Sinner Wife 381

Chapter 381

After the nurse said that, the air around them felt incredibly stifling.

Madeline smiled calmly and said, "I think you must be talking about Madeline."

"It's her..."

Sean's shocked exclamations sounded in her ear.

Madeline turned around and saw regret as well as an apologetic look on Sean's handsome face.

"I didn't think that she was the one who gave blood to Ellie. I even..."

He had thought Madeline was bullying Meredith back then. As such, he yelled at Madeline angrily.

He had said to her, "It's no wonder your biological parents didn't want you. Such a vicious person like you shouldn't even be alive

in this world!"

Sean was stunned. He placed his hands over his eyes in remorse.

Madeline donated so much blood for Eloise and Jackson in secret back then.

However, she did not say anything. She only endured all of their evil words and reprimanding.

At that moment, Sean felt like he had committed the worst sin possible.

Now, even if he wanted to apologize, he did not have the chance anymore.

Madeline was dead.

"What's wrong, Mr. Montgomery?" When Madeline noticed the worry and look of apology on Sean's face, she asked softly.

Sean came back to his senses and smiled while hiding the uneasiness in his heart. "It's fine. Thank you for giving blood to my

wife, Miss Quinn."

"Saving a life is like fighting against fire. I can't just ignore someone in danger." Madeline smiled. When she turned around, she

saw Jeremy in a dispirited state.

The melancholy in his eyes was even more intense than Sean's.

Madeline smiled bitterly.

She never expected them to thank or repay her by doing so. However, she did not expect them to give her such debilitating pain

either.

Those words spewed at her back then were like invisible knives. They had sliced her skin repeatedly.

She still remembered the pain she felt back then.

After receiving Madeline's blood, Eloise successfully averted danger.

Madeline let out a sigh of relief.

She was her birth mother, after all. She would be lying if she said she did not care about her.

Sean thanked her again and questioned, "Miss Quinn, how do you know that my wife has the same blood type as you?"

Madeline smiled and said, "After I came to Glendale, I saw a lot of information about Madeline and Meredith online. I know they

have the same blood type, and I heard Meredith gave blood to Mrs. Montgomery as well. So, naturally, I was able to predict that

my blood type must be a match with Mrs. Montgomery's too."

Sean was taken aback when he heard that.

Sean still remembered what the nurse said just now. She said Meredith refused to give blood back then. Eloise was only safe all

thanks to Madeline.

Meredith had refused.

She had refused to give blood.

Which meant that she never gave blood to Eloise. However, when that happened, he remembered Meredith telling him that she

was the one who gave blood to Eloise.

It seemed that Meredith was lying.

His allegedly kind and warmhearted daughter was telling such lies. On the other hand, she even slandered Madeline's conduct.

Sean was obviously defeated. When Madeline told him she was leaving, he was still standing in place in shock.

Jeremy drove Madeline back to his place. On the way, Madeline leaned against the seat and fell asleep from exhaustion. When

she woke up, it was dawn.

She noticed that she was lying in the bed in her old bedroom. Her blood-stained clothes had been removed and she was wearing

her old pajamas.

Madeline grasped the front of her pajamas in concern. Thankfully, she had worn a tank top underneath her shirt just in case.

Unless Jeremy had deliberately pulled down her tank top, he would not have been able to see the mole.

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Madeline got out of bed and cleaned herself up. When she was about to look for Jeremy, she heard noises from the balcony.

She looked over and saw the man standing there alone. Jeremy's tall and slender back looked frail.

There was a cigarette between his long fingers. The tip of the cigarette lit up and dimmed simultaneously, looking desolate in the

morning sun.

Perhaps he heard footsteps, so he turned around and saw Madeline walking toward him. He narrowed his eyes into a grin. "Why

don't you sleep more?"

"I'll wake up if I get enough sleep." Madeline smiled. When she saw Jeremy in yesterday's clothes, she asked, "You didn't sleep

for the entire night?"

He curled the corner of his lips. His eyes were as dark as night as they were glued on Madeline's fair and gentle face.

"It's been difficult for me to fall asleep for the past three years."

A glint flashed across Madeline's eyes when she heard that.

Jeremy extinguished his cigarette and walked in front of her.

The unique smell of tobacco from his body surrounded her slowly.

"Vera, do you think a person will be forgiven after they apologize for the mistake they made?"

Madeline thought about what happened last night when she heard that.

That nurse had made him think about what happened a few years ago.

Perhaps he did not expect the woman who he thought to be evil to do something like that in secret. Therefore, that was why he

reckoned that he was wrong.

Madeline smiled. She lifted her hand to caress Jeremy's face in concern. "Jeremy, what's wrong? Why are you asking that

question all of a sudden?"

Jeremy held her hand that was on his face.

His hand was cold, and the slight temperature in his hand enveloped hers. "You won't leave me, right?"

"Why would I leave you for no reason?" Madeline asked with a slight smile. "You must be tired from staying awake the entire

night. Go have some rest. We need to go to the court later. Meredith's hearing is today," Madeline said, turning around after

retracting her hand.

When her hand left the source of warmth, the faint temperature disappeared as well.

Jeremy looked at Madeline's back. The expression in his eyes was getting more and more peculiar.

...

Meredith's hearing started at ten in the morning.

After a while, Meredith was brought out.

She was wearing a blue and white striped prisoner's outfit. Despite having tidied herself up, she still could not hide the freckles

and dark circles on her face.

At this moment, she looked completely different from the image of a socialite from a wealthy family that she had built.

Meredith was brought to the dock. When she saw Sean, she had already readied her tears before looking at him. She was

curious about why Eloise was absent.

After scanning across the gallery, she saw Jeremy. Meredith started sobbing even harder now.

The lawyer Eloise hired for Meredith was exceptional. After a while, the circumstances were reversed and Meredith was about to

be announced as not guilty.

When she saw this, Meredith used this opportunity to cry out a grievance, "Your Honor, I was wrongfully accused! Someone is

framing me!"

She looked at Jeremy after she said that.

"Jeremy, do you see this? I'm innocent. I never did anything that'll go against my conscience."

"Of course, you've never done anything that went against your conscience. You don't even have one anymore."

Madeline's cold tone sounded in the court.

Meredith lifted her gaze and saw Madeline walking over with a powerful aura. She was dressed in a simple yet elegant suit.

Madeline's appearance quickly trumped how Meredith looked right now.

Meredith gritted her teeth and clenched her fists as she scowled at Madeline.

Madeline walked to the witness stand and bowed to the judge. "Your Honor, I'm the victim of this case, Vera Quinn. I have solid

evidence that can prove Meredith Crawford did plan to harm me and her son, Jackson Whitman."

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When Meredith heard that Madeline had more evidence, Meredith started to panic.

"Your Honor, don't trust this woman. She's trying to frame me! I'm being falsely accused by her!" Meredith pointed at Madeline

and shrieked emotionally. "I'm really innocent, Your Honor!"

"Defendant, please calm down. If you continue to make noise, the court will charge you with contempt of court," the judge said

seriously.

"..." When she heard this, Meredith shut her mouth quickly.

However, she was nervous. She did not know what Madeline's solid evidence was.

At this moment, the police brought Jon and Rose inside.

Meredith looked at Jon and Rose anxiously. She knew something was not right.

Just as she expected, Jon and Rose were testifying against her in court!

"Your Honor, my adopted daughter, Meredith Crawford, was indeed the person who planned this. She was discussing this with us

at our home," Rose said. She did not dare to look Meredith in the eyes.

Jon made a full confession at one side as well. "We wanted to stop Meredith, but she did not want to listen. She said Vera Quinn

stole her man and she had to teach her a lesson. She bribed some thugs to kidnap her son so that she could blame it all on Vera

Quinn. Then, she decided to kill Vera Quinn and end things once and for all in a blind fit of rage."

!!!

Meredith widened her eyes in shock. She almost started vomiting blood from anger.

"You two..." Her chest was heaving violently. "You two are crazy! How can you say something like that?"

Rose and Jon looked at her nonchalantly. "Mer, now that it has come to this, we can't wrongly accuse the innocent anymore.

Vera is truly innocent."

"..." Meredith was so angry that her entire body was shaking.

Although she had indeed planned to get rid of Jackson and Madeline, this idea was given to her by Rose.

Now, there were witnesses and evidence present. Meredith did not have any more comebacks. Even if her lawyer was glib-

tongued, he would not be able to turn the circumstances around at this stage.

Plus, Meredith was indeed guilty.

The judge quickly came up with a verdict—12 years of prison time.

Meredith started wailing emotionally. "I've been wrongfully accused! I want to appeal! I will definitely appeal!"

Of course, she could not accept the charges. She could not even stay one day there, let alone 12 years!

What would she have to compete against Madeline after 12 years?

Madeline smirked as she watched Meredith get brought away by the marshals. The joy in her eyes showed how pleased she

was to be able to finally vent her anger.

'12, Meredith. You deserve this.

'Do you think 12 years is enough?

'I will make you pay for what you did to my grandpa and my baby soon!'

After the dismissal of court, everyone had left including Sean who left unbeknownst to anyone. Jeremy was the only one sitting

there.

He was looking down, his eyebrows tightly knitted together.

Madeline walked in front of him. "Are you feeling sorry for Meredith? Are you blaming me for being too merciless?"

"She deserves this," Jeremy said softly.

"Then why do you look so down?"

Jeremy smiled superficially after hearing that. Sarcasm escaped from his lips as he said, "If she's guilty, then I'm equally guilty."

Madeline lifted her gaze. "Is the reason why you think you're guilty because you didn't take care of Meredith well enough and

that's why she ended up like this today?"

Jeremy looked at Madeline's cold face profoundly. "I did neglect one person. However, that person isn't Meredith," he said and

stood up. He then held Madeline's hand. "Let's go."

Madeline was making guesses at what he was saying after he gave her such a vague answer.

Maybe the person he was talking about was the woman who was sleeping forever in the grave.

However, who was that woman?

…

On the other side, after Sean left the court, he went straight to the hospital.

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Sean returned just as Eloise's wounds were redressed. She immediately rushed forward to ask, "How did it go, Sean? How's

Meredith—"

"Evidence is conclusive. The judge ruled Meredith a 12-year time in prison."

"No!" Eloise's expression paled as her vision went black. She almost fainted over.

Sean immediately went to hold her. "We've done everything we can, Eloise."

"So what? We still couldn't save our precious daughter in the end!" Eloise cried heartbreakingly. "The lawyer said he could 100

percent guarantee that Meredith would be able to get out of it! How could it end like this?"

"Vera came out with a final piece of evidence and Meredith's foster parents suddenly came forward to testify against Meredith as

well."

"What? That Vera Quinn again!" Fury flared in Eloise's eyes. "To think that I had invited her over for dinner last night, hoping she

would let Meredith go. I can't believe how cruel she is! Why did she have to force Meredith to a corner? I should never have held

Diana back last night! This would never have happened if she had died!"

"Have you gone mad from the anger, Eloise? How could you say such a thing?" Sean felt both shocked and exasperated. "Don't

you know who donated blood to you last night? Had it not been for Vera, you wouldn't be well and alright here now!"

Eloise was stunned by his words.

Eloise clenched her teeth when she remembered Meredith's current situation and replied disdainfully, "I don't need her to save

me! How much did she donate? I'll just give it back to her!"

"You may be able to return hers, but how will we return Madeline's?" Sean asked dejectedly.

Eloise stared at Sean in confusion. "Madeline? Why are you reminding me of that wretched woman? Death is the smallest

penalty for all the horrible things she has done. What can we possibly owe her?"

Sean frowned bitterly and sighed. "You lost an unexpectedly huge amount of blood during an appendicitis surgery you did three

years ago, do you remember?

"Meredith and her foster mother even told you that Meredith was the one who donated the blood that brought you back to safety,

but that was far from the truth. Meredith wasn't the one who donated the blood at all. In fact, she actually rejected to do so."

"What... Why?" Eloise's eyes widened in disbelief. "What are you saying, Sean? Why would Meredith refuse to donate blood to

me? And... And if it wasn't Meredith, then whose blood was it?"

"It was Madeline's."

"..." Eloise was gaping in shock. She felt the air around her suddenly turn into a vacuum, making it hard for her to breathe.

"What... What are you saying, Sean? After all those horrible things she's done, why would Madeline donate blood to me? You

must be mistaken!"

"I'm not. I contacted a friend to help me check too. From the records back then, Madeline had saved not only you, but she saved

our grandson, Jackson, as well."

Sean exhaled a long sigh, leaving the guilt and regret he felt to simmer in the silence around them.

"It seems like we've been left in the dark for too long, Eloise. I can't possibly imagine how many wrongdoings our daughter has

done behind our backs. It's all our fault for not being there to nurture her. She's been led completely astray by her foster parents."

"..." Eloise was still dazed while her eyes were blankly staring ahead. "It can't be. It can't. It just can't..."

Eloise could not bring herself to accept the truth, yet the evidence that was laid bare in front of her had guilt and remorse

bubbling from within anyway.

Both Madeline and Vera had saved her without asking for repayment, yet all they got were such horrible words in return...

Sean persuaded her to rest and heal, but Eloise could not hold back the need to see Meredith.

Eloise turned to Sean just before she alighted the car. "Won't you come with me? Meredith's still our daughter, after all."

"I don't think I'm ready to meet such a daughter yet." Sean frowned conflictingly. "She may be our only daughter, but her

actions..."

Eloise understood without Sean needing to say more, so she turned and got out of the car herself.

Eloise still found it impossible to believe that this was Meredith's true appearance now that she had calmed down, but Eloise

admitted that Meredith had indeed taken it too far.

As a mother, she felt the responsibility to rein Meredith back.

After walking inside, she was informed by the police that someone else was currently visiting Meredith.

When she asked him, she found that it was none other than Rose and Jon.

Thanks to a small tip from Sean, Eloise was allowed in.

However, she was met with Meredith's agitated shouts just as she arrived at the door of the conjugal room. "Are you happy now

that I'm in jail? You've gone mad! How could you betray me?"

The corners of Meredith's eyes were dyed red as she glared at Rose and Jon.

Eloise had never seen such a ferocious look on her.

Rose explained herself with her head drooped down. "We didn't have a choice. It was either you or us."

"Then it should have been you!" Meredith banged on the table harshly.

"Calm down, Meredith. Being upset won't get you anywhere. Just hold off for a little longer, okay? I'm sure Eloise and Sean will

get you out of here," Rose brushed her off exasperatedly.

Meredith ground her molars together impatiently. "Just who are my parents, you or them? I can't believe you'd indict me just to

save yourselves. Did I not bring you enough advantages these few years from the Montgomeries? How could you betray your

biological daughter? Or are you telling me that you've forgotten that I'm your daughter after all the luxuries you've sucked off

me!"

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Eloise felt her body freeze at the words Meredith had shouted.

Her hand trembled as it pushed hard at the door to the conjugal room.

The three inside jolted at Eloise's sudden arrival.

"Mrs. Montgomery... What are you doing here?" Rose shot up from her seat to look uneasily at Eloise.

Meredith looked calm now that the wave of shock had passed. "Are you here to see me, Mom? What happened to your hand?

What's with the bandages?"

Her tone was now kind and the look in her eyes was delicate, leaving no traces of the dominance and bossiness that were there

mere moments ago.

Eloise could not care less about Meredith's false concern and greetings, for her eyes were currently boring into that ever-so

delicate-looking appearance. "The words you just said, did you mean them?"

Meredith was stunned. She deduced that Eloise must have heard the words she shouted earlier in unrestrained anger.

"You've misunderstood, Mom. It's just..."

"I did not misunderstand!" Eloise interrupted icily, a mist of wet anger tinting her eyes. "You've been lying to me this entire time!

You were never my daughter! I can't believe I let myself believe this horrid lie you fed me!"

"We didn't lie, Mrs. Montgomery. You've misunderstood us." Rose frantically insisted. "Meredith is your daughter. Don't you

remember her birthmark and the DNA test? Both of which prove that she is yours and Mr. Montgomery's daughter!"

"Birthmark?" Eloise suddenly scoffed self-deprecatingly. "Now I know why the two of you went to that tattoo parlor the other day."

"..."

At that, Meredith and Rose turned to share a look.

They had not expected Eloise to know of such a thing.

"It was never a birthmark, but a tattoo! You had someone tattoo a birthmark on you!" Eloise saw through their lie.

Both Meredith and Rose were lost for words.

"The DNA test must be fake as well then. You must have tampered with it too." Eloise stared furiously at Meredith whose eyes

began to harden and grow fierce. "You're an abomination, Meredith Crawford! I saw you as my own daughter and defended you

time and again after all the despicable things you've done. Hell, I even helped you deal with Vera and thought to pull you out

from whatever horrendous place you must be in, but instead, what I get is you teaming up to lie to me?"

"That's not true, Mrs. Montgomery. It's just a misunderstanding..."

"Forget it. You don't have to explain anymore." Meredith interrupted Rose coldly as she raised her dark and sinister gaze to meet

Eloise's furious ones. "You're right. I'm not your daughter.

Eloise felt her heart clench and her mind buzz at Meredith's admittance.

She admitted it.

She was not her daughter!

"So Vera has been telling the truth the entire time." Eloise could not feel more regretful. Remorse and guilt ate away at her as

she recalled the horrible things she had told and done to Vera.

Meredith scoffed condescendingly. "You'd better think of a way to get me out of here, Eloise Patton. Or you can give up on

seeing your daughter ever again!"

Eloise's eyes flared at the words. "You know where my daughter is?"

"Of course, I do. Where else would I get that gold pendant anyway?" Meredith smirked casually before slowly standing again.

"We're done here. Now if you could escort me back please, Officer?"

Eloise dashed forward like an unsheathed sword as Meredith made a move to leave. "Don't go, Meredith. Tell me where my

daughter is!"

Meredith chuckled coldly without care. "Get me out of here, then maybe I'll tell you. You'd better not tell the whole world about

this, or I'll make sure you'll never see your daughter again."

"Meredith Crawford! Meredith, you stand right there!"

Eloise wanted to stop her, but Meredith had already turned and left.

Reading the room, both Rose and Jon also made their way to leave as well. Eloise quickly chased after them.

Sean, who was waiting for Eloise, watched as Rose and Jon suddenly dashed out as the jail doors opened with Eloise hot on

their tails.

Realizing something was wrong, Sean immediately got out of the car and ran over.

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He approached to support a panting Eloise lovingly. "What happened, Elosie?"

Eloise's eyes were red as he pressed a hand above her aching heart. "I just found out that Meredith... She... She was never our

daughter..."

"Wha-What are you talking about?" All color drained from Sean's face.

Sean felt his body shiver as Eloise retold the entire incident.

With Eloise in tow, they went to talk to Meredith again, but it was to no avail as she refused to speak.

Meanwhile, Rose and Jon were nowhere to be found. They had seemingly vanished into thin air.

The two returned home in the end, the emptiness of the huge villa suffocating them.

Eloise searched through Meredith's room for a lead, but all she could find was the gold pendant she had made years ago for

their newborn.

The name 'Eveline' could still clearly be seen on the pendant.

The afternoon sun was bright, a stark contrast to the gloom over Eloise and Sean's heart.

Eloise's heart clenched painfully as tears streamed uncontrollably down her cheeks.

Not even Sean's comforting words could bring an end to her tears.

While Sean was not doing any better, there seemed to be a glimmer of relief within him.

He was relieved that such a wretched woman was not their daughter. He was relieved that their daughter was still alive.

Knock, knock, knock. A maid suddenly knocked on their room door. "Sir, Madam. Mr. Whitman and Ms. Vera are here."

Eloise and Sean immediately lifted their heads, the former's eyes flaring with a prayer of hope. "Perhaps Vera would know

something."

With that, she wiped off her tears and ran down the stairs, ignoring the pain in her hand.

Madeline and Jeremy entered the living room to find Eloise dashing down the stairs messily with Sean following right after.

What was going on?

Meredith shared a confused look with Jeremy before turning back to smile at them. "I heard you got out of the hospital, Mrs.

Montgomery. Jeremy and I are here to see you."

Eloise's rushed footsteps turned into elegant ones at her words as she reined in her emotions to give a kind smile. "Sean told me

you were the one who donated blood to me, Miss Vera. Thank you. You've kept me from a life-threatening situation."

Her eyes turned to look at the floor in shame as she spoke frankly.

"Yet I kept thinking that you were trying to pick on Meredith, and I even foolishly claimed that I didn't need your blood."

Madeline was shocked at the words she heard.

Eloise smiled kindly as she approached them.

"Please, Miss Vera, come take a seat. I'd like to apologize for what happened yesterday. Don't worry, I won't let it happen again."

Madeline smiled as she glanced at Jeremy. "With Jeremy here, I'm sure no danger could make their way to me."

With that, she turned and sat. Lifting her eyes again, they zoned in on the gold pendant in Eloise's hands.

One look was enough for Madeline to recognize the pendant. It was the one her grandfather had given her, the one with her birth

name on it.

Then, her eyes trailed up to Eloise who looked nothing short of exhausted. Her complexion was dull while her eyes were red as if

she had been crying moments ago.

Perhaps she was worried about Meredith.

Madeline thought out loud in a mocking tone, "Are you sad because of what happened to Meredith, Mrs. Montgomery? It doesn't

matter what you think of me. Even if you're adamant about me picking on Meredith on purpose, I don't regret what I've done, and

I'd do it again in a heartbeat. Meredith deserves the punishment for her actions."

Madeline watched Eloise huff self-deprecatingly at her words as tears began to trickle from the corner of her eyes.

Madeline was shocked to see such a reaction, but Eloise lifted her gaze to meet the others there. "I'm so sorry, Miss Vera. I was

a fool to refuse your advice and question your intentions when you were merely telling the truth. Meredith really isn't my

daughter."

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Madeline's eyes flickered with interest as she stared at Eloise, whose tears were streaming freely, in shock. "Why would you say

so, Mrs. Montgomery?"

"Eloise and I heard Meredith admit it herself." Sean sighed, his brows furrowing tightly. "I can't believe that she stole the identity."

Madeline was rather confused at the turn of events.

Why would Meredith admit to not being the eldest daughter of the Montgomery family?

Doing such a thing gave her no advantages.

"I would never have heard her conversation with Rose and Jon had I not gone to visit her at the detention center."

Eloise scoffed self-effacingly, and it dawned on Madeline that Eloise had overheard something that was never meant for her to

hear.

A lie would always be a lie. Finding out the truth was only a matter of when.

It felt ironic, and she heard Eloise let out a chuckle.

"I thought that I had finally found my daughter after so many years. Sean and I drenched her with love these three years we

thought she was ours. I didn't even blink when I spent tens of millions on her as long as it made her happy."

Madeline was not surprised at the number at all.

Meredith had always been greedy for fame and wealth. Although most of the money she got her hands on was taken for her own

personal use, a fraction of it had certainly gone to Rose and Jon as well.

"I don't even care about the money. What hurts is how she took advantage of our love for her. She has been nothing but fake

with us these three years. The only thing about us that mattered to her was the Montgomery family wealth."

Eloise had finally seen through Meredith's facade.

However, it was too late.

Madeline pondered silently, finding the absurdity of the situation hilarious.

'My dearest mom and dad, during the time you took Meredith as your daughter, everything she has done, no matter how

immoral, you took it in your stride and chose to forgive.

'Your love and protection for her were no different to Jeremy's at the very beginning. You'd stab and hurt me without a second

thought and only cared about who was truly in the wrong.

'The wounds may heal, but the scars will always remain.'

"Miss Vera." Eloise suddenly reached out to grab Madeline's hand, her expression on edge.

Madeline reined herself back to stare at Eloise's hallowed look.

"You told me last time, Miss Vera, that you heard Rose Tanner say that my daughter died three years ago. Could you please

recall again if you've heard her wrongly? My daughter isn't dead, is she? She can't be!"

Eloise's grip on Madeline's hand tightened.

Hope and expectations glimmered in the woman's eyes as she hoped of a reply that would put her at ease.

Madeline felt her previously calm heart skip a beat as she stared at the teary eyes before her.

"Miss Vera?" Eloise urged anxiously.

Madeline raised her gaze to meet Sean's sincere and pleading ones. Her heart calmed as a faint smile graced her lips.

"I couldn't hear that well since I was standing outside the door. I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery are well-known in the world

of charity? I'm sure your daughter would still be well and alive, living off the blessings of your charitable works."

Eloise's shoulders slumped in relief at the words while Sean sent a grateful look at Madeline.

"That's great, Sean! Our daughter's still alive. Now we just need to find out where she is." Eloise turned to look at Sean excitedly.

Madeline watched quietly, her heart not feeling even a shred of the elation they felt.

It dawned on Madeline that Jeremy had gotten quiet ever since Eloise told them that Meredith was not the Montgomeries' true

daughter.

Madeline turned her head to find Jeremy completely emotionless. His expression was frozen as if he was a mere ancient Greek

sculpture. Had it not been for the swirl of emotions in his eyes, Madeline would think that he was hexed with a freezing charm

with how quiet he was.

However, why was he acting in such a way?

Eloise's emotional rollercoaster ride had caused the wound on her hand to seep with blood again.

Sean was quick to bring her to the hospital. Before they got in the car, Sean walked over to thank Madeline personally.

As grateful he was for the blood donation, he was more grateful for the white lie Madeline told earlier.

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Madeline watched the car drive off silently. Technically speaking, it was not a lie.

Their daughter was still alive.

'The one who died was the silly and foolish Madeline Crawford, not your daughter, Eveline Montgomery.'

Jeremy had planned to bring Madeline to Whitman Manor after they visited Eloise.

However, he felt a change of heart at the sudden turn of events. "I just remembered that I have something important to deal with.

I'll send you home first and pick you up tonight?"

Madeline smiled kindly. "Go, Jeremy. I'll wait for you to pick me up when you're done."

The corners of Jeremy's lips quirked, but the smile was not one from the heart.

He was merely forcing out a smile.

Madeline had felt something was off about him ever since he heard that Meredith was a fake.

After alighting from the car, Madeline watched Jeremy turn the car around without a second glance backward.

It was a stark contrast to how he used to watch her leave before he made his way off.

Realizing something was wrong, Madeline hailed a ride to follow him.

She found that Jeremy had parked his car at the detention center.

Had he come to visit Meredith?

Madeline's eyes flickered with a cold glint as her lips quirked up into a mocking smile.

"You still love her, don't you, Jeremy?"

...

Meredith was jubilant when she came to know that Jeremy had come to visit her!

Oh, how Meredith wished that she could take a bath and do her makeup, but the detention center made having a good night's

rest difficult.

Despite not liking how she looked without makeup, Meredith liked to think that she was rather gorgeous herself. Plus, with the

trump card she had up her sleeve, Meredith was at ease.

Meredith's steps were light and easy. She even remembered to check her hair right as she arrived at the conjugal room.

Meredith felt her feet freeze as her eyes fell on the aloof expression of the man sitting not too far away when the doors opened.

She withdrew her smile and slowly made her way over. She could swear that the temperature around her dropped a degree with

every step she took.

Meredith calmed her heart with everything she had and sat down in front of Jeremy.

Squeezing tears out of her eyes, she opened her mouth to sob. "You finally came to see me, Jeremy. I miss you so much. It's

horrible here. I think someone even hit me last night. They said that Vera is the one who told them to hit me. Jeremy, I'm

terrified..."

Meredith sobbed. "Vera framed me, Jeremy, really. She even bribed my foster parents to testify against me. This woman isn't

easy, Jeremy. Don't let her trick you!"

"Trick me?'

Jeremy's frigid baritone barked out the moment her words fell.

Meredith shivered while staring into Jeremy's deep peach-blossom eyes.

The man was in a black button-up that was layered underneath a windbreaker. Frosty abstinence oozed off him in waves, chilling

whatever it touched.

"Everything I've told you is true, Jeremy. Don't you believe me anymore? Did you forget the promise you made to me by the sea?

You said you'd protect me, love me, and even marry—"

"Hmph."

Jeremy gave a cold snort.

Meredith shivered again in fear, losing the courage to continue her lie.

She stared frantically at the man before her, his emotions not something she could grasp. "What's wrong, Jeremy? What—"

Interrupting Meredith's question, Jeremy stood suddenly, his tall and lean figure casting a shadow that covered the glisten of fake

tears in Meredith's eyes. He reached out to grab Meredith by her collar, pulling her harshly toward himself.

Those sinister eyes of his drilled into Meredith. "You were never the girl I met by the sea in April Hill to begin with!"

Chapter 389

Meredith was taken aback by Jeremy's sudden tug. Her eyes widened in shock as she took in his words. She seemed to have

lost the ability to breathe.

'How... How does he know that it wasn't me?

'Unless Madeline has already told him everything?

'No. She wouldn't. There's no way she would!'

"Cough, cough..."

Meredith felt the air get sucked out of her lungs as Jeremy's hand on her collar tightened. Her complexion flushed and her

tongue became tied. "What... What are you saying, Jeremy? I am Linnie, the one you hold dear in your heart. How else would I

have the leaf bookmark? Cough, cough... Please... Jeremy, let go..."

"Do you still think that you can lie to me at this point?" Jeremy squinted, a ray of frost shooting from his eyes and freezing the

better half of Meredith's heart.

"You aren't even Eloise and Sean's daughter, so how could the gold pendant engraved with the name 'Eveline' be yours? You

never had the memory of the nickname 'Linnie' to begin with! So how could you be that little girl?"

Meredith's pupils contracted at his words.

She had not expected Eloise to tell Jeremy such a thing, let alone that Jeremy would be able to deduce the truth from the name

alone.

"I can't believe you've been lying to me by pretending to be her for so many years." Jeremy's tone lowered with every word as

unbridled anger seeped out of his all-consuming peach-blossom eyes. "You should've known, Meredith Crawford, how pitiful an

end you would find yourself at for deceiving me the moment you decided to lie."

His slender fingers tightened their grip as his words fell, raising green veins on his fair arm. The fury he assumed was evident.

Meredith's pupils dilated, her soul one shock away from leaving her as she took in the bloodthirst that Jeremy's aura was

dripping with.

"No, Jeremy. Don't kill me, please. I... I'm really Lin—"

Meredith wanted to keep up with her act and insist that she was Linnie, but she was interrupted by a crack that suddenly

sounded from her neck.

Her body froze while fear swam in her eyes. It compelled her to admit to lying.

"I... I'm sorry, Jeremy. I was wrong, please, let me go... If... You'll never find out who that girl is if you kill me now..."

To be absolutely honest, Jeremy no longer cared about who that girl was anymore.

The moment he realized he fell for Madeline, Jeremy no longer desired to fulfill the promises he made when he was young.

What disgusted him the most that very moment was the fact that he had allowed this woman to intoxicate him, copulate, and

bear his child.

What he detested even more was how Meredith had used Linnie's name to lie and blindside him. As he had believed in her

wicked words, he hurt the woman he truly loved time and time again.

Jeremy threw Meredith away, the desire to kill bubbling within him.

Meredith hit the floor with a thud and began to gasp and grapple for air.

Her neck hurt too much to even move.

She never thought that Jeremy could be so brutal!

While Jeremy had never returned her feelings in the years that they were together, it could at least be said that he trusted her

completely and allowed her to do whatever she wanted.

Only now did Meredith finally understand that when this man loved, he loved you to bits.

Yet when you angered him, your consequences would be no lighter than that of the depths of hell.

Was she going to have to experience hell before she could ever feel what it meant to be loved by this man?

No.

She refused to go to hell.

Nor would she allow Madeline to enjoy the beauty of Heaven!

Through her blurry vision that was caused by the pain, Meredith watched Jeremy walk toward her.

 Chapter 390

Staring down at her like a champion looking at the loser, the man oozed with a frightfully domineering aura.

"You wouldn't waste my time unless you want a painful death coming your way." He warned frostily.

Meredith coughed twice for the sake of it and raised her head with difficulty. "I... I know I shouldn't have lied to you, Jeremy.

But... But I promise, the love I feel for you is real. I love you, Jeremy, I really do—"

"Cut the bullsh*t," Jeremy interrupted emotionlessly.

Meredith fell face-down on the ground and bit her lip. "Alright, I'll tell you..."

Head down, Meredith's eyes flashed with deceit. 'If I can't get this man, Madeline, then you can forget about getting a shred of

his love as well!'

She clenched her jaw and swore internally before opening her mouth to say, "There was an elective I took with Madeline in my

freshman year, and there was a girl with the nickname Linnie in that class. Madeline and I had accidentally taken a look at her

diary, and we found out that she shared a past with you, Jeremy. So I..."

Meredith paused before continuing, "The girl transferred for some reason in the end, but I managed to steal her diary before she

left. I think Madeline wanted to pretend to be that girl too, but she couldn't because I was a step ahead of her."

With that, she reached out to tug Jeremy's pant leg and begged with newfound humility. "Please, Jeremy. For Jack, let me go..."

"How dare you speak of Jack? You were never fit as his mother at all!"

Jeremy kicked Meredith away coldly as his words fell. Then, he turned around to leave, bringing the cold he oozed with him.

"Jeremy, Jeremy..." Meredith wailed with her rigid throat, but the man slowly vanished from her vision anyway...

Leaving the detention center, Jeremy sped his way to the gates of a cemetery.

He lit a cigarette and stared sorrowfully into space.

Meredith's words reminded him of something Madeline had told him six years ago.

Tears were streaming down her face while she lay by his feet, accusing him of turning back on the promise he made to her when

they were young. He was shocked and mere moments away from believing that Madeline was indeed the girl years ago when

Meredith had suddenly appeared with her sly words that convinced him Madeline was lying and that she was a wicked woman.

Yet the fact remained that Madeline was not such a woman at all.

She had given without a thought of repayment—a virtue hard to come by.

How could such a woman peek at the contents of another's diary, and then steal their identity?

Jeremy's heart thrummed erratically in his chest. After taking a long drag of the cigarette, he exhaled a puff of white smoke.

Then, he had an epiphany. It was an explanation that resolved every confusion and question mark in his head.

For a split second, he could not describe the flurry of emotions within him.

Just then, his eyes caught sight of a white figure slowly standing from what should be Madeline's grandfather's grave. Her figure

was a replica of the one in his memories.

He thought about the same silhouette he had seen the last time, though he was not able to find out who exactly the woman who

left the flowers was.

Jeremy's heart picked up its pace as he immediately extinguished the light and strode over.

After leaving flowers for her grandfather, Madeline stood and walked over to the grave to caress the name engraved on the

tombstone.

"I know you've always wanted to help me find my parents, Grandfather, but now that I've finally found them, I don't know if I

should acknowledge them or not."

She smiled but felt the corner of her eyes sour.

"It's almost hilarious how my dearest parents and the man I used to love the most had held dear the wicked woman who killed

you, my child, and almost me.

"But don't worry, Grandfather. Linnie's really close to avenging you two!"

The thrilling rush of revenge flared in Madeline's eyes as the corner of her lips quirked into a smirk.

She turned around to light him a candle, only to find someone standing not too far from her the moment she turned around...