

Sinner Wife 911

Chapter 911

Looking at Madeline's accusatory and reprimanding gaze, Jeremy's expression did not change. "That's right, I'm going to do the

same thing again. I won't let you take this medicine again."

Madeline loosened her fingers that were gripping Jeremy's collar. Her heart was aching as she said, "Jeremy, say it again."

"Eveline, I'll never let you take this medicine again."

Smack!

Madeline slapped his face, her hands trembling in anger. She felt her mind to be in even more of a mess now. Her tugging

thoughts made her whole consciousness chaotic, even making it difficult for her to breathe.

She fixed her gaze on the man who was furrowing his eyebrows in disappointment.

"Jeremy, what kind of person are you?

"Do you want to see me die, or do you want to see the child in my belly die?

"Since you're so indifferent to me and the child, why did you pretend to be so affectionate with me in the first place?"

She looked at the wordless man with red eyes and let go of her hand.

"Are you interested in Lana? Have you fallen in love with that shameless woman? If that's the case, I approve of you two!"

Madeline pushed the man in front of her away and walked out.

Jeremy hurried to catch up with Madeline, stopping in front of her.

"Where are you going?"

"To ask Adam for medicine," she said decisively, "You want me to die giving birth to this child, but I want to live healthily! Step

aside!"

Madeline pushed Jeremy away and wanted to leave, but the man embraced her.

"I will never let you go to Adam, and you can't take this medicine again."

Madeline's heart became even colder. Looking at the man pressing onto her hard, tears fell from her eyes. "Jeremy, if I don't take

Adam's medicine, the child and I will die. Do you want me to die so badly?"

Jeremy looked at Madeline's tears, his heart constricting.

Her tears seemed to be hitting his chest and scorching his heart.

He lifted her cheek and gently wiped away the tears on her face. His gaze was profound.

"Eveline, I want you to be well, so you can't take those pills anymore."

"I only know that if I don't continue taking these pills, both the child and I will die." Madeline was persistent in going to look for

Adam to get the medicine. She did not forget that it was because of Adam's medicine that she had survived till Jackson's birth in prison.

Now that she was suffering from the same disease, there was no other way but for her to rely on Adam's medicine.

Seeing Madeline stubbornly pushing him away to go look for Adam, Jeremy choked up and pulled Madeline forcefully back into his arms.

"Jeremy, let go of me."

"I won't let you look for another man."

"What another man? Adam is my doctor."

Madeline was frustrated, but her eyes were still sharp.

"You can go ahead and book a hotel room with Lana, so why can't I contact another man? Jeremy, just Lana alone was enough

to turn our relationship into this. It seems that you don't love me that much."

She said he did not love her that much.

Jeremy could accept all of Madeline's misunderstandings, but he could not accept her denying his feelings for her.

He confined Madeline who wanted to escape in his arms. He then bowed his head and kissed her.

Madeline thought of the scene of him kissing Lana last night and wanted to avoid him, but she could not beat the strength of a man.

Both of her hands were pressed behind her back as his lips were domineeringly pressed against hers, wantonly preying and

occupying her sweetness.

Madeline struggled to no avail, so she could only bear with it.

She did not know how much time had passed before Jeremy let go of her lips. His narrow eyes carried a touch of intense love.

Meanwhile, hers were filled with tears as she glared at him.

"Eveline, we've been through so much together. I just want to tell you that my heart for you has never changed."

Madeline pursed her lips. "I saw you and Lana cuddling together. You even kissed her."

"What you saw wasn't real," Jeremy explained. Seeing Madeline's sad gaze, he hugged her gently.

"Linnie, don't let people with

ulterior motives ruin our feelings for each other. I only have you and have only ever had you as my woman. You're the only one in

my life."

Chapter 912

Hearing Jeremy's confession, Madeline went into a daze for a bit.

She had clearly seen him and Lana that time...

"Linnie, for your own safety, I want to send you to the island we went to before to raise the baby. I'll bring Jack and Lillian over to

accompany you so that you won't be alone."

Jeremy had made such a decision.

Before Madeline could object, he arranged everything and forcibly took Madeline onto his private yacht the very next day.

Madeline resisted and wanted to get off the yacht but was carried into the room in the yacht by Jeremy. He did not let her go until

the yacht sailed out to the sea.

Madeline glanced at the blue ocean outside of the window. "Jeremy, are you sending me to a remote island so that you can date

Lana as you like?"

Jeremy did not explain and allowed Madeline to misunderstand him. He only said patiently, "Linnie, no matter what you think, you

only have to remember that I won't do anything that would harm you."

“Is it for my own good that you’re not letting me take the medicine I should be taking?”

“Yes, it’s for your own good.” Just as Jeremy’s voice fell, the cry of the two little buns came from the deck.

“Wow, so pwetty!” Lily looked at the blue ocean and sighed. “Brother, quickly call Mommy and Handsome Mister to come and see.”

Madeline also heard Lily’s voice. Jeremy took her hand and they walked out in the next second.

The sea breeze whizzed softly in their ears. The sea rippled in the place where the yacht passed.

Jeremy called Ken over and made him take a family portrait of them.

Madeline also smiled at the camera for the sake of the two children.

The warm scene of this family fell into a pair of binoculars at a distance.

Lana took a smoke, her gaze looking fierce. “Get rid of her.”

The sniper beside her obediently fired a shot at the target.

Jeremy was looking at Madeline who was playing with the two children when he sensed something strange.

He raised his gaze and looked back, his expression suddenly changing.

Before he could explain and warn Madeline, he sprinted toward her and hugged her tightly from behind.

Madeline did not know why Jeremy was suddenly hugging her, but she heard him make a muffled groan by her ear.

She turned her head in confusion and saw Jeremy’s eyebrows furrowed, but he was still looking at her with a gentle gaze.

“What’s up with you?” Madeline looked at him curiously when she caught sight of a big red patch on Jeremy’s back.

Madeline got up suddenly, her face stricken with panic. “Jeremy, what’s wrong?!”

Lana saw this scene through the binoculars. She ordered again in dissatisfaction, “Go on, until she gets hit.”

The sniper obeyed and fired again.

Jeremy sensed the danger and used his body to block a bullet for Madeline once more.

Jeremy was shot in the leg, and Madeline’s eyes were stained with fresh blood.

“Jeremy!” she exclaimed.

Jackson hurriedly raised his hands to cover Lillian's eyes while comforting gently. "Don't be afraid, don't be afraid."

Jeremy hugged Madeline's shoulder in pain and returned to the room.

Ken immediately sped up the yacht after he noticed something unusual.

However, more and more bullets hit the yacht. Soon, the yacht began smoking and leaking oil, showing signs of an impending explosion.

Ken quickly reported to Jeremy, "Mr. Whitman, the yacht is about to blow up."

Jeremy's gaze darkened. Although the loss of blood had made his breathing weaker and weaker, his tone was still strong and

domineering. "Take Linnie and the two kids onto a life raft. Quick!"

However, Madeline turned a deaf ear to his words. She took a small medical box and ran to Jeremy's side to treat his wound.

"Linnie, quickly take the kids and go!" Jeremy pushed her away with great effort, but his gaze was full of reluctance. "Go, Linnie.

As long as you're safe, I'll feel at ease."

"I'll never go! Don't tell me what to do, Jeremy!" Madeline shouted in a whisper at the man in tears. She turned her head and

yelled at Ken, "Take Jack and Lillian right away! Go!"

Chapter 913

Seeing that the situation was pressing, Ken hurriedly went to prepare the life raft.

Jeremy was shot twice—one in his back and another in his leg. The dark red blood was flowing continuously out of the man's wounds.

Jeremy's face paled visibly. He even began to appear drowsy and tired.

"Jeremy, don't sleep. Hang in there, I won't allow anything to happen to you!" Madeline's voice trembled, her hands that were

holding the gauze also trembling severely.

She wanted to treat his wounds, but she could not do anything well.

Looking at her who was full of tears, Jeremy raised his hand strenuously and gently wiped the tears that flowed from her eyes.

His voice was still so nice, but his breathing was extremely weak.

Madeline picked up the blanket on the bed with teary eyes and pressed hard on Jeremy's wound, but the snow-white blanket

was soon dyed red.

She was at a loss and did not know what to do. Hot tears fell on the man's face drop by drop.

Jeremy's blood-stained hand tightly gripped Madeline's. "Don't cry anymore. Be a good girl and leave with Lillian and Jack."

Madeline shook her head, her gaze determined. "I'll never leave!"

"Linnie..."

"Jeremy, you must hang in there. You still haven't seen the birth of the child in my belly. You still haven't heard Lillian call you

'Daddy'. I won't let anything happen to you!"

Jeremy's tired eyes looked at Madeline's slightly protruded stomach. His thin lips moved lightly.

"Lillian..."

Madeline wanted to call Lillian over, but Ken rushed in at this moment. "I've prepared the life raft! The yacht has caught on fire.

I'm afraid it'll explode soon. Mr. Whitman, you..."

Jeremy held Madeline's hand, his pale face full of seriousness. "Go, Linnie. Take the kids and go."

However, Madeline kept shaking her head. "I won't go." She gripped Jeremy's hand tightly. "Jeremy, I'll accompany you."

"I don't want your company, I want you to go. Linnie, listen."

"No..."

"Linnie, I've let you down too many times in this life. If there's a next life, I'll love you and protect you from the beginning till the

end..." His dizzying eyes stared at her affectionately. He exhausted his last bit of strength to break free from Madeline's hand

that was unwilling to let him go. "Go!"

He struggled to push her away. "Ken, take the mother and children and go!"

"Jeremy!" Madeline fell onto the deck, still thinking of going to him. However, she was pulled back by Ken.

“Don’t look for Adam anymore. He’s not a good person.” He looked at the woman who was full of tears and said weakly, “Find a

man who really loves you for the rest of your life. I won’t simply get jealous anymore.”

He lifted the corner of his lips and gave a gentle smile at the end.

“Eveline, I love you.”

After Jeremy said these last words, his hand fell heavily onto the deck as his charming eyes closed tiredly.

Madeline’s heart seemed to have been stabbed by a thousand knives. The searing pain paralyzed all of her senses.

Other than the bright red that stung her eyes, he seemed to have turned gray in her eyes.

“Jeremy! Jeremy!”

Madeline let out a gut-wrenching cry, but the man did not respond anymore.

He was leaning against the door frame, his snow-white face bloodless.

She broke free from Ken with all her might, ran back to Jeremy, and hugged him so that he would be leaning in her arms.

“Jeremy, you promised me that you’ll give me happiness. But how can I be happy without you?

“Can you wake up?

“Jeremy, don’t sleep, I beg you...”

Chapter 914

Ken helplessly looked at Jeremy who had lost consciousness. He could only try his best to live up to Jeremy’s entrustment and

carried Lillian and Jackson onto the life raft first, then he returned to the yacht to look for Madeline.

However, Madeline was hugging Jeremy and did not want to let go. Ken had no choice but to forcefully pull Madeline away.

“Don’t pull me! If you guys want to go, just go! I must accompany him!” Madeline roared in a broken voice, not wanting to let go.

“Madam, have you forgotten about Young Lady Lillian and Young Master Jack?” Ken persuaded, saying, “They can’t lose both

their father and mother.”

Madeline was stupefied, as if just remembering the two children.

“Hurry up, the yacht is really about to explode. You must live well and avenge Mr. Whitman.”

Avenge.

Madeline looked at Jeremy who was lifeless with tearful eyes. She bowed her head and kissed him deeply.

"Jeremy, I love you too, you hear me?"

She had no other choice but to abandon him in the yacht cabin, get onto the life raft, and gradually move away from the yacht

that was burning in the middle of the sea.

Not long after, the yacht exploded. The violent shock seemed to hit Madeline's heart. It was so painful that nothing could possibly

hurt more.

"Jeremy!"

She yelled his name heartbrokenly while facing the yacht that had exploded into pieces. In the next second, she lost her

consciousness and fainted...

The ocean waves, the beach, and the young man.

Madeline ran barefoot toward the boy who was standing on the shore and smiling gently at her. As she ran though, he suddenly

disappeared in front of her eyes.

"Jez!"

She shouted toward the endless sea, but only the sound of the ocean waves responded to her.

"Jeremy, Jeremy!"

Madeline suddenly opened her eyes and saw two pairs of pure, beautiful eyes staring at her.

"Mommy, time to wake up." Lily's pleasant voice followed.

"Mommy, are you alright?" Jackson asked with concern.

Madeline looked at the two cute little faces and remembered what happened before she fainted. Her eyes suddenly became

panicked.

"Jeremy..."

She sat up and was about to get off the bed when Eloise walked over with a worried expression.

"Eveline, you woke up! Are you

feeling uncomfortable? If you are, we'll go to the hospital right away."

Madeline shook her head and gripped Eloise's hand tightly. "Mom, where's Jeremy? Where is he? Did you find him?"

Looking at Madeline's pressing gaze, Eloise's eyes reddened in distress. "Eveline, you're pregnant, so you have to think more

about your own body."

"I want to know where Jeremy is. Is he really..."

Madeline did not have the courage to ask further, but the image of Jeremy dying in a pool of blood was in her mind.

The pain of a thousand arrows piercing her heart spread all over her body.

"Eveline Montgomery, come out! Come out!" A loud voice suddenly came from downstairs.

Madeline went downstairs and saw Karen rushing toward her in anger, glaring at her with red eyes.

"Eveline, you bearer of ill

luck! Ever since Jeremy married you back then, the Whitman family has never had a peaceful life! I knew that you remarried

Jeremy for revenge, but I didn't expect you to be so cruel that you would actually kill Jeremy this way!"

Faced with Karen's reprimanding and verbal abuse, Madeline felt wronged and even more indignant. However, she did not want

to get angry in front of her children.

Eloise cared about her daughter, so she defended her righteously. "Karen, what nonsense are you saying? My daughter has

been with your son for so many years, but when has she ever lived a happy day? It's obviously you people from the Whitman

family who have been hurting my daughter all this while. Jeremy's death was an accident, so why are you putting the blame on

my daughter?"

From the two's quarrel, Madeline's ears only caught that one sentence—Jeremy's death was an accident.

She blacked out for a moment.

He was dead.

Chapter 915

A huge hole seemed to have broken through Madeline's heart. It was clearly summer, but a chilly winter-like wind had poured

into her body.

Madeline felt very cold.

She also felt that everything was gray in front of her eyes.

At this time, Ken rushed in from the entrance with a solemn expression. Seeing that Madeline was already awake, he walked

over. "The salvage team has returned. There are some things that I would like to ask Madam to head to the police station to

confirm."

Madeline endured her grief. She nodded and went with Ken. A steady stream of verbal abuse from Karen could be heard from

behind.

Madeline came to the police station, but she could only see scraps of messy and shredded clothes. Before they had set off to

sea, he was wearing a white tee, but now it was stained red with blood.

Madeline gently picked up a piece of the red-dyed cloth with trembling fingers, her tears flowing silently from her eyes.

"Jeremy."

She did not have the courage to continue looking. He was clearly so alive not long ago, but now he had become a pile of relics.

Madeline took a deep breath. She wanted to turn around and leave, but she suddenly noticed a very familiar item in the scraps.

She grabbed the bookmark in shock, her head buzzing.

That day in front of her grandpa's grave, he had burned the bookmark in front of her and said that he would have a clean break

with her.

Why was the bookmark showing up here?

Could it be that he was just making such an action at that time to make her mistakenly think that he had burned the bookmark as

well as his love and fixation for her?

Yet it turned out that the bookmark was still there and his feelings for her had never disappeared.

Madeline went back to her and Jeremy's room. She lay on their bed alone and gently caressed the pillow that he had lay on.

His scent in her nose grew fainter and fainter until she could no longer smell it.

Recalling the day before his accident, she had still argued with him and even slapped him.

'I should've trusted you. Even if you really had something going on with Lana, you must've had your own reason.

'Why couldn't I have been calmer? Why couldn't I control my own emotions and instead doubted and questioned you about your

feelings for me?

'Jeremy...'

Madeline shut herself in the room for two whole days. No one saw her during this period of time.

After receiving a call from Eloise that Karen wanted to take care of the funeral, she immediately rushed to Whitman Manor.

Karen saw Madeline and wanted to drive her out angrily. "Eveline, you cruel and venomous woman! You're a bearer of ill luck!

You ruined Jeremy's career, and now you've even killed him. How dare you still enter through these gates? What qualifications

do you have to come here?!"

Madeline raised her red, swollen eyes and looked calmly at Karen who was verbally abusing her as she wished. A cold aura

oozed off her delicate, palm-sized face.

"Why can't I come over? This is my in-laws' house."

"In-laws? Hah," Karen sneered and glared at Madeline with hatred. "You killed Jeremy and you still have the face to say that this

is your in-laws' house?! Go away!"

Winston stopped Karen and persuaded her, saying, "Karen, you're too much! Eveline is Jeremy's wife, after all! She's your

daughter-in-law."

"What daughter-in-law? I don't have such a merciless daughter-in-law! She kept saying that the Whitman family and Meredith

harm her, but now it seems that she's worse than Meredith. At least Meredith was truly in love with Jeremy. At least that

woman wouldn't be cruel enough to kill Jeremy!"

"Shut your mouth up!"

Old Master Whitman came out of the room holding his crutches while trembling. He sternly criticized Karen, "Eveline is the one

who is suffering the most now that something has happened to Jeremy!"

Karen chuckled disapprovingly. "She's suffering? What suffering does she have? She's the one who planned this out!" She was

certain that Madeline was taking revenge on Jeremy. "Jeremy was killed by this venomous woman but you guys still believe her.

She has been planning to kill Jeremy a long time ago so that she could live a happy life with that b*stard Felipe!"

"Huh, that's right. Once Jeremy dies, then I can live a happy life."

Suddenly, Felipe's cold chuckle came from the entrance.

Madeline looked back, and as expected, she saw Felipe.

Chapter 916

The once noble, graceful gentleman was now so shabby that his beard was not even shaved.

Only a touch of heroism remained between his brows that decorated his handsome face.

He walked over slowly and saw the mourning hall set up by the Whitman family for Jeremy. His smile gradually spread on his

lips.

"Jeremy, it seems that you can't escape the fate of going to hell after all."

"Felipe! You and this woman teamed up to kill my son, right?!" Karen put the blame on Madeline without distinguishing between

right and wrong.

Felipe sneered nonchalantly and walked in.

Madeline stopped him, her gaze looking sharp. "Felipe, you killed Cathy. You killed the girl who cared for you for more than ten

years and had genuine affection for you. The one who really should go to hell is you!"

Felipe looked at Madeline and admitted it with a smile. "You're right, I killed Cathy. I was the one who ordered someone to fire a

shot at the woman who loved me the most and killed her."

Knowing that this was the truth, Madeline, who was already very sad, felt devastated for Cathy at this moment.

"Felipe, you're actually brushing over the harm you've caused Cathy just like this? Do you really not feel guilty at all?"

"Guilty?" Felipe found it ridiculous, but he suddenly looked at Madeline very seriously. "Jeremy's guilt could be exchanged for

your forgiveness and company. What can my guilt be exchanged for?"

Upon hearing this, Madeline unexpectedly realized that Felipe's eyes were wet.

Was he sad?

"After I finish the last thing, I'll go to where I should go."

He raised his eyebrows, and his fierce gaze suddenly fell on Old Master Whitman.

Madeline had a feeling that Felipe might do something to Old Master Whitman, so she quickly stepped forward to stop him.

"Felipe, don't make any more mistakes!"

"It's him who is in the wrong. He's the one who caused all the tragedies." Felipe directed all of his grievances and dissatisfaction

on Old Master Whitman.

Winston also saw through Felipe's motives and quickly went over to stop him, but Felipe was even faster. He gently pushed

Madeline who was in front of him toward Winston who was running over.

"Eveline, I don't want to hurt you, but I must seek justice for my parents today!"

Felipe rushed toward Old Master Whitman.

He took out a gun from his waist and pointed it directly at Old Master Whitman's heart. "Go to the mausoleum!"

Karen and the servants were terrified when they saw this scene.

Madeline and Winston felt that they could not act rashly at this moment.

Old Master Whitman frowned a little as he calmly went to the mausoleum in the Whitman Manor with a cane according to

Felipe's wishes.

Here were the ancestors of the Whitman family.

Felipe pushed Old Master Whitman to his parents' memorial tablet and ordered coldly, "Kneel down."

Winston was worried that something would happen to Old Master Whitman. He said hurriedly, "Felipe, your parents' deaths were

just an accident. It has nothing to do with Old Master Whitman. Let go of him!"

"Heh, accident? Do you think I'll believe it?" Felipe's eyes were red as he stared ferociously at Old Master Whitman. "He killed

my parents in order to inherit Whitman Corporation! Why is it that he has been enjoying life for so many years while my parents

have to eat joss paper and joss stick?"

His eyes were full of vengeance. He called Old Master Whitman's actual name, saying, "Aaron Whitman, I'm going to avenge my

parents today. You can't avoid it."

"Felipe!" Seeing that Felipe was about to fire a shot at Old Master Whitman, Madeline walked over quickly and stood in front of

him. "Felipe, don't make any more mistakes!"

"Scoot aside. Eveline, don't make me do it to you." Felipe held back his anger.

Madeline was not afraid. "If you want to kill Grandpa, then you have to kill me first."

"You..." Felipe furrowed his brows and suddenly held up his gun.

"Stop."

Chapter 917

Old Master Whitman vigorously ordered Felipe to stop.

He looked at Madeline with relief and pulled her behind him.

"Grandpa, no."

"Don't worry." Old Master Whitman comforted Madeline, but he looked indifferently at the man who had already been blinded by

hatred.

"Now that it has all come to this point, it seems that I have to tell you the truth of back then. Otherwise, you'll only drown deeper

and deeper in hatred.”

Hearing his words, Felipe’s finger that was on the trigger loosened slightly.

‘The truth back then?’

Madeline was surprised. ‘Is there really another truth about the car accident back then? Was it not just a simple accident?’

Karen was extremely shocked as well. “The truth? Was it really Old Master Whitman who—”

“Stop speaking nonsense!” Winston interrupted Karen quickly as she was talking and looked at Old Master Whitman curiously as

well.

“What truth are you talking about? You’d better not be making an excuse just to lie to me.”

Although Felipe was eager to learn about it, he still had suspicions.

Old Master Whitman met Felipe’s doubtful gaze calmly, then sighed with regret.

“It was indeed not just an accident but a human-caused car accident.”

This answer from Old Master Whitman surprised everyone who was present at the scene.

It turned out it was really a person who caused the accident.

However, Madeline still believed that the person who planned the accident was not Old Master Whitman.

Sure enough, she heard the old man starting to recall his memory. “You were an innocent child back then with loving parents in a

harmonious and blissful family, but this was actually just what it looked like on the surface.

“My father had his sons when he was old and spoiled your father a lot. He even announced that he would hand over the entire

Whitman Corporation to your father for him to manage, but it was due to this preference that caused the irreversible tragedy.

“Your father didn’t actually like to handle business matters. He was passionate about the arts. Your parents got to know each

other through an art exhibition. However, as he had to inherit a huge multinational group, your father did the best he could. He

started to suffer from worries of gains and losses, and over time, he was diagnosed with depression.”

Depression.

Hearing this one word, Felipe's expression abruptly changed.

"You're saying that my parents died because of depression?"

"Exactly." Old Master Whitman nodded. "Your father had always appeared humble, polite, and treated others kindly, but in fact,

he had already been suffering from depression even during that time. Even taking medicine did not help him with his condition.

Your mother knew about it all along. However, both of them did not mention anything about his condition to my father as to not

disappoint him. Until that one day, your father could no longer convince himself. On the way to the company, he brought your

mother along and crashed the car into the building, leading to the car crash and their deaths. "

It turned out the truth was this.

After Madeline was done listening to his words, she felt her heart aching even more.

She felt sorry for the dead, but what was even more painful for her was when she thought of Jeremy who had always been

targeted by Felipe.

'Jeremy.'

Madeline called out his name silently in her heart, gently stroking the wedding ring on her ring finger while her vision became

blurry with tears.

"Depression? Huh. Do you think I would believe such a ridiculous lie?" Felipe obviously did not believe it. At this moment, there

were only sparks of hatred on his once gentle and elegant face.

"Aaron Whitman, it was definitely you who killed my parents for the inheritance rights! After they died, have you, as an uncle,

ever cared about me? You threw me to F Country, ignored me, and tried your best to only raise Jeremy. You wanted to secretly

destroy me!"

Old Master Whitman was not surprised to still be faced with Felipe's doubts. "I know it's hard for you to believe it. The reason

why I didn't want to tell you the truth for so many years was that I didn't want you to be in pain from it. But it seems that you have

gradually become biased because of the hatred you bear."

Old Master Whitman sighed and looked at the memorial tablet in front of him. "The truth is placed right behind your father's

tablet. You can see it for yourself."

Chapter 918

Felipe thought Old Master Whitman was trying to delay.

He was not too short of time, however, so he walked to the front of the tablet and stretched out his hand. He really did obtain a

memory card that was in a transparent bag from behind the tablet.

"This is the recording of your father's driving on the day of the accident. You will understand everything after you watch it."

Felipe looked at the memory card blankly, feeling a little confused for a moment.

He was in a daze for a bit before he instructed someone to bring him a laptop.

After he put in the memory card, he turned the laptop on. Soon, he heard voices that he was once most familiar with ringing from

the speaker...

"Francis, don't be impulsive, we still have Felipe! Felipe can't live without us. Can't you be a little soberer?" That was Felipe's

mother, and it sounded as if she was begging Felipe's father with a trembling voice.

"Sonya, I'm really in pain. This world gives me so much pain that I don't want to face it. Sonya, let's leave this gloomy world

together, Sonya..."

"No! Francis! Stop—"

Following the woman's horrified screams came a violent sound of a collision. After that, there was only silence...

After Felipe was done listening to this section of the recording, the gun in his hand fell to the ground. He seemed to be drained of

all his strength as he knelt down in despair in front of his parents' memorial tablets.

Old Master Whitman then sighed with sorrow. "It was your father's last wish for us to send you to F Country for your studies. He

had hoped that his son would do well in something that he was not able to complete. He also hoped that you would become

successful one day in the future.

“During your years in F Country, you felt as if I had rarely cared for you, even restricting your spending. It’s true that our family

business is huge and you didn’t need to worry about food or clothes, but we made you work to make money on your own. All this

work we put you through was with the purpose to sharpen you.

“I always had someone I trusted secretly supervising you the whole time. Every single day of your staying in F Country, there

was always someone reporting your condition to me. You’re a descendant of the Whitman family and my own nephew. How

could I actually ignore you?

“I had been waiting for you to come back from your studies to pass you the right of inheritance, but then you went astray

instead.”

The words of Old Master Whitman clearly showed that he knew Felipe had done some illegal trades in F Country that crossed

the line. It was just that he never exposed the truth.

The old man walked to Felipe’s side and gently put his hand on his shoulder. “Felipe, you still have a chance to turn back.”

After hearing what the old man said, Felipe’s tears rolled down from his scarlet eyes.

He looked at the two memorial tablets in front of him, his heart feeling as if it had been pierced. It hurt till the point he could not

continue living.

Over the years, what had he been obsessed with? What had he hated?

All the hatred and all the obsessions were all his self-righteous fantasies.

The reason behind the old man remaining silent all this while was because he did not want

Felipe to face the cruel fact that his father was the one who killed his mother.

In order to protect Felipe’s young soul, he was burdened with rumors of murdering his brother. For so many years, he had never

defended himself. The old man always brushed it off indifferently by saying that it was just an accident.

His surroundings quieted down, and Felipe was left alone in the ancestral hall where he knelt for a long time.

Madeline returned to the living room. She saw the mourning hall that was built for Jeremy and walked over to caress his photos.

She had seen him right before her eyes just a few days ago, but now it had become only a memory.

"Jeremy, have you really left me?"

Madeline looked down at her bulging pregnant belly.

"You said you would accompany me to see the birth of our child and we'll raise him till he becomes an adult. Why did you break

your promise again?"

"Eveline."

Suddenly, a familiar voice called out her name from the entrance.

Chapter 919

Madeline's fingertips that were gently stroking Jeremy's photo paused abruptly.

Although she had not seen anyone yet, a face that could make her feel abhorrent had already appeared in her mind.

"Tsk, aren't you just so sad?" Lana's triumphant voice spread from far toward her. Madeline raised her cold beautiful eyes and

stopped Lana from coming in. "Get out, you're not welcome here."

Lana folded her arms with a smile on her face "I'm a friend of Mr. Whitman, and now that he's dead, it's natural for me to come

and pay my respects."

She walked forward as she spoke, placing down the flowers she brought.

Madeline held Lana's wrist to prevent her from offering her flowers. "Lana, don't you ever think that you can do whatever you

want just because you're from the Stygian Johnson Gang.

"This isn't F Country, nor the Stygian Johnson Gang's territory. My husband doesn't need a shameless woman like you paying

your respects. Leave this place right now!"

She snatched the flowers from Lana's hand and threw them into the brazier.

"Get out." She did not leave any room for Lana's dignity.

The smile that was hung on Lana's face had obviously dissipated, and as her temper rose, Karen ran toward them.

“Eveline, what are you doing? Jeremy’s friend came to pay their respects. How could you treat her like this?” Karen was siding

with Lana. It was obvious that as long as an opportunity arose for Karen to go against Madeline, she would never choose to sit

out.

When Lana saw Karen defending her, she appeared aggrieved and troubled. “Hello madam, I’m a friend of Mr. Whitman. My

name is Lana. I learned that he passed away not long ago and I’m really sad about this. I just wanted to come and give my

respects as it’s the least I could do. I didn’t expect Mrs. Whitman to actually tell me to leave.”

After hearing this, Karen sneered, “Mrs. Whitman? What kind of Mrs. Whitman is she?! Jeremy’s death is all because of her!”

“What? So Mr. Whitman’s death was caused by this Miss Montgomery?” Lana asked knowingly.

As the incident’s initiator, she was feeling delighted.

It was just that her target was Madeline at first. She did not expect that Jeremy would desperately block the bullets for Madeline

with his body.

His actions made her feel bewildered, but she only wanted to capture Jeremy’s heart even more.

Karen took three incense sticks and handed them to Lana. “Miss Johnson, I’m Jeremy’s mother. Go ahead and give your

respects. If she dares hinder you again, I’ll chase her out immediately!”

Lana felt satisfied. She snickered to herself and stretched out her hand to receive the flowers.

Before she could even touch the flowers, her wrist was tightly pinched by Madeline again.

Lana raised her eyes unhappily and saw Madeline glaring at her with cold, hostile eyes.

“When I ask you to leave, you leave.” Although Madeline’s tone was light, her dangerous aura was still flowing out.

Seeing this, Karen immediately came over to defend her. “Eveline, you—”

“Shut up,” Madeline stopped Karen with a shout as she glanced over sullenly. “Remember what Jeremy told you before? You can

dislike your daughter-in-law, but you should at least be respectful and polite!”

“You—”

"I am the one and only wife who Jeremy has had in his life, so I'm his only and veritable Mrs. Whitman. I want this woman to get

out of my house now, no further discussion!"

Madeline swung Lana's hand away and said domineeringly, "Get out!"

Karen was taken aback by Madeline's aura. She did not open her mouth and spoke anything for a while.

Lana held back her dissatisfaction. With gloomy eyes, she said, "Eveline, no woman in this world would dare treat me like this.

I'm telling you, your tragedy right now is only the beginning. I will play with you slowly."

Lana threw down her warning meaningfully, then went away while smoking her cigarette.

Madeline looked at the woman's arrogant back and clenched her fists.

Karen also left with an uncomfortable grunt at Madeline.

Madeline suddenly felt some discomfort in her stomach. It was probably due to anger.

At this moment, Felipe had returned to the living room and was walking toward her. He kindly reminded her, saying, "Lana

Johnson is a very vicious woman. You'd better be careful."

Madeline turned her head and saw the current Felipe. It had been a long time since she last saw his gentle and calm eyes.

Chapter 920

"The yacht shooting incident has nothing to do with you?" Madeline asked directly.

Felipe shook his head. There was no more hostility or concealment in his eyes. "Cathy was right. For so many years, all I've

done is to be jealous of Jeremy—jealous that he lived a better life than me and jealous that he had you by his side. But in fact..."

He sneered sarcastically and glanced at the glass bottle that was hung around his neck. It held a small amount of Cathy's ashes.

"I've done everything I wanted to do, and it's now time to atone for my sins."

Hearing this, Madeline felt a little weirded out. "Felipe, what are you planning to do?"

Felipe only smiled and stroked the cold glass bottle. "Cathy knows what I plan to do."

Madeline did not understand, but she could feel Felipe's deep regret and pain.

"I've transferred all the shares of Whitman Corporation to your name. The lawyer is handling it at the moment. Although I'm

involved in illegal businesses, Whitman Corporation's funds are all clean, and the corporation will be handed over to you afterward."

He solemnly finished his sentence and looked at Madeline. "Eveline, I'm sorry."

After Felipe apologized, he turned around.

"Felipe," Old Master Whitman hurriedly walked over and called out to him.

Felipe stopped his footsteps, his thin back appearing very lonely at the moment.

"Felipe, Jeremy has already left us. You can't leave us as well. Whitman Corporation needs you to manage it."

"Eveline will do a much better job than me. Besides, I still have more important things to do." Felipe replied as such, then

continued walking before turning around.

As he looked at Old Master Whitman's face that was already full of traces of age, his eyes turned warm and he started to feel

guilty.

"Sorry, Uncle. It was my fault that I misunderstood you."

"Why would elders fuss over these things with the youngsters? Felipe, don't go. This place is your home." Old Master Whitman

tried to get him to stay, his eyes filled with sincerity and hopefulness.

Felipe felt even more distressed seeing this. "Uncle's words are enough for me. If there's still a chance, I will definitely return

home."

'Definitely return home.'

He smiled, finally turning away. It was just that while he was looking at the big iron gates of Whitman Manor, his vision became

increasingly blurry...

A few days later, Madeline still could not accept the fact that Jeremy had passed away. However, she was left with no other

option but to face the reality of it all.

Despite Karen's strong opposition, Grandpa still handed over the power of the Whitman family to Madeline.

Madeline wanted to use work to distract her from the pain. In the meantime, she had also instructed Ken to find out the situation

about the incident the other day. After investigating for a period of time, the name Lana Johnson appeared on the report paper.

Lana Johnson.

It was mentioned that a woman with short gray-colored hair was spotted around the coast that day. The features described in the

report were exactly the same as Lana's.

However, Madeline still could not conclude that it was Lana who did it with just this.

This woman obviously admired Jeremy, so how could she be willing to do such a thing to him?

Still, since there were suspicious points remaining, they needed to continue the investigation.

Madeline then received news that Lana had already returned to F Country.

F Country.

Lana's private villa.

That morning, she was in a sexy swimsuit and had swum a few laps in the pool. Afterward, she put on a bath towel and sat

leisurely under a parasol while drinking freshly squeezed

orange juice.

A family doctor in a white coat then hurried to her. "Second Lady, that man has finally woken up!"