

Sinner Wife 311

Chapter 311

Hearing that, Meredith did not feel angry this time but smiled instead.

"Vera Quinn, I think you've finally gone mad. You dare say this to me without any embarrassment?"

"I wouldn't be crazy even when you've become crazy," Madeline retorted without being surprised,
"Things have already reached

this point. Do you still think Jeremy will want you?"

"Bah! Stop dreaming! Do you think that Jeremy will want you even if he doesn't want me?" Meredith folded her arms and

sneered proudly, her eyes full of confidence, "Vera Quinn, let me tell you this. No matter how much you change your

appearance, the woman Jeremy loves the most will always be me. I'm irreplaceable!"

Seeing Meredith's confident and arrogant appearance, Madeline smiled. "Irreplaceable?" she repeated the word meaningfully.

She smiled and picked up the expensive red wine, pouring a little to half of it into the glass in front of her.

"A mean, dirty, snake-hearted woman like you is indeed rare in the world. You can indeed be regarded as an 'irreplaceable'

wonder," Madeline said leisurely, holding up the wine glass and swaying it gently. She then took a sip.

"B*tch! How dare you say that to me?!" Meredith's face turned dark in an instant. Hearing Madeline cursing her and then seeing

her drinking the wine so leisurely, she was even more annoyed. "I prepared that for my candlelight dinner with Jeremy. How dare

you drink it?!"

All of a sudden, Meredith stretched out her hand fiercely and pushed Madeline's hand that was holding the wine glass. A little of

the red liquid spilled out, and a few drops splashed onto Madeline's magnolia-white dress.

Seeing that Madeline's skirt was dirtied, Meredith let out a smirking laugh.

"Hmph, Vera Quinn. I advise you to save your time. With your face looking exactly like that slt Madeline, you're destined to be

trampled under my feet just like how she was! You're the same as that btch. You aren't worthy of being my opponent. You're not

even worthy to lift my shoes... Ah!"

Meredith had not finished her words of triumph when suddenly, a cold liquid was poured on her face. She screamed before opening her eyes wide in shock, only to realize that Madeline had poured all the red wine in the glass on her face!

"You..." Meredith became angry all of a sudden. Her chest was rising and falling sharply.

Her evil face was covered with red wine and the liquid ran down her cheeks across her unhealed wound, dripping drop by drop onto her body and dress.

"This wine tastes good. Have you tasted it properly? If not, I can pour you another glass." Madeline smiled leisurely, holding the

bottle of red wine with her slender and fair hands. Then, she tipped the mouth of the bottle right above Meredith's feet.

Meredith quickly took a few steps back while looking incredulously at Madeline who was 'pouring her wine' with a smile on her face.

"What's wrong? Don't you like red wine? Then, you should be satisfied with your own dishes, right?"

Seeing Meredith looking at her dumbfoundedly, Madeline quirked her eyebrows. She picked up a few of the dishes that had been

carefully made by Meredith and poured them all in front of the woman.

"What about these? Do you like them?"

Meredith gritted her teeth. Seeing that not only the outfit she had specially prepared to seduce Jeremy tonight was ruined but

also the table of dishes that had been fed to the floor, she gritted her teeth with anger. Her face seemed to be distorted and she

looked as if she was about to burst.

Seeing Madeline looking at her with a funny look filled with provocation, Meredith clenched her fists suddenly.

"Vera Quinn, you b*tch!"

She cursed and rushed toward Madeline.

Madeline smiled lightly, picked up the glass, and threw it at Meredith's feet.

Crash! The cup shattered suddenly as shards of glass scattered all over.

“Ah!” Meredith was startled and she retracted the steps she had just taken abruptly. She staggered back two steps and ran into the cabinet behind her.

She never expected that Madeline would throw the glass at her!

“You! How dare you dare throw it at me?!” Meredith was incoherent and acting violently. “Vera Quinn, I think you’re becoming

really tired of life! Alright, since you want to die, I will then fulfill it for you and have you suffer the misery of being neither able to

live or die like that b*tch Madeline!”

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Meredith’s eyes suddenly surged with strong killing intent. The look in her eyes was as if she wished she could slash Madeline

with a thousand swords.

She grabbed the pair of scissors from the cabinet, pointed the sharp end toward Madeline, and rushed at Madeline murderously.

Meredith was full of anger and was trying her best to teach Madeline a bloody lesson.

However, Madeline was not afraid. She even tried to dodge.

She stretched out her hand calmly, seizing the opportunity to grasp Meredith’s hand that was waving the scissors around.

Meredith’s almond eyes widened. She raised her other hand to sneak an attack on Madeline, but Madeline saw through it in a

glance. While stopping Meredith, she unceremoniously raised her hand toward Meredith’s face and sent a loud slap.

With a slap, Meredith then exclaimed in pain.

The knife wound on her face had not even healed yet and she was also drenched in red wine. After getting slapped, a fiery pain

burned within her flesh.

“My face!” she exclaimed, suddenly raising her angry eyes.

She did not want to meet Meredith’s arrogant and cold eyes at this moment after raising her head. She could not help her

trembling body.

“What’s wrong? Finally tasted the ache of having salt sprinkled on your wound?” Madeline chuckled.

“You... Vera Quinn, you’d better let go!” Meredith was angry, annoyed, and eager to break free. “Vera Quinn, you listen here.

You’d better let go of me immediately. Otherwise... Otherwise, I’ll definitely make you regret this!”

“Regret?” Madeline quirked her lips as she smiled, but not only did she not let go, she even tightened her grip around Meredith’s wrist.

From those beautiful eyes suddenly burst forth sharp, piercing rays of light. “Meredith, you should listen to me clearly. I’m not the

Madeline who would allow herself to be trampled on or taken advantage of.

“I already know about everything you did to Madeline. I may look the same as Madeline, but that doesn’t mean you can succeed

with me through the same means!”

Madeline raised her beautiful eyes coldly and arrogantly. With a sharp tone, she said, “Meredith, look at how you are now.

Whether it’s your appearance or your heart, everything about you is dirty and ugly. Do you think Jeremy would still want you like

this?”

She sneered, her eyes full of ridicule.

“Let’s not talk about the throne of being the young lady of the Whitman family. You don’t even have the qualifications to enter the

Whitmans’ gate!” Madeline sneered, shaking off Meredith’s wrist.

Meredith took two steps back in a daze. Her originally murderous aura and anger were completely crushed by Madeline’s own

aura.

She touched her stinging cheek while staring at Madeline. She gritted her teeth fiercely but could not refute with a single word.

Just then, from the entrance hall came the sound of the doorbell. Meredith raised her head abruptly to see that it was Jeremy.

She immediately put away all her hostility, put on a mask of weakness from having been humiliated, and ran toward him crying.

Jeremy was puzzled when he saw Meredith running toward him.

She seemed to be well dressed but was somehow covered with red wine stains. Her hair was messy as well. She looked

particularly embarrassed.

“Jeremy...” As soon as Meredith came over, she threw herself directly into Jeremy’s arms and hugged him tightly.

Jeremy’s eyebrows narrowed. He felt dissatisfied, and when he was about to push Meredith away, she started crying in his arms.

“Jeremy, why? I’m already like this, so why does Miss Quinn still want to trouble me? She had already set me up to be

kidnapped from the hospital before, asking those men to insult and humiliate me! She said that I’m dirty and not worthy of you.

She even tossed the dishes that I had made specially for you to the ground and made fun of me for not being worthy to cook for

you. Moreover, she hit me. Huhuhu... Miss Quinn is terrifying, Jeremy...”

As soon as Meredith’s accusation sounded, Jeremy caught a figure in the light.

He raised his deep eyes and saw Madeline not far away, but his eyes were suddenly filled with worry. He pushed Meredith, who

was holding him tightly, away and strode toward Madeline.

“Vera, what happened to you?”

Chapter 313

Meredith did not expect that Jeremy would push her away so simply. She was dumbfounded!

She heard Jeremy calling out Vera’s name nervously. The worry and concern in his tone clearly belonged to her alone!

Now, however, he was giving it to another woman.

What made Meredith even more astounded was that she was actually seeing Madeline sitting on the ground at this moment with

a helpless and weak expression, as if she had been pushed down by someone.

“Why are you sitting on the floor?” Jeremy walked quickly toward Madeline before kneeling down. The corners of his eyes and

eyebrows were dyed with sadness and a rare tenderness.

Madeline slowly raised her beautiful eyes and glanced at Meredith who was behind Jeremy.

"If I said that this noble Miss Crawford pushed me down, would you believe me?" She looked at Jeremy's deep eyes innocently.

When Meredith heard this, she clenched her fists violently and defended herself angrily. "Vera, what are you talking about? How

could I have pushed you? It was you who provoked me and destroyed the dinner I prepared for Jeremy. You even hit me!"

She then said in a frail tone while crouching next to Jeremy and holding onto his arm, "Jeremy, don't be fooled by this woman.

She bullied me! I didn't even lay a finger on her, Jeremy. Don't you believe me?"

Meredith looked at Jeremy deeply, looking forward to his satisfactory response to her.

However, instead of paying attention to Meredith, Jeremy stretched out his hand and gently lifted Madeline up.

"Ow!" Madeline frowned.

Jeremy looked at the area where she had been bruised in the morning because of the car accident. "Does it hurt?"

"A little."

"I'll take care of it for you," Jeremy said as he put his arms around Madeline's shoulders. He helped her sit down on the sofa

tenderly and with so much care.

Meredith could not believe what she was seeing. Her eyes were filled with envy, jealousy, and burning hatred.

Seeing that Jeremy had brought out a small medicine box and was preparing to treat Madeline's wounds personally, Meredith

could no longer maintain her always soft, dignified, and gentle demeanor.

"Jeremy, do you really not believe me but instead believe this demon of a girl?" Meredith pointed at Madeline angrily. "Can't you

tell that she's acting?!"

Jeremy's long fingers that were holding the alcohol pads paused. "Acting? The car accident in the morning was an act? Vera's

desperate effort to save Jackson was also an act? Is the wound on her foot also an act?" he asked in a cold voice. His indifferent

tone was like the cold winter wind in Meredith's ears.

Meredith opened her mouth but was speechless.

Madeline raised her delicate eyebrows as her mouth formed a dimpled smile. "Miss Crawford, I know you always think that I

want to steal Jeremy from you, which is why you're always targeting me. Whatever one does, the heavens are watching. What

wicked things you have done, surely you know it in your heart. Jeremy knows it too. You cannot just simply tarnish my name with

just a few words."

"You..." Meredith was so angry that she almost jumped to her feet.

Her eye sockets were splitting, but she could not choke out a word.

She had always been the one setting others up. Since when was it the others' turn to set her up and make her the one to feel

aggrieved instead?!

'How dare you, Vera Quinn?!'

Meredith gritted her teeth and stared at Madeline's smiling face, wishing to bore through her face!

"You should go and reflect on what you have done," came Jeremy's order of chasing away his guests.

Meredith clenched her fists unwillingly. Her heart was full of anger, but in the end, she could not release it. Instead, she wept

while feeling aggrieved. "Jeremy, we've been together for so many years, yet you actually refuse to believe me. I'm heartbroken!"

she said before covering her face and running away crying.

Unmoved, Jeremy continued to treat Madeline's wounds without even sparing a glance for Meredith.

Madeline had been watching, however. Watching Meredith's resentful yet aggrieved figure running away really made her feel so

happy.

Chapter 314

'Meredith, finally you know what it's like to not be trusted by the man you love.

'Everything that I've done today is nothing compared to the humiliation and set-ups you imposed on me in the first place.

'Of course, what I want to give back to you is much more than that.'

"I always seem to hurt you lately." Jeremy's low, husky voice sounded softly. "But I promise that this situation will never happen again."

Madeline turned her head to look over and he happened to look up.

Their two pairs of eyes met inadvertently. He had eyes as deep as the sea that looked as if they were rippling with dizzying

vortexes. All of Madeline's attention was drawn to him at once.

Madeline's heartbeat quickened somehow. She even felt a warmth slowly spreading from her ears to her cheeks.

She looked at the unmatched, handsome face in front of her in a slight daze as her heartbeat accelerated. Soft ripples gradually

dispersed from her initially clear and charming eyes, making her look coquettish for a moment.

Seeing Madeline looking at him obsessively with blushing cheeks and droopy eyes, the rhythm of Jeremy's heart also began to

beat irregularly.

The face in front of him was exactly the same as that woman's in his memory. He felt so moved at the moment.

However, he recalled clearly that these were two different people. He would not be moved. Yet, the change in rhythm made him

delusional and dazzled.

He seemed to really be harboring a subtle affection for the person in front of him.

"Why do you keep looking at me like that?" he asked in a low tone.

Madeline was startled. She felt that her breathing and heartbeat were all messed up. She was almost overwhelmed by that once

familiar fervor.

Then, she remembered something.

"I had a sip of the red wine that Meredith had prepared for you earlier. I think she might have drugged the wine in order to keep

you for the night. I'm feeling dizzy now."

Madeline relied on her tenacious will to express clearly the suspicion in her heart.

Upon hearing this, Jeremy seemed to instantly have thought of something. A touch of sorrow suddenly revealed itself on his

handsome face, and unpleasantness spread between his brows.

Six years ago, he believed that Madeline had used drugs to fabricate a relationship with him. No matter how Madeline explained

and told him that Meredith was actually the instigator, he did not believe a single word.

Now, he realized that he was wrong yet again.

Deeply oppressed by a strong sense of guilt, Jeremy suddenly felt his breathing becoming difficult.

What exactly did he wrong her for? Could he count all the evil deeds he had committed against her?

Even if he could count them, how could he atone for them?

As Jeremy was in a trance, he saw that Madeline had stood up unsteadily.

Her footsteps were clumsy as if she was drunk.

Jeremy hurriedly got up and embraced her in his arms.

Falling into the familiar yet unfamiliar embrace, Madeline suddenly felt even more fervor. His unique scent that lingered around

the tip of her nose was like feathers falling into her heart, tickling it.

“Let me go. I have to go back...”

“Do you think I’ll send you back to Felipe in your current state?” His husky voice drifted into her ears with an unspeakable

numbness.

Madeline looked up with her eyes as gentle as a pool of water. “What do you mean? Don’t tell me you want me to stay with you

like this if you’re not going to let me go back?”

Hearing this, Jeremy’s voice was slightly muted. “We already did it once, so why not do it again? What’s important is that it’ll

ease your current situation.”

“...”

Without waiting for Madeline’s answer, Jeremy quickly picked her up and walked toward the bedroom...

Chapter 315

Looking at Jeremy, he really did not seem to be joking, but Madeline did not think about really having another relationship with

Jeremy again. On that night spent in April Hill, she had simply used his drunken state to deceive him.

She would not allow herself to be played by this cold-blooded man again.

Madeline wanted to break free, but her consciousness was slowly slipping away. She even felt her body gradually changing.

The drug had dampened her senses, making her lean unconsciously into Jeremy's chest.

She was about to lose control of her gradually slipping consciousness as she took in the cold fragrance and the warm feeling of

his body.

Meredith had really gone all in. She had only taken a sip and did not expect the drug to be so effective.

Sensing Jeremy carrying her into the room, Madeline, with the last traces of her clear-headed willpower, grabbed his collar firmly.

"Jeremy, let me go..."

She had said, but she found her voice to have become unusually charming. She was obviously trying to reject, but the tone

made it sound like an invitation instead.

Jeremy glanced at the ever more charming girl in his arms and continued to move forward.

"Quickly put me down! Jeremy, you can't..."

Madeline was still murmuring when she suddenly felt cold all over.

Jeremy had put her into the bathtub. "Don't be scared. I won't force you to do anything you don't want to do."

His gentle voice was like a stream of refreshing spring water flowing through her warm heart.

His words really surprised her.

"Hang in there. It'll be alright."

His comforting words sounded with unprecedented tenderness, and like a tranquilizer, Madeline's worries were calmed.

He took off her coat, and just as he was about to take off her dress, Madeline pinned his hand.

"I can do it myself, so get out."

Feeling the heat coming from her palm, Jeremy nodded lightly. "Call me if there's anything. I'll be outside."

"Okay." Madeline nodded strenuously and released her clenched hand.

After seeing that Jeremy had turned around and closed the bathroom door, Madeline immediately turned on the cold water and

drenched herself all over...

On that autumn night, a cool breeze blew. Then, it started to rain.

Jeremy stood in front of the windowsill, listening to the sound of the shower coming from the bathroom. His thoughts drifted far

away.

The past was gradually flooding his heart like the dense rain outside the window.

He recalled that Madeline had once approached him with evidence that could prove her innocence. However, he had not

hesitated to destroy the evidence in order to protect Meredith.

She asked him while in tears whether he thought it mattered or not if she was dead.

He had sneered and questioned her back, "Are you dead then?"

Thinking about it now, what he said at the time must have brought her pain that pierced her heart. At this moment, however, the

pain was piercing his heart a thousand times more.

It was only after she died did he realize how important she was to him.

'Madeline, I regret it.

'But you didn't even give me a chance to regret it.

'I've lost.'

He smiled bitterly while looking at the rainy night sky. His eyes heated up quietly.

Clank!

Suddenly, there was a heavy crash in the bathroom. Jeremy instantly withdrew his thoughts and rushed directly into the

bathroom without thinking.

As soon as he entered, he saw Madeline sitting drenched in the bathtub with her expression looking lost.

His gaze changed as he picked her up worriedly. Her drenched dress hugged her graceful figure tightly, and the instant the

warmth from his palm was passed to her body, Madeline could not help but shudder.

“Vera, how are you?”

He called out her name, and unconsciously, there was a trace of anxiety in his voice.

Madeline shook her head. “I’m alright. Let me shower for a while more. I’m much better already.”

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Madeline reached out and pushed him away just in case, but Jeremy did not let go of her. He took off his shoes and stepped into

the bathtub while hugging her.

Madeline was surprised that Jeremy actually made such a move.

Cold, flowing water was continuously falling from the shower. It quickly wetted his clothes.

Yet, he was unmoving and was as steady as a rock. He hugged her, letting the cold water soak through his body...

As time passed, Jeremy, who sat behind Madeline, was gradually losing his focus and blankly staring at the familiar appearance.

He involuntarily hugged her a little tighter.

“Madeline...” he could not help but whisper softly.

Madeline suddenly opened her beautiful eyes that were gradually recovering consciousness. Cold water droplets dripped from

her curled eyelashes, falling silently on the back of her hands.

Although Jeremy’s voice was inaudible, Madeline heard it.

Madeline.

‘What intimate affection. Jeremy, I used to wish you could call me like that.

‘But all those expectations and wild wishes of mine have long been torn to pieces along with my heart. They can no longer be put

together.’

...

The next day, Madeline woke up and found herself sleeping on Jeremy’s bed. Much to her surprise, the clothes she was wearing

had been changed. She was now wearing a loose bathrobe and was naked inside!

She got up suddenly and saw the obvious mole on her slightly exposed left chest. She quickly gripped the loose neckline.

What had happened?

When did she fall asleep last night? When did she change her clothes? She had no recollection of it at all.

If Jeremy had changed her out of her dress, then he must have seen the mole on her chest...

Click.

The door was pushed open just then and Jeremy walked in elegantly, already well dressed. He did not seem to be in the

disoriented state he was in when he accompanied her in the bathtub last night. At this moment, he was charismatic—still the

noble, elegant, and unattainable President Whitman.

After Jeremy walked in, his slender eyes glanced vaguely at Madeline's hand that was gripping tightly at her neckline. He parted

his thin lips slightly, "You're awake. Are you still feeling uncomfortable?"

Madeline steadied her emotions and looked at him calmly, "When did I fall asleep last night?"

"Around early morning," he answered naturally.

"Were you the one who changed my clothes?"

He met her questioning eyes openly. "Don't worry, I don't have the habit of taking advantage of others. I helped you put on the

bathrobe first, only then did I take off the soaked dress."

Madeline looked at Jeremy dubiously and smiled a little. "Then, please leave first. Let me wash up."

"Okay." He nodded. "I have all the new toiletries and clothes ready for you."

"Thanks."

"We don't need to be so courteous toward each other. You'll soon be the lady of this house." He smiled faintly before turning

around and walking out.

Madeline sat on the bed, thinking for a moment. After that, she changed into the clothes that Jeremy had prepared before she

went to the bathroom to wash up.

She pulled open her neckline. Her eyes narrowed as she looked at the mole on her left chest in the mirror.

What he said just now should be true. Otherwise, he would have questioned her angrily. How could he have kept his

composure?

If he knew that she was still alive, he would definitely settle her quickly. He would have never kept silent.

This was not his style of doing things.

Madeline relaxed after thinking about this.

After washing up, Madeline went downstairs and found that breakfast was ready.

The dining hall had already been tidied and cleaned up. There was none of the red wine or dishes that were spilled on the

ground from last night.

Jeremy pulled the chair for her chivalrously and both of them sat down facing each other.

He took a sip of milk gracefully. Seeing Madeline eating her breakfast calmly, he opened his mouth slightly and said, "Although

I've already tried to avoid the possibility of offending you last night, I still inadvertently saw a mark on a certain part of your body."

Madeline suddenly stopped in the middle of picking up the milk as her heart skipped a beat.

What did he mean? Was he implying that he had actually seen the mole on her chest? Did he know she was his damned ex-

wife?

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Despite feeling surprised on the inside, Madeline still maintained an elegant and calm smile.

She lifted her picturesque brows and showed a slightly confused expression. "Is there a special mark on my body? How come I

don't know of it? So, what did you see?" she asked calmly, but her heartbeat had started to become tense.

His deep black eyes were looking at her own as his lips curled up slightly. "There's a pale pink butterfly at the back of your left

waist."

His low, husky voice carried the languidness and casualness of the early morning hours.

"I think it should be a birthmark."

Madeline quietly heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing his answer. She curled her lips and smiled faintly. "It's a birthmark."

"A very special birthmark."

"So what if it's special? I was still abandoned by my biological parents." Madeline lowered her gaze and ate her breakfast quietly.

The morning halo shone through the glass window and scattered on her sweet, elegant face. Her dense eyelashes fluttered

gently with the blinking of her eyes. There was an unspeakable sense of loneliness hidden deep in her flowy and beautiful eyes.

For some reason, Jeremy could not help but feel a pang of pain in his chest as he watched the woman in front of him looking

down silently.

The smile on his face disappeared while his expression became much more solemn. "You said previously that your parents lost

you due to their neglect and took in the wrong child. Have you looked for them over the years?"

"I found them," Madeline replied without looking up, "But they much prefer that phony now. As for me..."

Madeline laughed a little sarcastically. "As for me, they don't even want to see me, let alone acknowledge me."

There was a long silence after her voice fell.

After breakfast, Jeremy sent Madeline back to her apartment.

Felipe had waited for Madeline all night. Seeing that she was finally back, he quietly let go of the worry in his heart.

Madeline did not tell Felipe that she had been drugged last night, for fear that he would worry.

However, Felipe still noticed that the outfit Madeline was wearing was not the same one she wore when she went out yesterday.

"Did you stay with him all night?" Felipe asked tentatively.

Madeline made an excuse, saying, "I stayed there to piss Meredith off."

"You slept in his room? You two—"

"No." Madeline interrupted, her tone becoming colder. "I'll never let him touch me again. How could I still have expectations for a

man who drove me to hell?"

She curled her lips. Her dimples looked sweet, but the smile that she revealed was full of mockery.

"Felipe, don't worry. I know what I'm doing."

"Then, that's good." Once the worry in Felipe's eyes faded, they then regained their former fluid tenderness. He held her hand

gently. "Although it's fake, it still makes me uncomfortable to see you staying with him."

Although his words were a bit vague, Madeline understood clearly upon hearing him.

"From the moment I saw Jeremy driving you out of the car and you falling on the side of the road in the wind and rain, I was

determined to protect you.

"Girls are all treasures left on earth by God and should be cherished, especially a girl who is as great and as perfect as you,"

Felipe said softly.

The tenderness of his eyes permeated everywhere like hot spring water from underground, surrounding her traumatized body

and mind drop by drop.

Madeline looked at Felipe's eyes dazedly. She wanted to respond but hesitated to speak.

Seeing her struggle, Jeremy only smiled. He reached out his hand and gently stroked her head.

"The 10th of the coming month is Old Master Whitman's 80th birthday. Whether or not Jeremy is interested in you depends on

what he'll do this time."

Madeline lowered her gaze and pondered.

This was an amazing opportunity.

Perhaps, it was about time.

Madeline still had lingering fears thinking of what happened last night.

Fortunately, what Jeremy saw was just the butterfly-shaped birthmark on the back of her waist. If he had seen her chest at that

time, her identity would be exposed.

Chapter 318

On the other side, Meredith had hired people to keep an eye on Jeremy's villa all night. Knowing that Madeline had been in

Jeremy's bedroom all night, the more she thought about it, the angrier she got!

She had gotten rid of Madeline completely after all the trouble three years ago, but who knew there would be a woman who

looked so much like Madeline.

The main thing was that this woman was not as easy to deal with as Madeline.

Meredith stood in front of her mirror. Looking at the unhealed scar on her face, she became more upset.

She had almost used up all the methods available, yet Jeremy was instead becoming colder toward her. She also knew that only

by continuing to play the role of 'Little Linnie' would it be possible to snatch Jeremy back.

Firstly, she needed to treat the wound on her face.

Madeline was thinking when she suddenly felt a little itch on the back of her left waist. She scratched it a little but realized it was

getting itchier, so she took a look in the mirror and found a red patch.

In order to pretend to be Madeline and become the daughter of the Montgomeries in the first place, she had not forgotten to

tattoo a fake, butterfly-shaped birthmark on this part of her body.

However, as she had been too impatient back then, she randomly searched for a tattoo shop. Who knew that after only three

years, not only had the color faded, but she was also suffering from itchiness due to her allergy.

Meredith desperately scratched it in distraught when she suddenly heard the sound of the door opening.

"Meredith, are you in the bathroom?" Eloise's voice was approaching.

Meredith put down her dress hurriedly and came out of the bathroom casually.

"Mom," she called out obediently, but her mood showed dejection.

"Meredith." Eloise patted her shoulder, feeling sorry for her. "Silly girl, don't think about the unhappy things. Those aren't your

fault."

Meredith bit her lip, feeling aggrieved. "That Vera Quinn got so many rascals to bully me but nothing is happening to her. I didn't

think Jeremy would not look into this matter just to protect her. The more I think about it, the more heartbroken I am.”

“I’ll definitely pursue this matter for you!” Eloise assured. “I think Jeremy might just be confused for the moment. Just now, the

manager of D.W called me and said that Jeremy went to order an evening dress. The size of the dress is the size you usually

wear!”

Meredith was a little surprised upon hearing it. “Jeremy ordered an evening dress for me?”

Eloise smiled cheerfully. “The 10th day of the coming month is Old Master Whitman’s 80th birthday. I think Jeremy ordered that

dress for you to wear on the day. He wants you to be his companion to the birthday banquet.”

“Is it true?” Meredith said with surprise. All her worries and dissatisfaction from before were wiped out in an instant.

Eloise nodded affirmatively. “Of course, it’s true. You’ve also said it before that you’ve been together with him for so many years

now and even given birth to a child for him. He’s just been throwing tantrums with you these days, but the person he actually

loves most has always been you!”

Listening to these words, Meredith gradually regained her confidence. The more she realized it, the more reasonable she felt it to

be.

“So, just be happy these days and take care of your injury first.”

Meredith nodded repeatedly with sparkly eyes.

She seemed to be seeing herself wearing the evening dress that Jeremy had personally ordered himself. She imagined walking

beside him radiantly and enjoying everyone’s envious eyes.

She would never miss the great opportunity to announce her marriage to him when the time came!

Meredith’s mood improved a lot. After the scar on her face had scabbed off, she hurriedly went to the beauty salon for a laser

treatment. After applying foundation, the scar was basically invisible.

The day before Old Master Whitman’s birthday, the service assistant at D.W reported to her that Jeremy had personally picked

up the evening dress and it should be given to her today.

Meredith looked at the photo. No matter the design or tailoring, the evening dress had quite a lasting charm. She could not wait

to wear it right away.

Meredith waited and waited till it was dark, but Jeremy never contacted her.

She really could not wait any longer, so she called Jeremy, but no one answered.

She went to the villa to look for Jeremy, but he was not there either.

Meredith was anxious and annoyed. She had hired people to obtain Jeremy's whereabouts, but nothing could be found.

Early the next morning, Meredith put on heavy makeup with dark circles under her eyes and went to Whitman Manor with Eloise.

Many guests had already entered the yard one after another, talking and laughing with each other. The atmosphere was

harmonious.

Meredith looked around, but she still did not see Jeremy.

Seeing Mrs. Whitman coming out, she immediately ran over to ask her. Mrs. Whitman saw her and was a little confused. "Jeremy

called in the morning and said that he'd be bringing an important girl to meet his parents. I thought he was joking around and

actually talking about you. But then, how could it be that he wasn't talking about you? Then, who is Jeremy bringing?"

Mrs. Whitman was puzzled and so was Eloise.

Meredith's expression changed instantly. She had a bad feeling all of a sudden.

As she was being apprehensive, there was movement at the gate. She looked up subconsciously, her eyes about to pop out the

instant she saw the scene not far away. Her raging anger shot up to her throat!

Chapter 319

Jeremy was dressed in a well-tailored black suit, his tall and stylish figure perfectly outlined.

His countenance was golden while his noble and elegant temperament was revealed in his gestures.

It was this side of Jeremy that Meredith had wanted to seize when she first saw him!

She had seized him with conspiracy and tricks for many years, but she did not expect this perfect man to be holding another

woman's hand today.

Meredith angrily looked at Vera who was walking beside Jeremy. What was even more unacceptable was that she had thought

that the evening dress Vera was wearing was one that Jeremy ordered for her, but it turned out that he bought it for Vera!

She had been looking forward to it for so long for naught!

In the end, reality hit her with a resounding slap!

Jeremy had always been a shining spot in the crowd. The guests in the garden noticed his appearance, and at the same time,

they saw Madeline who was next to him arm in arm.

The woman in their eyes was not that devastatingly beautiful, but their eyes were still drawn to her involuntarily.

The dress was beautiful, but when worn on Madeline's body, it was just a foil.

Her figure was beautiful and graceful with an air of orchids. Her skin was like a porcelain vase that left a mild scent wherever she

passed by. It was memorable.

Her smile was so casual, but it also looked really unique.

Some people could not help but whisper, "Isn't that Vera Quinn?"

"The founder and designer queen of Miss L.ady."

"She was a big star at the last business reception for Miss L.ady's second anniversary."

"She really looks like Young Master Whitman's ex-wife. How did Young Master Whitman get together with her?"

"I heard early on that Young Master Whitman frequently went to First Crystal Street to look for her. It seems that their relationship

is unusual."

"I also heard that Meredith was kidnapped last month and that the few men had done something to her. Is it because of this that

Young Master Whatman no longer wants Meredith and is now with this Vera Quinn..."

"Tsk..."

Meredith was already clenching her fists with anger when she heard all these kinds of speculative words coming from behind

her.

She felt as if she was about to explode, but considering the current occasion, she had to endure it.

However, Eloise could not bear it anymore and walked straight over. "Vera Quinn."

Madeline stopped, looked at the angry Eloise, and smiled politely. "Mrs. Montgomery, is something the matter?"

"I'm fine, but you won't be soon enough!" Eloise said, suddenly raising her hand to slap Madeline's face fiercely.

With a slap, Madeline's face was turned to the side. She looked a little lost.

She laughed sarcastically. How could the pain on her face compare to the pain spreading in her heart?

She had no precaution just because she was facing her own biological mother and so, she ended up receiving the slap.

When everyone saw this, Meredith smiled secretly.

Jeremy looked at Eloise, displeasure apparent in his sharp gaze. "Have you gone mad? How dare you hit my partner?"

"Your partner?" Eloise chuckled. "Jeremy, I don't want to lose my reputation in front of so many people for Meredith's sake, but I'll

definitely deal with this vixen!"

Eloise said as she raised her palm, wanting to hit Madeline again.

Jeremy's gaze sank as he subconsciously stretched out his arm to protect Madeline in his arms. With his other hand, he grabbed

Eloise's wrist.

"Do you dare to hit her again?"

He flung Eloise away angrily.

Eloise lost her focus and fell backward. Meredith hurried to support her anxiously.

"Mom, Mom, are you okay?" she said worriedly, tears coming to her eyes as she said, "Mom, forget it. Don't worry about me

anymore. I'm the one who is no longer in a relationship with Jeremy, so just let him and Miss Vera be together. It's enough that I

get hurt. I don't want you to get hurt too."

Chapter 320

Eloise had always been willing to do anything for her daughter, but she felt even more distressed when Meredith said this.

“Meredith, don’t worry. Your mother will never allow you to be bullied so simply! I want everyone here today to take a clear look at

Young Master Whitman who’s the richest and most powerful man in Glendale but truly an indifferent scumbag. And this one

named Vera Quinn who’s also a despicable and shameless vixen!”

Gasp!

The guests were all shocked to hear Eloise’s words.

Hearing this, it seemed that Vera Quinn was meddling in between Jeremy and Meredith’s relationship, causing Meredith to be

abandoned.

“Mom, don’t say it, don’t say it! It’s all my fault. It has nothing to do with Jeremy and Miss Vera. Let’s go!” Meredith burst into

tears, her weak and weeping appearance looking pitiful.

Many people had begun to side with her. After all, they knew little about the history of the relationship between Meredith and

Jeremy while Vera looked like a third party.

Most of the guests gradually felt distressed for Meredith and cast their contempt and disgust at Madeline.

Jeremy observed the change in the atmosphere around him. He looked back, looking at Madeline with concern.

“Are you all right?” He raised his hand and brushed her cheek lightly with his fingers.

Madeline smiled gracefully and calmly. “How could I not be fine just because of this slap? I’m not that weak.” She smiled, looking

at Eloise and Meredith, and at the same time, feeling the others’ contemptuous gazes on her whole body.

“Mrs. Montgomery, everyone has to be responsible for what they do and say. You’ve hit me in front of so many people for no

reason and you also called me as a vixen. Shouldn’t you give a reasonable explanation?”

She smiled lightly, her proud eyes sweeping across the hostile and questioning eyes around her while her tone changed. "The

most annoying thing in my life has been being accused wrongly."

She uttered the last few words very profoundly.

"Accused wrongly?" Eloise smiled contemptuously. "Have I wronged you? You are a vixen! And you're cruel, mean, and

shameless!"

"Mom, don't speak anymore. Let's go. We really can't afford to provoke this young lady. I don't want to suffer from a disaster like

before. When I close my eyes now and think of it, they had each bullied me one by one. I'm so sad..."

Meredith cried and

stopped in her speech, but she was smiling in her heart while hoping that Eloise would continue to make things worse.

Eloise became even more distressed and hugged Meredith tightly, patting her back and comforting her.

Hearing Meredith's words that were laced with implication, the people around them began to feel dissatisfied.

"It seems that the previous rumors about Meredith being bullied by several men by turns were true. If that's the case, then she is

really miserable."

"Listen to Meredith's implication. Did Vera ask someone to do it?"

"It must be. I didn't expect this Vera to have the beauty of a goddess but a poisonous heart. She is really vicious!"

"Not to mention how Young Master Whitman would abandon Meredith for this kind of woman."

There was a lot of discussion going around. Meredith leaned in Eloise's arms and cried while laughing secretly. She was going to

ruin Vera here today! She was going to take her revenge!

However, at this moment, she felt a cold current around her.

"I've said not to mention the matter again. Why are you still bringing it up on this occasion?" Jeremy's voice reached her ears

coldly.

Meredith's heart trembled and she was a little scared.

“Jeremy, are you blaming Meredith? How can you actually say this? Things have already reached this point and yet you still

defend this vixen! If it wasn't for the vixen's plan, how could Meredith have been bullied? Meredith is obviously a victim. Not only

do you not feel sorry for her and refuse to seek justice for her, but you're still protecting this witch!”

Eloise glared at Jeremy angrily, disappointment and resentment clear in her gaze.

“What a waste of Meredith's love for you! Jeremy, where is your conscience?”

Jeremy's brows furrowed. His handsome face was already covered with frost and there was a stream of coldness shooting out

from his eyes. “This matter has nothing to do with Vera, so don't put any unnecessary charges on her head,” he spoke with a

cold tone. Glancing at Meredith who was full of grievances and tears, he suppressed the anger in his heart.

“I'll say it again, this matter ends here. No one is allowed to mention it again.”

“Jeremy, what are you doing? How can you treat Meredith like this? This vixen really instigated the matter, so how can I just let it

go? I'll call the police and have her arrested now! I'll let her pay the tragic price!”

Mrs. Whitman rushed forward, defending Meredith righteously. “Vera, you can't just forget it!”

“Yes, you really can't do that.”

After a long silence, Madeline opened her mouth. She met those scornful eyes and looked at Jeremy distressedly.

“Jeremy, I really don't want so many people to be fooled by Meredith and I don't want you to be accused of being a scumbag

because of a woman like her, so I'll have to violate my agreement with you and speak the truth of this matter.”