

Sinner Wife 91

Chapter 91

"I'll send you back."

"..." Madeline was shocked.

While surprise was blown wide on Meredith's features and she began to plead coquettishly. "But you promised to go shopping with me, Jeremy."

"You can wait for me here first." Jeremy walked over to Madeline without even sparing Meredith a glance. "Let's go."

"It's alright. I can go back myself." Madeline quickly rejected him. She had no idea what Jeremy was playing at, but she did not like the atmosphere it came with.

"Is there someone else you'd prefer to send you back, if not this husband of yours? Perhaps another Mr. Whitman?" Jeremy's

gaze bored into her, the words left unsaid reaching her anyway.

Not wanting to fight anymore, Madeline stopped protesting and let Jeremy send her back.

Madeline could not help the joy then ran through her when she turned to find Meredith's indignantly puffed cheeks about to explode.

Jeremy took the guise of sending her back as an opportunity to warn Madeline.

"Don't let me see you getting close and touchy with Felipe again," His voice rang out, devoid of warmth.

"Why?" Madeline blinked innocently at Jeremy, her voice saccharine-sweet when she spoke, "You are my husband, yet you

seem to have no qualms hugging and getting chummy with other girls on the street. So why can't I even have dinner with the opposite sex?"

Jeremy paused, almost like he was surprised by Madeline's reaction.

He stared at her. With the faint makeup dusting on her exquisite and small face coupled with glistening eyes that shimmered

under the light, Madeline looked intelligent and innocent.

His mind blanked for two whole seconds before Jeremy got ahold of himself and what pretense of warmth he had in his

expression vanished. With a tinge of anger in his actions, he reached out to clutch her by the chin. "So is this how you seduced

Felipe? By putting on an innocent and pitiful look?"

Madeline smiled through the pain. "Whatever floats your boat, Mr. Whitman."

"Madeline!" Jeremy exploded in anger, the fury in his eyes burning hot enough to cremate Madeline.

Thinking about how he was about to punish her, Madeline had not expected him to bend down and bite hard on her neck.

Chupse.

It hurt and Madeline tried to push Jeremy away, only to realize that he had her pressed firmly against the wall.

A good few seconds later, he let her go.

It was supposed to be a cold winter, yet Madeline felt hot and her cheeks burning.

Jeremy pulled her scarf off, leaving the bright red mark on her neck available for all to see.

Proud and satisfied with his work, he pulled a frantic Madeline into his chest.

"You're not allowed to buy scarves anymore."

He warned, his tone leaving no room for protest.

Madeline was at a loss. "What do you want from me, Jeremy?"

Jeremy's charming features chuckled evilly in the reflection of her dark eyes. "Weren't you praying to be mine? Why can't I kiss

you, I'm your husband, right?"

"..." Madeline flushed bright red, unable to refute.

Indeed, they were technically husband and wife.

"I'm going to the company!" Madeline struggled against his hold. "The love of your life is still waiting for you, go to her."

Instead of letting her go, Jeremy pulled Meredith closer toward him. His hot breath fanning against the shell of her ear. "Why are

you so adamant about pushing me away to another woman? I thought you told me you loved me. Or is this just how you show

love?"

Madeline's heart thumped in her ears. Right as she thought she was about to go crazy, Jeremy let go of her.

Frantically, Madeline began to straighten out her clothes. Turning around, she found Felipe Whitman, staring at them from the

doors of the restaurant.

Chapter 92

Madeline felt her racing heart calm immediately and the heat leave, her blood cold in her veins.

Haha.

To think that she had actually thought that he was jealous. What ludicrousness.

When it was merely just him being a possessive alpha male, asserting his dominance.

She was merely a prop in his play.

Madeline smiled mirthlessly, as she felt Jeremy approach from behind. "I shall leave my wife in your hands, Uncle Felipe. Thank

you in advance for looking after her," He thanked Felipe.

Felipe smiled gentlemanly. "Of course."

...

While Madeline had not bought another scarf, she did buy a band-aid to cover up the red mark Jeremy left on her.

She sat down and began to work. Not long after, she began to receive angry texts from numerous unknown numbers. All of them

scolding her about how shameless she was to seduce Jeremy.

It was almost too easy to guess who the culprit behind was when no one else but Meredith would send her such texts.

To warrant such a reaction from Meredith, Madeline knew that she must have also seen Jeremy holding her by the corner of the

wall.

Ignoring the malicious texts, she continued to work.

After another while, servants of the Whitmans called her over for dinner.

Madeline had decided to visit Old Master Whitman anyway since he had not been doing so well as of late.

Clocking out, Madeline made a stop to buy the Old Master's favorite muffins before taking the bus to the Whitman Manor.

Entering through the doors, he was met with the sight of Meredith eating fruits lazily on the sofa. Next to her laid Jackson, asleep

with his head on a bolster.

The sight of the child had Madeline's heart clenching uncontrollably.

The pain always a prerequisite to the memory of the night her labor was induced and the child she had never gotten the chance

to see.

"Hello."

Meredith showed no surprise at the sight of Madeline.

Ignoring her, Madeline continued to walk into the house. Approaching the stairs to look for the Old Master, she heard Meredith's

dark voice sound from behind. "The old f*ck isn't here."

Madeline turned sharply at Meredith's words.

"That's still Jeremy's grandfather, Meredith. How could you refer to him like that? What if the Whitmans hear you?"

"Hmph." Meredith snorted and spared Madeline a disdainful glance. "What's wrong with me calling him an old f*ck if that's what

he is? Why, does it hurt you?"

"Meredith..."

"I would have been Mrs. Whitman long ago had it not been for that old man. Well, I suppose it's not too bad now that he's been

sent to the hospital thanks to his heart attacks."

"Wait, Grandfather had a heart attack and got sent to the hospital?"

Madeline felt her heart sink as unease settled in the pit of her abdomen.

"Which hospital is he at, Meredith?"

"Pfft." Meredith chuckled coldly. "Who are you to know about that? Who do you think you are?"

Tossing the fruit knife in her hand, she marched ferociously toward Madeline.

"Look at you, Madeline, broke and stinky. Who are you to steal my man? You think just because Jeremy did what he did today

because he likes you? You're just a toy in his eyes!"

Chapter 93

Arrogantly, Meredith lifted her head to glare at Madeline. Her anger must have been driven by the humiliation of Jeremy's actions

this afternoon.

Madeline chuckled lightly. "Then why are you angry if you're so sure that he only kissed me for fun? Why spend so much money

to have people send me those texts?"

"You..." Words formed lumps at Meredith's throat, unable to be said.

It dawned on Madeline. "That's why you had the Whitman servants call me? What did you call me here for?"

"Important business obviously." Meredith's smile turned sinister as she suddenly grabbed Madeline by her wrist, her eyes harsh

and fierce. "Why won't you get lost already, Madeline? How many times must I remind you that Jeremy is mine? You should

know by now what happens when you steal my man.

"Did you forget why you went to prison? Did you forget how Jeremy killed the illegitimate child in your stomach to console me?

Did you forget how your mentally ill grandfather died?"

Meredith's smile grew demonic before Madeline's eyes.

Staring at Meredith's wretched expression, Madeline's mind supplied her with scene after scene of torturous imagery. Especially

at the mention of Grandfather's death.

"You were the one...." Blood rushed to Madeline's head. "Meredith, you killed Grandfather..."

"It's not my fault he found out something he shouldn't." Meredith lowered her voice, an evil look swimming in her dark eyes.

Madeline shivered. Right as she was about to counter the other, Meredith pushed her back.

Taken by surprise, Madeline staggered backward only to realize that Meredith had walked back and picked up the fruit knife on

the coffee table.

Madeline thought that Meredith would be coming after her, but she was shocked to find Meredith point the blade of the knife at

Jackson who laid asleep on the sofa.

Madeline's heart raced. "What are you doing, Meredith?!" She yelled, her heart thumping inexplicably hard in her chest.

"Hmph. I'd like to see how you're gonna get out of this, Madeline!" Staring at Madeline as she spoke, Meredith suddenly raised

the fruit knife and cut Jackson's face!

"Stop!"

"Ah!"

Both Madeline's protest and Jackson's yell of agony rang out at the almost same time.

Seeing the angelic little cheeks marred with a long wound, Madeline felt her heart clench in pain. Blood began to leak out of the

long gash, staining the fair skin below.

She could not believe Meredith's actions. Not even tigers would prey on their young. How could Meredith do such a thing...

She immediately ran over to help Jackson stop the blood, only to be held back by Meredith who shoved the fruit knife into her

hands. Then she used both her hands to grab Madeline's right and began to wail, all while holding Madeline tight enough that

she could not struggle out of the other's grasp.

"Madeline! How could you? Why did you have to hurt my son? Hurt me instead, leave my son alone!"

Meredith yelled from the top of her lungs, making Madeline's head ache with how loud she was being. Madeline stared at

Meredith in disbelief.

So this was Meredith's plan all along!

The cacophonous activity had the servants and Mrs. Whitman rushing downstairs and toward them. Seeing the scene, Mrs.

Whitman exclaimed in shock, "Oh My God! My precious grandson! How could you be so ruthless, Madeline Crawford? How

could you attack a child?"

Coincidentally, Jeremy walked through the doors just as she began to rage at Madeline.

Seeing Jeremy, Meredith began to cry and shake. "Jeremy! Madeline tried to kill our son!"

Jeremy's first thought when he walked into the house had been a complaint about how everyone was so noisy. However, hearing

Meredith's words, his eyes shifted to the fruit knife and Jackson whose face was soaked with blood. Instantly, his expression

darkened.

Madeline's heart skipped a fearful beat and the blood drained from her face as she stared at the man walking toward herself. "It

wasn't me, Jeremy! I didn't..."

The man's sinister gaze froze her before she could finish explaining herself. "You need to die!"

"Jeremy, it wasn't me..."

"Bang!"

With that, Jeremy kicked her hard enough to send her flying.

Chapter 94

Madeline's abdomen crashed against the corner of the coffee table as she fell onto the floor and shivered as the pain stabbed

into her and spread throughout her body in waves. Climbing back onto her feet with difficulty, she was slapped again by Mrs.

Whitman before she could even stabilize herself.

"You wicked woman! I'll make your life a living hell if anything happens to my grandson!" Mrs. Whitman warned harshly, before

pushing Madeline again.

Already weak on her feet, Madeline found herself falling to the floor again as Mrs. Whitman pushed. This time it was her head

that knocked against the coffee table. Her forehead was cut on impact and blood began to leak from her wound.

Black spots appeared in her vision and her mind buzzed.

"My heart hurts, Jeremy! Why does Madeline have to come after me all the time?" Meredith began to wail and complain.

Jeremy's threatening and terrifying gaze swept over Madeline again before he turned around to carry a pale Jackson.

“Don’t worry, our baby will be fine.” Jeremy comforted Meredith as he marched out. “Don’t worry, I’ll make the culprit pay the painful price.”

He promised Meredith, a promise that solidified Madeline’s impending doom.

Swaying, Madeline braced against the pain and stood. Her heart shook as she watched Meredith turn around to smirk

victoriously. Never would she have expected Meredith to cut her own son’s face just to frame her, but that was the horrifying

truth.

Just how evil must one be to do such a merciless thing?

The thought of Jackson’s angelic appearance, so cute and innocent, potentially marred for life had Madeline’s chest tightening

uncomfortably.

Secretly, she followed them to the hospital. Allowing the doctor to quickly patch up the wound on her forehead, she immediately

went to the emergency ward.

Arriving, she watched a nurse rush out of the ward.

Meredith tugged on the nurse, tears streaming off her face. “How is my son, nurse? Will his face scar?”

“Scarring is the least of the problems now. The child’s lost a fair amount of blood and we need an infusion, but the hospital

doesn’t have blood packets that fit your son. As his mother, you...”

Meredith’s expression shifted slightly and she rushed to interrupt. “I’ll do it, Nurse. I’ll do it! You can take all my blood if it means

you’ll save my son!”

Haha.

Madeline could not help but laugh at the scene before her.

That was just how fake Meredith was.

Yet this very fake act turned into something magnificent in Jeremy’s eyes.

Frowning, he walked over to Meredith. “Meredith.”

“I won’t let anything happen to our son, Jeremy!” Meredith looked at Jeremy with teary eyes and followed the nurse out.

Only to run out not a minute later. “The doctor said no, Jeremy. I can’t give my blood when I’m still on my period.”

She began to wail, clutching Jeremy tightly.

“What do we do, Jeremy? What if our baby dies? How could Madeline be so cruel? Why can’t she just hurt me? Why did she

have to hurt our son?”

At that, Madeline watched bloodlust bloom in the space between Jeremy’s brows.

Her heart clenched and she turned to the blood donation center without sparing them another glance.

Knowing that her blood type was just like Meredith’s, the rare RhAB blood type, she should be able to donate for Jackson.

After a quick inquiry, the doctor waved off her initial concern about the situation of her body posing a problem.

With that, Madeline donated Jackson 500cc worth of her blood, leaving her body too exhausted to even walk.

Chapter 95

With heavy steps, she turned to leave only to have Jeremy’s voice ring out suddenly from behind.

“A woman just donated her blood to my son? Which one?”

“Huh? Oh, that one.”

Hearing the nurse’s reply, Madeline hid herself in the emergency exit.

She was afraid that Jeremy would find it disgusting to know that it was her blood, but saving Jackson took priority.

Madeline hid in the corner, clenching her jaw and crouching as she saw Jeremy’s shadow pass in front of her.

Her entire body ached and the blood donation had left her shivering from the cold. Curling into herself by the corner, she

watched Jeremy’s figure leave and vanish from sight, just as Madeline’s consciousness began to give. It was already the

following day when she woke. Her legs cramping from her position as she stood with a hand braced on the wall.

The pain in her body was still present and the wound on her forehead seared.

Supporting her weight on the wall, she found Meredith on the phone, approaching the emergency staircase, just as she was

about to inquire about Jackson's situation.

Madeline immediately stepped back, hiding behind the door.

Meredith's frustrated tone drifted over. "Hmph. So some woman just happened to step up and donate blood for that thing. I don't

know where she came from but I hate it. She should've just let the thing die, then Jeremy definitely would not go easy on

Madeline!"

"That thing's a damn eyesore. He should've died two years ago! The only reason he's still alive is that he's useful."

Madeline was shocked by the words out of Meredith's mouth.

Were these even the words of a mother?

Jackson was still hers and Jeremy's son. How could she be so fickle with her biological son's life just to make Jeremy hate

Madeline?

That was inhumane!

Unable to suppress the fumes of anger, Madeline walked out the door.

Hearing movement, Meredith turned around to see Madeline and her expression shifted immediately. "Why are you here,

Madeline, you b*tch!"

"You are inhumane, Meredith!"

Furious, Madeline raised a hand to slap it across Meredith's cheeks.

"Meredith Crawford! Not even tigers prey on their young! Yet you? Not only did you slice your own son's cheek open, how can

you even wish death upon him? How could a woman as evil as you exist in this world?"

A dark and wretched look glossed over Meredith's features. "You b*tch! How could you hit me?"

Raising her claws to pounce on Madeline, Meredith was suddenly held back by a unique notification on her phone. Reading its

display, Meredith broke into a sinister and terrifying smile.

"I'm going to make you pay for slapping me, Madeline. I'll make your life a living hell!"

Madeline got the inkling that Meredith was about to try something and she was right. She watched as Meredith undid her updo

and mess it up, then fall back onto the corridor outside.

“Help! Jeremy, save me!”

She suddenly bawled, climbing away embarrassedly.

People began to gather, but most importantly, Jeremy arrived in time as well.

Seeing Meredith on the floor, her clothes amiss and her hair a mess like a frightened doe, Jeremy quickly rushed over to carry

her in his arms.

“I don’t want anything else, Jeremy. I just want our kid to be fine,” She wailed, tears and snot everywhere as she stared at

Madeline in fear. “Please, Madeline. I’m begging you. Leave me alone!”

Chapter 96

Meredith threw herself into Jeremy’s arms in terror, vividly creating the image of the victim.

She had played the same old trick but still, he believed it without suspicion.

Everyone had cast their disdainful and doubtful gazes on Madeline. Madeline had long been accustomed to these looks, but she

still could not get used to the murderous and cold look Jeremy was giving her.

In her mind, it was a face that she loved deeply. Yet, it no longer held the gentleness it once had.

At this moment, as Jeremy was holding Meredith, his cold, blade-like eyes pierced Madeline, “Ma. De. Line!”

He gritted his teeth as he spat out these three syllables, each with an engulfing force!

Madeline felt a chill travel from the soles of her feet through her whole body. It was horrifying.

Meredith who at this time was leaning into Jeremy’s arms was crying nonstop. “Jeremy, how could Madeline be so cruel? She

told me that she herself had been pregnant with a child, but the child had died during her imprisonment. Since she’s also been a

mother, why can’t she understand a mother’s feelings?” she said whilst looking at Madeline, her tears whirling.

“Madeline, stop it! Do you want your child and your grandfather to die without peace?”

Speaking of her grandfather and the murdered child, Madeline suddenly clenched her fist and her feeble body suddenly rushed

towards Meredith with all her strength.

She pulled up Meredith's collar and slapped her madly.

"You still dare mention my grandfather and my child! Why were you not the one who died, Meredith! You are the most d*mnable!"

"Ah! Jeremy, my face hurts!" Meredith screamed again and again.

The situation happened so suddenly and Jeremy did not expect that Madeline would suddenly lose her mind and rush over with

so much might.

It took him a bit of force to finally push Madeline away and protect Meredith in his arms.

Madeline was pushed violently, her back hitting the wall behind her. The immediate pain was so much so that she could not

straighten herself.

Jeremy hugged Meredith who was still crying and turned around. Before leaving, he glanced at Madeline. That glance was alike

a poison-laced awl as it plunged into Meredith's eyes.

Madeline was still hurting physically and mentally. She also had no more energy to explain and so turned away amidst the

curses of the crowd.

On the way back, Madeline felt a lot of pain from where the tumor was. She trembled and took out the painkillers from her bag.

As she was about to take one, a black car stopped in front of her all of a sudden.

The car door opened and out came a large man who grabbed Madeline.

"What are you doing? Let go of me!"

She struggled hard and the pain in her body became more and more unbearable as she struggled.

The man stuffed her into the car and Madeline saw Jeremy's cold face as soon as she looked up.

He was wearing a black coat, looking cold and abstinent, so full of hostility.

Noticing the medicine bottle in Meredith's hand, Jeremy snatched it away, and seeing that it was painkillers, he sneered.

"You do know pain as well don't you, Madeline? When you hurt my son with a knife and bullied Meredith, have you ever thought

that they would feel pain too?"

He asked in a cold voice. Flicking his palm suddenly, he threw the painkillers out.

Madeline's face turned pale. The area of the tumor hurt so bad that it made it hard for her to breathe.

"Drive," he ordered and the car quickly sped on the road.

Madeline did not know where Jeremy was taking her but she endured the severe pain whilst she looked at the man with a tough

and cold expression.

"Jeremy, I know you won't believe what I say, but I will still say it. I didn't hurt your son, it was Meredith..."

"Shut up!"

He interrupted angrily, his terrifying and malicious gaze piercing.

"You say one more word and I will throw you out the car."

Chapter 97

Madeline was forced to shut her mouth. She glanced out the window. The sky was overcast as if it was going to rain.

Looking at the sections of road that seemed to be gradually familiar, Madeline's nerves slowly tightened.

The car stopped. Jeremy got out of the car freely while Madeline was dragged out of the car.

Looking at the surrounding environment, Madeline's eyes widen in disbelief.

"Jeremy, why did you bring me here!"

She asked facing Jeremy's back, but the man ignored her.

Madeline had been dragged to the grave she had built for her grandfather and the dead child. She no longer had the strength to

stand, and the bodyguard had pushed her toward the grave.

Madeline fell to the ground, clutching where the tumor was. She took a deep breath, enduring the pain, and then she raised her

eyes.

Jeremy stood in front of her, noble and cold, his aura was inviolable and cold.

"Why, here?" Madeline asked, gritting her teeth, her vision was being gradually blurred by the fog.

Jeremy leaned over and pinched Madeline's chin with his warm fingers. A terrifying smile in his slender and alluring eyes.

"To let you experience for a moment, a bitter anguish."

“What?”

Madeline did not understand. She could only see the white snow falling from the sky, obscuring Jeremy’s appearance in her

vision at this moment.

“Move.” He suddenly ordered, shaking off Madeline coldly.

Madeline immediately heard the sounds of chiseling a stone wall. She turned her head abruptly and saw several bodyguards

smashing the grave with stone hammers and chisels.

There was a “boom” in Madeline’s head, then it blanked.

“No! Stop it!”

She yelled. She had gotten up and wanted to run to stop them, but Jeremy grabbed her.

“Don’t smash it! Don’t!” Madeline cried, tears falling wantonly from her eyes.

She turned around and begged Jeremy, but the man smiled lightly. “Now you know fear? Why were you not afraid when you hurt

my son?”

“Jeremy, I never hurt your son! Tell them to stop!”

Madeline’s emotions were completely crumbling and her body that had long been riddled with hole-like wounds seemed to be

covered over with salt in this split moment. The deep and dense pain burrowed into her bone marrow.

Yet, he did not ask anyone to stop. The grave was quickly broken open and two urns, one large and one small, were dug out.

Madeline instantly felt as if she could not breathe anymore. Her eyes were blurry and her body trembled violently.

“No, Jeremy, please don’t! Alright, I was wrong! I shouldn’t have hurt your son and Meredith. It’s all my fault! You can vent your

anger at me, just don’t touch my daughter and my grandfather’s ashes. Please, I beg you!”

Madeline knelt down at Jeremy’s feet, bowing desperately to him, begging for mercy, even accepting those baseless wrongs.

Still, Jeremy did not even look at her. He reached out and took the urn containing a small pile of ashes into his hand.

Madeline looked at the ashes in his hand in a daze. Her face was as white as paper, and she was clutching at his trousers.

“No, Jeremy, this is also your daughter, no...”

“My daughter?” Jeremy sneered. “I only have one child, and his name is Jackson Whitman. As for this...”

He glanced at the small pile of ashes in the glass bottle and suddenly loosened his hand.

Crash!

The glass shattered and the ashes were scattered.

Chapter 98

Madeline snapped instantly like a puppet without strings, losing all consciousness.

Her world seemed to have turned dark all of a sudden and the intense pain like her skin was peeling swallowed her

consciousness entirely.

“No!”

She desperately rushed towards the ashes that were gradually washed away by snow and rain.

Madeline cried sorrowfully, her trembling hands desperately rubbing against the uneven ground as she tried to collect the

remaining ashes.

However, the ashes were gradually stained red from the blood flowing out of her palms, and then it melted away in the rain and

snow.

Just like that, her only glimmer of hope was completely extinguished.

She cried and laughed miserably, her red and wet eyes staring at Jeremy.

She did not recognize him anymore.

No, she never knew him.

Madeline gritted her teeth and looked at the unwavering man, her eyes were extremely sharp.

“Jeremy, you will regret this!”

Seeing Madeline’s hateful gaze at this moment, Jeremy chuckled coldly.

“There is no ‘regret’ in my dictionary.”

He looked at the bodyguard and motioned for him to give him Madeline’s grandfather’s ashes.

“Bring it here.”

Madeline suddenly rushed forward. She snatched her grandfather’s urn and hugged it tightly in her arms.

The bodyguard did not expect that Madeline would suddenly rush over. Seeing the urn had been taken, he turned around to grab it.

Madeline would not relent. He lifted his leg and kicked Madeline’s abdomen.

Crash!

The urn fell to the ground. A familiar smell rose up in Madeline’s throat.

But she could care less about it. She crawled over, shielding the urn under her body, biting her teeth.

“No one is allowed to touch my grandfather’s ashes! Jeremy, if you have to be so cruel, then you might as well grind me into ashes too!”

She yelled at Jeremy. Her neat, white teeth were stained with bright red blood and her whole body was wracked with splitting pain.

Upon seeing this, the bodyguard raised his fist to hit Madeline, but before his fist fell, it was caught tightly by Jeremy.

“Move! Who asked you to touch her!”

He flew into a rage all of a sudden and with one leg, kicked the bodyguard away.

The rain and snow had also become heavier all of a sudden. Jeremy crouched down, his eyes full of complexities.

He looked at Madeline. She cut a sorry figure lying on the ground, her short black hair was covered with patches of white

snowflakes, her body was trembling violently, her lips stained with blood, but still, she held onto the urn. Not letting go no matter

what.

Jeremy’s heart suddenly became very tight. Madeline’s appearance at the moment was quickly becoming unrecognizable. Only

those eyes were as clean as before, which surprised him inexplicably.

Madeline was no longer crying but she smiled as she looked at the man who had crouched down to look at her.

“Jeremy, just kill me. I don’t want to see you again.”

Jeremy paused, then parted his lips lightly. “Do you know your wrongs now?”

Madeline looked at him and the corners of her bloody lips twitched. “I know.”

She gazed at the man who had once loved her so deeply and who she was so eager to meet again with glittering tears.

“The biggest mistake of my life was to believe your lie and to have loved you for so many years.”

Chapter 99

Hearing every word uttered from Madeline’s lips, Jeremy frowned, his heartbeat becoming very irregular all of a sudden.

“Jeremy, if you don’t kill me today, I will definitely kill you and avenge my child.”

Her clear eyes were as decisive as before.

Jeremy smiled nonchalantly. “I’ll be waiting.”

He stood up as he said it and then left just like that.

After watching that black figure disappearing gradually from her gaze, Madeline instantly seemed to have been drained of all her

strength and blood as she leaned limply on her grandfather’s urn.

Warm tears once again overflowing but her heart was already numbed with pain.

However, it was not over as Meredith had suddenly appeared.

Meredith was holding a fruit knife when she saw Madeline lying on the ground while holding onto the urn. Meredith walked

toward Madeline and then crouched down, reaching out to pull up her short hair.

“Tsk tsk, I told you not to go against me. Are you afraid now?”

Madeline sneered, no longer wanting to waste her breath and energy. “Meredith, you venomous woman, kill me if you have the

guts!”

“Haha... you want to die? Oh, but I’m not so cruel.” Meredith pretended to chuckle. “However, Jeremy did say that you had

ruined his precious son’s face, so I’d have to return the favor doubled.”

Accompanied by Meredith's dark voice, Madeline's suddenly felt a sharp pain on the right of her face.

Madeline trembled all over from this skin-splitting pain, but she made not a single sound, forcibly enduring the sharp pain.

Clang!"

Meredith threw the fruit knife in front of Madeline, then lifted her foot and kicked Madeline heavily.

"Bah! B*tch! You should have died long ago!" She then turned abruptly and left.

Madeline got up with difficulty. She touched her cheek that had been slashed twice with her trembling palm. She could no longer

feel the pain.

Red blood flowed from between her fingers, falling drop by drop onto the ground, corrupted by the rain and snow. With more and

more, it became extremely dazzling.

At her last gasp, Madeline fell onto her grandfather's ashes. Watching the snowflakes fall one by one, she could not help think of

the wonderful time she had had with Jeremy.

Yet, all of that was like the snowflakes that she had reached out to grab at the moment. Once she released them, there were no

more, leaving behind only unbearable pain...

— —

Madeline laid on the bed for three days and when she woke up for the first time, the person she saw was Ava.

Ava looked at Madeline with red eyes, finding it so unbearable that her heart was about to break. She did not know what

Madeline had gone through, but she was certain that the two slaughterers, Meredith and Jeremy were indispensable from the

bruises on her back.

Though, Madeline only smiled and comforted Ava. "Ava, don't feel sorry for me. If there is a next life, let's be sisters again."

Ava let out a cry and hugged Madeline's thin body. "I don't want the next life. I want this life, want it to go on for a long, long

time!"

“Well, this life, is a long, long one...” Madeline opened her pale lips to respond. She wanted to laugh, but her tears had run out.

Her life could not be any longer.

Madeline rested for a few days and when the wound on her face was no longer covered with gauze, she went back to work.

Although there was no need for gauze, the X-shaped wound on her cheek was still obvious. She had short hair now and it was

difficult for her to cover the wound on her cheek.

When her colleagues saw it, they could not help whisper amongst themselves.

Two female colleagues had come to inquire as if they were concerned, but they were not. It was just to satisfy their curiosity.

A video showing Madeline beating Meredith in the hospital was gradually circulated on the Internet.

Gradually, some people thought that it was a lesson taught to Madeline as a result of her bullying Meredith and the looks shared

between colleagues became weird. Almost all of them had questioned Madeline, only Elizabeth had spoken up for her

resentfully. “Those videos on the Internet are all fake. Mads’s face is not because she had offended someone who shouldn’t be

offended. Isn’t that right, Mads?”

In the end, even Elizabeth was just actually trying to satisfy her curiosity.

Faced with the pairs of questioning and curious eyes, Madeline smiled magnanimously. “That’s right, I hit Meredith because she

deserved it. If I could, I’d really want to kill her.”

Chapter 100

When Madeline said that, the expressions of those colleagues, including Elizabeth, changed. They were looking at Madeline as if

they were looking at something unusual.

“This woman, aren’t you too vicious!” Several female colleagues said contemptuously.

“What kind of bad luck does Meredith have to encounter such a nutjob. She’s always targeting her everywhere.”

“Exactly. Not only you’ve stolen someone else’s boyfriend, you still went and troubled Meredith, even saying that you’d want to

kill her. That's really sick!"

"We should stay away from her, lest she goes crazy and implicates us."

Madeline sat in her seat silently, listening to the words being deliberately said to her.

She did not speak and just stood up.

Seeing her move, the female colleagues who had been speaking the truths and lies about her hurriedly ran away, for fear of what

Madeline would do to them.

Madeline found the scene funny. Then, she headed out.

She went to Felipe and seeing that Madeline had come, Felipe greeted her and asked her to take a seat very politely.

He raised his gaze and noticed Madeline's haggard face and the two deep, red knife marks on her right cheek. Felipe was

shocked.

"What happened?" He asked, out of genuine concern.

Madeline smiled and shook her head. "I'm fine, Mr. Whitman. I came here to tell you that I want to resign."

"Resign?" Felipe looked at Madeline uncertainly. "Why?"

"I don't want to affect the operation of the entire department with my presence. Mr. Whitman should have seen some of the

negative comments about me recently?"

Hearing what Madeline had said, Felipe looked to have understood something.

"Thank you, Mr. Whitman, for taking care and helping me during this time. I will pack up and leave immediately."

"Madeline."

Felipe stopped Madeline who had just turned to leave.

"I believe you, you don't need to resign."

Madeline's footsteps halted, her eyes warming slightly.

I believe you.

She had been so eager to hear this sentence in the past few years.

She had finally heard it, but it was not from Jeremy's mouth.

“For the company’s annual meeting this Friday night, you and I will attend it.”

Madeline looked at the man with surprise. The wound on her face was aching.

What right did she have to stand beside this outstanding man with this face?

Madeline immediately refused, but Felipe was persistent.

After getting off work, Madeline wrapped her cheeks tightly with a scarf and did not dare look up at anybody.

It was in a girl’s nature to love beauty. Even though she had no longer cared for her appearance early on, yet no girl could ever

accept that her face was disfigured.

Madeline covered her cheeks and returned to her residence. As soon as she was about to enter, she saw a familiar car parked at

the gate.

Her feet seemed to have been filled with lead in that instant and she could no longer move. Her heartbeat instantly lost its normal

frequency, beating restlessly.

The car window lowered, revealing Jeremy’s handsome side profile. Madeline hid behind the pillar in horror, her face pale.

Thinking of the fluttering white snow the other day, with him in front of her like a demon, the scene of him smashing their own

daughter’s ashes, Madeline bit her lips and her hands trembled violently.

Now that he was here again, she could no longer withstand such torture and injury.

Madeline kept waiting for Jeremy to leave, but he never left.

As the sky darkened, Madeline finally left after seeing Jeremy answer a call.