

Sinner Wife 891

Chapter 891

In a tailored limited edition suit, Felipe's elegant appearance and aura made him look like he had just walked out of a comic.

He looked precisely like the stereotypical cool and unfeeling type of character.

Was he not the same man Yui and her mother called a 'hobo' yesterday?

Both Yui and her mother were stunned.

As he strode forward, Felipe glanced at the two women in front of him and parted his lips to instruct, "Throw everything in the

house. Don't let unnecessary people stand in the way."

"Understood, Mr. Whitman."

Following their orders, his subordinates quickly entered the house to throw everything out.

Meanwhile, Felipe walked inside without a care.

"Hey! How can you call people to throw my things out? Who do you think you are..."

Yui's mother spoke, and Felipe slowly turned to look at her.

His handsome side profile was gentle, but the corners of his eyes were sharp and cold. "This is my wife's home. I'm merely

taking back what belonged to her."

Yui's mother was enraged. "What do you mean belonged to her? Her parents died more than a decade ago, even the damned

girl is now dead too. You think that just because you rented a few cars and called a few people over that you can try and steal my

house? You think you're some bossy CEO from a TV series?"

While his expression was already cold to begin with, the woman's use of such words to describe Cathy and the mention of her

death had his aura turning downright frosty.

"Say one more word and I'll have you join my wife in the afterlife."

"..."

Yui's mother gulped frantically. She still believed that Felipe was faking it, but his bloodthirst was real.

There was no way Yui's mother would just stand and watch as Felipe threw all her things away.

She muttered about calling the police, only to have someone from the crowd exclaim, "I've seen this handsome man on TV

before! He's the current president of Whitman Corporation, a member of the most wealthy family in Glendale!"

Both Yui and her mother's jaw fell to the ground.

"What? He's a rich president?! How could that damned girl be fancied by such a capable man?" Yui's mother was indignant.

Yui felt the same way.

How could a damned orphan capture the heart of such a formidable man?

She looked at her own figure confidently, then at the change of emotions in Felipe's eyes.

After having the people clean up the villa, Felipe decided to live there.

The following morning, he arrived at Cathy's grave with a bouquet of white roses to pay respect as his mind reminisced about a

love that started too late.

A few days later, a subordinate went to look for him frantically. "Master Whitman, something went wrong with the order for the

clients from the RS. Everything we sent them turned out to be scraps. They're certain that we're trying to scam them and are

requiring that we send them a new batch."

Having promised Cathy to never do such trades again, Felipe replied faintly, "Send a notice for me that from now on, I, Felipe

Whitman, will no longer take part in the workings of the company. All of you are dismissed. I will deal with the aftermath for the

clients from the RS."

The subordinate's expression shifted. "Master Whitman, this—"

"Leave me alone."

He turned and left with an indifferent expression, locking himself in the room.

The moment his notice was sent, his subordinates flared with fury.

"What? He's dismissing the company?"

"Why won't he do such a big trade?"

“He’s giving up all his hard work for a woman?”

Felipe’s subordinates under Dice quickly booked a flight over.

The early summer morning dawned with rainfall, and Felipe went to check on Cathy’s grave in fear that it would be affected by

the rain.

Only after confirming that everything would be fine did Felipe return. Upon his arrival, he found quite a few cars stopped by the

entrance of his small villa. When he entered the house, he saw Dice and his subordinates waiting impatiently for him.

“Are you really going to dismiss the company, Master Whitman?” Dice asked.

Felipe’s expression was indifferent. “I don’t like repeating myself.”

“But Master Whitman, is it really worth dismissing such a large company because of a woman?”

A layer of frost covered Felipe’s warm features. “This woman you speak of is my wife.”

“...” Seeing Felipe angry, Dice dared not talk back and resorted to persuading him instead. “But Madam’s already dead, Master

Whitman. I’m sure she wouldn’t want to see you moping around all day. There are hundreds of us waiting to work under you.

What will we do when you dismiss the company?”

Felipe turned his icy back to them as he spoke emotionlessly, “Do not make me repeat myself. The company is mine, so what I

do with it is my business. From today onward, we are but strangers. You’ve earned more than enough these few years, haven’t

you? Be content.”

“I...”

Reading Felipe’s decisiveness, the subordinates remained quiet and left indignantly.

Felipe returned to the room to stare gently at an image of Cathy as he promised with a smile. “Are you seeing me? I really won’t

partake in those trades again. As long as you request it, regardless of what it is, I promise I’ll see to it done.

“I just have one last thing to do, Cathy. Then, I’ll come and atone.

“Will you still forgive me?”

He spoke to himself as he fell into a deep sleep.

The sky was dark when he woke, and the rain refused to let up.

Just then, loud activity sounded from downstairs.

He washed up and went to look, realizing the people from earlier in the day had returned.

Dice was still leading them, but their attitude had changed drastically from before.

"I know you still miss Madam, Master Whitman, and I know that you don't feel like getting yourself involved in these trades now.

But we can still work. I've already discussed this with most of them, and if you don't want to be a part of this anymore, Master

Whitman, then I can take over the company from you. How's that?"

Understanding their goal, Felipe scoffed. "I created the company and it's through my hard work that its force is recognized. I

won't let anyone take this from me."

Dice's expression grew fierce at Felipe's rejection. "If that's the case, Master Whitman, then don't blame us for being impolite. If

you want to think about that dead woman, then go ahead, but I will take over the company!"

Felipe's gaze sharpened as a dark look flashed through his otherwise warm and gentle features.

Swiftly, he walked toward Dice and kicked his knee.

Dice instantly fell to the ground with one leg in front of Felipe. He gave a painful howl.

He snapped his head up to struggle, but Felipe had a gun aimed at his forehead. Felipe was staring at him from above, his gaze

flaring with bloodthirst and disdain.

Dice shivered, almost forgetting that Felipe was an extremely skilled fighter.

The man may look gentlemanly and elegant, but the truth was the complete opposite. He was scheming and unpredictable.

"Take your words back, or I'll have you apologize to my wife in the afterlife."

Dice's heart shook in fear, but his expression quickly changed into one full of disdain when he remembered the bargaining chip

he had. "I suggest you keep your gun, Master Whitman. Or else..."

He paused to look at the men on the side. "Let Master Whitman look at what we have."

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Knowing that none of them came with good intentions, Felipe's bad feeling was confirmed when he set his eyes on what Dice

was referring to.

Taking the opportunity of a dazed Felipe, Dice immediately pushed Felipe's gun away and stood up.

"Hmph. How's this, Master Whitman? Since you love your wife so much, then we'll use this to trade the company. It's worth it,

isn't it?"

"Give her back!" Felipe oozed with fury.

Dice then handed a document to him with an evil smile. "This is a document for the transferral of the company's ownership. Sign

below and I'll give you your stupid urn back."

'Stupid urn.'

The words ignited the flames of fury within him.

Balling a veiny fist, the frost that exploded off Felipe stunned everyone in the room.

He raised his fist to punch Dice across the face. It was strong enough to knock one of his teeth out. In the next moment, he

arrived at the side of the man with Cathy's ashes before anyone could react.

Snatching the urn in record speed, he elbowed everyone out the way and ran out of the house with Cathy's ashes in his arms.

"Catch him! Kill him! Whoever does it gets a million dollars from me!" Dice ordered, offering a hefty reward.

At the mention of so much money, everyone ran after Felipe.

The rain was pouring that summer night, and Felipe spared glances at the urn in the passenger seat next to him as he drove. He

kept his eyes on the cars following behind him from the rear-view mirror.

"Don't worry, Cathy. No matter what happens, I promise I'll be with you."

He vowed to the air before stepping harder on the accelerator.

After a while, Felipe realized that the car was short on gas

He stopped the car and carried Cathy's ashes away.

He had only taken a few steps when they arrived.

These were the same people who worked under him and who greeted him courteously, yet all of them were raising a gun at him

now.

Felipe was unfazed as he was only concerned that Cathy's ashes would be disrupted.

The rain was heavy and it quickly drenched him. Taking off his jacket, Felipe placed it over the urn to protect it.

"We don't want to make this difficult for you, Master Whitman. All you need to do is sign—"

"My wife is the only one allowed to demand things from me." He interrupted crisply, raising his own gun.

These people were hardly Felipe's opponent, so they aimed their guns at Cathy's urn instead.

Watching them aim at the urn, Felipe quickly took it in his arms and shielded it with his body.

A bullet pierced into Felipe's calf, and blood fell freely from the wound, dying the grass under him crimson red.

Having gained a taste, the person knew that there was no point shooting Felipe and aimed for Cathy's urn again.

With a bang, the bullet grazed Felipe's arm and pierced through the urn.

White ashes sprayed everywhere, blurring Felipe's line of sight.

"Cathy!" he shouted her name in agony.

As he watched her ashes evaporate and melt away under the rain, the ache in his heart grew beyond what could be described.

"Just sign the papers, Master Whitman. Before you—"

Bang!

Felipe fired, the bullet piercing through the man's knee.

He raised his reddened and glistening eyes. "Do you have a death wish? Very well, then. I'll fulfill it for you! All of you can go and

accompany my wife in the afterlife!"

Everyone was startled when they saw Felipe's fierce and bloodthirsty look.

Realizing that Felipe might go on a killing spree, they immediately began to retreat.

Sure, one million dollars was alluring, but what use was money if they were not alive to enjoy it?

With that in mind, everyone ran.

Felipe was left to kneel painfully on one knee as he stared despairingly at the remnants of Cathy's ashes.

He suddenly felt limp all over. Only after looking down did he realize that his shoulder had been shot and blood was gushing from

the wound.

He wanted to stand, but his eyelids grew heavy and he fell in the rain with a thud.

He raised a bloodied hand to cradle the urn close to himself.

"Cathy..." he called out softly. Just as he was about to lose consciousness, a vague figure with an umbrella approached him

before his eyes through the rain.

His thin lips parted as he stared at the approaching figure. "Cathy..."

Rain fell throughout the night.

It was bright and sunny when Felipe woke up blearily. The wounds on his body were aching in protest, but he realized that they

had been cleaned and dressed.

Looking around, he found himself in an unfamiliar location.

Felipe snapped his head to look for the urn by his side and pulled it to his chest. "Cathy."

He called out softly as his heart twinged in pain.

"Are you awake?" Yui suddenly appeared before Felipe and called out gently.

"I saw a lot of people chasing after you yesterday. I didn't dare interrupt, so I quietly followed behind instead."

Felipe stared at the dressed wounds. "You were the one who saved me yesterday?"

Yui's eyes flashed as she nodded. "Yeah, I did! I majored in medicine back in school!"

Felipe stood with difficulty, prompting Yui to help him. However, Felipe only evaded her. Reaching into his pocket, Felipe threw a

card at Yui's feet. "200,000, for saving me yesterday. Don't follow me again."

200,000?

Yui stared at the card by her feet in awe.

Just like that?

She would have an infinite amount to spend if she stayed by his side!

What more was that the man was handsome and loyal. How could she not fall for him?

...

Jeremy woke to receive notice of Felipe's incident the night before.

Seeing Madeline still asleep, Jeremy quietly got up and left for the location where Felipe had gotten hurt.

All he saw was a pool of diluted blood and no Felipe.

He was about to investigate further when Madeline suddenly called to ask where he had gone.

Jeremy immediately sped back to the villa and was met with the two kids in the living room, eating the breakfast Madeline made

them.

Watching the two obedient siblings, Jeremy felt his heart grow warmer.

Having sent the children to kindergarten, Jeremy then brought Madeline to the company.

The knowledge of Felipe being chased for his life shocked Madeline, but she could not think of who would do such a thing.

Madeline felt upset whenever she thought about Cathy, so she decided to start working at Jeremy's new company for the time

being.

She called it 'going to work', but as the president's wife, she decided when she wanted to clock in.

They had just alighted the car and walked into the building when the female receptionist approached Madeline with a bouquet of

bright red roses.

Jeremy instinctively stepped in front of Madeline. "What's with the flowers?"

Seeing Jeremy's cold expression, the receptionist stuttered while saying, "Mr. Whitman, a man came in and passed us this

bouquet just now, saying that it's for Mrs. Whitman. He also said..."

"What did he say?"

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Jeremy pressed on as his expression darkened.

The receptionist stammered, "The man said, every rose for Mrs. Whitman represented his—"

"His feelings." A man's voice sounded from afar. "Aren't your hiring qualifications a little too low, Jeremy? How could you have a

stuttering receptionist?"

Jeremy was already pissed to know that a man had come to send Madeline roses.

Yet now when he heard the arrogant voice, the flames of fury within him quelled instead.

Madeline turned around to see Fabian walking toward them carefreely with his hands in his pockets. His silver locks were

grandiose and eye-catching.

"Are you trying to provoke me by sending this to my wife, Fabian?" Jeremy asked teasingly.

"Don't be so quick to get jealous, President Whitman. Roses don't always have to mean that way," Fabian replied meaningfully.

Madeline glanced at the bouquet and counted there to be a total of 30 flowers.

She smiled faintly. "30 roses. Young Master Fabian, is it in remembrance of our encounter?"

"My lady knows best." Fabian smiled and nodded at Madeline before turning to glance arrogantly at Jeremy. "Keep up, President

Whitman."

Jeremy opted to ignore Fabian, not wanting to fight with a puppy.

Madeline helped defend Jeremy, saying, "However, roses do more often come with deeper meanings. Perhaps you should opt to

send roses to the girl you fancy, Young Master Fabian. I'm sorry that I cannot accept your flowers, for I will only accept roses

from my husband."

Jeremy's mood immediately lightened and his adoration for Madeline grew.

Fabian pouted hurtfully as he spoke in a coquettish tone, "No one has ever rejected my flowers before. You're the first one, my

lady."

Madeline had no desire to chat with Fabian as he was after part of the darker societies in F Country. She only maintained contact

because he had saved Lillian in the past.

"Why are you here in Glendale, Fabian?" Madeline asked.

Fabian schooled his carefree expression to a meaningful smile. "I came to see how despair looks like on Felipe."

Madeline and Jeremy shared a look. "You know what happened to him?"

"Of course I do. I also know that he was chased by his own men after trying to dismiss his forces, even suffering a few bullet

wounds. He's missing as far as I know."

Jeremy immediately thought of the blood he saw that morning.

Felipe's wounds were hardly light.

"Why would he suddenly think to dismiss his forces?" Madeline asked curiously.

"They say it's because of a woman. I thought that it might be you, my lady, but it doesn't seem like it now that I'm here."

Seeing the confusion on Fabian's expression, Madeline had a hypothesis.

Could it be for Cathy?

Had Felipe woken up because of Cathy's death?

Yet what could he do now? Cathy was not coming back.

Nothing he did could ever change the fact that he had killed Cathy.

Madeline thought to herself and strode away, only to have a delivery boy appear behind her with a cart.

Watching the cart closing in onto Madeline's belly, Jeremy frightfully reached out to pull her into his arms.

"Linnie, watch out!"

The delivery boy was on the phone. Realizing he had almost gotten into an accident, he frantically apologized.

Jeremy's heart had not calmed, and his expression darkened.

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Seeing him close to exploding, Madeline accepted the apology and sent the delivery boy away.

"I'm alright. Don't worry, relax."

Madeline comforted the man.

However, Jeremy remained staring heavily at Madeline with a solemn look in the corner of his eyes.

"Of course, I'll be worried. I can't bear to see you hurt at all, not even a scratch."

Fabian third-wheeled by the side.

He was about to ask how Lillian was doing when a woman walked over.

She had a grey bob and was dressed in clothes that hugged her seductive figure. Walking over, she gave a friendly smile and

introduced herself.

“Hello, I’m Lana Johnson, Fabian’s elder sister.”

It turned out Fabian had an older sister as well.

Neither Jeremy nor Madeline wanted to be too close to the Johnson family, so the man wrapped his arms around Madeline and

turned.

“The Whitman boys are just more alluring than the other.”

Lana quirked her red lips with interest as she stared with a joyful smile in the direction Jeremy and Madeline left.

Walking Madeline to her office, Jeremy asked curiously, “How did you know what those 30 roses represented, Eveline?”

“You always used to get 88 roses for the person in the cemetery, so I searched it up.”

Jeremy was stunned.

The 88 roses were a testament of his will to make up for the past, as well as how he felt then.

Jeremy left for a meeting, leaving Madeline to tinker with the fragrance in the room alone.

Madeline used her sensitive nose and knack for creating new perfumes to easily come up with a few new and unique scents.

After registering a trademark and a brand for Madeline, Jeremy then pushed the products to the market.

A few days later, the feedback received was not bad.

The weekend arrived, and Jeremy brought Madeline to see Adam.

Adam handed over a bottle of medicine and stated that it was to be taken with the previous one for the best results.

Madeline thanked Adam and went to have lunch with Jeremy in a restaurant, only to meet Fabian’s sister, Lana, there.

With a look filled with passion, she came to join them and handed over her name card. “Unlike my brother Yorick, I dabble in

legal businesses. I quite like your newest perfumes, Mrs. Whitman, so I was wondering if we could pursue a partnership?"

Jeremy was about to reject her when he felt a leg touch his under the table.

He first thought that it was an accident but then found the infatuated looks Lana was giving him from the corner of his eyes

growing more presumptuous.

Jeremy tucked his legs back, his expression growing cold.

He was about to bring Madeline away, but she seemed to be engrossed with replying to her texts. He did not want to bother her,

let alone let her know of Lana's actions under the table.

"I'm taking a call, Jeremy. You can talk to Miss Johnson first." Madeline got up and left.

Jeremy thought to take the chance to bring Madeline away, only to have Lana stand in his way just as he was about to get up.

She leaned toward him unabashedly. "I like your scent, Mr. Whitman. It might just be love at first sight."

Jeremy warned without sparing Lana a glance. "Please respect yourself, Miss Johnson. I have a wife."

"That's even better. I like stealing other people's things. Plus, there has never been a time when I didn't get what I want." Lana

curled her red lips and stared at Jeremy's frosty side profile, her desire clear as day. "Would you like to try dating me, Mr.

Whitman? You'll find that I love you more than your wife does."

Lana's straightforwardness made Jeremy uncomfortable. Seeing as Madeline had hung up and was about to turn around,

Jeremy decided to bypass Lana to get to Madeline. What he had not expected was for Lana to suddenly pull his arm back and

get on her tiptoes to kiss him.

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Jeremy was no stranger to being admired, but it was his first time meeting someone as open with her affections as Lana.

Not to mention that her going on her tiptoes to kiss him was evidently done for Madeline to see.

However, Jeremy had not let Lana touch him. Pushing her away, he stated coldly, "Leave me alone."

He warned before turning to walk toward Madeline.

Madeline seemed to have knocked into a friend, so she did not see Lana trying to kiss Jeremy.

Jeremy let out a breath of relief.

He did not want Madeline to misunderstand anything.

Madeline's conversation came to an end, and she turned around to see Jeremy approaching her with her purse and a warm

smile. "I'm suddenly craving Spanish food, Linnie. Let's eat somewhere else."

Madeline found his sudden change in decision weird.

Peering subtly at Lana who was not too far away, she reached out to link her arm with Jeremy's. "Let's go."

After leaving the restaurant, Madeline asked Jeremy, "Did Lana say something? You couldn't possibly have a sudden craving for

Spanish food, could you?"

Not wanting to upset Madeline, Jeremy gave a reasonable excuse. "She says that her business is legal, but she's still Yorick

Johnson's sister. I'd rather we try to reduce our contact with the Stygian Johnsons to as little as possible."

Jeremy's words made sense, so Madeline left it at that.

That night, Madeline suddenly received a call from Lana while she was doing crafts with the children.

Lana spoke of her desire to partner with Madeline in perfume manufacturing but was rejected softly by Madeline as she

remembered the things Jeremy had said to her in the day.

Lana did not say much and hung up the phone.

Soon after, Jeremy's phone rang.

Seeing as the man was cutting fruits in the kitchen, Madeline answered the call for him. "Hello, who's this?" she asked, but the

other party seemed to have hung up the moment they heard her voice.

With the phone in her hand, Madeline looked at it and saw that the unknown number was the one Lana had used to call her.

Jeremy came over with a platter of fruits, and Madeline told him, "Lana called you just now."

Jeremy's hands shook slightly. "Maybe it's about the partnership. I'll call back and reject her."

"Okay." Madeline handed him his phone.

The call was connected and she heard Jeremy rejecting Lana coldly and firmly.

Madeline thought that it was the last of it, but Lana came to look for them at the company a few days later.

"I really want to partner with you, Mrs. Whitman." Lana's tone was friendly while her smile was kind.

"I wouldn't mind referencing you to a suitable brand, Miss Johnson, but we will not partner with you." Jeremy rejected coldly

before leaving for the office with Madeline's hand in his.

Lana quirked her red lips as she admired Jeremy's retreating figure. The desire to dominate grew in her eyes.

After the morning meeting, Madeline went to the scent room to dabble with the perfume while Jeremy returned to work in the

office.

A short moment later, the receptionist knocked on the office's glass door and relayed that someone had sent a pot of flowers for

him.

Jeremy looked up to realize that it was a pot of Queen of the Night.

Jeremy was wondering who had gifted him the flowers when his phone rang.

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He picked up the phone and heard Lana's pretentious voice. "Did you receive the Queen of the Night, Mr. Whitman? I'm sure you

understand why I sent them."

"For the last time, Lana Johnson, do not disturb me again. I have no interest, nor will I have any in the future, for women like

you."

Lana merely scoffed as her tone grew more smitten. "You'll never know if you're interested until you try. I hear that your wife's

four months pregnant, Mr. Whitman."

This woman's actions and speech were too unbridled. It was sickening.

Not wanting to waste his saliva on this woman, he hung up and blocked Lana's number before he went to prepare for Madeline's

perfume testing that weekend.

However, he had not expected Lana to appear again.

Dressed seductively, Lana gave off a unique scent—one that Madeline could smell the moment she approached her.

The smell itself was good, yet Madeline felt it muddling her mind inexplicably.

Although she did not know how Lana got her hands on an invitation, Madeline had no other option but to let her stay.

Lana tried on a few of Madeline's new perfume scents and sighed disappointingly. "It's a shame I can't work with Mr. and Mrs.

Whitman because of my relationship with my brother. I really want to partner with you, but I'm sure you wouldn't want me around

too much.

"Sometimes I just wish I could sever my ties with my brother. I know his trades are illegal, but I can't seem to convince him to

stop." Lana raised her hopeless and innocent eyes. "Do you think we'll ever get the chance to work together, Mrs. Whitman?"

Hearing Lana's question, Jeremy, who had been by Madeline's side the entire night, was well aware that her intentions had

never been for a partnership at all. Her target was him.

"My wife and I have been very clear, Miss Johnson. We do not wish to partner with you." Jeremy's attitude was aloof.

Lana raised her wine glass and poked the tip of her tongue out to lick her red lips. Staring at the alluring man, her desire grew.

Madeline's head throbbed, so she walked to the corridor for a breather. Jeremy followed.

"Are you feeling better, Linnie?"

Madeline looked at her watch. "It's time for my medicine."

Jeremy had Madeline's medicine on him the entire time. Watching Madeline take her medication, he gave a silent sigh of relief.

"I'll get you a cup of warm water, Eveline." Jeremy took off his jacket and placed it over Madeline's shoulders before returning to

the ballroom.

He had just turned a corner when Lana appeared before him again.

The warmth in Jeremy's gaze vanished. "Don't even think about trying anything with me, Lana Johnson. And don't you dare think

of excuses to bother my wife."

Lana swirled the wine in her glass and approached Jeremy with an enchanting smile. "What's this? Do you love your wife so

much? But I heard that you never loved Eveline Montgomery before this. You detested her so much that you forced her to

divorce you."

Jeremy frowned at the mention of their unhappy past.

"That's between me and my wife. As an outsider, you have no right to comment."

However, Lana continued to stare mirthfully at Jeremy's features. "You look so charismatic even when you're angry, Mr.

Whitman. How could you possibly expect me not to fall for you? How could I live to my title as Queen of Philately if I don't make

you mine?"

Hearing her, Jeremy understood.

What this woman was interested in was capturing men for herself. As long as she got her eyes on a man, she would do

everything in her power to make him hers.

With Yorick backing her up, Lana had no qualms about being shameless.

Not that Jeremy was afraid of Yorick. "Regardless of what you try, Lana Johnson, nothing will happen between the two of us. I'd

forget about trying if I were you, lest you end up humiliating yourself in the end."

Jeremy made his way around Lana in disgust.

Lana curled her lips confidently as she stared at Jeremy's handsome figure and took out a transparent bag.

"Are you sure nothing I do will work, Mr. Whitman? Then how about you take a look at this?"

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Jeremy did not want to be affected by this woman in any way, so he entered the banquet hall immediately without turning back.

After getting Madeline's thermos cup from Eloise, Jeremy walked back the same way, though he did not expect Lana to still be

waiting at the same place.

Jeremy ignored her existence and walked straight ahead.

Lana stared at the oncoming Jeremy with ambiguous and powerful eyes. As he walked by, she raised the small, transparent bag

in her hand.

"Mr. Whitman, you should recognize what this is, right? Isn't this the medicine your wife has been taking recently?"

Jeremy was not interested in knowing anything that had to do with Lana, but his sight was drawn to the items in the small,

transparent bag.

The little pink pill was clearly the medicine Madeline had just consumed.

According to Adam, this was a drug newly developed by his team that was highly effective in suppressing tumors. It had clinical

trial support and the ingredients were safe.

However, this medicine was precious. A single tablet cost five figures and its quantity was scarce. It had not been released to the

market yet, so how did Lana get the medicine?

Looking at the doubts that had appeared in Jeremy's eyes, Lana leisurely said, "Do you find it weird, Mr. Whitman? Are you

wondering how I've come to possess the medicine your wife is taking? If you want to know the reason, I'll be waiting for you at

this hotel tomorrow night. I'll be in the presidential suite."

Lana handed the small packet of medicine to Jeremy.

"These few should be given to Mrs. Whitman, but don't overdo it. Otherwise..." She deliberately stopped midway, smiling

meaningfully.

Jeremy did not accept it, so Lana simply stuffed the bag into Jeremy's hand before deliberately brushing her fingers on the back

of Jeremy's hand.

“Remember to unblock my number first. Be there.”

Lana left with a confident smile, but a strange fragrance still lingered on the tip of Jeremy’s nose.

He frowned and looked at the pink pill in his hand, feeling that something was not right.

Jeremy took out his phone to contact Adam when Madeline came over.

Seeing Lana walking away with her back to Jeremy, Madeline asked while feeling confused, “Did she come to you again to

discuss a cooperation?”

Jeremy returned to his senses and smiled at Madeline softly. “Well, she still hasn’t given up.”

He put away the pills carefully and handed the thermos cup to Madeline. “Drink some water. If you’re unwell, let’s head back

early to rest.”

Madeline drank the water. She started feeling much better and was no longer dizzy.

After returning to the banquet hall with Madeline, Jeremy said that he was going to the bathroom before leaving.

He immediately called Adam. After the call connected, he explained about the pill. Adam then said that anyone with money and

connections could get this medicine, which was not surprising.

Adam’s response was as if it was nothing, but Jeremy did not think so.

Even if Lana had this medicine, how could she know that Madeline was taking it?

Jeremy looked at the list of his blocked numbers and unblocked them reluctantly.

As soon as he unblocked the numbers, Lana sent a message: [Looking forward to seeing you, (kiss)]

This woman was really presumptuous and debauched.

It seemed that there was no bottom line as long as she got what she wanted.

For such a person to dare say they were conducting proper business, Jeremy obviously did not believe it.

The next night after Jeremy had coaxed the two children to sleep, he saw Madeline sitting in the study. She was sketching out

designs seriously. He walked toward her slowly and said, “Linnie, a client just called and I need to head out to deal with it. Rest

earlier.”

Madeline nodded. “Don’t come back too late.”

"Alright." Jeremy kissed Madeline's cheek and left.

Chapter 900

He came to the presidential suite of the hotel. The door opened and Lana, wearing a translucent nightdress with garters,

appeared in front of Jeremy. The large tattoo on her chest was eye-catching.

The man looked away calmly, showing no interest in looking at her body. He took out the pills Lana had given him yesterday from

his pocket.

"Now tell me how you found out that my wife is taking this medicine."

Lana leaned against the door. "Should I speak here? Are you not afraid of being photographed? You being with me who's

dressed like this, just chatting here... If your wife sees this, I'm afraid there would be trouble."

Although Jeremy was resistant, he went in to find out the truth and for the sake of Madeline's health.

As soon as he entered, he smelled that unique and western fragrance once again. The lights in the room were also dimmed.

Jeremy knew Lana's purpose, but he did not want to deal with it, so he opened his mouth and said straightforwardly, "Now you

can tell me."

Lana handed a glass of red wine to Jeremy. "Drink with me first."

Jeremy responded indifferently, "Don't waste time. Talk."

Lana drank the liquid in the glass in a dispirited manner and said, "Mr. Whitman, when you hurriedly looked for my brother that

day and asked him for your daughter, I was actually on the second floor. Eveline Montgomery arrived later on. The way you were

nervous about her made me excited. I also want to experience what it's like to be nervously cared for by a man like you.

"I'm certainly not some samaritan, let alone a decent woman, so as I've taken a fancy to you, I will do whatever it takes to get

you."

Lana's shameless words made Jeremy sick.

This woman really did not even care for her dignity.

“Mr. Whitman, since you’re here tonight, stay here for a while. I’ll make you very happy,” Lana said as she sauntered toward

Jeremy.

Jeremy grasped at her wrist, his eyes looking cold. “A woman like you, even if you’re to stand naked in front of me, I wouldn’t feel

anything.”

He brushed her away in disgust.

Lana sank to the ground but was smiling. “It doesn’t matter if you don’t feel anything for me right now. I have time to conquer

you, but I don’t know if your wife has the time to wait till then.”

“Lana Johnson!”

Jeremy instantly burst into anger, the blue veins on his forehead popping violently.

“I’m warning you. If you dare to do anything to my wife, even if you’re from the Stygian Johnson Gang, I will definitely not let you

off. Speak, what the hell is going on with this medicine?!”

Lana seemed to have some masochistic tendencies as she enjoyed Jeremy’s tyrannical attitude.

“Jeremy, I know you’re not afraid of my brother nor the Stygian Johnson Gang’s power, but you have to know that the people of

Stygian Johnson Gang are not vegetarians. For their second lady, they could do anything.

“If you want Eveline to give birth to the baby in her stomach safely, you’d better cooperate with me. Otherwise, you’ll be the one

who would be regretting it by then.”

It was a blatant threat.

Lana, this woman, was relying on Yorick Johnson’s support to be unscrupulous to the extreme.

Plus, she had caught onto Jeremy’s weak point—Madeline.

Villa.

After Madeline was done with the designs, she felt a little sleepy and went to bed first.

When she woke up early the next morning, Madeline found that the other side of the bed was flat and cold.

Jeremy had not come back.

Madeline was worried that something had happened to Jeremy last night. She picked up her phone and wanted to contact

Jeremy when suddenly, a piece of breaking news popped up.

She glanced at it curiously and saw a photo of Jeremy entering a hotel suite with Lana who was dressed provocatively.

As Madeline looked at this scene, her mind went blank for a moment. It was then when the door of the room suddenly opened.