

Sinner Wife 611

Chapter 611

"Dad!" The little guy's clear and sweet voice broke the silence.

Madeline raised her eyes and looked outside the iron gates.

It really was Jeremy.

He wore a simple casual outfit and the off-white shirt added a touch of warmth as well as elegance to his cold but handsome

appearance.

Jeremy seemed to be a little surprised when he saw Madeline, but he quickly put on a light and gentle smile before walking

toward the mother and son.

Madeline's gaze fell on Jeremy's heart subconsciously.

She thought of the day when Jeremy had forcibly held her hand to his own heart, piercing it.

The wound should not have healed so quickly.

"Daddy." On his short legs, Jackson ran toward Jeremy.

Jeremy crouched down and spread his arms to greet the little guy. "Jack."

He held the warm and soft little boy, kissing Jack's cheek affectionately.

"You'll be going to live somewhere else with your mom tomorrow. Listen to your mom, okay?" he whispered, his smiling eyes

hiding his unspeakable struggle.

Jackson blinked as he looked at Jeremy with his large, clear, and innocent eyes. "Jack wants to live with his parents."

Jeremy's heart ached when he heard the words, but he smiled reluctantly and touched Jack's little head.

"Daddy has a lot of

things to do. It'll take a while. Once I'm done, I'll come to you, alright?"

"Then, Daddy must come to see Jack. Mommy and I will always wait for Daddy," Jackson said, stretching out a cute little pinky.

Jeremy understood and stretched out his little finger to hook it with Jackson's.

Madeline silently watched on the side. There were no ripples on her gentle and demure face, but there were rising and falling

waves in her heart.

Jeremy was done hooking pinkies with Jackson. Then, he handed over the beautifully wrapped gift box in his hand.

“This is a gift from me to Jack. I hope Jack will like it.”

Jackson embraced him with joy. “Thank you, Daddy.”

“Good boy.”

“Daddy must also have something to tell mommy, so Jack won’t stand in the way now,” Jackson said mischievously before his

small body ran into the house.

Neither Jeremy nor Madeline had thought that such mature words would pop out of Jackson’s cute little mouth.

As soon as the little boy ran away, Jeremy and Madeline then faced each other. They were separated by a small distance, but

they seemed to also be separated by a wall of air that obstructed each other’s footsteps.

Jeremy stood up slowly. He had always been calm and comfortable, but for some reason, he actually felt a little tense looking at

Madeline who was standing in front of him at this moment.

Thinking about how she had looked when she passed out after falling into the water the other day, and then seeing her look

ruddy and glowing at this moment, he quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

“I... I didn’t know that you’d be here. I just wanted to come and give Jack a gift before leaving,” Jeremy said after a long silence.

He seemed to be unnaturally avoiding Madeline’s beautiful, clear, and moving eyes. Looking down with a smile, he said, “I won’t

bother you now.”

The fluttering words fell as Jeremy slowly turned around.

His eyes were blown red by the wind the moment he turned around.

In fact, he had also wanted to say, ‘Linnie, it’s really nice seeing you today.’

‘Linnie, you’ll be leaving tomorrow and you’ll never see this scumbag again.

‘Without me, you’ll be happy.

‘What I actually want to say is... I’m sorry, Linnie...’

In the end, he could not say these words. He resisted the choking in his throat, and the scene in front of him was getting blurry.

Madeline silently looked at Jeremy's fading back, recalling the same scene on the coast the other day. It was also as thin and

lonely as it was at this moment.

Somehow, there was an indescribable sense of emptiness in her heart, and something had come up to her throat.

She wanted to call out to Jeremy, but she had just uttered the word 'Jer' when Felipe appeared in her eyes.

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She saw Jeremy and Felipe pass by one another. The two seemed to have looked at each other, but there was no exchange.

Felipe walked straight toward her, his elegant, gentle, and handsome face carrying a smile like a spring breeze.

His tall approaching figure quickly blocked Jeremy's back.

"Were you waiting for me?" Felipe smiled gently. He stretched his hands over to Madeline's shoulders before turning her around.

Madeline smiled slightly, following Felipe and turning into the house. Jeremy's back was completely blurred until it finally

disappeared.

In the distance, Jeremy had stopped.

He looked back and saw that the moment Felipe held Madeline. Their two frames came into his sight and it was as if thousands

of ants had crawled over his heart, biting at it wildly.

The shimmer in his eyes was gradually melted by the breeze.

The Madeline who had once chased after him and the scenes of her admiring him in his memories were now gray sand

sculptures, slowly being blown away by the wind.

"Linnie, I love you."

He looked at her beautiful shadow and confided his true feelings in the far distance. After the words fell, he smiled tearily and

left.

A thorny green vine climbed up from the bottom of his heart, growing denser and denser until engulfing his very breath.

...

Montgomery Manor.

Felipe spoke to Eloise and Sean as their son-in-law. Knowing that the couple felt guilty and reluctant with regards to Madeline,

he promised that he would try his best to bring Madeline and Jackson back to see them, or he would just charter a plane to pick

them up to F Country.

Madeline listened with a smile and nodded from time to time, but Jeremy's face would involuntarily appear in her mind constantly.

However, she quickly stopped herself from thinking further.

That day on the coast, he had already been determined to leave without even turning his head to look at her, so there was no

need for her to long for him still.

Since they were now separated, they would forever be separated.

Not long after, Felipe said that he would leave Montgomery Manor first.

He drove to Jeremy's villa alone. The door was open and he raised his phoenix eyes before going straight in without any shade

of gentleness on his face.

A servant was cleaning the house when they suddenly saw a strange man coming in. The servant hurriedly stepped forward to

stop and inquire, "Sir, you are..."

Felipe glanced over at them with cold eyes, and with just a glance, the servant was so scared that they did not dare to ask

further. They just moved to the side in fright and called upon Jeremy.

Felipe did not care and went straight to Old Master Whitman who was basking in the yard.

The old man slowly opened his eyes when he heard the footsteps. When he saw that it was Felipe, his expression instantly

changed.

"Why does my uncle have such an expression when seeing me? Am I not welcome here?" Felipe approached, his tone sounding

amused. There was a dark force hidden in his smiling face.

The old man stared at Felipe fearlessly. His lips moved with great effort, but he could not utter a word.

Felipe looked at the old man as a deep and incomprehensible sneer appeared in his eyes.

“Back then, you planned to kill my parents and make me an orphan for your own selfish desires.

“In those years, you restricted my development in every way to give Jeremy the best resources. You also handed over the

entirety of the multinational group to him and threw me to F Country where you ignored me. You thought that this would break my

wings and kill my ability, no?”

He vented all the dissatisfaction in his heart, his gaze falling sharp.

“Aaron Whitman, you will reap what you sow.”

Old Master Whitman pressed his lips tightly, his eyes widening as if he was struggling to say something, but it did not help.

Felipe sneered lightly while looking at the old man’s vigorous appearance.

“Tomorrow, I will take Madeline and your great-grandson to leave Glendale. We’ll never come back. Your most favored grandson

will lose his beloved son. Do you think that he’ll find it so unbearable that he would want to die?”

He raised a triumphant smile and put his hand in his pocket.

“However, before that, let me give you a lift.”

Chapter 613

Old Master Whitman did not know what Felipe wanted to do to him, but he did not have a good premonition. Yet, he did not think

that Felipe would dare do anything extreme in broad daylight.

Felipe just smiled indifferently before taking out a two-inch photo from his suit pocket.

He showed the photo to the old man, and his black phoenix eyes were filled with a treacherous smile.

“Do you still recognize the

person in the photo? One of them is your brother and the other is your sister-in-law. They were a loving, married couple with a

well-behaved, sensible son. They had a blissful family and successful careers, but what was the result?”

Felipe said in a cold tone as he fiercely pushed the photo onto the old man’s face. “They were ruined by you!”

“Hnghh...”

The old man whimpered out with difficulty, his eyes wide.

Felipe raised his lips cheerfully. “What’s wrong? Do you feel uncomfortable? Is it painful? The way you are now is your

retribution.”

“Hngh hmph...”

“Don’t worry, I won’t do anything to you for the time being, but I will let you have a taste of a ruined home!”

He dropped these last words before walking away freely.

The old man stared at Felipe’s back. His face suddenly flushed, and his breathing became more and more rapid. “Uu... Cough,

cough!”

Jeremy was on the way back to the villa when he received a call from the servant all of a sudden. He sped up, and as soon as

he reached the gates of the villa, he saw Felipe passing by his car.

He had a bad feeling and immediately stopped the car to run into the yard. As soon as he looked up, he saw the old man in the

wheelchair coughing violently. It was followed by big mouthfuls of blood spilling from the corner of his mouth.

“Grandpa!”

Jeremy stepped forward quickly just as the old man lost his consciousness and went into a coma.

...

City Centre Hospital.

The old man was in the emergency room for an entire hour before the doctor came out.

The doctor in a white coat shook his head helplessly. “The old man’s condition has suddenly worsened. You must be prepared.”

Hearing this, Jeremy squeezed the two-inch photo he had found in the yard. It was Felipe.

“Doctor Lloyd, why did my father vomit blood so suddenly?” Winston stepped forward and asked anxiously.

The doctor frowned. "The old man must've been agitated, causing his blood to attack his heart." He sighed. "Try not to agitate the

old man anymore so that he can complete the final journey of his life safely."

Hearing this, Jeremy's hands clenched even more tightly.

Winston's eyebrows furrowed. "How can this be? He was just fine, so how was he suddenly agitated?"

"It's Felipe," Jeremy faintly said, a cold light shining from his eyes.

"Felipe?" Winston turned his head around in astonishment. "He has taken away Whitman Manor and the entire Whitman

Corporation. Why would he still do this to your grandfather?"

"Because he thinks Grandpa killed his parents."

"What?" Winston obviously did not know anything about this. "Why would your grandfather do such a thing?"

"Grandpa is certainly not that kind of person, but Felipe always insists on thinking so."

Jeremy frowned and made a decision.

"I'm going to look for him."

"Jeremy, you can't go." Winston stopped, his eyes filled with worry. "If he really thinks so, then you and I may also be his targets."

Of course, Jeremy knew that Felipe wanted to deal with him.

Even if not because of his parents, Felipe would still trouble him because of Madeline.

"I can't let Grandpa suffer such grievances. I must do something for him." Jeremy insisted on going to Felipe.

However, Winston stopped him. "If your grandfather can talk now, he'd definitely stop you! In any case, I can't let my son take

risks like this!"

Jeremy had no choice but to still himself for the time being.

Chapter 614

He went into the old master's ward to accompany him in silence.

He watched the sky darken through the windows as his heart remained dull and void of light.

How could he not when his son and the woman he loved the most was going to leave with another man tomorrow?

There was nothing he could do to stop her, for he had already sworn to himself that he would not force her against her will again.

He would let her go if it meant she would find true happiness.

Still, mixed emotions clashed strongly within himself at the knowledge that Madeline was leaving with Felipe of all people.

“Mad...”

In the silence, Jeremy heard a raspy voice groan out.

He looked up and was elated to know that the old master was speaking again!

“Mad, Mad...”

“Grandfather.” Jeremy rushed over to grasp the old master’s icy hands. “Can you speak already, Grandfather?”

Old Master Whitman stared at Jeremy as his trembling hand tightened against the latter’s hold. “Mad, Mad...” He repeated.

Stunned for a moment, Jerney quickly understood. “Madeline?”

He felt his heart ache as the name slipped from his mouth.

Old Master Whitman blinked slowly in response. “Mad...”

The corners of Jeremy’s eyes seared as he held the old master’s hands tighter to warm them up. “Don’t worry, Grandfather.

Madeline’s doing great. She’ll be living happily ever after.”

The old master moved his pale and dry lips with difficulty as he took in Jeremy’s words. “Made...line”

While his enunciation was muddled, the name ‘Madeline’ still drifted clearly to Jeremy’s ears.

He sighed bitterly. “You were right, Grandfather. I was blind not to have cherished Madeline, and it’s all too late now.”

Jeremy looked up at the sky beyond the curtains as endless loneliness shone in his eyes. “Madeline is leaving Glendale with

Jack tomorrow. She’ll get to be happy and free now that she won’t have a b*stard like me disturbing her at every moment.”

The old master felt exasperation bubble up at Jeremy’s words, but he found himself unable to speak his thoughts.

Jeremy stayed the night by his grandfather’s bed.

Dawn began to fall, and Jeremy stared blankly in the direction of the airport. He was wondering if Madeline and Jackson had

boarded the flight already.

The thorn in his heart throbbed. Running his hands through the wound Madeline had dressed for him, the corners of his lips

curled into a small smile.

“Linnie.”

‘I’m sorry Linnie, but I must hide Grandfather’s condition from you.

‘I do not wish you to waste any more of your time and life. Be happy, Linnie, and laugh freely.’

Over half an hour later, Winston arrived to take over.

He was elated to know that Old Master Whitman had spoken last night.

Jeremy washed up and left to buy breakfast.

Winston watched over the old master. As he tidied the table, he heard Old Master Whitman murmur.

“Made...line...”

Shocked, Winston leaned over joyously. “Dad! You... You can finally speak again! What are you saying?”

“Madeline...”

“Madeline? Madeline Crawford?” Winston clarified in disbelief as Old Master Whitman blinked intentionally in response.

The old master spoke with difficulty, “Made...line... I need to... see...”

Winston was startled. “You want to see Madeline?”

Chapter 615

Glendale Airport.

With Jackson’s hand in hers, Madeline walked into the VIP lounge.

Eloise and Sean followed them in.

A host had brought in a flavorful breakfast for them, but Madeline did not seem to have much of an appetite.

Unease gnawed within her, though its cause was unknown.

Eloise got up to sit by Madeline’s side before finally holding Madeline’s hand in hers after a long moment of pondering. “Eveline.”

She called out, the corners of her eyes growing hot.

“Take good care of yourself, Eveline. And come visit Glendale when you have time...” She paused as her eyes flitted to look at

Sean. “Come visit Mom and Dad.”

Madeline passed a piece of tissue to wipe Eloise’s tears. “I will.”

Eloise felt her nose burn as she hugged Madeline lightly. “Mom’s really sorry, Eveline... I hope you’ll never have to suffer again.”

Madeline patted Eloise’s shoulder comfortingly with a small smile, but she felt her heart clench when she saw Sean wiping his

tears away from the corner of her eyes.

She may have lost memories of the past, but the pain in her heart could not feel more real.

With the check-in procedures completed, Felipe returned while smiling warmly as he was met with the sight of Eloise sobbing

with Madeline in her arms.

“I’ll bring Eveline back frequently, Aunty. You and Uncle don’t need to feel so sad.”

Eloise nodded. However, sadness could rarely be chased away just by a few words.

They had searched for over 20 years and experienced so much before their family could finally reunite and before they could

hear Madeline call them ‘Mom’ and ‘Dad’.

Now they were going to separate again when they had yet to reap all the warmth a family brought.

“We board in 20 minutes, Eveline. You still haven’t had breakfast yet, so eat up.” Felipe reminded softly, his eyes bleeding with

gentleness. “You too, Jack.”

Jackson shook his head as he played with the limited edition mini Giant Robo figurine that he had assembled last night. He

turned around to hold it in front of Madeline. “Look, Mommy. I’ve already assembled everything already, so why isn’t Dad here

yet? Won’t he come to send me and Mom off? I want to show him my Giant Robo. I want Dad to praise me.”

Madeline felt her heartstrings tug at the mention of Jeremy.

Felipe’s smile remained on his face, but a rush of displeasure swarmed him anyway.

He looked at the time and was about to give the order to his subordinates who remained at Glendale when a figure suddenly

rushed into the VIP lounge.

“Grandpa!” Jack greeted and looked past him, but he did not see the person he wanted to see. “Where’s Dad, Grandpa?” the

boy asked, his large eyes sparkling.

Winston leaned down to pat Jackson’s head affectionately. “Do you want to see your dad, Jack?”

“Mhm.”

“Alright. Then follow Grandpa, hmm?”

“Jack will not return with you.” Felipe stood and rejected coldly. “Why are you here? Did Jeremy call you to come over?”

Madeline could feel the distaste in Felipe’s voice as a rare sight of anger flashed through his usually kind and soft-spoken

appearance.

Winston’s heavy gaze locked with Felipe’s as he walked toward Madeline. His eyes when facing her bore no deceit. “I’m very

sorry about what happened before, Madeline. I’ve never had the chance to tell you I’m sorry.”

Winston’s apology took Madeline off guard, but the genuineness of his apology was evident in how he put his ego aside to

apologize in such a situation.

Madeline replied with a faint smile, “I accept your apology. Is there anything else? I have to board soon.”

“There is.” Winston’s eyes were attentive. “Jeremy truly loves you. He knows he has screwed up.”

Felipe’s expression darkened. “Does Jeremy’s true love mean that Eveline will get hurt again and again? He turned away without

a second glance when Madeline was moments away from drowning to death. Is this true love?”

Chapter 616

Felipe looped an arm around Madeline’s shoulders. “Let’s go, Eveline. It’s time to board.”

“Alright.” Madeline nodded and held Jackson’s hand. “Let’s go board the plane, Jack.”

“But Daddy isn’t here yet.” Jackson pulled his pink lips into a pout, reluctant to leave. “Won’t we wait a little longer for Dad,

Mom?"

Madeline walked out of Felipe's embrace and comforted him with a small smile. "We're not waiting for Dad anymore, Jack. He's

too busy with work to come."

"Jeremy isn't busy with work. He's staying with the old master in the hospital!" Winston blurted out the truth.

Felipe's eyes darkened as Madeline turned to look at Winston in confusion, urging him to go on.

"The old master is in the hospital. The doctor told us to be prepared for the worst since he might not have much time left. Still,

the old master just woke up and he kept calling your name. Jeremy told me not to disturb you, but I couldn't help come looking

for you either."

Madeline was shocked. "The old master was calling my name?"

Winston nodded in certainty, his eyes glistening with worry and pleading. "The old master hasn't said anything but 'Madeline'

since he woke up. He really wants to see you."

Madeline felt her heart clench.

Reading hesitation in Madeline's appearance, Felipe stepped up decisively and grabbed Madeline's hand. "We've gotten so far,

Eveline. Don't look back now."

Madeline found determination in Felipe's eyes. She was about to open her mouth when she heard Winston's sincere voice. "I

know you hate every one of us in the Whitman family, Madeline, but the old master was the one who treated you the best the

years you were married into the family. He was the one who believed and supported you no matter what, and even if you've lost

your memories, I think your heart still remembers the kindness the old master showed you."

Felipe had run out of patience. "Enough. You just want to gain time for Jeremy."

"Felipe," Madeline called out to an enraged Felipe. "I want to see Grandfather."

Relief washed over Winston's features while Felipe's expression darkened, but he could not hold Madeline back.

...

At the hospital.

Sitting by the old master's bed, Jeremy's gaze was fixed on the world outside through the window.

He watched an airplane fly over him, but he had no idea if it was the one that carried the person he loved the most.

As he guessed sadly, he heard footsteps drawing close from behind.

He initially thought that it was a nurse, but the familiar tempo of the steps had Jeremy's heart lurching in its cage.

He turned around in disbelief, but the reflection in his dark eyes of the woman from his dreams proved how real it was.

"Linnie?"

His eyes widened in shock.

"It's really you, Linnie."

Jeremy was certain that this was not a dream, but he did not understand what was happening. "Why are you here? Shouldn't

you be on a flight to F Country by now?"

"I was the one who called my daughter-in-law back." Winston appeared behind Madeline.

As off-putting as the title 'daughter-in-law' was to his ears, it sounded just as natural.

Madeline glanced at Jeremy as she walked toward the hospital bed. Seeing Old Master Whitman sleeping peacefully, she let out

a breath of relief.

While she may not remember the past, she could tell from the time she had spent after losing her memories that the old master

indeed treated her differently.

"I'll be here watching over your grandfather. The two of you can talk outside if you need." Winston was evidently creating

opportunities for them.

Jeremy looked at Madeline, feeling reluctant. His throat was clogged with words he wanted to say, only for him to swallow them

back and give a gentle smile. "Go back to the airport, Linnie. Grandfather will be alright."

"This is what you wanted to tell me?" Madeline looked at Jeremy and asked, her eyes sharpening despite her calm expression.

"You might not have anything to say, but I do."

Chapter 617

Madeline turned around and walked out, leaving Jeremy in a daze behind her. It felt unreal.

"What are you still doing standing there?" Winston advised, saying, "If you don't want her to go, then don't let go."

Those were familiar words.

He too had once sworn to never let go.

Yet now, there did not seem to be much he could do for Madeline apart from letting go.

The early summer breeze swept coolly against his cheek as Jeremy followed quietly behind Madeline on the busy street, his

eyes tracing her back figure longingly.

Madeline stopped walking before he had his fill of her beauty.

Jeremy's footsteps came to a halt as well. He watched her turn around, and he watched the sun shine on her gentle features,

engulfing her in a sheet of a warm glow.

"What did you want to tell me, Linnie?"

"I've decided that I won't leave just yet." Madeline's tone was curt, but her eyes were frank. "I'll wait until Grandfather's situation

stabilizes before I do."

Jeremy was shocked. He should be elated, but why did he feel his heart sink lower?

He gave it some thought before smiling generously through the pain. "Don't worry, Grandfather will be alright. Don't let us hinder

your plans any further."

Madeline wanted to laugh at Jeremy's careful, walking-on-eggshells tone.

She was surprised to know that even the dignified and unfeeling Mr. Whitman had such a side to him as well.

"I'm not doing this for anyone. I just don't want to leave with regrets," Madeline replied coolly despite the nudge in her heart

telling her that she had something she did not want to lose.

Regardless, she wanted to stay a little longer in Glendale.

...

Felipe returned to the villa and swept everything off from the table in a rage for Madeline had not gotten on the flight in the end

because of the old master.

His brows knitted tightly as an overwhelming aura of fury festered between his brows.

The sight of him caused the few bodyguards stationed by his side to shiver in fear.

Suddenly, he quirked an eyebrow and turned to look at a subordinate on his side.

Understanding his gesture, the man walked courteously toward Felipe. "Your orders, Master Whitman?"

Felipe pulled out a picture from his drawer and flung it at the man. "This is the target."

"Yes, sir," the man replied, "I'll give the order now."

Felipe's brows remained furrowed in displeasure as a storm brewed in his frosty eyes. "Looks like I have to be a little more

thorough or I'll never get rid of the lingering feelings she has for you."

...

Old Master Whitman's condition had gotten neither better nor worse during the few days he spent in the hospital.

As such, Jeremy brought the old master back to be taken care of at the villa by a care worker he had employed especially for the

case.

Seeing the old master being brought back, Karen wanted to greet and talk to them but did not dare to engage in a face-to-face

conversation with Jeremy.

Jeremy still remembered how Yvonne, her partner-in-crime, had tried to plot against Madeline in the jewelry competition last

time.

He was still angry, and Karen feared that prodding him now would be no different from shooting herself in the foot.

Winston too had no longer talked to her ever since that day.

Chapter 618

Winston had advised Karen not to come in contact with Yvonne after the truth of her beating the old master came to light.

However, not only did she ignore her husband's wishes and continued to keep in contact with Yvonne, they had even come up

with such a revolting scheme to hurt Madeline. Winston had never thought them more abominable.

Karen stood by the door as she watched Jeremy and Winston help the old master lie down. Mulling over the thought, she

decided she would talk to them after all.

"Jeremy, Win, you must be tired with how busy you've been the past few days. I'll take care of the old master." She volunteered,

looking like she was trying to redeem her merits.

Ignoring her, Jeremy turned around and left.

Karen called after him, "Jeremy, Jeremy, I'm still your mother. How—"

"You claim that you know your place, so why did you do it? How could you join forces with your niece to harm your own

daughter-in-law?" Winston accused angrily.

Karen huffed in indignance. Realizing Jeremy had walked out the door, she opened her mouth to scold, "What daughter-in-law?

Are you acknowledging her as your daughter-in-law? She's the reason so much has happened at home! Yvonne only made such

a mistake because of that woman. Ever since we met her, Yvonne's and my luck has only made a turn straight to hell!"

"You're hopeless." Winston had no energy to argue with Karen. "Dad doesn't need your care. Someone will come to look after

him, so go spend time with that niece of yours if you have nothing better to do."

"Hmph!" Karen's fury bubbled at how Winston seemed to be berating her. "Those are your words, not mine. I'll go find Yvonne

now!"

"You..." Winston turned around in infuriation to instruct the care worker, "Please take good care of the old master. I'll be out for a

while."

“Understood, sir.” The care worker nodded and entered the room quickly, not wanting to be a part of her employers’ personal affairs.

Karen’s rage grew now that both Jeremy and Winston were gone. She took her phone to call Yvonne. “My mood’s especially

great today, Yvonne! Come to the villa, I’ll bring you out for a shopping spree! Don’t worry, they’re not here.”

Yvonne, who was drunk, immediately shot up and pushed the man by her side away when Karen promised her a shopping spree.

She had lost her job ever since her reputation was tarnished during the jewelry design competition, and with no money, she

resorted to wasting away with different men in nightclubs.

Yvonne blearily hailed a ride to the villa and walked in as if she owned the place, knowing that neither Jeremy nor Winston were there.

“Aunty Karen,” she called out, but the lack of response had her making a beeline for Karen’s bedroom.

Reaching the entrance, her thieving eyes zoned in on the wallet by the end of the bed.

Yvonne’s eyes shone, her mind still muddled by the influence of alcohol.

She quickly entered the room and took the wallet. Turning her head, her eyes fell on the jewelry on the vanity table. She swept

them all into a jewelry box before turning to leave with the box in tow.

Yvonne was about to run out of the room with the valuables when she heard Karen’s complaints.

“Hmph. You’re all going to boycott me because of that b*tch, right? Then don’t blame me when I buy with your money to my heart’s content!”

Yvonne was about to turn around, but it was too late. Karen was one second away from appearing in front of her.

Yvonne felt indignant about the fact that the valuables she had just acquired would be lost to her, so she decisively lifted the jewelry box with a fierce expression on her face.

Karen turned around, and before she could see what was happening, she saw a fleeting shadow before a pang of pain shot up

her head.

“Ah!” Karen exclaimed, falling to the floor. She lifted her arms instinctively to shield her face.

Yvonne then turned around and ran down the stairs.

Running down the stairs, she saw someone push Old Master Whitman out of the room. Their eyes met as they stared at each

other.

Knowing the old master could not speak, Yvonne simply glared at him without fear.

However, just as she was about to run out the doors, she was met with Madeline entering.

Panicked, Yvonne threw the wallet and jewelry box toward the flowerbed before squatting behind them to hide.

With her head bleeding from the hit, Karen held a hand over her wound to stop the bleeding as she staggered to her feet and ran

down the stairs. She then came face to face with Madeline. Marching forward, she grabbed Madeline by the wrist.

“It was you! How could you be so cruel, Madeline?”

Chapter 619

Madeline had just gotten through the doors when Karen decided to unleash her fury.

Calmly, she shot her a sharp gaze. “What are you even saying?”

“Stop pretending, Madeline!” Karen pressed the bleeding wound on her forehead. “You were the one who hit me just now!”

Madeline glanced at Karen’s forehead and frowned slightly when she caught sight of her bleeding wound. She replied, “I suggest

you make a trip to the hospital immediately since something’s wrong with your head. Don’t just start framing people left and

right.”

She flung Karen’s hand off and walked toward the old master who had left his room.

“You...” Karen’s expression paled. Reaching out to grab Madeline, she felt her head throb dizzily.

“I’m here, Aunt Karen!” Yvonne ran in, pretending to have just arrived. Seeing Karen’s situation, she quickly ran over with a

frantic expression to help her. "What happened to your head, Aunty Karen? Why are you bleeding so much?"

"What do you mean bleeding? Ah... Blood!" Only then did Karen realize the intensity of her wound. The flowing blood had her

face losing more of its color.

"What's happening?" Winston returned as well, meeting a bloodied Karen right as he entered the house. He immediately went to

check up on her. "What's with all this blood? Quick, we've got to get you to the hospital!"

"It's Madeline! She was the one who hit me, that evil woman!" Karen's tone was weak, but her expression was fierce when she

clenched her jaw to point at Madeline.

Jeremy chose to walk in just in time to hear Karen point fingers at Madeline. He denied it in displeasure.

"Nonsense. Linnie

would never do such a thing."

Madeline stared quietly at Jeremy's strong demeanor. Was he protecting her?

Karen was frustrated and indignant. "I am your mother, Jeremy! Instead of believing me, how could you opt to believe the b*tch

who caused our family's downfall?"

"I will not stand for such vocabulary about Linnie." Jeremy's brows furrowed as his expression grew cold.

"Go to the hospital and

get someone to look at the wound before it scars."

As frustrated Karen was of Jeremy defending Madeline, she was also afraid of scarring.

"Jeremy's right, Aunty Karen. Let's go to the hospital first, alright? Let's cool down a bit first." Yvonne agreed to Jeremy's words

and helped Karen out.

With Yvonne turned around, Old Master Whitman began to whimper distressingly at her.

Everyone assumed that the old master was merely unwell, while Yvonne glared secretly at Old Master Whitman.

'So you think that you can tell them about what you saw, old man?

'You can forget about speaking until the day you die!'

Yvonne cursed him internally, sparing a glance at the flowerbed as she stepped out the door.

It was unlikely that anyone would find the jewelry box and wallet that were still there.

She thought to herself as her lips curled secretly.

The old master huffed and widened his eyes as he watched Yvonne leave so easily. With difficulty, he lifted his index finger and

pointed it at the door. "Yvo..."

Madeline and Jeremy shared a look before looking in the direction where the old master was pointing in.

They found a few drops of blood on the floor, probably from Karen's wound.

Jeremy immediately had the servants clean the floor for them. Realizing that neither Madeline nor Jeremy understood his

meaning, the old master pouted like a child throwing a tantrum.

Madeline walked up behind the old master and slowly pushed him toward the courtyard outside.

Jeremy followed. "What happened just now, Linnie?"

Linnie.

He called her that again.

Madeline remembered being annoyed by the nickname in the beginning, but she found herself already used to it now.

"Your mom grabbed my hand and said that I was cruel the moment I walked in through the doors. She claimed that I hit her head

and made her bleed."

At that, the old master tried hard to form words but could only make muffled sounds.

Madeline stopped pushing the wheelchair and went in front of the old master with a small smile. "Are you feeling unwell,

Grandfather?"

The old master stared at Madeline, his eyes brimming with kind affection. "Mad..."

"Are you trying to say 'Madeline'?"

Chapter 620

"Made...line..."

Madeline smiled. "If you wish, you can call me 'Madeline' as you used to, Grandfather."

The old master's brows relaxed as a relieved and pleased expression washed over his hollow features.

Jeremy watched the scene from afar, the corners of his lips tugging into a smile. However, as he stared at Madeline, all that

could be seen in his eyes was heartache.

‘No, Linnie.

‘I never wish for you to be Madeline Crawford again.

‘You’re Eveline Montgomery, the pearl and heart of the Montgomery family. You’re no longer the Madeline who was used by the

Crawford family.’

Mirth bled into his peach-blossom eyes as he thought to himself.

...

Two hours later, Karen returned with a dressed wound and a considerate Yvonne in tow.

Realizing that Madeline was not in the house, she walked up the stairs to change into a new set of clothes.

Entering the room, Karen realized that her wallet and the jewelry she had placed on the vanity table were gone—including the

jewelry box!

“Madeline Crawford!” Karen fumed, banging open the door and running down the stairs.

Pretending to be confused, Yvonne followed closely after Karen. “What’s wrong, Aunty Karen? Aunty Karen!”

Madeline was just tucking the old master in bed when she heard a ruckus from outside the room.

Not wishing to disturb the old master, she closed the door behind her when she left.

Karen was furious as she searched for Madeline. When she saw her appear in front of her, Karen immediately rushed over

without another word.

“Aunty Karen, Aunty Karen!” Yvonne pretended to hold her back, while in truth she wished for nothing more than to see Madeline

get in trouble.

“Madeline Crawford!”

Madeline turned around at Karen’s infuriated yell and was met with a fierce-looking Karen strutting up to her.

Karen raised a palm and aimed it at Madeline’s cheek.

While Karen's actions were sudden, Madeline's reflexes were fast as well.

She grabbed Karen's hand and stared coldly at her. "Again?"

Karen's eyes widened angrily. "After what you've done, what's a slap to you?"

Madeline smiled. "What did I do this time?"

"You hit Aunty Karen's head!" Yvonne accused Madeline of her crimes. "And you stole Aunty Karen's accessories!"

Karen pulled her hand out of Madeline's grasp and took the cane lying on the sofa. "You think I'm afraid of you, Madeline? I'm

telling you, even if Jeremy wants to protect you, I'll hit him too!"

With the cane striking down, Madeline felt a gust of wind brush past her.

Jeremy looped an arm around Madeline's shoulders and pulled her into his chest while the other reached out to hold the cane in

place. His actions were followed by a cold tone drifting from his lips. "As long as I'm alive, no one will bully Linnie again."

Yvonne could not help but shiver as his bone-chilling eyes bore into them.

Karen refused to back down with how furious she was. She pointed at Madeline, her expression pale. "Jeremy! This woman

made my head bleed. She also stole my jewelry and wallet! It's obvious that she's against me!"

"Bullsh*t." Jeremy chuckled. "Ignoring the fact that Linnie has both wealth and fame now, she would never touch your money

even if she doesn't have a cent to her name."

Winston entered the room as he heard the chaos.

Understanding the situation, he spoke sternly, "There's no way. Why would Madeline steal your jewelry and wallet?"

"You're on her side too?" Karen was so frustrated that she was one step away from vomiting blood.

At that moment, the old master's care worker approached them carefully. "Excuse me, but I... I think I know who hit Madam just now."