

My Ex-Wife's Shocking Secrets By Bernice Delia Chapter 12

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"In view of the behavior of Ms. Faraday and Ms. Yoder just now, we have blacklisted the two ladies."

The manager remained respectful throughout the conversation, but his tone was firm, leaving no room for negotiations.

"What did you say? Do you know who I am? I'm Sebastian's fiancée." Cecilia finally lost it. Instead of her usual gentle expression, her face looked ferocious.

"If you dare to blacklist me, Seb won't agree," she added.

Although the manager had a good temper, he couldn't stand a woman making a scene like this.

"Cecilia." Sebastian's eyes darkened, and his expression turned cold.

Cecilia was shocked. She wondered if she had gone crazy earlier.

"Sebastian, I didn't mean to say that. It's because I'm afraid of embarrassing you," she explained.

"I'll ask someone to drive you home first," the man stated.

Now, Sebastian didn't even want to send her home himself.

Cecilia pursed her lips and breathed a sigh of relief. She thought, "Phew. He still likes me."

"Charlotte, you guys go back together," Sebastian said coldly.

"Is that the man who betrayed you?" Wilson asked. At that moment, the heartless man. Wilson was referring to was striding toward them.

The fruit wine spun in Madeline's mouth for a moment, and the spicy taste exploded in her throat, which was very comfortable.

"To be exact, I dumped him."

The woman curled her red lips and summed it up precisely.

She brought up the divorce and ran away first, so she was the one who dumped Sebastian.

Upon hearing her words, the man who walked to the door was stunned for a moment, and then his face clouded over.

He thought, "Is this how she slanders me in front of other men?"

"He's here." Wilson smiled gently, but it was not a genuine smile, nor did it reach his eyes.

Madeline was confused. When she turned around, her beautiful eyes fell on the man's neat suit.

His shoulders were wide, and his waist was narrow, as she had always liked.

Wilson took a sip of coffee and said, "Mr. Faraday, I've heard a lot about you."

Sebastian looked at Wilson for a moment and said, "You're too humble, Mr. Jennings. You're famous around the world."

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Madeline was tired of listening to the pleasantries. She straightened her waist and smiled wickedly, "Mr. Faraday, are you here to ask for an explanation for your fiancée?"

Sebastian wanted to ask her why she left, but when he saw the two people in front of him enjoying their meal in leisure, he was a little angry.

"Cecilia already has a weak body. You shouldn't have provoked her just now."
Sebastian's tone was cold, mixed with some faint anger.

Madeline's smile faded a bit. "Cecilia is your fiancée. It's up to you if you want to spoil her, but I won't do the same. If she messes with me, she has to pay the price."

Sebastian frowned upon hearing her words. He had a feeling that Madeline had completely changed, and she was a lot more aggressive than before.

"Madeline, things between you and me have nothing to do with Cecilia. Why do you have to get her involved?" Sebastian looked at the girl coldly as she picked up a peeled shrimp and put it in her mouth.

Madeline shook her head regretfully. "You're wrong. There has been no connection between you and me. As for Cecilia... she's asking for it."

Wilson was worried that his little sister would suffer losses, but he seemed to think too much.

Madeline was still as eloquent as ever.

Wilson smiled upon seeing this. Then, he decided to be responsible for peeling shrimp and pouring drinks for his little sister.

Sebastian was stumped.

Madeline's attitude had annoyed him.

"Mr. Faraday, we're going to enjoy our meal. Wilson directly told him to leave.

Sebastian glanced at the girl and said, "Behave yourself. But if you target Cecilia again, don't blame me for being rude to you despite our previous relationship."

Madeline flashed a bitter smile, thinking, "Previous relationship? We've never even slept together."

"Maddie, do you still like him?"

Looking at her sorrowful expression, Wilson felt sorry for her.

“One can’t step in the same river twice, let alone the river that has been polluted *by* other people. I won’t make the same mistake again,” Madeline voiced.

She just felt a little regretful.

After all, how could a smart man like Sebastian be fooled by Cecilia?

Wilson sat next to his little sister and touched her hair dotingly. “It’s okay. I’ll find you a better one later. I have an unmarried colleague.”

Hearing this, Madeline couldn’t help shivering.

A large number of bald boys appeared in her mind.

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Those in Wilson’s industry seemed to go bald from a rather young age, and Wilson was the only exception. He had both intelligence and a thick head of hair.

When the car stopped at the Jennings estate, Wilson’s expression instantly became a little sad.

“Maddie, how about I take you in?” Wilson suggested.

Five years ago, the three brothers had left the Jennings estate, so Wilson felt it was a little inappropriate to go

back.

“No, I can go in by myself.” Now, the atmosphere in the Jennings estate was so murky that Madeline didn’t want Wilson to go in and be put in a dilemma.

After all, Wilson was not related to the Jennings family by blood. Those people would probably spout some nonsense when they saw him.

“Then, call me if you have any problems.” Wilson handed the dessert to her.

Madeline nodded. “Thank you, Wilson.”

Wilson watched his little sister enter the mansion, and his smile suddenly disappeared.

He sent a message in the group chat: [Maddie was badly treated.]

The group immediately exploded again.

Madeline was in a good mood, but her eyes turned red when she saw her parents' memorial plaques thrown in the yard.

"Who did this?"

Madeline's voice was cold as if it came from hell.

"It was Ms. Juliette Jennings. She said she would transform the mausoleum into a greenhouse garden, so she asked us to throw everything in it out," the servant said in a trembling voice.

Madeline carefully picked up the memorial plaques on the ground. Her father's name had been broken in half.

"Juliette!" Madeline shouted through gritted teeth.

Then, she strode to the living room. At this time, Juliette was leisurely eating potato chips. and watching a variety show.

Madeline flipped the couch over with one hand, and Juliette was pressed under it, which made her cry in pain.

Madeline stepped on the back of her cousin's hand and asked, "Did you throw out my parents' memorial plaques?"

"They're dead anyway. What's the use of the memorial plaques? It's better to vacate the room for me as a garden."

Juliette was a stupid person as she was still stubborn at this time.

Madeline stepped on her hand harder. "I'll kill you."

“Ah!” Juliette felt so painful that she almost lost her senses. “Madeline, are you crazy? Let me go.”

“How dare you touch the memorial plaques of your uncle and aunt? I have to end you today.”

However, Madeline wouldn't give Juliette an easy way out. She had to torture the latter.

Madeline pulled out Juliette, who was pressed under the couch, and then kicked her in the calf.

Juliette shouted in a low voice, kneeling on both knees in front of the memorial plaques. “Apologize to them,” Madeline scolded coldly.