Sinner Wife 621

Chapter 621

At that, everyone's gazes fell on the female care worker.

Yvonne's heart thumped, remembering the scene where she had stolen the jewelry box and wallet before running down the

stairs.

She had coincidentally stumbled upon Old Master Whitman who was being pushed out from the guest room on the first floor.

They had locked eyes when they saw each other.

She had been too frantic that very moment to realize that there was a care worker behind Old Master Whitman.

Thinking that she had been seen, Yvonne staggered two steps backward.

"You know who hit me?" Karen asked, pointing at Madeline, "Was it her?"

Displeased by Karen's interrogation method, Jeremy was about to open his mouth when he saw the care worker look at

Madeline while nodding.

"Yes, it was this lady."

Both Madeline and Jeremy showed the same shocked expression at her response.

Winston was stunned and pointed at Madeline. "Are you sure it was this lady?"

The care worker took a closer look at Madeline's face and replied without a doubt, "It's her. This lady has lovely looks, so there's

no way I would mistake her."

The care worker continued to explain. "I was pushing the old master to the courtyard when I heard someone running down the

stairs. When I pushed the old master out the room, I saw this lady standing right there."

She pointed at the spot by the stairs.

Yvonne was dazed as she heard the other speak. She was overwhelmed with joy.

Of course, she saw Madeline about to enter the house when she was trying to run away. She could not believe that by doing so,

Madeline had become her scapegoat.

That was great news!

"You've heard her! I'm not framing her!" Karen grew bold. "She must have first run into my room to steal my accessories and

wallet, then hit me when she was afraid that I would find out. I'd like to see how you're going to object to this, Madeline!"

"Linnie doesn't need to object to anything because she hasn't done what you're accusing her of." Jeremy was adamant about

Madeline's innocence.

Seeing the determination and trust in Jeremy's eyes, Madeline knew he meant his words.

"Have you truly lost your rationality to this woman's charms, Jeremy? She hit your mom and you're still defending her?" Karen

glared venomously at Madeline in her infuriation.

Madeline was unfazed. She turned to ask the care worker, "You said you heard someone run down the stairs, then you saw me

standing there, yes? I'd like to know if you actually saw me hit her."

The care worker frowned. "I didn't, but—"

"No buts." Jeremy interrupted, his words leaving no room for doubt. "If you didn't see Linnie hit her, then the footsteps could very

much belong to someone else."

Winston nodded as well after a moment. "Jeremy and Madeline are right. No one saw Madeline hit you."

Karen was beyond infuriated. "You... You two have gone mad! My head is bleeding and you're still protecting that witch!"

"Don't be angry, Aunty Karen. Take care of your health."

Yvonne comforted her with false affection before turning around to speak to Jeremy in a soft tone.

"There's even a witness pointing at her, Jeremy. Aunty Karen's injured too, you shouldn't—"

"I didn't ask you yet. Why are you here? Who let you in?" Jeremy cut her off coldly.

"I called Yvonne over!" Karen huffed. "Fine, since you're all going to stand on her side, then I'll get justice for me by myself!"

She pulled Yvonne with her. "Come, Yvonne, we're reporting this to the police station!"

Yvonne was startled. Reporting to the police?

"Sounds good. I'm all for making a police report," Madeline spoke openly.

Karen scoffed. "Don't look so proud of yourself, Madeline. Just wait for the police to catch you! Let's go, Yvonne!"

Unable to reject her, Yvonne followed.

Chapter 622

"I'm sure this has nothing to do with you. I believe you," Winston told Madeline sincerely before turning to tell the care worker,

"Don't worry about it. If the police come and ask, just tell them the truth about what you saw."

The care worker gave Madeline and Jeremy a fearful glance before she nodded and left.

Jeremy and Madeline were now alone in the room.

His gaze was warm and confident as he took away the arm he placed around Madeline's shoulder.

"I believe you, Linnie."

Madeline smiled faintly. "I've had my fair share of these 'conclusive evidence' situations, haven't I? I'm probably used to it

already."

Used to it.

Jeremy found the phrase extremely ironic.

She had gotten used to being wronged, which meant she had suffered too many unwarranted slander and charges.

Seeing the pain and regret in Jeremy's eyes, Madeline turned around without a care.

Jeremy did not want to disturb her, nor did he want Madeline to hate him anymore, so he stood quietly as he watched her leave.

...

Madeline spent the rest of the day with the old master until the sky turned dark.

Jeremy left the study now that he was done with work and walked toward the old master's room in hopes to speak to Madeline.

He saw her lying on the study table.

With a book in hand, she had fallen asleep quietly. She was unguarded in a way that reminded him of an innocent child.

'She must be exhausted.'

Jeremy thought to himself caringly as he turned to leave the room. He returned shortly after with a blanket in hand as he

carefully walked toward Madeline and covered her body with it.

Jeremy had intended to leave and not disrupt her any further after placing a blanket on her, but he found himself unable to hold

back as his warm fingertips fell on and massaged the crease of her eyebrows.

His heartbeat slowly turned joyful. He understood the sudden sweetness that washed over him.

However, his heart clenched painfully as his fingertips fell on Madeline's cheek.

Her fair and flawless cheek had been marred with a wretched gash back then when Meredith disfigured her face.

She had been in so much pain, yet he tore the bandage away and mocked about how her wound was fake.

'I'm sorry, Linnie.'

He apologized internally as he leaned down to steal a peck on Madeline's cheek.

The temperature of her face swarmed his heart with warmth.

Like a thief who had stolen something, he immediately fled and pretended as if he never went to the room at all.

Soon after, Madeline woke naturally to find herself covered by a blanket. There was a slightly minty scent. If memory served her

right, that was also how Jeremy smelled like.

Dazed, her phone vibrated in notification of a call from Felipe.

He had already arrived at the villa's gates to fetch Madeline home.

Madeline replied before packing up to leave after seeing that the old master was still serenely asleep.

She closed the room door behind as she left, only to have Jeremy appear before her.

"Are you going back? I can send you if you want."

"No thanks." Madeline rejected curtly. "Felipe's already waiting for me outside."

Madeline turned to leave before Jeremy could even retract the disappointment in his eyes.

Seeing Jeremy walk out with Madeline, Felipe alighted the car to wrap his arms around Madeline. The corners of Felipe's lips

tugged into a smirk as he looked at Jeremy before suddenly leaning down to press a kiss between Madeline's brows.

Chapter 623

Felipe's peck was sudden, and as shocked as Madeline was, she could not help but remember that Jeremy was right behind

them.

Something told her that Felipe kissed her just for Jeremy to see, but she got in the car quietly without commenting on it.

Felipe gave Jeremy, whose expression screamed of frost, a glance from the corner of his eyes as his lips curled into a mocking

smile.

He alighted the car and stepped on the accelerator.

In the passenger seat, Madeline's eyes could not help but stare at the diminishing figure from the rear-view mirror.

Under the moonlight, the heavy loneliness and torment could not be more clear on the man's face.

He was evidently displeased, but he was also suppressing it.

Madeline thought Felipe would send her back to Montgomery Manor, but the car had instead stopped at a single villa in the

outskirts of town.

As far as she could remember, she had never spent the night here before.

Felipe brought Madeline to her designated room and had the maids bring her amenities and sleepwear.

"You must be exhausted after taking care of that old master the entire day. Go take a bath." Felipe instructed softly as he patted

Madeline's long hair. "Did Jeremy do anything to you?"

Madeline shook her head. "I don't think he'd dare."

"That's good, then." Felipe smiled faintly. "Go take a bath."

He turned and left, closing Madeline's door behind him.

The warm smile on his face vanished the moment he closed the door.

Ever since Madeline had woken up after that day by the sea and he took Madeline from Jeremy's arms, he could feel that

something in Madeline changed.

He had no idea what happened between the two of them on the island during those two days, but Madeline's treatment of

Jeremy seemed to be different now.

In the quiet of the night.

Jeremy sat awake in Old Master Whitman's room with the blanket he had placed over Madeline's shoulders in his hands.

Yearning, he brought it to his nose and found that it still smelled faintly of Madeline's perfume.

However, the memory of Felipe turning Madeline away and kissing her forehead pierced into his heart like a needle.

He could not bear to imagine if Madeline was spending time alone with Felipe, or if they were getting intimate.

The more he thought, the more breathing seemed like a chore. His heart thumped suffocatingly in his chest.

Jeremy quickly pushed the thoughts away. Glancing at the sleeping old master, he then left the room quietly...

...

At the rural villa.

Coming out of the bath, Madeline video called Jackson with her phone. Her finger had accidentally tapped on the gallery when

she put it down and an unfamiliar image popped up in her line of vision.

The teal sea blended in with the azure sky as she squatted by the beach. Her eyes were bent into crescent moons as she smiled

and held the bookmark in her hands.

The scene was beautiful, and the angle made her look stunning.

However, was this not the scene of her strolling by the beach the morning before she left the island?

Had Jeremy taken a picture with her phone?

Why would he take such a picture?

Now that she thought about it, she remembered Jeremy's lovesick-like behavior that day.

'Is that love?

'Would love drive a person to do such a thing?'

Madeline was deep in thought when the light knocks on the door brought her out of it.

Chapter 624

Putting her phone down, she turned to open the door.

Meeting her eyes was Felipe's lithe figure in front of her.

Donned in a loose-fitting white sleeping robe, the man's alluring clavicles could vaguely be seen through the thin material.

Madeline felt inexplicably uncomfortable to see Felipe in such a sight even though she had not felt the slightest discomfort when

she took off Jeremy's shirt previously. The upper half of his body was even revealed when she dressed his wounds.

"Did you come to say goodnight, Felipe?" She smiled, reining back her wandering thoughts.

Felipe smiled lightly and walked in.

Madeline was left with no choice but to let go of the door handle, which Felipe took and used to close the door behind him as he

entered.

The sound of the door closing fueled Madeline's unease.

"Is there something you want to talk to me about, Felipe?" Madeline gave a small smile, standing by the door.

Felipe turned around. Reading the guarded look in Madeline's glossy eyes, his lips quirked as he walked toward her and

grabbed her hand.

"Vera, or perhaps I should call you Eveline, considering that's your birth name." Felipe's tone was gentle as it drifted to her ears

like the soft evening summer breeze, while a slender finger reached out to tug wisps of her hair behind her ear.

"I swore to myself the moment you almost died on the operating table because of Jeremy and Meredith that I would never let

anything harm you again."

The walls in Madeline's eyes slowly gave away, leaving gratefulness in their wake.

"Thank you, Felipe. You saved me once back then, and you saved me again when I fell into the sea. I would've died had it not

been for you."

"I won't let anything happen to you." Felipe's gaze was deep. "I promised myself ever since we met by the seaside on April Hill,

and I promised you as well that I'd protect you forever."

Madeline lifted her sparkling eyes at his words to take in every detail on the man's face.

The familiar sharp bows and starlit eyes bore warmth, yet her mind seemed to supply her with Jeremy's appearance instead.

Before she could think deeper into it, she found herself pulled into Felipe's arms.

The man had a cooling fragrance to him, faint, but rather enchanting.

Madeline's heart raced.

Felipe's thin lips tilted into a provocative angle as he looked down at the dazed woman in his arms.

"Eveline."

"Hmm?"

Madeline looked up confusedly, meeting Felipe's deep gaze head-on.

His gaze pressed down on her as his attractive appearance seemed to grow closer.

Stunned, Madeline closed her eyes frantically as Felipe's lips seemed to be moments away from her own.

Felipe halted before finally placing his lips on Madeline's forehead instead.

While he could tell that Madeline had yet to fully accept him, he had also been waiting too long for this day.

Madeline was about to make an excuse to exit Felipe's embrace when he suddenly held her by the waist and settled her on the

bed.

He held her in his arms before Madeline could react and escape. Then, he leaned his face toward her and placed a warm palm

on her cheek.

"Eveline," he called out her name softly. "I know you can't remember how happy we used to be back in F Country, but that's

alright. I'll help you remember."

Felipe's voice was low, and in the dead of the night, it wafted to Madeline's ears while dripping with bewitchment.

She looked up to find the distance between them closing, and her heart thumped in her chest.

However, Madeline found that the racing tempo in her chest was hardly due to attraction but rather fear and unease.

Felipe placed his lips between her brows as his slender fingers fell on the buttons of her sleepwear, unbuttoning them slowly...

Chapter 625

With the outer layer of her sleepwear opened, cold settled in.

As bewitching was the aura Felipe oozed, Madeline's mind was very clear.

She grabbed Felipe's hovering palm and curtly rejected. "I'm sorry, Felipe, but I don't think I'm ready yet."

Madeline fled decisively from Felipe's arms.

Madeline found it much easier to breathe now that distance had been restored between them.

Reining his displeasure in, Felipe got up and apologized. "I'm sorry, Eveline. I've overstepped."

Madeline shook her head. "It's not your fault, it's mine. I'm sorry I can't remember what happened and the feelings I once had for

you back then. That's why I..."

"It's alright." Felipe comforted her with a smile. "Don't force yourself, you'll remember it one day."

"Thank you, Felipe."

"You don't need to thank me, silly. While we haven't gotten registered, we've already had our wedding ceremony and as far as

my heart is concerned, you're my wife."

Felipe walked over to hug Madeline and run his fingers through her silky locks. "Don't think too much and get some rest."

"You too."

Felipe nodded lightly. "Goodnight."

He smiled and turned, but by the time he left Madeline's room, all traces of the smile had vanished from his face.

While Madeline's rejection did not mean she still harbored feelings for Jeremy, it was enough proof that she did not harbor them

for him.

A fierce look flashed through his eyes before they reverted to being warm and gentle.

'Eveline.

'You will fall for me. I'll make sure of it.

'It's a decision I made ever since the moment I saw you.'

...

The night passed.

Jeremy had not slept the entire night for all he could think of was the kiss Felipe gave Madeline before they left.

His mind refused to calm until Madeline returned the next morning.

Hiding the worry and concern in his heart, he smiled at Madeline as if nothing was wrong. "You're here, Linnie. Grandfather just

called for you."

Madeline looked up. "Did Grandfather say anything else?"

Jeremy shook his head. "That's all he said."

Madeline's heart shook. She could only imagine how much the old master cared about her to have her name constantly on his

lips at such a time.

Yvonne was at the villa as well with the excuse to look after Karen.

While she had breakfast with Karen in the dining room, she overheard Madeline and Jeremy's conversation.

She was relieved to know that the only thing Old Master Whitman could say was 'Madeline'.

She had already taken the jewelry and the wallet.

While she had yet to touch the jewelry, she already spent the little cash she found in the wallet at a bar last night. The only thing

interesting about the night was that she had met a man, a man who...

Bang!

Karen suddenly slammed the chopsticks on the table, snapping Yvonne out of her own thoughts. She turned her head and found

Karen glaring at Madeline.

"Hmph. How could you be so shameless?! You hit me and stole my money, but you still have the galls to march in here like you

own the place?"

"Don't be too loud, Aunty Karen. We don't want to irk Jeremy in case he hears us." Yvonne reminded her with mock kindness.

However, her words only managed to fuel Karen's fury.

"So what if he hears? I'm the victim here. Are you telling me I have to keep quiet when the culprit is standing in front of me?"

Karen threw her cutlery down and marched furiously toward Madeline.

"Jeremy isn't your husband anymore, Madeline. You have nothing to do with the Whitman family, so why do you still come here

every day? To make my life difficult by being an eyesore?"

Madeline turned back and smiled. "You're very welcome to turn and look the other way if you think I'm an eyesore."

Chapter 626

"This is my house! Why do I have to hide from you?" Karen argued.

"I didn't do anything wrong, so why do I have to hide?" Madeline fired back.

"You..."

"This is Linnie's house. She can come and go as she wishes. Stop causing trouble." Jeremy advised Karen in displeasure.

Karen refused to back down. "You've already gotten divorced, so she's not your wife anymore. How could this be her house?"

Jeremy glanced at an unfazed Madeline before parting his thin lips. "She is. She's legally still my wife."

"What?" Karen and Yvonne were stunned, even Madeline looked shocked.

"Is this the scene of the crime?" Two policemen suddenly appeared, interrupting a confused Madeline.

Karen immediately rushed forward. "Indeed, officers. I'm the victim, and I suspect this woman!" She pointed at Madeline. "She

was the one who hit me. She even stole my wallet and jewelry. Arrest her!"

Rage tinted Jeremy's frown.

The two officers gave Madeline a look. "Madeline Crawford?"

Madeline replied calmly, "My birth name is Eveline Montgomery. Madeline Crawford is just the name I used to have."

The police nodded. "Please follow us to the station to record a statement later."

"Of course."

"Hmph." Karen scoffed. "I'd like to see how long more you're going to pretend!"

Yvonne smirked behind Karen, impatiently waiting for Madeline to be charged.

With Madeline facing charges, she would be able to walk free.

The policemen followed Karen to the scene of the crime and so did Yvonne. Walking toward the staircase, they were met with

the care worker pushing Old Master Whitman from his room.

"Made...line..." Old Master Whitman called for her.

Yvonne's footsteps halted.

Even though the old man had difficulty pronouncing the words and could only do it slowly, they were still clear and far from

muffled!

Yvonne never expected Old Master Whitman to suddenly turn to her and utter 'Vonne'.

Yvonne felt endangered.

The old man had healed enough to speak now?

She had even confessed about being the one who poisoned the tea cakes quite a few times when she hit and scolded the old

master.

If the old man could speak, did that not mean she was screwed?

Uneasy, Yvonne walked up the stairs.

Madeline approached Old Master Whitman and leaned down with a smile. "Floor? There's no more blood on the floor,

Grandfather. It's already been wiped off. How about we spend some time under the sun instead?"

"Made...line..."

"I'm right here."

"Vonne..." The old master then turned to look in Yvonne's direction.

Yvonne immediately dashed up the stairs.

Moments later, after the police had recorded everything there was of the scene, they brought Madeline to the station with Jeremy

following them.

Karen scoffed. "Hmph. This is what you get for hitting me!"

"Aunty Karen, what if there isn't enough evidence and Madeline leaves the station acquitted?"

Karen turned to glare at Yvonne. "In her dreams! I'll make her life a living hell for making me bleed!"

"…" Yvonne gulped.

Turning around to find Old Master Whitman glaring at her, Yvonne clenched her fists quietly.

She would do anything to prevent Karen from knowing that she was the true culprit, even if it meant shutting Old Master

Whitman up for good! After all, he was the only person who knew the truth.

Yvonne glared at Old Master Whitman with a sinister smile. She would act tonight.

Chapter 627

With her statement recorded, Madeline left the station to find Jeremy waiting for her by the door.

He was standing under the sun with his eyes closed. The man seemed like he was deep in thought.

The fair complexion of his cheeks held a youthful tint.

A similar scene suddenly flashed through Madeline's mind, as if she too had stared at Jeremy from afar years ago.

She tried to think deeper about it, but that only resulted in a headache.

She knew that it was most likely the sequelae of the car crash.

Perhaps only when she had recalled all her memories would the pain subside.

Madeline walked toward him, realizing that Jeremy was looking down at the wedding ring on his left ring finger.

The corners of the man's eyes were filled with adoration as his lips curled mirthfully.

Not too long ago, Jermey had claimed with certainty that she was legally his wife. Curious, Madeline asked, "We've already

signed the divorce papers long ago, so why did you say that I'm your legal wife?"

Jeremy heard her question when he was rifling through scenes of the past, back when Madeline was still in love with him. He

pulled his thoughts back. He then looked up and locked gazes with her.

"Did Felipe tell you that? That we're divorced?"

"Just answer the question." Madeline turned her face away coldly.

Jeremy gave a bitter chuckle. "We did indeed sign the papers, but since we haven't registered it in the town office, we're

technically still married."

Madeline saw relief and joy surface in Jeremy's expression as he replied.

He seemed to be elated about the fact that she was legally still his woman.

However, Madeline was quick to pop Jeremy's little joyous bubble. "We'll register it at the town office two days later when the

actual person who hurt your mother gets convicted."

Jeremy's smile vanished, and his heart felt as if it had been pierced with an icy sword.

Her curt and cold reply had chilled his heart.

Although, Jeremy seemed to have caught on to something in Madeline's reply. "You know who the true culprit is, Linnie?"

Madeline glanced back at him. "Your wonderful mother is the only one who doesn't."

With that, she turned elegantly to hail a ride when a sports car sped over toward her just as she walked to the road.

A gust of wind brushed past the second before Madeline could be hit, and the familiar cool scent engulfed her.

Jeremy pulled Madeline into his arms, albeit he had used too much strength due to his concern. Madeline lost her center of

gravity, and the two rolled onto the asphalt.

Jeremy had a hand over the back of Madeline's head as he held her close to him until they came to a halt.

"Are you alright, Linnie?" Jeremy asked worriedly as his grip loosened slightly.

Madeline's blank but widened and glossy eyes reflected Jeremy's concerned expression.

Her nerves tugged, and her mind flashed with another memory that had been sealed deeply away.

She saw herself standing in the middle of the street as she tried her best to avoid the man who had hurt her thoroughly.

She wanted to die, only to have Jeremy rush toward and pull her into his chest as they rolled to the side of the street as they did

just now.

The man had even warned her, saying, "Madeline, listen to me! Even if you really want to die, you can only die by my hands!"

'Can only die by his hands...'

"Linnie? Linnie!"

Madeline's blank look had Jeremy frightened.

Only after a few calls did Madeline's eyes spark. She was conscious and aware now.

Chapter 628

Taking a good look at Jeremy's gaze, she found it akin to the one from years ago.

It looked like anger when in truth he was scared, afraid, and worried.

Madeline was surprised by her revelation.

"Are you alright, Linnie?" Jeremy asked softly as he helped Madeline up.

"I'm alright." Madeline straightened her shirt. "I'd like to go back and take care of Grandfather."

"I'll bring you there."

"Okay." Madeline did not reject him.

On the way back, Madeline's mind was plagued with Jeremy's frantic gaze that made him look like he was furious.

The car arrived at the villa, and Jeremy's phone rang.

He picked it up, and it seemed like he had pressing matters to attend to.

"I'm going out for a bit, Linnie. Just ignore whatever my mom says." He especially reminded.

Madeline nodded and turned to walk into the house without much of a reply.

Jeremy frowned as he watched Madeline leave, his mind reminding him of her desire to officially divorce him.

It was inevitable.

He had foolishly imagined that he still had a place in her heart when she dressed his wound.

When in truth, her heart did not have a person named Jeremy Whitman anymore.

That was the only reason why she could be so curt and decisive.

He smiled bitterly and turned the car the other way.

Yvonne was happily fantasizing about how she would kill the old master in his sleep tonight so that he would never wake again

when Madeline suddenly walked through the doors.

She immediately went to Karen's side to fan the flames. "Look, Aunty Karen. I just knew that she would be fine with how she had

bewitched Jeremy. He'd definitely defend her!"

Karen was staring at her wound in the mirror, worrying if it would scar, when she heard Yvonne. She was quick to become angry.

She shot up and threw the mirror in her hand at Madeline who was currently ignoring her.

Madeline evaded agilely, and the mirror shattered by her feet with a crash.

She lifted her sharp gaze. "You do know that I can report you for malicious wounding, right?"

"Hahaha!" Karen doubled over as if she had heard the best joke in her life. "How are you shameless enough to talk about suing

me? Let me tell you, Madeline. If this wound of mine scars, I promise you, I'll give you the same scar on your face!"

Yvonne felt as if someone had hit her head twice.

Realizing Jeremy had not come in with Madeline, Yvonne immediately helped scold Madeline, "How could you be so sinister,

Madeline? First, you poisoned the old master. Now you hit Aunty Karen? You're obviously taking revenge! You're trying to kill

them!"

"Don't think you'll get away with this, Madeline! I'll make sure Jeremy sees your true identity. When that happens, you can spend

the rest of your days in jail and never come out!" Karen cursed her harshly.

Madeline's eyes grew cold and her tone frosty. "That's right! So what if I am taking revenge? I can't wait for all of you to die! You

hurt me first!"

She stepped closer to Karen as she spoke, causing the latter to shiver and stagger backward at Madeline's overwhelming aura.

Madeline's eyes were cold as she glared at her. "Oh, how I regret not hitting you harder that day. I should have killed you, then

you wouldn't be bothering me, you eyesore!"

Karen and Yvonne's eyes widened in shock.

'What? Why would Madeline confess to hitting Aunty Karen when I was the one who hit this idiotic and annoying woman?'

Karen's was twitching from frustration. "You... So you're finally admitting to being the one who hit me, huh, Madeline?!"

She pointed a trembling finger at Madeline before suddenly turning to look at the door. "Jeremy! You heard her, Jeremy! She

admitted it!"

Chapter 629

Madeline turned around to see Jeremy standing by the entrance.

While the fact that Jeremy had turned back around shocked her, she ensured that her expression betrayed nothing.

She did not care whether Jeremy had heard the words she said.

"Jeremy! You heard what this woman said, right? She admitted it! She admitted to hitting Aunty Karen! How could she be so

cruel? Even after doing something like that, she still has the galls to act innocent too!" Yvonne took the chance to make Madeline

look bad.

"You can't possibly still believe that she's innocent, right, Jeremy? All it took was a bit of taunting from me and she admitted

everything! How can she be so wicked?" Furious flames flared in Karen's eyes.

Jeremy stared at a poised Madeline and slowly walked over.

His gaze dimmed with every step, the look on his face turning into disappointment.

"I can't believe that it really was you, Linnie." He seemed to have believed her.

Karen's expression bloomed into a relieved smile at Jeremy's sigh.

Yvonne was ecstatic now that Jeremy would no longer defend Madeline!

Even if Madeline's confession was purely fury-driven, as long as Jeremy believed that Madeline was the one who hurt Karen,

then that would be the final truth.

In the end, all she had to do was ensure that Old Master Whitman would never speak again. If Yvonne succeeded, she would be

able to walk free!

Elated, she looked up to see Jeremy frowning at Madeline with his peach-blossom eyes that were filled with disappointment.

What a wonderful turn of events!

"Answer me, Linnie. Was it really you?" Jeremy asked again, refusing to believe that she did it.

Madeline responded with an indifferent glance, "So what if I did? You've already called the police, didn't you? Arrest me if you

have evidence."

"You... Madeline Crawford, have you no sense of self-preservation at all?" Karen was infuriated.

Yvonne pretended to comfort her, saying, "Don't be angry, Aunty Karen. People like her will be punished sooner or later!"

"Shut it." Jeremy shot back at Yvonne, his gaze still lingering on Madeline. "Why would you do such a thing, Linnie?"

Madeline scoffed. "Why? Are you honestly asking me 'why' now?"

She fired back sarcastically as she walked toward Jeremy, her emotionless eyes sharpening instantly.

"Ask yourself and your gracious mother how have you guys treated me in the past, hmm? What is the speck of blood she bled

today in comparison to the blood that poured out of my wounds back then?

"So what if her forehead scars? You lot played an indirect role in the disfigurement of my face as well. How do you want to

account for that?"

Madeline questioned as her sharp gaze fell on Karen's face.

"What do you have to complain about when you didn't even take responsibility for the time you pushed me onto the floor? My

forehead bled when it hit the corner of the coffee table and you didn't even apologize. Not even once!"

"..." Karen's initial confidence to yell back at Madeline shrunk. "You... So you did do it for revenge, Madeline Crawford! You were

the one who hit me!"

"So what if I did? Are you telling me you've never hit me? Who are you to accuse me?"

"..." Karen had nothing to retort. Her expression flashed from anger to humiliation as she ordered Yvonne, "Call the police,

Yvonne! Call the police! This woman has admitted to everything!"

Yvonne immediately obliged, unable to wait for Madeline to be locked behind bars. The fact that Jeremy did not stop her only

elated her mood.

The police arrived shortly with Karen and Yvonne both accusing Madeline.

Before the police's questioning, Madeline admitted calmly, "Indeed, those were my words."

"Please follow us to the police station for an investigation. We'll let you go accordingly if we conclude that you're innocent."

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"Alright."

Madeline followed behind the police officers in a dignified manner.

Brushing past Jeremy, she halted and questioned ironically, "This is your unbridled trust?"

The corner of her lips quirked prettily as she chuckled. The sight of her blossoming smile was reflected in Jeremy's eyes. It

reminded him of a blooming rose—beautiful, casual, and perhaps extraverted in its own way.

Yvonne's eyes swam secretly with mirth as she watched the police bring Madeline away in their car.

Karen reverted to her energetic self as if the dark clouds had lifted. When she turned to see Jeremy making the move to leave,

she immediately ran up to stop him.

"Now do you see her true colors, Jeremy? You can't possibly yearn for such a woman, right? So what if we've framed and hurt

her in the past? The Whitman family doesn't owe her anything. She deserved it!"

The fact that she truly believed herself not to have done any wrong had Jermey's brows knitting tightly.

Not wishing to deal with Karen, Jeremy walked away again.

"Where are you going, Jeremy? You can't possibly still be wanting to defend this woman?!"

"I want to be alone," he stated coldly and left without looking back.

In fear of angering Jeremy, Yvonne made sure to cozy up to Karen now that he had left. "Don't be angry, Aunty Karen. Jeremy

loves Madeline, so it makes sense that he would be upset now. Let's just leave him be for a while."

Karen huffed but held her tongue.

Madeline was brought to the police station, and Jeremy had not returned home ever since.

Yvonne made up an excuse of wanting to accompany Karen, so she stayed the night.

When the care worker wheeled Old Master Whitman to the dining table for dinner, Yvonne looked up to see the old master's

scornful gaze drilling into her.

She reciprocated with a glare. 'Just wait until I send you off for good tonight, old man!'

The old master glared back indignantly before parting his lips. "Made...line..."

He uttered Madeline's name clearly albeit with difficulty.

His enunciation was getting clearer by the day. This old man had to go as soon as possible!

Yvonne was deep in thought when Karen's displeased voice shot out. "Stop calling for Madeline left and right, Old Master. The

b*tch has already been taken away by the police. She even admitted that she was the one who hit my head! She stole my

valuables too. I'll make sure she never gets out of jail!"

The old master's expression changed drastically at that. "Not..."

He forced the words out with difficulty and hard work. "Not... Madeline!"

Yvonne's heart skipped a beat in fear that the old master would continue to force his words out, so she got the care worker to

immediately bring the old master away.

Karen did not care, and with neither Jeremy nor Winston at home, she had nothing to fear.

After dinner, Yvonne waited patiently until the dead of the night when she dressed herself in the same clothes she had worn to

the nursing home when she pretended to be Madeline. With both the wig and the mask, Madeline would be the one charged

even if she were found out.

Having been seen last time on the cameras, Yvonne made sure to keep the lights off as she tiptoed into the old master's room.

Ensuring that the old master was fast asleep and snoring on the bed, she took a pillow and covered the old master's face with it.

"Die, old man! I'd like to see how you're going to talk when you're dead!"

She smirked sinisterly and pushed harder.

Just then, the lights were switched on!