

Sinner Wife 391

Chapter 391

The man before her gave off an air of frost and avoidance, his chiseled features betraying nothing as he stared at her.

The wind blew strongly in the deep of autumn at the cemetery, caressing the cheeks of those who visited.

Madeline calmly gave a soft smile at the man who had appeared in front of her. "Why are you here, Jeremy?" she asked, her

tone casual with a hint of surprise. However, she did not let out the nervousness she felt.

Jeremy walked over slowly before turning to look at the tombstone. "Why are you here? And who's this? Why are you paying

respects to him? This is your first time in Glendale, isn't it? I didn't know that you had relatives resting here."

Madeline pretended to be shocked as she replied, "Don't you know, Jeremy? Madeline was still technically your ex-wife. Don't

you recognize her grandfather?"

"My ex-wife's grandfather?" He stared dazedly at the name engraved on the tombstone, the words 'Grandfather of Madeline

Crawford' were indeed engraved on the bottom left corner.

"Why would you come and pay respects to my ex-wife's grandfather out of the blue?"

"Sympathy, perhaps," Madeline parted her lips to reply in a heartbeat as she stared at the flowers she placed. "I've been feeling

sad for this Madeline Crawford as of late. The man she loved deeply doesn't even like her, and she had died being known as the

shameless woman who even your family thinks death's the least amount of punishment for her crimes..."

She said with a smile before bending down to light the candle.

"Perhaps It's because I look too much like Madeline and have fallen in love with the man she was smitten with, so I couldn't help

but sympathize with her past. I had someone help me look into her past connections. Knowing that her grandfather had passed

away, I thought that maybe I could pay my respects for her."

Madeline found no logical faults in her explanation.

Meanwhile, Jeremy stood stunned by the side. Staring at the flickering candle, his deep dark eyes seemed to have been lit by a

bright flare as well.

“Oh, are you here to give roses to someone resting here too, Jeremy?” Madeline stood and smiled, brushing off non-existent lint

and smoke out of Jeremy’s shirt collar.

“The strong wind’s giving me a bit of a headache. How about we return first?”

Jeremy turned to face Madeline’s crescent-eyed smile and nodded.

Madeline watched Jeremy quietly as they made their way back and realized that he had yet shown any burst of emotions on his

face.

Did he believe the words she said?

Most likely.

He could not possibly stay silent if he suspected her, especially not with how much he hated her.

...

Headlines of Meredith’s conviction began to trend in newspapers a few days later.

Following that was the incident of Meredith stealing the identity of Montgomeries’ eldest daughter.

Netizens were in outrage. As much as they felt for the Montgomery family, they were also heartbroken for Jackson.

Such a smart and brave child did not deserve such a horrible and wicked woman for a mother.

While reading the news, the Montgomery family’s Twitter post about the search for their daughter caught Madeline’s eye.

Within the passage of text was a description of a butterfly-shaped birthmark on their long-lost daughter’s waist.

Madeline immediately tried to stop that from trending.

She could not let Jeremy see such a piece of news now.

At the same time, Madeline knew that she had to pick up the pace of her revenge.

Jeremy came to look for her just as she read the news and informed her of the date when he was going to bring her to meet his

parents.

Madeline made sure to dress up that day and entered Whitman Manor with her arm linked with Jeremy's just as the sun set over the horizon.

Oh, how unwilling Jeremy was when she had stepped foot here back then.

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Yet here they were, with Jeremy happily bringing her through Whitman Manor's doors.

Perhaps this was what people meant by the future was unpredictable.

Mrs. Whitman, Karen Yalaman, immediately rushed forward to ask when she realized that Jeremy had arrived. "Is it true, Jeremy,

the things I read on the internet? Did Meredith actually do all those things? Is she sitting for 12 years? Did she actually pretend to

be the Montgomeries' daughter too?"

Jeremy frowned in displeasure. "I don't want to hear her name anymore."

"But..."

"I'm here today for my fiancée to meet my parents. I'd appreciate it if you didn't speak of depressing names and things," Jeremy

interrupted coldly before lowering his gaze to look at Madeline. "My mom made these dishes herself. I hope you'll find them to

your liking."

"What?" Karen's expression darkened instantly. "You told me we had an important guest over tonight, Jeremy. You even told me

to make the dishes myself! You're telling me it was for this woman?"

Madeline quirked a delicate brow and smiled lightly. "It's nice to see you, Aunty."

"Well, it's not nice to see you, you witch!" Karen spared Madeline a disdainful glance. "Looking at you kills my appetite!"

"Vera will be your daughter-in-law soon, so would you please not use such a sharp tone?" Jeremy asked distastefully.

Mrs. Whitman paused before huffing and marching to Mr. Whitman. "Do you see this? Your son's gone mad! I can't believe he

brought home a woman who looks exactly like his ex-wife. Why divorce that b*tch anyway if this is the case?"

That b*tch.

Madeline's eyes flinched as she pursed her lips while taking in Karen's insulting label for her.

Jeremy's patience was running thin. "If you don't want this daughter-in-law, then you can say goodbye to having this son as well."

"..." Karen's expression froze. Seeing Jeremy pulling Madeline toward the door, she frantically composed herself and hid away

her targeting words as well as attitude. "Forget it, forget it. Meredith's had her fun already, not to mention that she's been

pretending to be the Montgomeries' daughter this entire time. You don't love her anymore, right? Then Mom won't care anymore.

Be with whoever you want."

Karen turned and walked toward the kitchen. "I'll go check if the soup is ready."

Madeline took her jacket off and placed her bag down. "I'll be going to the bathroom, Jeremy."

Jeremy nodded warmly at her. "Be careful, alright? You're a pregnant woman."

"Alright," Madeline replied dotingly before making her way there.

Mr. Whitman, Winston, glanced at Madeline and placed the finance newspaper down. "This Vera Quinn looks a lot like Madeline,

Jeremy. What are you thinking? Why marry a woman who looks so much like the one you hate?"

"Who said I hated her?" Jeremy fired back, leaving Winston stunned.

Winston's impression of Madeline was rather neutral, for he had only met her two or three times since he spent most of his time

working overseas, but Madeline's appearance was something fresh in his mind.

While he had not seen much of Madeline, he had heard a lot of the wicked things the woman did from his wife and thus came to

the conclusion that Madeline was not a good person and was someone his son despised to his bones.

Yet now...

Madeline had no actual need to use the bathroom, but Karen's words fueled the burning flares of hatred within her. She needed

to calm down.

She had thought that this mother-in-law of hers would help her when Meredith framed her for stealing a bracelet. Ultimately,

Karen had referred to her as their maid instead.

She had never once taken this orphaned daughter-in-law of inferior status seriously.

After recollecting her emotions, Madeline then turned to walk out of the bathroom only to meet face to face with Old Master

Whitman who had just returned from the garden outside.

"Hello, Grandpa Whitman. We meet again," Madeline greeted calmly, her chest filled with genuine respect for the man in front of

her.

Old Master Whitman replied meaningfully as he stared at the gorgeous features in front of him, "I was still in doubt before, but I'm

pretty sure about it now."

Suspicion rose in Madeline's chest, but she wore an expression of befuddlement. "What are you talking about, Grandfather?"

Old Master Whitman lifted his intelligent gaze that was now glistening under the light. "It's you, isn't it, Madeline? I know it's you."

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Madeline was stunned for a second before a calm smile graced her lips.

"I think you might be a little confused about me, Grandpa Whitman. How could I be Madeline Crawford?"

The light in Old Master Whitman's eyes dulled slightly, but his gaze was clear. "I won't force you to admit it if you don't want to,

Madeline."

"I'm really not Madeline, Grandfather." Madeline denied with a smile. "Why would I get married to the man who hates me if I was

Madeline? I would've learned the last time that throwing myself to a flame would only get me burned."

Old Master Whitman was shocked to hear the news. His white brows were furrowed tightly. "Are you really getting married to

Jeremy?"

Madeline nodded decisively. "Of course, I'm pregnant with Jeremy's child too."

At that, Old Master Whitman's gaze fell on her flat stomach. He pursed his lips but made no further comment.

“Grandfather, Vera.” Jeremy walked over. “Why are you talking in front of the bathroom?”

Madeline smiled and walked over. “I bumped into Grandfather by coincidence, so we talked a little bit. He even joked about me

being Madeline Crawford too.”

Jeremy’s brows furrowed with a subtle tint of invisible melancholy, though it was quickly replaced with a smile. He took

Madeline’s hand in his. “Vera does indeed look a lot like Madeline, Grandfather, but I assure you that they’re not the same

person.”

Madeline felt tranquility wash over her at Jeremy’s reassurance.

It was evident that he held no doubts.

His grip on Madeline’s hand was gentle.

“I’ve decided to marry Vera, Grandfather. The wedding is set to be held in half a month. That’s why I brought Vera here, to

formally meet the family.”

Old Master Whitman hesitated as his eyes fell on Madeline, then on Jeremy. He shook his head with a sigh. “This is your sin and

therefore your punishment to bear.”

“...” Madeline grew silent as she mulled over the old master’s words. The meaning was clear to her, but she prayed that Jeremy

would not pay it too much heed.

At that moment, the maid came over to notify them that dinner was ready.

Old Master Whitman left for upstairs with the excuse that he had no appetite. Including Madeline and Jeremy, the dinner table

was set for four.

Despite her grave distaste for Madeline’s presence, Mrs. Whitman held back on picking on Madeline since Jeremy was there.

“I hear that you’re Miss L.ady’s chief designer, Miss Vera. It’s rare to see such young talent.” Mr. Whitman praised.

Madeline replied with a light smile while turning to look at the man by her side, “It’s nothing in comparison to what Jeremy has

already accomplished.”

“True. Jeremy was already the CEO of a multinational corporation when he was still in school. There aren’t many who can

compete with Jeremy when it comes to this.” Karen glanced pridefully at Madeline. “You’ve put in so much work to get close to

Jeremy, so what else can it be if not for the fame?”

Jeremy’s hands slowly came to a halt at the words, the prawn still partially shelled in his hands.

Picking up on Jeremy’s displeasure, Karen immediately changed the subject. “My borscht should be done soon. I’ll go take a

look.”

She stood as she spoke, unable to bear the displeased aura that Jeremy was giving off.

Placing the peeled prawn on Madeline’s plate, Jeremy spoke gently, “My mom loves cooking, and borscht is one of her best

dishes as well as her most favorite one to make. Drink more, it’s good for you.”

Madeline nodded mirthfully. Staring at the peeled prawn on her plate, her smile grew ironic.

‘Never in your wildest dreams would you have imagined peeling prawns for the woman you hate, huh, Jeremy?’

‘I remember waiting for you every night when we were married with a table full of food, hoping that you would return to eat. Yet

instead, you held the wretched woman in your arms and left me alone to fester in the dust.’

Right then, Karen walked out of the kitchen with a maid behind her bringing the soup.

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The corners of Madeline’s lips curled as a smudge of mischief bled from her eyes.

Just as Karen was about to sit, Madeline frowned and placed a hand over her chest, dry heaving.

Everyone’s gaze fell unanimously on Madeline while Jeremy reached out to hold her with concern. “Are you alright, Vera?”

“Something smells bad. It makes me want to puke,” Madeline replied softly, “It might be from the soup, Jeremy. I feel bad. I think

I need to vomit.”

“...”

Karen's expression immediately darkened. This soup was one of her proudest dishes. It was rich in antioxidants and vitamins. It

was also her favorite soup to drink.

Yet what had this woman said?

The smell of the soup was bad and made her want to puke?

"Bring the soup away," Jeremy demanded.

The maid was stunned, then she nodded and complied.

"Wait!" Karen stopped her. "What are you trying to say, Vera? You don't have to eat my food if you think it's so disgusting! What

are you trying to imply by complaining about how it makes you feel like vomiting? You're doing this on purpose, aren't you?"

"Vera's pregnant. Nausea is a normal side effect. If she doesn't like the smell, then we'll get rid of it." Jeremy's tone was stern,

his words brimming with his desire to defend Vera.

"..." Rendered speechless, Karen resorted to glaring at Madeline.

Madeline raised her mirthful gaze to meet Karen's angrily rolling ones and quirked a taunting eyebrow.

The dinner ended quickly, for Madeline seemed to gag at every dish Jeremy placed on her plate after a few bites.

Karen's expression soured with each time Madeline gagged.

Mr. Whitman had stepped aside to make a phone call after dinner while Jeremy went to the kitchen to make Madeline something

as she hardly ate all dinner.

Madeline and Mrs. Whitman were left alone in the living room.

The maid walked over with a platter of dessert and fruits, only to have Madeline place the spoon back down distastefully. She

then picked up her phone instead.

After sparing a glance at the kitchen, Karen finally flew into a rage seeing as Jeremy had yet to return.

"You're doing this on

purpose, aren't you, Vera? It's one thing to not eat the dinner I made tonight, but it's another to spoil it the way you did! What do

you want?"

Madeline looked up slowly. "So what if I did it on purpose?"

She admitted casually, leaving Mrs. Whitman shocked since she had not expected it at all.

"You..."

"Your dishes were so tasteless and they smelled so horrible that I couldn't even swallow a bite. I was already as polite as

possible because Jeremy is here, or I would've complained about you already had we been in a restaurant instead."

"What... What are you saying? How could you insult my cooking?"

"Cooking?" Madeline took a whiff of the dessert before she threw it on the coffee table in disgust, knocking over the hot water on

the table onto Mrs. Whitman's expensive dress.

Karen sucked in a breath as she stood and pointed a mortified finger at Madeline. "Have you gone mad, Vera? How could you

splash hot water on me? I knew you were no good by your appearance, looking just like that bitch Madeline! I just never expected

that you would be even more abominable than that bitch!"

Seeing Madeline remain unfazed as she ignored her words, Karen reached out to grab Madeline's wrist harshly. "I suggest you

listen to me, Vera Quinn. You'd better not offend this mother-in-law if you want to marry into the Whitman family, or I swear to

God, I'll make sure you end up just like that b*tch Madeline! You hear me?"

Madeline turned to look at her wrist that was being grabbed by Karen as the woman's warning sounded in the air. She then

broke into a meaningful smile and slowly got to her feet...

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"Mother-in-law?" Madeline scoffed as she spoke, mockery apparent on her enchanting features. "How dare you call yourself a

mother-in-law?"

"..." Karen's eyes widened in shock.

Madeline tugged her arm back as her proud eyes swept coldly over Karen's frustrated and infuriated expression. Frost suddenly

permeated the air. "You're the one who has to watch herself around me. I'm not Madeline Crawford, and I won't allow you to walk

over me and scold or hit me as you wish."

"You..." Fury flared in Karen's eyes as she raised an arm to give Madeline a lesson.

"Stop!" Jeremy's icy tone shot through the air, freezing Karen's hand mid-strike.

Madeline quirked a defined brow and parted her pink lips. "Do you not see how much Jeremy cares for me? Don't offend me, do

you understand?"

"..." Karen was too infuriated to speak.

A sliver of fear shone in Madeline's eyes as she looked up and walked toward Jeremy. "Let's go back, Jeremy. I don't think Aunty

wants to see me."

Jeremy sent Karen a frigid gaze. "This will be the last time I repeat myself. Vera's going to be your daughter-in-law very soon. It

would do you good to change your attitude around her."

"Jeremy! You... Don't let yourself be blinded by this woman's lies! She's not as fragile and innocent as you think!" Karen pointed

frustratingly at Madeline as she emphasized.

"All I've heard is you picking on Vera time and again. I also saw you raising an arm at her just now," Jeremy stated indifferently

as he placed Madeline's jacket over her shoulders and took her hand. "Let's go."

"Hmm." Madeline nodded, allowing Jeremy to interlock their fingers and bring her away.

Karen took a deep breath and ran after them to the car.

"Why would your mother lie to you, Jeremy? This woman really isn't the kind and nice person you think she is! You're going to

regret getting married to her, just like when you married that b*tch Madeline!"

Jeremy's grip on the steering wheel tightened at his mother's words.

Raising the driver's window in extreme displeasure, he hit the accelerator and left.

Looking through the rearview mirror, Madeline broke into a small smile at the sight of Karen stomping her foot angrily in the night

breeze.

Jeremy made Madeline a bowl of noodles upon their return to the villa.

Perhaps it was the hunger, for Madeline found the noodles rather flavorful.

If they could go back in time and he had shown her even the littlest bit of warmth, they would never have ended up like this

today.

Yet there were no such ifs in this world.

...

The following day arrived with Jeremy publishing the news of him getting married to a woman called Vera Quinn.

The internet was filled with thousands of comments blessing the couple, yet Madeline could not bring herself to feel a shred of

happiness reading them.

These comments were once negative and filled with insults when she had married him years ago.

There was not even one person who blessed their union during that large-scale ceremony. Her innocent and hopeful prayers

were the only thing there was.

Now that she had the blessings of the entire city, she no longer held the same youthful hopefulness of a bride-to-be.

Her phone rang as she read the comments.

Madeline picked the call up without a second thought after glancing at the caller ID. "Felipe," she greeted, paying attention to the

words the man on the other end spoke before nodding. "Alright, I've got it."

Madeline hung up and grabbed her purse, leaving the house.

The unexpected guest she met as she stepped out had her stopping in her tracks.

Madeline's expression was one of annoyance as she took in Daniel's sudden appearance. "What do you want this time?"

"Are you free, Ms. Quinn? I'd like to bring you somewhere if that's alright," Daniel asked warmly, his voice making it seem as if he

was pleading.

Madeline averted her gaze indifferently. "How many times do I have to tell you that I'm not Madeline Crawford? There's nothing

for us to talk about.”

With that, she walked away.

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“Ava’s been in a car accident. It’s not pretty. She wants to see you one last time before she goes.”

Madeline’s footsteps halted as her heart began to thrum erratically.

Taking a deep breath, she had a feeling that this could be a test from Daniel and Ava.

How could Ava suddenly get into a car accident? No way, she would definitely be alright!

Madeline thought to herself quietly as she stared at Daniel in annoyance.

“I don’t know this person you speak of. Please leave me alone.”

She hurriedly made her way off, but her heartstrings were pulled taut in her chest.

Daniel’s gaze was sorrowful as he stared at Madeline’s decisively retreating figure. “Do you have to be so heartless, Madeline?

Ava was your best friend. Do you want her to leave the world without closure at all?”

Madeline heard Daniel clearly for she had not made it too far when he spoke. However, her heart was adamant.

Still, Madeline trembled as she took out her phone to inquire the moment she turned a corner.

They told her that a lady by the name of Ava Long had indeed arrived at the emergency room due to a car accident.

“Ava...”

Madeline’s heart raced.

Hailing a taxi by the side of the road, she immediately made her way to the hospital Ava was admitted to.

Madeline arrived at a private hospital room after asking around the hospital staff.

The door was open, but she found herself not daring to walk in.

She was afraid to see what Ava would look like all injured.

She was even more afraid of having arrived a tad too late.

Balling her fists, Madeline still entered the room in the end.

Upon walking in, Madeline was dumbfounded by the sight before her eyes.

On the bed lay a person who no longer seemed to be breathing. The ECG showed a flat line.

Madeline walked over nervously, thinking that a closer distance would allow her to see the patient's face. However, she realized

that their head had already been covered and hidden from sight when she arrived by the bed.

The entire bed was covered in a sheet of pure white.

Madeline's body froze where she stood as she reached out her shaky hands to lift the covers.

Ava's ashen complexion entered her vision, and Madeline felt the air get punched out of her chest. Her eyes burned as droplets

of tears streamed from the corner of her eyes.

"Ava..." she murmured, a shaky finger tracing Ava's still warm cheeks.

"Why? How did it end up like this?"

Madeline refused to believe her eyes.

She imagined the day of their reunion to be not too far from now, so why did Ava have to leave her at such a time?

Why did the Heavens have to take away the people she loved again and again?

What horrible war had she started in her past life to warrant such painful experiences in this life?

Madeline leaned down painfully, clutching Ava's hand in hers. The sickening pale color on Ava's cheeks tore her heart apart.

"I'm so sorry, Ava. Maddie's late..." she whispered regretfully in Ava's ear as she hugged her.

However, she then heard a low chuckle by her ear just as she finished speaking.

Still startled, Madeline was met with a familiar voice speaking next to her ear. "Are you finally admitting it now?"

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Madeline's teary eyes widened. She was certain that she had not hallucinated that voice.

As she lifted her head, she stared at Ava's small grin while she smiled at her with her big eyes blinking. Ava was alive.

Madeline's heart was conflicted. Her feelings were mixed with a little frustration but also largely relief.

Ava shot up energetically as she took in the daze Madeline was in.

She quirked a proud brow at Madeline.

"Are you finally admitting me to be your good friend, Miss Vera Quinn?"

"..." Madeline was speechless.

Amidst the silence, Madeline felt someone approach her from behind.

Straightening herself and turning her head, she watched Daniel enter the room. His elegant and poised features were tinted with

a subtle hint of excitement as his eyes glistened with tears.

It dawned on Madeline that this was indeed a test.

Despite having her doubts, she had decided to trust them in the end.

It was because she was truly afraid that the people she cared about would leave her for real.

“You’ve finally admitted it, Maddie.” Daniel’s Adam’s apple bobbed, and his voice shook as he walked toward Madeline. “It’s great

to see you again.”

He spoke gently, slowly reaching out to touch Madeline’s cheek.

However, she only slapped his hand away. “Is this funny to you?”

Her tone was cold, laced heavily with admonishment.

Both Ava and Daniel were shocked. They had not expected Madeline to be so angry.

“Madeline...”

“Maddie, I...”

“Is joking about death funny to you?” Madeline asked furiously before turning to leave.

Realizing that they had gone too far with the prank, Ava turned to look at Daniel anxiously, urging him to chase after her.

“Madeline!” He caught Madeline before she could get too far away. “I’m sorry we took it too far. Although, I’m sure you must

know why we did it.”

Daniel’s grip tightened on Madeline’s arms, expectations and earnestness seeping from his eyes.

“Do you know how sad we were when you left three years ago? Ava and I refused to believe that you were dead.

“Could you imagine how we felt when we saw you again? Yet all we got was you insisting that you weren’t Madeline. You were

too indifferent to even spare us a glance.”

Daniel’s tone thickened with emotion as he stared at the flawless appearance in front of her. Finally, he reached out to caress her

cheeks.

The realness and warmth at his fingertips had his eyes watering.

“We missed you so much, Madeline.”

Tears began to trickle silently from the corners of Madeline’s eyes at Daniel’s words.

Ava made her way slowly to Madeline’s side with her injured leg in tow, tears also streaming down her face. “Don’t be upset

anymore, Maddie. I didn’t lie about the car accident. It’s just that I only hurt my leg.”

Choking slightly, she tugged on Madeline’s sleeves.

“Didn’t you lie to us too, Maddie? We’re even now, okay?”

Despite having not done anything wrong, the two apologized to her anyway.

Biting her lip, Madeline looked up with eyes that were brimming with tears.

She was no longer able to hold back her own emotions as she stared at Ava’s tear-streaked face. She then reached out to pull

Ava into her arms.

“Ava...”

“Maddie...”

Ava felt a rush of elation wash over her due to this reunion with a lost friend as she hugged Madeline tightly.

‘Thank goodness.’

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‘You’re still alive, Maddie.

‘Not to mention that your life’s great now.

‘Thank goodness...’

Having admitted her identity, Madeline told the two of her experiences the past three years as well as what she planned to do.

With reddened eyes, Ava sniffed and turned to look at a despondent Daniel. “No way, Maddie. Don’t tell me you’re actually going

to marry Jeremy again! He almost killed you! It’s because of the news of your marriage to Jeremy that forced Dan and me to use

such a way to get you to admit that you’re Maddie.”

With that, Ava proudly bumped her shoulder with Madeline's.

"I knew you still cared about me, Maddie. You get full marks for this test!"

Madeline smiled before gathering her emotions, becoming serious. "My marriage with Jeremy is a must. I have to marry him."

"Why?" Ava could not understand. "Did you forget how he and Meredith used to treat you?"

"It's because of how they used to treat me that I must marry him again." Madeline's gaze was determined. "I'll let those who hurt

me know of the pain that I felt."

Ava and Daniel knew better than to persuade Madeline when they took in the determination in her eyes.

Ava had to stay in the hospital due to her leg injury, so Daniel sent Madeline to the intersection instead.

Under the warmth of the autumn sun, he recognized the hints of youth from his memories in Madeline's defined brows and the

small smile that graced her lips.

"Would you give me the chance to take care of you when your plan for revenge is over, Madeline?"

While remaining quiet, she found the telltale signs of a confession in Daniel's eyes.

Madeline gave a regretful smile. "Thank you for caring about me, Dan, but I've come to realize that timing matters too. Perhaps

you were the right person at the wrong time."

"Do you still love Jeremy?"

"Love?" The word was extremely ironic when used with Jeremy.

Oh, how she had loved him, so much that she threw away her dignity and sense of self in the name of love. Yet all she got in

return was the loss of her firstborn. Thinking about it now, her love was almost pitiful.

As such, she no longer loved him.

Every inch of her humble love had died the moment he scattered their child's ashes...

After parting ways with Daniel, Madeline made her way to the detention center.

Delight flooded her as she stared at a hollow-looking Meredith who sported dark circles under her eyes.

Turning on her phone, the entire screen was filled with news of hers and Jeremy's impending wedding.

Meredith's eyes immediately glowered as she read the news, envy and hatred bleeding from her gaze.

"You btch! Madeline, you btch! Don't think that you're off the hook already! Jeremy will strangle you to death if he finds out that

you're Madeline! He would!"

Madeline kept her phone away casually. "I wouldn't be standing here with you if he actually wanted to strangle me."

"You..."

"What? How're you doing inside? Tsk, tsk. It's only been a while and you already look so haggard."

"Madeline, you... You're the one who made me like this. I'll definitely take my revenge!"

"Revenge?" Madeline found it hilarious. "Who are you to use such a word? You're the one who made you like this. This is your

consequence for everything you've done to me! You're the one who threw me in jail and had inmates torture me. You even

induced my pregnancy and stole my child! Your punishment is already light enough compared to all you've done to me!"

"You only spent three years in jail while I'm spending 12 years in here!" Meredith tightened her jaw.

"12 years for the three lives you took is light enough, isn't it? My grandfather, Brittany Montgomery, and my child. What are 12

years in jail compared to the three lives you took?"

Madeline's sharp gaze pierced into Meredith.

"You'd better believe that I won't stop at 12 years. With the three lives you took, I can promise you it'll only be a matter of time

before you'll have to go and repent for the lives you've taken. It won't be any longer now."

The hands that held her pant legs tightened as a spark of fear flared in Meredith's eyes.

Meredith grew frantic as Madeline turned to leave.

She believed that the moment Madeline's true identity came to light, neither the Montgomeries nor Jeremy would let her go so

easily. If that happened, she would have a painful death waiting for her.

She did not want to die, let alone never see the light of day again!

"Madeline Crawford! What if I tell you that your b*stard child never died? You'll think of a way to get me out of here, right?"

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Madeline was already out the door when she heard Meredith shout the words. A spark of hope flickered in her frosty eyes.

Her heart raced as well, way past what her body could take.

While still suspicious, she slowly turned around and lifted her cold gaze. "You do know that such a fact will not suddenly make

you an innocent woman."

Meredith's reddened eyes glared at her. "I'm not lying! Your child is still alive. I only told you it's dead just to make you feel

horrible. I hid your child away so that I could use him as a bargaining chip someday!"

Madeline stilled her heart and emotions as she slowly made her way back to Meredith. "Where's your evidence? Tell me why I

should believe you."

"Would you rather believe that your child lives or is dead?" Meredith shot back with a smirk, for she knew that Madeline cared

deeply about the child she had never gotten a chance to see!

It would definitely never cross Madeline's mind that her child had been by her side this entire time!

Meredith took Madeline's silence as an opportunity to keep talking. "Get me out of here, Madeline, and I'll tell you where your

b*stard child is. Or else—"

"If you think this is going to get you out of jail, then you're dead wrong," Madeline interrupted.

Meredith was stunned, gaping at the indifferent expression Madeline wore. "Don't you want to know where your child is,

Madeline?"

"Of course I do, but I also know that you're not going to tell me the truth. And even if you do, you can give up on the thought of

walking out of here a free woman. You will pay for the deaths of my grandfather and Brittany!"

"..." Meredith's mouth froze as blood slowly drained from her face. Dazed, she watched Madeline turn around casually.

Was this still the very Madeline Crawford she had once walked and trampled on freely?

She refused to believe that someone could change so drastically.

This bargaining chip of hers had now become an immense lead for Madeline. She had played herself.

Meredith regretted it badly, but it was already too late for her to do anything about it now.

Walking through the detention center's doors, Madeline stared at the azure sky with long-lost mirth and joy in her eyes.

The corner of her lips curled as tears trickled from her eyes.

"As long as you exist, my baby, Mommy will find you. I promise..."

Madeline hid the happiness of recovering something she had lost within her and began to investigate the truth back then.

If the child was alive, that meant the ashes back then were fake.

Had Meredith fooled Jeremy too?

If the ashes were fake, then Jeremy's aloofness was real as was his hatred for her and their child.

Despite her covert investigations the next few days, Madeline found no leads.

Nor did she find where Rose and Jon had hidden.

On the eve of the wedding, Madeline went to meet Felipe while Jeremy held an important video meeting in the office.

Felipe was shocked to know that the child stolen from Madeline when she was in prison was still alive.

"Could Meredith have lied to get out of jail? That woman seems to be capable of anything." Felipe remained suspicious.

"The fact that she's capable of anything makes it even more probable that she actually kept my child as a bargaining chip."

Madeline analyzed, her eyes sparkling with hope. "I really want to see this child, Felipe. I wonder how she's doing and I wonder if

she looks just like Lily..."

"I'll help you find this child." Felipe promised, her gentle eyes swimming with a rare tint of sadness. "It's been so many years and

I, too, wish to see my parents again."

Madeline turned to look at Felipe as she took in his words, only to find an unfamiliar smudge of melancholy on his warm and

gentlemanly features.

"Something's bothering you, Felipe. Won't you tell me? You've helped me so much, and I wish that I could at least help you carry

a bit of your burden as well.”

Felipe shifted his warm gaze to look at her. “As a gentleman, it is unsightly to have the girl I fancy worry about me, but as of

today, there is something that I must be frank with you about.”

Madeline tensed up reflexively as Felipe’s gaze grew serious.

“What is it? I’m listening.”

“Have you ever thought of why I don’t like returning to Whitman Manor? Or that I don’t like any of the people who live inside that

villa?”

Felipe’s words were soft, flowing smoothly into Madeline’s ears like a calm river stream.

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She shook her head and stared at Felipe in confusion, which led him to tell her a shocking excerpt of the past.

She finally understood the heaviness of the secret Felipe held in his heart...

Before she could even digest Felipe’s story, Madeline received a call from Jeremy.

Gentleness returned to his eyes as he watched Madeline leave.

“I am no gentleman, after all. For what gentleman would push the woman he loves to the arms of a nemesis?”

He smiled faintly, a dangerous glint sparkling in his eyes.

Following Jeremy’s request, Madeline arrived at the lobby of Whitman Corporations.

Just as she was about to walk in, Jeremy exited from the glass doors.

The man oozed with nobility with every casual step he took.

Setting his eyes on Madeline, the frost in his gaze immediately thawed into gentle warmth.

“You sounded impatient on the phone. Did you need something?” Madeline asked with a smile. Please bookmark site novelxo.org to read latest content. If you want to read light novel please visit allnovelnext.com to read fastest content.

“Yeah.” Jeremy took Madeline’s hand and walked to the car.

After hopping in, Madeline almost thought that Jeremy was impatient about getting registered.

Still, it was unlikely that they would go to the town office since she had voiced the desire to leave it for later as there were no

auspicious dates.

The road they drove on began to look familiar as she pondered.

It was the road to April Hill.

Indeed, half an hour later, the car came to a stop by the seaside of April Hill.

The mid-autumn wind was salty from the sea breeze as it stabbed waves of coldness into one's bones like pins and needles.

Madeline's heart was jumbled up as she stood facing the sea.

The place was once filled with innocent and beautiful memories, memories that had now wilted and died away.

Why did Jeremy suddenly bring her here?

With confused eyes, she turned around to look at the man who had now exited the parked car.

In his hands were a bouquet of burning-red roses, the gold flakes on its petals reflecting the sharp rays of the sun.

Jeremy stopped in front of her, the autumn wind shooing away the hard corners of his eyes.

"For you." He gently handed the large bouquet.

"Thank you." Madeline accepted it with a fake smile as she looked up to meet Jeremy's joyous eyes.

"Why did you bring me

here, Jeremy? You're giving me roses too. What's all this about?"

"Something I should've done ages ago." He parted his lips to speak, but his words sounded muffled.

Madeline stared at him in puzzlement. "What do you mean?"

"Marrying you," he spoke easily as he looked at her, warmth flooding from his peach-blossom eyes.

Jeremy went down on one knee as his words fell, his cold fingertips taking Madeline's left hand.

Madeline had not the time to object before Jeremy placed a radiant diamond ring on her ring finger.

She was shocked by his actions.

His words reminded her of the promise he had once made.

Did he perhaps know something?

Jeremy's attractive features grew closer as Madeline was still trapped in a daze. "I love you, truly."

"..."

The word 'truly' was emphasized. With that, Jeremy leaned forward to capture Madeline's lips in his...