!"

Jeremy's gaze hardened. "What evidence do you have to support your claim that Vera did it? I suggest you watch your words

before you baselessly accuse others."

"..." Rose was left speechless. In the face of Jeremy's icy gaze, Rose felt beads of cold sweat form from all the pressure she

was feeling.

"I'll definitely find the evidence to prove that it was her!" Eloise suddenly proclaimed, "Only she would hurt Meredith in such a

ruthless way!"

Jeremy's sharp brows frowned at her words. Just as he parted his lips to speak, a nurse exited the room.

"She's awake, but her

emotions are rather unstable. Try not to upset her."

"Meredith," Eloise exclaimed heart-wrenchingly, distress apparent on her features.

She pushed the door to enter only to be held back by Rose. "I think the person Meredith wants to see the most now is Jeremy,

Mrs. Montgomery. I'm sure you have a lot to say to her, Jeremy. We should let them spend some time together first!"

Eloise agreed.

Sparing the inside of the room a worried glance, she turned to exhort Jeremy. "Go in and comfort Meredith, alright? Don't hurt

her anymore!"

Ignoring Eloise, Jeremy pushed open the door and walked inside.

The VIP room was very spacious. Upon entering, Jeremy realized that the bed was empty and Meredith was nowhere to be

found.

He lifted his eyes to look in the direction of the balcony but suddenly heard movement in the bathroom.

Turning around, Jeremy walked over to the bathroom. Its door was wide open. The sound of water gushing from the showerhead

met his ears just as his eyes fell on Meredith.

Jeremy felt a strong physical manifestation of disgust at the sight of Meredith that very moment. He spun around and averted his

gaze.

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To be fair, Madeline was the only woman he had ever seen naked.

Jeremy remembered being completely wasted the two times he had gotten Meredith 'pregnant'. It was only from Meredith's

words the following morning that he came to know they had slept together.

Yet right now, he found himself repulsed by the vague silhouette of Meredith in the shower.

"Sob, sob... Why, sob..." Meredith's sorrowful wails sounded from inside.

At that, Jeremy grabbed the bedsheets and walked into the bathroom with his gaze lowered, wrapping them around Meredith.

"Come out."

Pulling her out of the bathroom, he realized that Meredith's legs were completely fine.

Displeasure swam in his cold eyes as anger began to brew between his brows.

"Jeremy!" Meredith walked over as she dove into Jeremy's chest, her arms clinging around him like an octopus.

"Why, Jeremy? Why did something like this happen to me? They took turns torturing me. It hurts. Why me? I feel so disgusting, I

feel so dirty! Sob...

"You don't want me anymore, do you, Jeremy? Not after this. I remember how you told me I was the most adorable and innocent

girl you've met. But your Linnie's tainted now..."

Jeremy's fingertips bent instinctively at Meredith using the nickname 'Linnie'.

His Linnie.

He should have let her go the moment he fell for Madeline.

So why? Why did he find himself caring so much whenever he heard that nickname?

He was well aware that he felt nothing for Meredith at all.

Jeremy frowned deeply at the internal conflict.

Jeremy's lack of reaction had Meredith pushing herself away from his chest and running out the bathroom to carry out her plan.

Taking a fruit knife, she held it over her wrist.

"What are you doing?" Jeremy frowned. "Put the knife down."

Meredith stared tearily at Jeremy and shook her head. "You must think I'm disgusting now, Jeremy. You won't want to marry me

anymore. My life's ruined and my face won't look the same. The man I love doesn't want me either. What's the point of living

anymore?

"I love you, Jeremy. Perhaps our next life would treat us better than this..."

Having feigned sorrow as she spoke her lines, the corners of Meredith's lips quirked upward as she placed pressure on the fruit

knife.

Jeremy took large steps toward her and snatched the knife from her hands.

"Why won't you let me die, Jeremy? Just let me die!" Meredith fought for the knife, acting extremely upset.

The blade of the fruit knife cut into the back of Jeremy's hand as they fought over it, and red liquid began to flow quickly from his

wound.

Meredith's complexion paled. "Jeremy! Oh my God, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to!" She apologized frantically.

Jeremy calmly stared at his wound before averting his eyes that flared coldly at Meredith. "You're the one who got people to

kidnap Vera, right?"

Meredith's hand immediately halted just before she could press the emergency button. Her expression froze as she turned to

look at Jeremy. "What are you saying, Jeremy? Why would I do such a thing?"

"Wouldn't you?"

"Of course not!" Meredith lied through her teeth. "Unless you don't believe me, Jeremy? Don't you trust your Linnie?"

"Trust?" Jeremy's thin lips curled into an ironic smile just as the ice in his eyes thickened. "How am I supposed to believe you

when you're standing here with no issues?"

"..." Meredith's pupils contracted as she frantically went to hold Jeremy's arm. His gaze became furious.

"I didn't mean to lie to

you, Jeremy! My legs did actually get injured, it's just not that severe. The doctor was the one who exaggerated it. That has

nothing to do with me..."

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Despite doing her best to explain herself, Jeremy's eyes were filled with nothing but disappointment and doubt.

"Jeremy..."

"You're nothing like how you used to be when we were young." Jeremy scoffed. "To the point that I can't help but think you're not

the girl I met when I was young."

Meredith's pupils shrunk nervously at his words. "No way! I am your Linnie, Jeremy!"

"Linnie." Jeremy stared thoughtfully at Meredith as he rolled the name off his tongue before pulling his arm back. "I'll look closer

into the case. You'd better hope it doesn't have anything to do with you."

"..." Meredith was tongue-tied as she stood rooted in place. She merely watched on as Jeremy turned and left. She clenched her

jaw and stomped her leg in frustration.

Jeremy could never find out her involvement in this, no matter what!

...

Two days later, Madeline signed the papers for her discharge before she made a beeline for Meredith's room.

Upon reaching the door, she heard Eloise's soft words of comfort for Meredith. Eloise's motherly love was nothing short of doting

and loving, causing Madeline's heart to clench painfully as she took it all in.

Her mother was defending such an evil monster.

Suddenly getting wind of Eloise excusing herself, Madeline turned to hide behind a corner. It was until she made sure that Eloise

had walked far enough that she slowly made her way into Meredith's room.

Meredith's expression fell instantly at the sight of Madeline, disappointed that it was not Eloise.

"Vera Quinn!"

"In the flesh." Madeline lifted the corners of her lips lazily as she entered the room. "What's this? You're alone? Here I thought

Jeremy would be with you. I wouldn't have dropped by otherwise."

"..." The corners of Meredith's lips twitched. "Watch your words, Vera. Who do you think you are to call Jeremy by his name?

What are you trying to imply here?"

"Nothing much. I wanted to see Jeremy, so I came over."

"You..."

"Tsk. Couldn't believe it, could you, Meredith Crawford? That you ended up falling into the trap you set for me. Would you

describe it as a hilarious or a horrible turn of events?"

Madeline smirked, her noble-looking face sweeping over Meredith's darkening expression.

"That's how Madeline Crawford died last time, right? In your hands? But I do hope you keep in mind that I'm not Madeline. I

won't lie still as you have your way and torture me. I'd pull back on those abominable methods of yours if I were you, Meredith.

You're no match for me."

"Shut up, you b*tch!" She had hit Meredith's sore spot as the woman grabbed the cup of water and threw it at Madeline in

mortification.

Madeline evaded it smoothly.

However, what Meredith did not account for was Jeremy to appear at that moment!

He had just walked to the door when the cup hit his frame. Glass shards flew upon contact and missed his face by a hair.

"Jeremy!" Meredith exclaimed in shock, the blood draining from her face.

Madeline immediately leaned toward Jeremy in shock. "You're here, Jeremy. I almost thought I wouldn't have survived to see you again."

She called his name intimately, her tone a newfound degree of delicate as she lifted her alluring orbs to meet the man's slightly shocked gaze.

In contrast to Jeremy, Meredith's eyes were blown wide in shock. "Vera Quinn! What did you just call my fiancé? Why are you looking at my fiancé like that?"

"Jeremy told me to call him that." Madeline smiled innocently.

"What?" Stunned, Meredith's eyes widened.

Madeline curled her arm around Jeremy's shoulder mirthfully, her eyes sparkling. "Perhaps you should explain it to Miss

Crawford over here, Jeremy. Everything I said is the truth. Oh, and how you also said that you're willing to have me as your wife should I say yes, right?"

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A smile bloomed on Madeline's face as she looked at Jeremy, her words infuriating Meredith to the point that veins had begun to pop on her forehead.

"Don't you dare think of coming between me and Jeremy, Vera Quinn! I'm the only woman Jeremy loves, so why would he get married to you?"

With that, Meredith got off the bed while feeling distressed and ran toward Jeremy, tears pooling in her eyes in a show of how delicate she was.

"She's lying, right, Jeremy? Tell me she's lying."

"She's not." Jeremy did not hesitate to answer and it left Meredith gaping with wide eyes.

Madeline curled her lips in satisfaction. "Who knows what would've happened had you not saved me, Jeremy. Are you free today? I'd like to thank you."

"I'm free," he replied gently, turning to Madeline. "Have you fully recovered?"

"Yeah." Madeline broke into a smile before turning to look meaningfully at Meredith. "I'll have to thank you, Miss Crawford. I

would have never known just how much Jeremy cares for me had it not been for the distressing situation you put me in."

Meredith flushed in shame. Seeing Jeremy's brows furrowing, she began to cry and change the subject. "Why? Why must all of

you hurt me? What did I do? Do I have to die before you're willing to stop?"

Wailing, she reached out to push Madeline away before running out.

Jeremy reached out to hold Madeline by the waist as she appeared to have lost her footing.

Madeline found herself inadvertently falling into Jeremy's embrace. His cool cologne tickled her nose, disturbing the steady

pattern of her heartbeat and breathing.

Quickly steadying herself, she pulled herself out of Jeremy's hold and stared in the direction where Meredith had run to. "Aren't

you going chase after her? What if she jumps off the building again..."

Jeremy interrupted with a light scoff before Madeline was done speaking. "If she's truly suicidal, something would've occurred the

last time she tried to jump."

Madeline was shocked by his reply.

Was he implying that he had seen through Meredith's act?

"I thought you said you wanted to thank me? Let's go." Jeremy turned around.

Madeline stayed deep in thought for a few more seconds before following after.

Madeline treated Jeremy to a meal at one of Glendale's most luxurious restaurants.

Then, he sent her to the lobby of her apartment when they were done.

Jeremy grabbed Madeline's wrist as he watched her unclasp the seatbelt, ready to alight.

"Mr. Whitman?" Madeline turned around and watched the man confusedly.

"Wasn't it Jeremy? Since when did we go back to Mr. Whitman?" His thin lips parted to whisper alluringly by her ear. His casual

smile was tinged with a smudge of mirth that graced his attractive features.

Madeline broke into a kind smile. "Very well then, Jeremy. Is there anything else?"

"Do you know what you were implying with the words you told Meredith Crawford?" he asked, an indescribable look swimming in

his eyes.

Madeline blinked softly. "I was merely telling the truth, but I apologize if I've made you and your lover uncomfortable, Mr.

Whitman."

"I don't want your apology." Jeremy tugged, pulling Madeline before him.

Caught off guard, Madeline found herself mere inches from Jeremy's deep eyes. Their breaths were mingling.

"I want you to marry me, Vera."

"..."

Madeline felt her heart skip a beat at his words.

She never expected herself to fall for his words.

Perhaps to hate a person, you had to feel for them too.

The corner of Madeline's lips tugged into an ironic smile as she rejected the man. "Blame fate, Mr. Whitman. You already have

your dear Meredith, while I am to be Felipe's bride," she replied faintly, furrowing her defined brows. Her expression was tinged

with loss.

"I'm grateful that my parents have gifted me with such an appearance, or you would never have given me the light of day, Mr.

Whitman. Even if you hate this appearance with all your heart."

Chapter 298

Staring into Jeremy's deep and complex eyes, Madeline pulled her arm back before alighting the car decisively.

Her lips were tugged upward in a carefree manner when she sensed Jeremy's eyes following her out.

'Have you finally seen Meredith's true and ugly nature now, Jeremy?

'Alas, it's too late now.

'So late that the wounds I bear may never properly heal. You may wish to use the person I am now to comfort the guilt in your

heart, so allow me to push you to your demise.'

...

Jeremy turned his car around after he watched Madeline's retreating figure slowly vanish from sight.

He bought a bouquet of 88 roses and made his way to the cemetery.

There was so much he wanted to say, but now that he was standing in front of Madeline's tombstone, he swallowed them all

back.

After a long while, he only muttered, "Perhaps I'll bring her to meet you should the opportunity arrive. I'm sure you'll be surprised

to find that there's someone who looks just like you on earth."

His gaze was meaningful as he stared at the name on the stone. The warm rays of the autumn sun enveloped him, yet it could

never chase away the shadows over one specific corner of his heart.

After returning, Jeremy was determined to find out the truth behind Vera's kidnapping.

The four thugs held nothing back and they all admitted that Meredith was the true culprit behind the incident.

They also admitted that they each had their fun with Meredith. The four of them stated that Meredith had volunteered.

Another strong physical sense of disgust and nausea rose when Jeremy heard the confession.

She had volunteered?

He found it difficult to believe or accept the results of his investigation.

Meredith had been the first girl he fell for and the only one he kept deep within his heart as if she was a secret.

Now that truth after truth was exposed about how horrible Meredith was, Jeremy was flabbergasted and found it impossible to

believe her any longer.

Was this still the Linnie he had met on the beach all those years ago?

She had changed too much.

Jeremy received another call from Mrs. Whitman, telling him to visit Meredith.

She hung up before he could even reply.

While he had technically investigated the case, there was still something left untouched.

Who was the one who sent him the address? That person had pinpointed Vera's location so exactly and told Jeremy to go save her.

When he followed that trail, he came up empty-handed.

Jeremy returned to the villa only to be met with his and Madeline's wedding photo that was supposed to be hung above his bed

but had now been thrown haphazardly by the entrance. An angry storm immediately brewed within him, darkening his attractive features.

He took large steps up the stairs to the bedroom.

He had never allowed anyone to enter the room ever since Madeline's death. Even the cleaning of it was done personally by him.

Yet at that moment, not only was the room door open, but even laughter and sounds of chit-chatting could be heard from inside.

His fury grew with every step he took since he saw the sight at the entrance. Upon entering the bedroom, he was met with the

sight of Meredith lying on his and Madeline's bed. The last piece of clean space he had left for Madeline was now completely tarnished.

"You're back, Jeremy." Meredith smiled gently at him.

Suppressing the anger that was already bubbling over, Jeremy parted his thin lips. "Who let you in here?"

Every word of his was ice cold and Meredith felt her heart jump at each of them. Frantic, she spared a glance at the bathroom.

"Jeremy, I—"

"Me! I was the one who let Meredith in. You don't like it? Then come at me instead!"

Chapter 299

A voice sounded from the bathroom. The person inside was strongly defending Meredith.

Jeremy's frigid gaze swept over like an icy storm. "You're letting her live here?"

"What's wrong with Meredith living here? She's your fiancée, and you two even have Jack. The three of you are a family! What's

wrong with a family living together?"

Mrs. Whitman stated confidently, her attitude growing more uncontrollable. She was completely ignorant of the change in

Jeremy's expression.

"After what Meredith has gone through, it's your duty as her fiancé to comfort and console her. You're not to spend all your time

with that witch!"

Mrs. Whitman patted Meredith's shoulder caringly as she spoke, her expression hardening as she looked at Jeremy.

"I know that you like to have your own opinions, Jeremy, but you have to listen to me this time. I'm your mother! Distance

yourself from that woman, Vera Quinn. She's nothing but bad news. There's no way she didn't play a part in Meredith getting hurt

this time!"

"Did you take the photo down?" Jeremy parted his lips to inquire coldly.

Both Meredith and Mrs. Whitman were taken aback before the latter fearlessly replied, "So what if I got someone to take it down?

That b*tch already died long ago, so why are you still hanging her photo in the house? Looking at it makes me want to vomit!

Hang yours and Meredith's if you want a wedding photo hung up so badly!"

Mrs. Whitman crossed her arms, not noticing that a swirl of cold air had begun to surge around her.

"I've already told someone to clean up the things in the room. Everything to do with that b*tch has already been thrown away!"

At that, Jeremy immediately turned around and walked to the closet.

Opening the doors to it, he found that the few pieces of clothing Madeline had worn when she was still alive were all replaced

with Meredith's branded ones.

His grip on the closet's handles tightened as veins popped out on his fair arm. A blizzard instantly began to swirl in his eyes as

his pupils dilated. Darkness was consuming his irises.

His mother's voice rang out from behind.

"Oh, and Meredith will be staying here from now on. I'll tell the press that the two of you have already gotten married, so you'd

better make sure that the witch knows what's good for her and f*cks off!"

Bang!

Jeremy slammed the closet door, giving both Meredith and his mother a jolt. The two almost jumped at the sound.

"She's not the one who needs to f*ck off." Jeremy's sharp tone pierced into Mrs. Whitman and Meredith's eardrums like icicles.

On the basis of being Jeremy's mother, Mrs. Whitman spoke up in displeasure after a few moments.

"What are you saying,

Jeremy? What are you trying to imply? I am your mother—"

"You will have the people you called bring everything you threw back if you still want to continue being the mother of Jeremy

Whitman. Or you can give up the possibility of me calling you my mom ever again."

"..."

Mrs. Whitman was stunned and her eyes were filled with disbelief. It was only then that she realized Jeremy's gaze was piercing

and frost was oozing out in rays. His eyes were dark and all-consuming as if he was one moment away from gouging her heart

out of her chest!

Losing all the confidence she once had, she stammered as her entire expression screamed how frantic and lost she felt, "Jer-

Jeremy, I'm only doing this for your own good. Don't you see how traumatic this has been for Meredith—"

"You will have everything back the way it was before I return home tonight, or you'll bear the consequences." Jeremy was not

interested in what Mrs. Whitman had to say. He turned around and left, leaving Mrs. Whitman and Meredith staring at each other

with confusion on their faces.

Jeremy sped off, the fury within him no longer suppressible.

He called Vera while on the road.

He demanded bossily the moment the call connected. "I'm agitated, so come spend time with me. I'm reaching your apartment

block in a moment."

He hung up before Madeline had the chance to reject him, then he turned his phone off.

The latter was mainly so that Madeline would not have the chance to reject him.

Jeremy arrived at the lobby of Madeline's apartment. His eyes fell on her, and he felt the flames of fury within him immediately

going docile.

Her appearance gave him the illusion that Madeline was still alive and that was very therapeutic—even if the voice inside his

mind was clearly reminding him that Madeline was already gone.

Chapter 300

Madeline got in, and the car sped to April Hill.

The autumn sun was setting over the horizon as a salty breeze blew about from the sea. It was a taste of the past, but as little as

the camphor tree had changed, it was no longer the same.

Madeline had hated April Hill ever since the last time Jeremy brought Meredith over.

She could still remember the words Meredith told Jeremy, how she had described their first meeting that was so similar to hers

with Jeremy.

Was it a coincidence, or was this another prank fate liked to pull?

Pondering quietly, she twisted her head to find Jeremy opening a bottle of red wine.

"What's the cause of your distraught? To think that you would drive so far, perhaps this is a place you hold dear in your heart?"

Madeline walked toward him, intentionally speaking in a confused tone.

"Could it be that this was where you and Meredith got together?"

The bottle opened with a pop just as Madeline's voice fell.

Jeremy lifted his gaze to meet Madeline's swirling orbs. The corner of his lips tugged seductively, tinted with charm and allure

under the orange hues of the sunset sky.

"Would you be able to remain nonchalant and happy when someone throws out the things you hold dear?"

"Things you hold dear?" Madeline looked at Jeremy curiously. "Like what?"

She pressed on, only to have Jeremy quirk the corner of his lips mysteriously in response.

Procuring two wine glasses from the car, he poured Madeline one and handed it to her. "Drink with me."

His baritone voice sounded bossy, but there was a tinge of indescribable fondness in his eyes.

Madeline took the glass and downed it easily.

Almost everything she never used to know, she knew now.

Drinking was not an issue.

A smidge of admiration swam in Jeremy's eyes as he stared at Madeline.

The sunset glow behind Madeline was gorgeous, tinting her fair skin with a soft red flush. It heightened the beauty of this

woman's features.

"An '82 Lafite. You're not holding back at all, Mr. Whitman." Madeline swirled the cup elegantly, the red liquid refracting the soft

rays of the remaining sun rays. "Would you indulge me now? What's gotten you so angry?" she asked with a small smile before

furrowing her eyebrows at her train of thought.

"I went to the station to give my testimony yesterday. They told me that the kidnapping had been investigated and that Meredith

is the actual culprit behind it. So I'm guessing that you already know about it and that's why you're hurt and upset?"

Hearing Madeline's words, Jeremy raised his glass to down the wine in it.

Another sea breeze blew, chasing off the last remaining hues of sunset. The sky darkened within the span of a moment.

The street lights blinked alive, and Jeremy's deep gaze bore into Madeline's eyes.

"Do you plan to press charges?" he suddenly asked.

Madeline frowned. "What do you mean?"

"I wish to convince you not to press charges."

Madeline found herself surprised by the absurdity of his reply.

'Even now, Jeremy, why must you defend this heartless and evil woman?'

Madeline tugged her lips into a carefree smile. "Meredith must still mean tremendously to you, Mr. Whitman. But if you could, I'd

like you to give me a reason. What gives you the drive to protect and defend such an immoral woman?"