

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife chapter 601-610

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Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 601

"Linnie! Linnie!"

Amid the confusion, Madeline heard someone anxiously calling out to her.

She tried her very best to open her eyes but her efforts ended up fruitless.

After passing out, Madeline began her long dream.

At a snowy area, she dreamed that she was drowning in an icy cold pond. She could not swim and struggled to climb up the shore. Jeremy was there, standing at the edge of the river.

He stood tall and mighty. There was an ignorant smile plastered across his charming looks.

She screamed, "Save me, Jeremy!"

The man did not move an inch and even cast a disdainful look at her.

The slim ray of hope that Madeline was holding onto vanished bit by bit as she continued to sink deeper into the cold pond.

Facing such a desperate situation, she saw Meredith hugging Jeremy. They were both being affectionate in front of her.

Madeline felt her heart sink straight down into the bottom of the lake. At that moment, she could vividly

hear Jeremy's stony comment. "Listen up, Madeline. I've never liked you, not even the slightest, let alone love you.

"Not even the slightest..."

His deep and attractive voice was like a demon pestering about Madeline's ears.

Suddenly, Madeline's eyes opened.

She got up, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath. It was then she realized it was all just a dream.

However, the dream seemed so real to a point where she could even feel a slight pinch in her heart.

'Is that the memory I lost after the car accident?' Madeline thought to herself.

The sound of a door opening was heard suddenly. Madeline turned to face the source of the sound and glanced at Jeremy's towering silhouette.

The anxiety in his expression faded when he saw Madeline awake.

"You're awake, Linnie." Jeremy greeted her with a smile as he strolled to the bedside, holding onto Madeline's hand. "Linnie, why are your hands so cold? Are you not feeling well?"

Madeline looked at Jeremy silently. As she kept staring at him, the spark of hatred slowly lighted within her orbs.

She retrieved her hands back forcefully and scanned the man before her, feeling disgusted. "Quit the act,

Jeremy. Do you think I'm not aware of what you're up to?"

Jeremy's hands hovered in the air as he looked into Madeline's indifferent face, not speaking a word.

Madeline removed the blanket and got down from the bed. She put up her guard and stared at him with a hateful look. "Your lover has been sentenced to death. You wish to avenge her, and you want to vent it out on me by torturing me, right?"

All of a sudden, Jeremy was stunned when faced with Madeline's doubt.

He did not wish to defend himself, so he let out a smile instead. His expression was calm as he said, "I know that no matter what I say, you'll never believe that I really love you. I've prepared a set of daily necessities. Go get yourself cleaned up. I'll go prepare something for you to eat."

Then, he spun around and left.

Madeline quickly caught up to him. "What do you mean by that, Jeremy?"

Eventually, he came to a stop, turned to his side, and replied with a smile still plastered on his face, "Don't be afraid. I won't harm you."

"Jeremy, you—"

"I'll be back in just a moment."

He then exited the room and closed the door shut.

Madeline could faintly hear the lock of the door turning. She ran to the door and noticed that she had been locked inside.

“Open up, Jeremy! Are you thinking of locking me up in here to torture me? Where’s Jack, Jeremy? Where did you bring him to? Jeremy!”

Madeline kicked on the door with all her might, but there was no reply.

She bit her lip, turned around, and scanned the surroundings.

‘This place looks unfamiliar. Where is this anyway?’

She spotted a balcony not far away and ran to it.

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She opened the ceiling-to-floor window and a chilling breeze struck her, blowing her long hair.

She looked toward the endless ocean and the golden sun that was shining right on the surface of the ocean. As the wind passed, waves formed on the ocean. The branches of the palm trees beside started waving as well.

‘What a nice scenery.

‘But where is this place?’

Madeline thought hard, trying her best to recall whether she had been to this place, but nothing struck her mind.

Then, Jeremy returned.

He was holding onto a bowl of seafood noodles and a glass of warm water. His stunning face remained wearing a smile.

He spoke when he saw Madeline not moving at all on the balcony, "Have something to eat, Linnie."

Madeline remained motionless until some time when she tilted her head and put on a sharp expression.

"What are you plotting at, Jeremy? Do you want to lock me in here and torture me to death?"

Previously, Jeremy would never come to realize how heartbreaking it was to have a loved one cast such a malicious expression. At that moment, he finally experienced it firsthand.

"I won't harm you. I just want to be with you. I don't wish for you to leave me." He expressed his feelings with a gentle tone and smile.

"Come and have something to eat. You must be hungry after sleeping for the entire day. Even if you hate me, please eat up before continuing to hate me."

He placed the bowl of seafood noodles and the glass of water on the table beside the ceiling-to-floor window.

Madeline stared at the bowl of seafood noodles and the glass of water scornfully. Then, she lifted her hand and swiped it all to the floor.

The ceramics broke into pieces and Jeremy also felt something in him tearing apart as well.

"I'll never eat any food prepared by you, Jeremy. I don't want to see you. Didn't you say you love me? Then, please listen carefully. I don't love you, not even the slightest!"

Jeremy felt his heart aching.

He found that comment rather familiar. After giving it some thought, he remembered back when he forced Madeline to sign the divorce documents, he had also blurted similar comments.

Currently, those words were directed back to him and it was many times more hurtful.

"Get lost, I don't want to see you!" Madeline chased him away, disgusted. "Don't ever treat me like that Madeline who was madly in love with you. Right now, the only thing I have for you is hatred!"

Jeremy was not infuriated when he faced Madeline's roar. He let out a smile instead.

"I'll prepare other things for you if you don't like the noodles."

Madeline felt something was off about Jeremy.

He left, and soon after, he returned to the room with another dish.

Madeline slammed the dish right to the floor as well without even tasting it.

Jeremy cleaned up the mess and brought in some fruits and desserts. He was patient and tried to get on Madeline's good side. He was acting very stubborn as though he was obsessed.

Madeline was locked up in the room for the whole day, not eating and drinking at all.

The sunset and the beach revealed a stunning scene, but Madeline was not in the mood to enjoy it...

At that moment, Jeremy came in with another dish he had prepared for her.

Madeline glanced at the fruit knife on the fruit plate and came up with a foul idea.

She picked up the fruit knife sneakily and hid it in her pocket as she just looked at Jeremy who was inching closer to her.

Seeing Madeline remaining all cold while ignoring him, Jeremy lowered his gaze. A surge of determination coursed through him.

He held onto the bowl, placed a few dishes in, and fed Madeline like a child by delivering a spoonful of rice straight into Madeline's mouth.

"Be a good girl, Madeline. Eat something."

Madeline frowned and slapped the bowl away from Jeremy's hand.

"I won't eat your food! Give up already!" She was still being determined as well.

Seeing Jeremy turning around to get another bowl of rice, she grasped the fruit knife and placed it at his chest. "Let me go, Jeremy, or I'll kill you!"

A sharp and glittering knife was directed at Jeremy's chest.

Jeremy lowered his bushy eyelashes to look down, then a spellbinding smile appeared on his face as he lifted his eyes.

He was staring at Madeline's beautiful orbs which were giving out a courageous and extraordinary vibe.

It seemed that she was serious about it and was not just trying to scare Jeremy.

However, Jeremy was serious as well.

"Linnie," he called out to her softly. He did not back off but inched forward instead. The sharp edge of the knife was now buried deep into his clothes.

Madeline was dumbfounded as she never expected Jeremy to take the initiative to come closer against the knife.

At the same time, he was still smiling at her.

"Linnie, I know that you've forgotten everything in the past, but it doesn't matter because I still remember them," he said with a smile, his eyes fixed on her.

"That year when it was snowing heavily, I did a very inhumane thing. I exhumed your grandfather's tomb and even threatened you with his ashes. That time, you clenched your teeth so hard that you started bleeding. You told me courageously, 'Jeremy, I'll kill you one day if you don't kill me today.'"

He repeated what Madeline had told him in the past. A ray of warm sunlight shone through the window, but he could still feel the coldness deep in his heart.

Madeline could not recall ever saying such a thing to Jeremy, but she somehow sensed that she must have really hated him.

She held onto the fruit knife even tighter, her eyes brewing with hatred.

Jeremy caught sight of the hatred that was oozing off from her gaze. He gently raised his hand and grabbed onto the fruit knife in Madeline's hands before saying lazily in a soft tone, "Say, Linnie, what should I do to gain your forgiveness? Or is it that no matter what I do, you'll never forgive me?"

"Yup, you're absolutely right! I'll never forgive you, Jeremy, regardless of what you do!"

As Madeline spouted out those words, all of Jeremy's hopes were drowned by a sense of hopelessness.

"Jeremy, even if what you're saying now is true and even if you really love me, it's all too late. Let me tell you this, I don't love you. All my love is for Felipe. I even gave birth to his daughter. He's the one who's been treating me sincerely. He's the man who will bring me happiness!"

"No, you don't love him." Jeremy denied it. "Lilian is our daughter, not yours and Felipe's. He's cheating you. Linnie, don't trust him."

"So you're saying I should trust you instead? I should put all my trust in a demon who once nearly sent me all the way down to hell?!"

Every word she spoke pierced through his eardrum as though a fine needle was prickling his heart.

Jeremy was stunned as he looked at the pair of orbs that were brewing with strong hatred. He was absent-minded.

“You know what, Jeremy? Even though I’ve lost my memories and I can’t recall those cruel things you’ve done to me in the past, I can still somehow feel the painful feeling from time to time!

“Even in my dreams, your cold-hearted temperament felt so real and made me disappointed!

“I can’t deny the fact that I used to love you sincerely, but I believe that after being hurt by you, I’ve opened up my eyes and realized what I’ve done wrong. That’s why I only have hatred against you, to the point I wish for your death!”

As soon as Madeline was done talking, Jeremy grabbed onto the fruit knife in her hands and stabbed it into his chest forcefully.

The knife pierced through his flesh. It was soundless, but weirdly enough, Madeline could hear an ear-piercing sound. It was as if the sound was amplified in her ears, making it extremely painful.

Fresh, red blood flowed down the knife. It was as if a gorgeous rose was blooming on Jeremy’s clean, white shirt, except that the color of the so-called flower grew darker as it grew bigger.

Madeline stared at the wound where blood was pouring out with a blank stare. She could feel that the wound hidden somewhere deep in her heart was bleeding out and it was painful as well.

That feeling was unbearable.

She removed Jeremy’s hands with effort, and the fruit knife that was stained with blood dropped to the floor with a thud.

‘Is he out of his mind?’

‘Is he really crazy?’

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"Jeremy, I don't give a crap if you want to die, but just don't dirty my hands." Madeline stared at him, and all of a sudden, her heart rate increased.

She thought that she would be happy to hear that someone who she hated with all that she had wanted to die, but at that moment, she felt strangely uncomfortable.

Seeing that the bloodstain on Jeremy's white shirt was growing in size, tears suddenly came to her eyes. She felt uncertain and pushed him away anxiously. "Scram, Jeremy, get out of here! Even if you die in front of me, I will never forgive you!"

She pushed him away forcefully, but Jeremy stood firm. She was unable to move him no matter how hard she tried.

"Jeremy, get out! If you don't leave, I will!"

Madeline rushed toward the door, and just as she passed by him, Jeremy hugged her tightly from behind.

"Linnie, don't go."

"Let go of me!"

"No, I won't let go. If I do, you'll leave and disappear from my life forever."

Jeremy seemed to be talking to himself. His warm breath warmed Madeline's ear.

Madeline thought that Jeremy was going a little crazy.

He was holding her so tightly that she could not break free. Through her skin-tight top, she could feel the wet and sticky liquid from his body. It was Jeremy's blood.

When she thought of that, she felt a sense of fear that she knew she could not ignore.

"Jeremy, let go of me. I promise I won't leave."

"You will leave, and you'll never come back again." He was acting stubborn and a little childish.

Madeline took a deep breath and said, "I said I won't leave, so let go of me. Jeremy, if you really love me, you won't keep upsetting me like this."

When he heard that, Jeremy seemed to realize something and hurriedly released his grip on Madeline.

He was in the wrong again?

Yes, he was.

He thought of the Madeline who he knew years ago. She had loved him and admired him. She was always silent and never did things that made him unhappy.

What about him?

Crack.

Jeremy regained his senses when he heard the sound of the door opening. He looked over and realized that Madeline had left the room.

He sat down on the chair dejectedly, allowing his blood to flow. It seemed like he had lost his mind. Tears filled his eyes.

‘If you really love someone, you should give her freedom and protect her instead of forcing it on her. Jeremy Whitman, don’t you get it? Why do you keep making her angry?’

He looked at the door that was wide open and laughed.

‘Linnie, if this is what you want, I won’t force my love on you. Do whatever makes you happy and just think of me as a good-for-nothing.’

He closed his eyes and choked on his tears. His tears were overflowing from the corners of his eyes.

He never thought that he was an emotional person, but here he was, tears welling from deep inside as they coursed down his cheeks.

Just as he thought that Madeline had left, he heard footsteps approaching.

Jeremy opened his eyes and through his blurry vision, he saw that Madeline had come back with a first aid kit.

“Linnie?” He could not believe it. He had to do a double-take to make sure that it was her.

Jeremy’s heart jumped with joy. He reached out his hand and held Madeline’s warm and soft hand tightly.

“Linnie!”

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Madeline rolled her eyes and said coldly, “Let go of me or I’ll leave right this minute.”

Jeremy hurriedly let go of his grip on her.

Madeline kept quiet and took out the disinfectant and wound dressing from the first aid kit. She then unbuttoned Jeremy’s shirt.

His well-defined chest presented itself to her. Unlike other men who were more tanned, Jeremy was fair.

This also created a stark contrast between his skin and the blood on his chest, making it look more glaring.

Although the cut was not deep, it was still of concern. Madeline used the disinfectant-soaked cotton to wipe off the blood on his wound. Then, he picked up the sterile gauze dressing and pressed it onto the wound. Lastly, she secured it with sticky tape.

Jeremy kept quiet and just stared at Madeline with a blank expression.

She was very close in proximity. Her gentle and beautiful face was deeply ingrained through the windows of his soul—his eyes.

Her slender eyebrows, her soft lips, and her dainty nose were all perfect.

Jeremy's gaze became softer and softer. He involuntarily lowered his head slightly as he greedily sniffed the fragrance from her hair.

He thought to himself, 'How could I ever have hurt such a beautiful woman?'

He suddenly felt that he was a despicable man. How could he ask for Madeline's forgiveness, and how was she ever going to forgive such an evil man such as himself?

"Linnie..."

"If you don't want the wound to be infected, pay attention to it." Madeline interrupted Jeremy with an indifferent tone, then got up after packing the first aid kit.

Seeing that she was about to leave, Jeremy did not force her to stay.

He did not want to wrong her again.

He thought that Madeline would have found an excuse to leave, but she stayed beside him.

"It's too late now. I'll leave at dawn tomorrow. If you force me to stay here, I will only hate you even more."

After she said these words to him, she turned and went downstairs.

Jeremy sat in the same place with a lost expression. He looked down at the wound on his chest and stroked it while smiling slightly.

'Linnie, you still care for me.'

Madeline went to the kitchen downstairs and made some food to fill her growling stomach.

She then went outside for a walk and found out that the villa was actually on an island.

There were also several villas of different styles nearby. They looked like holiday houses used by rich people for the summer holidays.

Madeline thought that the villa where Jeremy was trapping her in was one of his many properties.

She had heard that Whitman Corporation was no longer under his name. She thought that he would be broke.

However, it seemed that this man was not as desolate as what she had heard through the grapevine.

Jeremy stayed in the room in a daze. Before he knew it, it was dark outside. It was so quiet that he could only hear the rustling sounds of the palm trees.

His thoughts were interrupted when he heard the familiar footsteps. He looked up and saw Madeline come into the room while holding a bowl of noodles.

"I've told you previously that I don't want anything to do with you. I don't want to owe you anything, nor do I want you in my life moving forward," Madeline said in an indifferent tone as she put down the bowl of noodles. She then turned around and was ready to leave.

"Linnie."

Jeremy hurriedly stopped her.

His tone was anxious as if there were a thousand words that he wanted to say to her, but in the end, he blurted out just two words.

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"Thank you."

Madeline paused when she heard that. Then, she walked off.

Jeremy's eyes were gentle as he looked at Madeline as she left. He ate the noodles with a heart filled with joy.

Both of them had not eaten anything for the entire day.

At that moment, he was extremely happy eating the bowl of noodles that was prepared by her.

...

Eloise and Sean were worried sick when they found out that Madeline had gotten into the car with Jeremy. Madeline was last seen at the entrance of the kindergarten.

They could not get in touch with Jeremy nor Madeline. They also could not find out where Jeremy took Madeline.

Jackson sat on the sofa obediently. He looked at them with his bemused and innocent eyes, asking, "Grandpa and Granny, Daddy said that he'll take me to the playground with Mommy. Where are they?"

Eloise hurriedly wheedled him with a smile on her face. “Jack, your parents have something to do. They’ll be back in two days. It’s fairly late now, so let’s get ready for bed?”

Jackson nodded obediently. “Granny, can you sing me to sleep? Mommy always sings this song when I sleep. Mommy’s voice is so pretty.”

Eloise felt a pinch in her heart and was tearing up. She held Jackson’s tiny hand and walked him upstairs. “Granny can sing for you, but Granny’s singing is not as nice as your mom’s.”

“Granny loves Jack as much as Mommy loves Jack, so Granny’s singing is nice too,” Jackson said charmingly, his eyes sincere and certain.

Eloise wiped the tears from her eyes and said softly, “Granny will never be as good as your mom. Granny has done many wrong things and will never be able to match up to your mom...”

She said that in a low voice so that Jackson would not hear anything.

Downstairs.

Sean looked through the security footage again and again. He sighed and said to Felipe who was silently sitting on the sofa, “Mr. Whitman, I don’t think Jeremy would hurt Madeline.”

“He will,” Felipe said in a calm tone, “Jeremy’s soulmate, Meredith, is dead. He took Linnie for one and one reason only—to avenge Meredith.”

“No, no, he won’t do that.” Sean defended Jeremy. “It’s clear that Jeremy regrets what he did to her, so how could he bear to hurt Eveline again?”

A trace of dissatisfaction flashed in Felipe’s eyes. However, a smile appeared on his gentle face as he said,

“Do you really believe that Jeremy will change? You’ve forgotten how Eveline almost died on the operating table. It was all his fault. Before Eveline lost her memory, she had already decided to return to F Country with me. Do you think that it’s coincidental that she got into a car accident around the same time?”

When he heard that, Sean was stunned for a moment. “Mr. Whitman, you mean—”

“After the accident, the police told us that the brakes of Eveline’s car were messed with. Who else can do this kind of thing aside from Jeremy?”

“Uh...”

“I hired a private investigator and found out the truth. Jeremy is guilty. I’m really worried now that Eveline is being held hostage by him...”

“Jeremy did it?” Sean asked in disbelief.

Felipe nodded affirmatively. He was just about to get up when he suddenly got a notification on his phone.

He turned around and found a mobile phone that was left on the sofa. Felipe then picked it up.

“This is Jack’s phone,” Sean explained.

“Jack’s phone?” Felipe lowered his gaze and looked at the notification that popped up on the screen. The image that popped up stunned him for a moment. Eventually, he understood what he had to do. A broad smile appeared on his face.

...

On the island.

When the sun rose, Jeremy woke up from a dream. As soon as he opened his eyes, he went to look for Madeline.

Seeing that Madeline was not in any of the rooms, he hurriedly ran out of the holiday house and looked around the coast. He did not find any trace of Madeline.

'Linnie, have you left?'

Nervous thoughts were clouding his head when he noticed the footprints on the beach.

His heartbeat increased rapidly. He followed the footprints and was taken aback by the sight in front of him.

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He felt disappointed and slowly walked over.

The gorgeous morning sun was a stark contrast against the azure blue waters. It also highlighted his delicate features.

Madeline was barefooted and sitting by the coast.

She had something in her hand. She looked down as a smile appeared on her face.

When she heard his footsteps, the sweet smile on Madeline's face vanished upon seeing Jeremy.

“Linnie.”

Madeline ignored him, got up, and intended to leave.

Jeremy felt lonely and quietly followed behind her.

She was physically right in front of him, but she felt so distant from him.

“In half an hour, there’ll be a boat arriving. You can leave then.”

Madeline heard Jeremy’s voice from behind, then she replied softly, “I know. I’ve already gone to check it out.”

Jeremy knew he could not make Madeline stay, so he laughed bitterly. “You’re leaving for F Country with Felipe, right?”

“That’s none of your business.”

Madeline stopped walking and turned around. She saw that Jeremy was looking at her with a gentle smile on his face.

“Jeremy, do you know what it’s like to really love someone? If you love me, you wouldn’t have done what you did to me. You don’t love me at all.”

She rejected the idea that he still had feelings for her.

Although Jeremy felt deeply hurt by what she said, he still had a slight smile on his face.

He did not argue nor attempt to give any explanation.

'I love her, and it doesn't matter that she doesn't think so.'

They could now hear the sound of ships nearing the shore.

Madeline looked toward the source of the sound with a smile on her face.

She passed by Jeremy without the slightest reluctance.

"Linnie, can I hold you just once more?" He made a humble request to her.

Madeline gave him the side-eye and said, "No."

She refused his request with an indifferent tone before walking away.

The sea breeze blew at Jeremy's eyes. He started tearing up.

Felipe stood at the bow of the ship and used binoculars to observe the situation on the small island ahead.

Sure enough, he saw Madeline and Jeremy by the coast.

"It seems that the kid inherited your tricks. He knows how to strategize at such a young age." Felipe put

down the binoculars and smiled.

A man in black walked out of the cabin and went to Felipe's side. The man respectfully said, "Master Whitman, that woman has successfully arrived in F Country."

"Okay," Felipe answered.

"Following your instructions, she has been admitted to Royal Hospital. She can go for surgery at any time."

"Okay, wait for my instructions."

"Will do," the man in black replied in a respectful tone before leaving.

On the island, Jeremy silently followed behind Madeline to the shore.

The ship was getting closer, and at the same time, Jeremy felt that Madeline was starting to get further and further away from him.

She was beautiful, but she was soon to be a beauty who he could never touch again.

'Linnie, I wish the best for you. I can't give you the warmth and happiness that you deserve, so I hope you can find another man who can give you that. I've wronged you.'

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'I'm undeserving of you. Goodbye, my dearest Linnie, my one and only.'

Jeremy looked at Madeline for one last time and silently turned around.

Tears welled from deep inside, streaming down his cheeks.

He knew that it was all his own doing. He could not blame anyone but himself.

‘My heart hurts so much. It feels like I can’t breathe.’

As the ship got closer, the intensity of the sea breeze increased.

The wind messed up Madeline’s hair. She tried to tidy her hair and caught a glimpse of Jeremy who was about to leave.

Madeline’s heart felt as though it was being stabbed when she saw him.

In a daze, something fell from Madeline’s hand.

She bent down to pick it up. Unfortunately, she stumbled and lost her center of gravity.

Ah!

Jeremy, who was not too far off, heard Madeline’s cry for help. Then, he heard the sound of someone falling into the water.

His heartbeat immediately increased. When he turned around, he did not see Madeline’s figure and only saw a ripple on the shore.

“Linnie,” he said her name softly, and in the next second, he ran over as fast as he could.

“Linnie!”

He called out to Madeline as he jumped into the sea.

When Felipe saw what was happening from the boat, he was worried that Madeline would be injured. However, he was still far from where Madeline fell into the water and he did not want to swim the distance.

The moment Madeline fell into the sea, she drank a few mouthfuls of seawater.

She did not know how to swim and was struggling to stay afloat.

She gradually lost her strength to continue paddling.

When she was losing her consciousness, a familiar image appeared in her mind.

In that icy and snowy scene, she did not know how to swim but had jumped into the frozen lake.

Jeremy jumped in with her. He grabbed her and wanted to drag her to shore, but she stubbornly pushed him away, saying that she did not need his help.

‘Is that my missing memory?’ Madeline asked herself but could not be sure.

She swallowed more seawater and eventually lost her consciousness.

It was also at that moment that Jeremy got to her.

He dragged her until she was ashore, but Madeline was no longer responsive.

“Linnie, Linnie, please wake up.” Jeremy patted her pale cheeks in a panic.

Seeing that Madeline was not responding at all, he began to do CPR on her. He kept calling her name.

“Linnie, wake up, Linnie! Please don’t let anything happen to you. Linnie, you can’t just leave me like this, Linnie...”

He begged and begged for her to wake up. He kept going with the CPR. His wound was torn apart again and the dazzling bright red blood spread across his top.

For Jeremy, those ten plus seconds felt like ten years.

Madeline’s condition was freaking him out.

He lowered his head again to give Madeline CPR, and when he touched her lips, she was cold.

“Linnie, please wake up!”

Tears came out of his eyes.

Madeline’s unresponsiveness made him cry like a child while he continued to give CPR.

“Linnie, don’t torture me like this. I know I’m in the wrong. I regret not treating you right. Don’t punish me in this way. Linnie, I love you. I really love you. Can you wake up? Wake up and see how I’m regretting it, Linnie!”

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Jeremy’s mood completely collapsed and fell apart.

He hung his head in despair and pressed it to Madeline’s smooth forehead.

His trembling hand gently stroked her warm and soft cheeks as the hot tears that he was unable to hold back came streaming down.

“Why do you want to torture us so much? Why did I do such stupid things when you loved me so much? Linnie, please don’t leave me. Please...”

Jeremy embraced Madeline’s pale face, his heart shattering along with his dripping teardrops as a bone-cutting pain invaded his whole body.

“Linnie, if you really want to go to another world, I will accompany you.”

His warm fingertips groped about her profile while his eyes were shrouded in darkness.

“I’ll go wherever you go in the future.”

He smiled, his thin lips falling on Madeline’s as he kissed her deeply.

At this moment, Madeline coughed.

Jeremy's heart that was almost dying suddenly found its rhythm once more.

"Linnie?"

He was so surprised that he looked at Madeline who had suddenly responded.

"Linnie, are you awake?"

Cough, cough, cough!

Madeline coughed repeatedly, large mouthfuls of seawater spurting out of her mouth.

"Linnie, this is great." Jeremy embraced her joyfully, letting her lean into his arms. "Linnie, are you awake? I'm Jeremy."

He stared at her and saw her two delicate eyebrows twisting into a frown. Her eyelashes that were soaked in the seawater fluttered twice as if to open her eyes.

Jeremy hugged Madeline by her waist, thinking about carrying her back to the holiday house to rest, but when he turned around, he saw Felipe's figure appear in front of him.

The water-like gentleness on Jeremy's face turned into a sharp edge. "Move aside, don't block my way."

Felipe did not retreat but moved forward and walked up to him with a solemn expression.

Seeing Madeline who was leaning against Jeremy's arms and gradually waking up, he frowned before

saying, "Give Madeline to me."

Hearing this, Jeremy felt like he was listening to God's joke. "I won't give Linnie to any man other than me. And if it's you, it's even more impossible."

His tone was cold with a domineering and strong momentum.

Wanting to prevent Madeline from feeling uncomfortable, Jeremy was too lazy to deal with Felipe. He walked around him, then walked straight forward.

"Jeremy, you keep saying that you regret your past actions and that you love Madeline. If you really love her, you'll give her to me now. And from now on, you'll never see Madeline again."

Jeremy's pace slowed down little by little.

Felipe looked at his back and said, "You should be very clear about how much Madeline hates you. If you really love her and want to make it up to her, let her live the life she wants. Don't disturb her tranquility."

"If you continue to pester her, it'll only make her unhappy. This is not the way to truly love someone."

After Felipe's words fell, Jeremy's mind echoed the words Madeline had said to him not long ago.

"Jeremy, do you know what it's like to really love someone? It's definitely not what you did to me.

"So, you don't love me at all."

No.

He did.

Jeremy denied it.

He lowered his eyes desolately as he looked at Madeline who was gradually regaining consciousness. She was about to wake up. In his tears, he forced a smile on his face.

“Linnie, I love you.”

His confession fell lightly before Madeline woke up. Felipe then walked to his front and took Madeline away from his arms.

Jeremy dropped his empty arms, his heart feeling the same way.

He watched Felipe hug Madeline aboard the boat before it quickly sped away. The ripples that spread gradually across the waters recovered their calm, but his heart seemed to have fallen under the deep sea, falling down and never to return in this life...

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 610

Not long after Felipe brought Madeline onto the boat, she woke up.

She opened her feeble eyes and saw Felipe's handsome face that was filled with concern and worry.

“Eveline. Eveline, are you awake?” he asked softly.

Madeline was not fully awake yet. She rolled her eyes and looked around as if she was looking for

something in her confusion

“Eveline?”

“Felipe?” Madeline looked at the man holding her questioningly. “Why is it you?”

“Dummy, who else would it be?” He stroked her cheek. “I knew you were taken away by Jeremy, so I’ve been looking for you. When I had just taken a boat to the shore, I saw you accidentally falling into the water.”

Listening to him, Madeline slowly recalled what happened before she passed out.

She saw Jeremy turn and walk away, and as he walked farther and farther, for some reason, she was in a daze. The bookmark she was holding had fallen out of her hand as well.

She was anxious to retrieve the leaf bookmark, but it had fallen into the sea accidentally.

“Thank goodness, you’re okay. Do you know how scary it was just now? I was really afraid that just like that, you wouldn’t wake up anymore.”

Madeline froze for a few seconds before blinking her tired eyes. “You rescued me? Jeremy—”

“He was gone when you had the accident.”

With this answer, Madeline felt like her heart had fallen to the bottom of the sea again.

At the time, she had vaguely felt Jeremy fishing her up from the sea, holding her on the shore while

calling her name anxiously.

It turned out that it was an illusion.

He was gone.

He was indeed gone.

He did not even look back.

“Felipe, I’m still a little dizzy. I want to sleep for a while,” Madeline said lightly.

“Well, you go ahead and sleep. I’ll stay with you.”

“Yeah,” Madeline replied, squeezing the bookmark in her hand and slowly closing her eyes.

...

After handing Madeline over, Jeremy remained on the bank of the river as if he was a body that had lost its soul.

His wound was bleeding and inflamed, but he was indifferent.

The piercing heartache had made him lose all his other senses.

It was getting dark. He looked at the vast sea and faced the sea breeze, desperately shouting Madeline’s

name at the borderless sea...

Madeline was picked up by Felipe, and they returned to his single-family villa in the suburbs.

After a few days of recuperation, Madeline's state was almost recovered.

For fear of more disturbances if they delayed things a few days more, Felipe booked flight tickets to return to F Country for Madeline and Jackson. He also decided to return to F Country with the mother and son.

When Madeline knew about it, she had said that she would definitely board the plane this time, but she suddenly proposed to go back to Montgomery Manor in the last two days to spend some time with her biological parents.

Felipe agreed.

He also had to deal with some matters in these two days.

Eloise and Sean learned that Madeline would be taking Jack to live in F Country. They felt really reluctant in their hearts, but they still agreed.

They had only gotten her to call them 'Mom' and 'Dad' because of Madeline's amnesia. In exchange, they got this rare happiness as a family. They could no longer be greedy and could not ask for more.

However, Jackson did not seem to be very happy. He pulled Madeline's skirt and blinked suspiciously. "Mommy, are we really going to live elsewhere? What about Daddy? Shouldn't Dad come with us? "

Madeline heard the words, and the image of Jeremy's back after he had left her alone on the coast suddenly appeared in her mind. Her heart hurt for no reason. In her daze, she heard Jack suddenly

shout, "Dad!"

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife chapter 611-620

July 27, 2021 by superadmin

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 611

"Dad!" The little guy's clear and sweet voice broke the silence.

Madeline raised her eyes and looked outside the iron gates.

It really was Jeremy.

He wore a simple casual outfit and the off-white shirt added a touch of warmth as well as elegance to his cold but handsome appearance.

Jeremy seemed to be a little surprised when he saw Madeline, but he quickly put on a light and gentle smile before walking toward the mother and son.

Madeline's gaze fell on Jeremy's heart subconsciously.

She thought of the day when Jeremy had forcibly held her hand to his own heart, piercing it.

The wound should not have healed so quickly.

"Daddy." On his short legs, Jackson ran toward Jeremy.

Jeremy crouched down and spread his arms to greet the little guy. "Jack."

He held the warm and soft little boy, kissing Jack's cheek affectionately.

"You'll be going to live somewhere else with your mom tomorrow. Listen to your mom, okay?" he whispered, his smiling eyes hiding his unspeakable struggle.

Jackson blinked as he looked at Jeremy with his large, clear, and innocent eyes. "Jack wants to live with his parents."

Jeremy's heart ached when he heard the words, but he smiled reluctantly and touched Jack's little head. "Daddy has a lot of things to do. It'll take a while. Once I'm done, I'll come to you, alright?"

"Then, Daddy must come to see Jack. Mommy and I will always wait for Daddy," Jackson said, stretching out a cute little pinky.

Jeremy understood and stretched out his little finger to hook it with Jackson's.

Madeline silently watched on the side. There were no ripples on her gentle and demure face, but there were rising and falling waves in her heart.

Jeremy was done hooking pinkies with Jackson. Then, he handed over the beautifully wrapped gift box in his hand.

"This is a gift from me to Jack. I hope Jack will like it."

Jackson embraced him with joy. "Thank you, Daddy."

"Good boy."

“Daddy must also have something to tell mommy, so Jack won’t stand in the way now,” Jackson said mischievously before his small body ran into the house.

Neither Jeremy nor Madeline had thought that such mature words would pop out of Jackson’s cute little mouth.

As soon as the little boy ran away, Jeremy and Madeline then faced each other. They were separated by a small distance, but they seemed to also be separated by a wall of air that obstructed each other’s footsteps.

Jeremy stood up slowly. He had always been calm and comfortable, but for some reason, he actually felt a little tense looking at Madeline who was standing in front of him at this moment.

Thinking about how she had looked when she passed out after falling into the water the other day, and then seeing her look ruddy and glowing at this moment, he quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

“I... I didn’t know that you’d be here. I just wanted to come and give Jack a gift before leaving,” Jeremy said after a long silence. He seemed to be unnaturally avoiding Madeline’s beautiful, clear, and moving eyes. Looking down with a smile, he said, “I won’t bother you now.”

The fluttering words fell as Jeremy slowly turned around.

His eyes were blown red by the wind the moment he turned around.

In fact, he had also wanted to say, ‘Linnie, it’s really nice seeing you today.’

‘Linnie, you’ll be leaving tomorrow and you’ll never see this scumbag again.

‘Without me, you’ll be happy.

‘What I actually want to say is... I’m sorry, Linnie...’

In the end, he could not say these words. He resisted the choking in his throat, and the scene in front of him was getting blurry.

Madeline silently looked at Jeremy’s fading back, recalling the same scene on the coast the other day. It was also as thin and lonely as it was at this moment.

Somehow, there was an indescribable sense of emptiness in her heart, and something had come up to her throat.

She wanted to call out to Jeremy, but she had just uttered the word ‘Jer’ when Felipe appeared in her eyes.

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She saw Jeremy and Felipe pass by one another. The two seemed to have looked at each other, but there was no exchange.

Felipe walked straight toward her, his elegant, gentle, and handsome face carrying a smile like a spring breeze.

His tall approaching figure quickly blocked Jeremy’s back.

“Were you waiting for me?” Felipe smiled gently. He stretched his hands over to Madeline’s shoulders before turning her around.

Madeline smiled slightly, following Felipe and turning into the house. Jeremy’s back was completely blurred until it finally disappeared.

In the distance, Jeremy had stopped.

He looked back and saw that the moment Felipe held Madeline. Their two frames came into his sight and it was as if thousands of ants had crawled over his heart, biting at it wildly.

The shimmer in his eyes was gradually melted by the breeze.

The Madeline who had once chased after him and the scenes of her admiring him in his memories were now gray sand sculptures, slowly being blown away by the wind.

“Linnie, I love you.”

He looked at her beautiful shadow and confided his true feelings in the far distance. After the words fell, he smiled tearily and left.

A thorny green vine climbed up from the bottom of his heart, growing denser and denser until engulfing his very breath.

...

Montgomery Manor.

Felipe spoke to Eloise and Sean as their son-in-law. Knowing that the couple felt guilty and reluctant with regards to Madeline, he promised that he would try his best to bring Madeline and Jackson back to see them, or he would just charter a plane to pick them up to F Country.

Madeline listened with a smile and nodded from time to time, but Jeremy’s face would involuntarily

appear in her mind constantly.

However, she quickly stopped herself from thinking further.

That day on the coast, he had already been determined to leave without even turning his head to look at her, so there was no need for her to long for him still.

Since they were now separated, they would forever be separated.

Not long after, Felipe said that he would leave Montgomery Manor first.

He drove to Jeremy's villa alone. The door was open and he raised his phoenix eyes before going straight in without any shade of gentleness on his face.

A servant was cleaning the house when they suddenly saw a strange man coming in. The servant hurriedly stepped forward to stop and inquire, "Sir, you are..."

Felipe glanced over at them with cold eyes, and with just a glance, the servant was so scared that they did not dare to ask further. They just moved to the side in fright and called upon Jeremy.

Felipe did not care and went straight to Old Master Whitman who was basking in the yard.

The old man slowly opened his eyes when he heard the footsteps. When he saw that it was Felipe, his expression instantly changed.

"Why does my uncle have such an expression when seeing me? Am I not welcome here?" Felipe approached, his tone sounding amused. There was a dark force hidden in his smiling face.

The old man stared at Felipe fearlessly. His lips moved with great effort, but he could not utter a word.

Felipe looked at the old man as a deep and incomprehensible sneer appeared in his eyes.

“Back then, you planned to kill my parents and make me an orphan for your own selfish desires.

“In those years, you restricted my development in every way to give Jeremy the best resources. You also handed over the entirety of the multinational group to him and threw me to F Country where you ignored me. You thought that this would break my wings and kill my ability, no?”

He vented all the dissatisfaction in his heart, his gaze falling sharp.

“Aaron Whitman, you will reap what you sow.”

Old Master Whitman pressed his lips tightly, his eyes widening as if he was struggling to say something, but it did not help.

Felipe sneered lightly while looking at the old man’s vigorous appearance.

“Tomorrow, I will take Madeline and your great-grandson to leave Glendale. We’ll never come back. Your most favored grandson will lose his beloved son. Do you think that he’ll find it so unbearable that he would want to die?”

He raised a triumphant smile and put his hand in his pocket.

“However, before that, let me give you a lift.”

Old Master Whitman did not know what Felipe wanted to do to him, but he did not have a good premonition. Yet, he did not think that Felipe would dare do anything extreme in broad daylight.

Felipe just smiled indifferently before taking out a two-inch photo from his suit pocket.

He showed the photo to the old man, and his black phoenix eyes were filled with a treacherous smile. "Do you still recognize the person in the photo? One of them is your brother and the other is your sister-in-law. They were a loving, married couple with a well-behaved, sensible son. They had a blissful family and successful careers, but what was the result?"

Felipe said in a cold tone as he fiercely pushed the photo onto the old man's face. "They were ruined by you!"

"Hnghh..."

The old man whimpered out with difficulty, his eyes wide.

Felipe raised his lips cheerfully. "What's wrong? Do you feel uncomfortable? Is it painful? The way you are now is your retribution."

"Hngh hmph..."

"Don't worry, I won't do anything to you for the time being, but I will let you have a taste of a ruined home!"

He dropped these last words before walking away freely.

The old man stared at Felipe's back. His face suddenly flushed, and his breathing became more and more rapid. "Uu... Cough, cough!"

Jeremy was on the way back to the villa when he received a call from the servant all of a sudden. He sped up, and as soon as he reached the gates of the villa, he saw Felipe passing by his car.

He had a bad feeling and immediately stopped the car to run into the yard. As soon as he looked up, he saw the old man in the wheelchair coughing violently. It was followed by big mouthfuls of blood spilling from the corner of his mouth.

“Grandpa!”

Jeremy stepped forward quickly just as the old man lost his consciousness and went into a coma.

...

City Centre Hospital.

The old man was in the emergency room for an entire hour before the doctor came out.

The doctor in a white coat shook his head helplessly. “The old man’s condition has suddenly worsened. You must be prepared.”

Hearing this, Jeremy squeezed the two-inch photo he had found in the yard. It was Felipe.

“Doctor Lloyd, why did my father vomit blood so suddenly?” Winston stepped forward and asked anxiously.

The doctor frowned. “The old man must’ve been agitated, causing his blood to attack his heart.” He sighed. “Try not to agitate the old man anymore so that he can complete the final journey of his life

safely.”

Hearing this, Jeremy’s hands clenched even more tightly.

Winston’s eyebrows furrowed. “How can this be? He was just fine, so how was he suddenly agitated?”

“It’s Felipe,” Jeremy faintly said, a cold light shining from his eyes.

“Felipe?” Winston turned his head around in astonishment. “He has taken away Whitman Manor and the entire Whitman Corporation. Why would he still do this to your grandfather?”

“Because he thinks Grandpa killed his parents.”

“What?” Winston obviously did not know anything about this. “Why would your grandfather do such a thing?”

“Grandpa is certainly not that kind of person, but Felipe always insists on thinking so.”

Jeremy frowned and made a decision.

“I’m going to look for him.”

“Jeremy, you can’t go.” Winston stopped, his eyes filled with worry. “If he really thinks so, then you and I may also be his targets.”

Of course, Jeremy knew that Felipe wanted to deal with him.

Even if not because of his parents, Felipe would still trouble him because of Madeline.

"I can't let Grandpa suffer such grievances. I must do something for him." Jeremy insisted on going to Felipe.

However, Winston stopped him. "If your grandfather can talk now, he'd definitely stop you! In any case, I can't let my son take risks like this!"

Jeremy had no choice but to still himself for the time being.

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He went into the old master's ward to accompany him in silence.

He watched the sky darken through the windows as his heart remained dull and void of light.

How could he not when his son and the woman he loved the most was going to leave with another man tomorrow?

There was nothing he could do to stop her, for he had already sworn to himself that he would not force her against her will again.

He would let her go if it meant she would find true happiness.

Still, mixed emotions clashed strongly within himself at the knowledge that Madeline was leaving with Felipe of all people.

"Mad..."

In the silence, Jeremy heard a raspy voice groan out.

He looked up and was elated to know that the old master was speaking again!

“Mad, Mad...”

“Grandfather.” Jeremy rushed over to grasp the old master’s icy hands. “Can you speak already, Grandfather?”

Old Master Whitman stared at Jeremy as his trembling hand tightened against the latter’s hold. “Mad, Mad...” He repeated.

Stunned for a moment, Jerney quickly understood. “Madeline?”

He felt his heart ache as the name slipped from his mouth.

Old Master Whitman blinked slowly in response. “Mad...”

The corners of Jeremy’s eyes seared as he held the old master’s hands tighter to warm them up. “Don’t worry, Grandfather. Madeline’s doing great. She’ll be living happily ever after.”

The old master moved his pale and dry lips with difficulty as he took in Jeremy’s words. “Made...line”

While his enunciation was muddled, the name ‘Madeline’ still drifted clearly to Jeremy’s ears.

He sighed bitterly. “You were right, Grandfather. I was blind not to have cherished Madeline, and it’s all

too late now.”

Jeremy looked up at the sky beyond the curtains as endless loneliness shone in his eyes. “Madeline is leaving Glendale with Jack tomorrow. She’ll get to be happy and free now that she won’t have a b*stard like me disturbing her at every moment.”

The old master felt exasperation bubble up at Jeremy’s words, but he found himself unable to speak his thoughts.

Jeremy stayed the night by his grandfather’s bed.

Dawn began to fall, and Jeremy stared blankly in the direction of the airport. He was wondering if Madeline and Jackson had boarded the flight already.

The thorn in his heart throbbed. Running his hands through the wound Madeline had dressed for him, the corners of his lips curled into a small smile.

“Linnie.”

‘I’m sorry Linnie, but I must hide Grandfather’s condition from you.

‘I do not wish you to waste any more of your time and life. Be happy, Linnie, and laugh freely.’

Over half an hour later, Winston arrived to take over.

He was elated to know that Old Master Whitman had spoken last night.

Jeremy washed up and left to buy breakfast.

Winston watched over the old master. As he tidied the table, he heard Old Master Whitman murmur.
“Made...line...”

Shocked, Winston leaned over joyously. “Dad! You... You can finally speak again! What are you saying?”

“Madeline...”

“Madeline? Madeline Crawford?” Winston clarified in disbelief as Old Master Whitman blinked intentionally in response.

The old master spoke with difficulty, “Made...line... I need to... see...”

Winston was startled. “You want to see Madeline?”

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Glendale Airport.

With Jackson’s hand in hers, Madeline walked into the VIP lounge.

Eloise and Sean followed them in.

A host had brought in a flavorful breakfast for them, but Madeline did not seem to have much of an appetite.

Unease gnawed within her, though its cause was unknown.

Eloise got up to sit by Madeline's side before finally holding Madeline's hand in hers after a long moment of pondering. "Eveline."

She called out, the corners of her eyes growing hot.

"Take good care of yourself, Eveline. And come visit Glendale when you have time..." She paused as her eyes flitted to look at Sean. "Come visit Mom and Dad."

Madeline passed a piece of tissue to wipe Eloise's tears. "I will."

Eloise felt her nose burn as she hugged Madeline lightly. "Mom's really sorry, Eveline... I hope you'll never have to suffer again."

Madeline patted Eloise's shoulder comfortingly with a small smile, but she felt her heart clench when she saw Sean wiping his tears away from the corner of her eyes.

She may have lost memories of the past, but the pain in her heart could not feel more real.

With the check-in procedures completed, Felipe returned while smiling warmly as he was met with the sight of Eloise sobbing with Madeline in her arms.

"I'll bring Eveline back frequently, Aunty. You and Uncle don't need to feel so sad."

Eloise nodded. However, sadness could rarely be chased away just by a few words.

They had searched for over 20 years and experienced so much before their family could finally reunite and before they could hear Madeline call them 'Mom' and 'Dad'.

Now they were going to separate again when they had yet to reap all the warmth a family brought.

“We board in 20 minutes, Eveline. You still haven’t had breakfast yet, so eat up.” Felipe reminded softly, his eyes bleeding with gentleness. “You too, Jack.”

Jackson shook his head as he played with the limited edition mini Giant Robo figurine that he had assembled last night. He turned around to hold it in front of Madeline. “Look, Mommy. I’ve already assembled everything already, so why isn’t Dad here yet? Won’t he come to send me and Mom off? I want to show him my Giant Robo. I want Dad to praise me.”

Madeline felt her heartstrings tug at the mention of Jeremy.

Felipe’s smile remained on his face, but a rush of displeasure swarmed him anyway.

He looked at the time and was about to give the order to his subordinates who remained at Glendale when a figure suddenly rushed into the VIP lounge.

“Grandpa!” Jack greeted and looked past him, but he did not see the person he wanted to see. “Where’s Dad, Grandpa?” the boy asked, his large eyes sparkling.

Winston leaned down to pat Jackson’s head affectionately. “Do you want to see your dad, Jack?”

“Mhm.”

“Alright. Then follow Grandpa, hmm?”

“Jack will not return with you.” Felipe stood and rejected coldly. “Why are you here? Did Jeremy call you

to come over?”

Madeline could feel the distaste in Felipe’s voice as a rare sight of anger flashed through his usually kind and soft-spoken appearance.

Winston’s heavy gaze locked with Felipe’s as he walked toward Madeline. His eyes when facing her bore no deceit. “I’m very sorry about what happened before, Madeline. I’ve never had the chance to tell you I’m sorry.”

Winston’s apology took Madeline off guard, but the genuineness of his apology was evident in how he put his ego aside to apologize in such a situation.

Madeline replied with a faint smile, “I accept your apology. Is there anything else? I have to board soon.”

“There is.” Winston’s eyes were attentive. “Jeremy truly loves you. He knows he has screwed up.”

Felipe’s expression darkened. “Does Jeremy’s true love mean that Eveline will get hurt again and again? He turned away without a second glance when Madeline was moments away from drowning to death. Is this true love?”

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Felipe looped an arm around Madeline’s shoulders. “Let’s go, Eveline. It’s time to board.”

“Alright.” Madeline nodded and held Jackson’s hand. “Let’s go board the plane, Jack.”

“But Daddy isn’t here yet.” Jackson pulled his pink lips into a pout, reluctant to leave. “Won’t we wait a little longer for Dad, Mom?”

Madeline walked out of Felipe's embrace and comforted him with a small smile. "We're not waiting for Dad anymore, Jack. He's too busy with work to come."

"Jeremy isn't busy with work. He's staying with the old master in the hospital!" Winston blurted out the truth.

Felipe's eyes darkened as Madeline turned to look at Winston in confusion, urging him to go on.

"The old master is in the hospital. The doctor told us to be prepared for the worst since he might not have much time left. Still, the old master just woke up and he kept calling your name. Jeremy told me not to disturb you, but I couldn't help come looking for you either."

Madeline was shocked. "The old master was calling my name?"

Winston nodded in certainty, his eyes glistening with worry and pleading. "The old master hasn't said anything but 'Madeline' since he woke up. He really wants to see you."

Madeline felt her heart clench.

Reading hesitation in Madeline's appearance, Felipe stepped up decisively and grabbed Madeline's hand. "We've gotten so far, Eveline. Don't look back now."

Madeline found determination in Felipe's eyes. She was about to open her mouth when she heard Winston's sincere voice. "I know you hate every one of us in the Whitman family, Madeline, but the old master was the one who treated you the best the years you were married into the family. He was the one who believed and supported you no matter what, and even if you've lost your memories, I think your heart still remembers the kindness the old master showed you."

Felipe had run out of patience. "Enough. You just want to gain time for Jeremy."

“Felipe,” Madeline called out to an enraged Felipe. “I want to see Grandfather.”

Relief washed over Winston’s features while Felipe’s expression darkened, but he could not hold Madeline back.

...

At the hospital.

Sitting by the old master’s bed, Jeremy’s gaze was fixed on the world outside through the window.

He watched an airplane fly over him, but he had no idea if it was the one that carried the person he loved the most.

As he guessed sadly, he heard footsteps drawing close from behind.

He initially thought that it was a nurse, but the familiar tempo of the steps had Jeremy’s heart lurching in its cage.

He turned around in disbelief, but the reflection in his dark eyes of the woman from his dreams proved how real it was.

“Linnie?”

His eyes widened in shock.

"It's really you, Linnie."

Jeremy was certain that this was not a dream, but he did not understand what was happening. "Why are you here? Shouldn't you be on a flight to F Country by now?"

"I was the one who called my daughter-in-law back." Winston appeared behind Madeline.

As off-putting as the title 'daughter-in-law' was to his ears, it sounded just as natural.

Madeline glanced at Jeremy as she walked toward the hospital bed. Seeing Old Master Whitman sleeping peacefully, she let out a breath of relief.

While she may not remember the past, she could tell from the time she had spent after losing her memories that the old master indeed treated her differently.

"I'll be here watching over your grandfather. The two of you can talk outside if you need." Winston was evidently creating opportunities for them.

Jeremy looked at Madeline, feeling reluctant. His throat was clogged with words he wanted to say, only for him to swallow them back and give a gentle smile. "Go back to the airport, Linnie. Grandfather will be alright."

"This is what you wanted to tell me?" Madeline looked at Jeremy and asked, her eyes sharpening despite her calm expression. "You might not have anything to say, but I do."

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Madeline turned around and walked out, leaving Jeremy in a daze behind her. It felt unreal.

“What are you still doing standing there?” Winston advised, saying, “If you don’t want her to go, then don’t let go.”

Those were familiar words.

He too had once sworn to never let go.

Yet now, there did not seem to be much he could do for Madeline apart from letting go.

The early summer breeze swept coolly against his cheek as Jeremy followed quietly behind Madeline on the busy street, his eyes tracing her back figure longingly.

Madeline stopped walking before he had his fill of her beauty.

Jeremy’s footsteps came to a halt as well. He watched her turn around, and he watched the sun shine on her gentle features, engulfing her in a sheet of a warm glow.

“What did you want to tell me, Linnie?”

“I’ve decided that I won’t leave just yet.” Madeline’s tone was curt, but her eyes were frank. “I’ll wait until Grandfather’s situation stabilizes before I do.”

Jeremy was shocked. He should be elated, but why did he feel his heart sink lower?

He gave it some thought before smiling generously through the pain. “Don’t worry, Grandfather will be alright. Don’t let us hinder your plans any further.”

Madeline wanted to laugh at Jeremy's careful, walking-on-eggshells tone.

She was surprised to know that even the dignified and unfeeling Mr. Whitman had such a side to him as well.

"I'm not doing this for anyone. I just don't want to leave with regrets," Madeline replied coolly despite the nudge in her heart telling her that she had something she did not want to lose.

Regardless, she wanted to stay a little longer in Glendale.

...

Felipe returned to the villa and swept everything off from the table in a rage for Madeline had not gotten on the flight in the end because of the old master.

His brows knitted tightly as an overwhelming aura of fury festered between his brows.

The sight of him caused the few bodyguards stationed by his side to shiver in fear.

Suddenly, he quirked an eyebrow and turned to look at a subordinate on his side.

Understanding his gesture, the man walked courteously toward Felipe. "Your orders, Master Whitman?"

Felipe pulled out a picture from his drawer and flung it at the man. "This is the target."

"Yes, sir," the man replied, "I'll give the order now."

Felipe's brows remained furrowed in displeasure as a storm brewed in his frosty eyes. "Looks like I have to be a little more thorough or I'll never get rid of the lingering feelings she has for you."

...

Old Master Whitman's condition had gotten neither better nor worse during the few days he spent in the hospital.

As such, Jeremy brought the old master back to be taken care of at the villa by a care worker he had employed especially for the case.

Seeing the old master being brought back, Karen wanted to greet and talk to them but did not dare to engage in a face-to-face conversation with Jeremy.

Jeremy still remembered how Yvonne, her partner-in-crime, had tried to plot against Madeline in the jewelry competition last time.

He was still angry, and Karen feared that prodding him now would be no different from shooting herself in the foot.

Winston too had no longer talked to her ever since that day.

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Winston had advised Karen not to come in contact with Yvonne after the truth of her beating the old master came to light. However, not only did she ignore her husband's wishes and continued to keep in contact with Yvonne, they had even come up with such a revolting scheme to hurt Madeline. Winston had never thought them more abominable.

Karen stood by the door as she watched Jeremy and Winston help the old master lie down. Mulling over the thought, she decided she would talk to them after all.

“Jeremy, Win, you must be tired with how busy you’ve been the past few days. I’ll take care of the old master.” She volunteered, looking like she was trying to redeem her merits.

Ignoring her, Jeremy turned around and left.

Karen called after him, “Jeremy, Jeremy, I’m still your mother. How—”

“You claim that you know your place, so why did you do it? How could you join forces with your niece to harm your own daughter-in-law?” Winston accused angrily.

Karen huffed in indignance. Realizing Jeremy had walked out the door, she opened her mouth to scold, “What daughter-in-law? Are you acknowledging her as your daughter-in-law? She’s the reason so much has happened at home! Yvonne only made such a mistake because of that woman. Ever since we met her, Yvonne’s and my luck has only made a turn straight to hell!”

“You’re hopeless.” Winston had no energy to argue with Karen. “Dad doesn’t need your care. Someone will come to look after him, so go spend time with that niece of yours if you have nothing better to do.”

“Hmph!” Karen’s fury bubbled at how Winston seemed to be berating her. “Those are your words, not mine. I’ll go find Yvonne now!”

“You...” Winston turned around in infuriation to instruct the care worker, “Please take good care of the old master. I’ll be out for a while.”

“Understood, sir.” The care worker nodded and entered the room quickly, not wanting to be a part of her employers’ personal affairs.

Karen’s rage grew now that both Jeremy and Winston were gone. She took her phone to call Yvonne.

“My mood’s especially great today, Yvonne! Come to the villa, I’ll bring you out for a shopping spree! Don’t worry, they’re not here.”

Yvonne, who was drunk, immediately shot up and pushed the man by her side away when Karen promised her a shopping spree.

She had lost her job ever since her reputation was tarnished during the jewelry design competition, and with no money, she resorted to wasting away with different men in nightclubs.

Yvonne blearily hailed a ride to the villa and walked in as if she owned the place, knowing that neither Jeremy nor Winston were there.

“Aunty Karen,” she called out, but the lack of response had her making a beeline for Karen’s bedroom.

Reaching the entrance, her thieving eyes zoned in on the wallet by the end of the bed.

Yvonne’s eyes shone, her mind still muddled by the influence of alcohol.

She quickly entered the room and took the wallet. Turning her head, her eyes fell on the jewelry on the vanity table. She swept them all into a jewelry box before turning to leave with the box in tow.

Yvonne was about to run out of the room with the valuables when she heard Karen’s complaints.

“Hmph. You’re all going to boycott me because of that b*tch, right? Then don’t blame me when I buy with your money to my heart’s content!”

Yvonne was about to turn around, but it was too late. Karen was one second away from appearing in front of her.

Yvonne felt indignant about the fact that the valuables she had just acquired would be lost to her, so she decisively lifted the jewelry box with a fierce expression on her face.

Karen turned around, and before she could see what was happening, she saw a fleeting shadow before a pang of pain shot up her head.

“Ah!” Karen exclaimed, falling to the floor. She lifted her arms instinctively to shield her face.

Yvonne then turned around and ran down the stairs.

Running down the stairs, she saw someone push Old Master Whitman out of the room. Their eyes met as they stared at each other.

Knowing the old master could not speak, Yvonne simply glared at him without fear.

However, just as she was about to run out the doors, she was met with Madeline entering.

Panicked, Yvonne threw the wallet and jewelry box toward the flowerbed before squatting behind them to hide.

With her head bleeding from the hit, Karen held a hand over her wound to stop the bleeding as she staggered to her feet and ran down the stairs. She then came face to face with Madeline. Marching forward, she grabbed Madeline by the wrist.

“It was you! How could you be so cruel, Madeline?”

Madeline had just gotten through the doors when Karen decided to unleash her fury.

Calmly, she shot her a sharp gaze. "What are you even saying?"

"Stop pretending, Madeline!" Karen pressed the bleeding wound on her forehead. "You were the one who hit me just now!"

Madeline glanced at Karen's forehead and frowned slightly when she caught sight of her bleeding wound. She replied, "I suggest you make a trip to the hospital immediately since something's wrong with your head. Don't just start framing people left and right."

She flung Karen's hand off and walked toward the old master who had left his room.

"You..." Karen's expression paled. Reaching out to grab Madeline, she felt her head throb dizzily.

"I'm here, Aunty Karen!" Yvonne ran in, pretending to have just arrived. Seeing Karen's situation, she quickly ran over with a frantic expression to help her. "What happened to your head, Aunty Karen? Why are you bleeding so much?"

"What do you mean bleeding? Ah... Blood!" Only then did Karen realize the intensity of her wound. The flowing blood had her face losing more of its color.

"What's happening?" Winston returned as well, meeting a bloodied Karen right as he entered the house. He immediately went to check up on her. "What's with all this blood? Quick, we've got to get you to the hospital!"

"It's Madeline! She was the one who hit me, that evil woman!" Karen's tone was weak, but her expression was fierce when she clenched her jaw to point at Madeline.

Jeremy chose to walk in just in time to hear Karen point fingers at Madeline. He denied it in displeasure. "Nonsense. Linnie would never do such a thing."

Madeline stared quietly at Jeremy's strong demeanor. Was he protecting her?

Karen was frustrated and indignant. "I am your mother, Jeremy! Instead of believing me, how could you opt to believe the b*tch who caused our family's downfall?"

"I will not stand for such vocabulary about Linnie." Jeremy's brows furrowed as his expression grew cold. "Go to the hospital and get someone to look at the wound before it scars."

As frustrated Karen was of Jeremy defending Madeline, she was also afraid of scarring.

"Jeremy's right, Aunty Karen. Let's go to the hospital first, alright? Let's cool down a bit first." Yvonne agreed to Jeremy's words and helped Karen out.

With Yvonne turned around, Old Master Whitman began to whimper distressingly at her.

Everyone assumed that the old master was merely unwell, while Yvonne glared secretly at Old Master Whitman.

'So you think that you can tell them about what you saw, old man?

'You can forget about speaking until the day you die!'

Yvonne cursed him internally, sparing a glance at the flowerbed as she stepped out the door.

It was unlikely that anyone would find the jewelry box and wallet that were still there.

She thought to herself as her lips curled secretly.

The old master huffed and widened his eyes as he watched Yvonne leave so easily. With difficulty, he lifted his index finger and pointed it at the door. "Yvo..."

Madeline and Jeremy shared a look before looking in the direction where the old master was pointing in.

They found a few drops of blood on the floor, probably from Karen's wound.

Jeremy immediately had the servants clean the floor for them. Realizing that neither Madeline nor Jeremy understood his meaning, the old master pouted like a child throwing a tantrum.

Madeline walked up behind the old master and slowly pushed him toward the courtyard outside.

Jeremy followed. "What happened just now, Linnie?"

Linnie.

He called her that again.

Madeline remembered being annoyed by the nickname in the beginning, but she found herself already used to it now.

"Your mom grabbed my hand and said that I was cruel the moment I walked in through the doors. She claimed that I hit her head and made her bleed."

At that, the old master tried hard to form words but could only make muffled sounds.

Madeline stopped pushing the wheelchair and went in front of the old master with a small smile. "Are you feeling unwell, Grandfather?"

The old master stared at Madeline, his eyes brimming with kind affection. "Mad..."

"Are you trying to say 'Madeline'?"

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 620

"Made...line..."

Madeline smiled. "If you wish, you can call me 'Madeline' as you used to, Grandfather."

The old master's brows relaxed as a relieved and pleased expression washed over his hollow features.

Jeremy watched the scene from afar, the corners of his lips tugging into a smile. However, as he stared at Madeline, all that could be seen in his eyes was heartache.

'No, Linnie.

'I never wish for you to be Madeline Crawford again.

'You're Eveline Montgomery, the pearl and heart of the Montgomery family. You're no longer the Madeline who was used by the Crawford family.'

Mirth bled into his peach-blossom eyes as he thought to himself.

...

Two hours later, Karen returned with a dressed wound and a considerate Yvonne in tow.

Realizing that Madeline was not in the house, she walked up the stairs to change into a new set of clothes.

Entering the room, Karen realized that her wallet and the jewelry she had placed on the vanity table were gone—including the jewelry box!

“Madeline Crawford!” Karen fumed, banging open the door and running down the stairs.

Pretending to be confused, Yvonne followed closely after Karen. “What’s wrong, Aunty Karen? Aunty Karen!”

Madeline was just tucking the old master in bed when she heard a ruckus from outside the room.

Not wishing to disturb the old master, she closed the door behind her when she left.

Karen was furious as she searched for Madeline. When she saw her appear in front of her, Karen immediately rushed over without another word.

“Aunty Karen, Aunty Karen!” Yvonne pretended to hold her back, while in truth she wished for nothing more than to see Madeline get in trouble.

“Madeline Crawford!”

Madeline turned around at Karen’s infuriated yell and was met with a fierce-looking Karen strutting up to her.

Karen raised a palm and aimed it at Madeline’s cheek.

While Karen’s actions were sudden, Madeline’s reflexes were fast as well.

She grabbed Karen’s hand and stared coldly at her. “Again?”

Karen’s eyes widened angrily. “After what you’ve done, what’s a slap to you?”

Madeline smiled. “What did I do this time?”

“You hit Aunty Karen’s head!” Yvonne accused Madeline of her crimes. “And you stole Aunty Karen’s accessories!”

Karen pulled her hand out of Madeline’s grasp and took the cane lying on the sofa. “You think I’m afraid of you, Madeline? I’m telling you, even if Jeremy wants to protect you, I’ll hit him too!”

With the cane striking down, Madeline felt a gust of wind brush past her.

Jeremy looped an arm around Madeline’s shoulders and pulled her into his chest while the other reached out to hold the cane in place. His actions were followed by a cold tone drifting from his lips. “As long as I’m alive, no one will bully Linnie again.”

Yvonne could not help but shiver as his bone-chilling eyes bore into them.

Karen refused to back down with how furious she was. She pointed at Madeline, her expression pale. "Jeremy! This woman made my head bleed. She also stole my jewelry and wallet! It's obvious that she's against me!"

"Bullsh*t." Jeremy chuckled. "Ignoring the fact that Linnie has both wealth and fame now, she would never touch your money even if she doesn't have a cent to her name."

Winston entered the room as he heard the chaos.

Understanding the situation, he spoke sternly, "There's no way. Why would Madeline steal your jewelry and wallet?"

"You're on her side too?" Karen was so frustrated that she was one step away from vomiting blood.

At that moment, the old master's care worker approached them carefully. "Excuse me, but I... I think I know who hit Madam just now."

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife chapter 621-630

July 27, 2021 by superadmin

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] 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.

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"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.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] 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.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] 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 brows 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...

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] 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, Auntie 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."

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] 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.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] 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, Jeremy 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.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] 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 Aunt 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!"

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] 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.”

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 630

“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 Jeremy'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!

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife chapter 631-640

July 27, 2021 by superadmin

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 631

Yvonne's hands halted the moment the lights flickered on.

"So it was you." An assured voice sounded from behind. "Although, I didn't expect you to be impatient enough to act so quickly."

"..."

Yvonne was in disbelief when she recognized the voice.

Turning around frantically, she watched Madeline take elegant steps toward her with a dignified smile.

“Madeline Crawford!”

Yvonne was dazed as Madeline slowly approached her. The hands she used to hold the pillow were suddenly pushed off.

She was shocked as she thought that Old Master Whitman could move. When she turned to look, her frightful eyes spotted Jeremy’s alluring features instead!

Yvonne was dumbfounded. She could not believe that these two people were in the room with her.

Slowly it dawned on her that she had walked into a trap!

It was a trap both Madeline and Jeremy had set. They had just been waiting for her to take the bait!

Yvonne was frantic, but upon remembering that she had a mask on and could not be considered completely exposed, she calmed at the knowledge that she still had a chance to flee and save herself.

With that, Yvonne turned around to run toward the door.

Madeline was standing in her way, so she lifted a hand to push her away fiercely.

However, Madeline evaded it agilely while she stuck a leg out.

Focused on leaving, Yvonne tripped on the leg and landed on the floor face down with a thud.

“Ah!” she shouted in agony and climbed up to run again, ignoring the pain from the fall. However, she then found Winston appearing by the door.

Yvonne staggered backward in shock, knocking into the closet. Her legs felt heavy as if they had been filled with metal.

Indeed, it was a trap!

She had taken the bait!

“What’s happening? What’s with all this noise? It’s the middle of the night. Old Master, what are you doing?” Karen walked over with a groan as she rubbed her bleary eyes.

A good part of her drowsiness vanished at the sight of Winston. “Win? Didn’t you say you were going on a business trip? I thought you’d only be back in another two days? Why are you...”

At that, her eyes fell on Madeline who was standing in the middle of the room.

“Madeline Crawford? What are you doing here in the middle of the night? How could the police release you so quickly already? I suppose your parents must have tipped the guards quite the amount, huh?” Karen mocked, her eyes burning with hatred before she turned to complain to Winston. “Did you know, Win? This woman admitted it herself this morning that—”

“Linnie didn’t do anything illegal, so why wouldn’t she be let off?” Jeremy’s casual tone drifted from the room.

Karen was stunned.

She immediately entered the room to find Jeremy also inside, defending Madeline.

She was about to express her displeasure when her eyes fell on another woman standing by the closet with her back against them.

The woman was dressed like Madeline, and even their heights were similar.

“Who’s this?” Karen pointed at Yvonne.

Madeline quirked a delicate brow and replied coldly, “That is the woman who made your head bleed and stole your jewelry.”

“What?” Karen was shocked as she stared at Madeline. “But the one who hit me was...”

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 632

“It had nothing to do with Linnie. This woman is the actual culprit.” Jeremy trailed his cold gaze to Yvonne who was trembling in the corner. “You can keep hiding there, but I can promise you it won’t change the fact of things. Do you think you can still protest and defend yourself?”

“...”

Karen was confused. “What’s going on? Who’s this woman?”

Winston walked over and ripped Yvonne’s mask off her face before pushing her toward Karen. “Take a good look. This is the woman who hit you and stole both your wallet and your jewelry!”

Looking at the person in front of her, Karen was dazed.

“Yvonne!”

"It's not me, Aunty Karen!" Yvonne argued frantically. "Madeline is the one who set a trap to frame me! It really wasn't me. I didn't do anything! You're my aunt, the only family I have in Glendale. Why would I hit you and steal your things? It really wasn't me!"

"You've already been exposed, so why try and shift the blame to Linnie?" Jeremy had long lost his patience. "The fact that you slipped into Grandfather's room just now to try and suffocate him with a pillow is enough evidence of your crimes."

"No, I didn't..." Yvonne tried to force tears out of her eyes pitifully. "It really wasn't me, Aunty Karen. You have to believe me!"

Taking in her niece's sobs, Karen turned to glare at Madeline. "It's you, isn't it, Madeline? You did all this because you want to shift the blame to Yvonne! Yvonne's an innocent child who I've raised ever since she was a child. How could she do such a thing? Not to mention that I'm her aunt!"

Not in the mood to argue, Madeline parted her lips calmly. "I did all this to lure the culprit out, just like how I purposely told you that I was the one who hit you. I did that to lower the culprit's guard."

"What?" Karen was stunned. She said it on purpose?

Not giving Karen the time to digest, Madeline continued.

"Do you remember when Grandfather pointed at the entrance and kept saying the word 'Vonne' that day? Both Jeremy and I thought we heard him wrong and he was saying the word 'floor' as in the blood splatters on the ground. When in truth, Grandfather was pointing at Yvonne who had walked out the door with you."

"..."

“Grandfather said the word ‘Vonne’ again as he stared at Yvonne who was walking up the stairs. I understood, but I pretended not to for the same reason.

“I also realized the way Yvonne would look at Grandfather, so I deduced that Grandfather must have seen you get hit. To walk free, there was no doubt that Yvonne would think to kill the only witness. And with Grandfather’s current physical state, no one would suspect it if he passed in his sleep.”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Yvonne’s expression turned ashen.

Madeline had seen through her plans all along!

Even Jeremy’s disappointment toward her was fake for they had joined forces to sniff her out!

Seeing the shift in Yvonne’s expression, it finally made sense to Karen.

Without holding back, Karen landed a resounding slap across Yvonne’s face. “Yvonne Yalaman! So this is what I get after everything I’ve done for you? I fetched you back from overseas, I gave you a place to stay, I made sure you’re well-fed, and I even gave you allowance to spend! How could you think to steal from me? I’ll kill you for stealing my money!”

“I didn’t, Aunt Karen! Don’t believe her lies!” Yvonne continued to argue. “I’m being framed! They have no proof!”

“Of course, we have proof,” Madeline replied nonchalantly, crushing the last embers of hope within Yvonne. “While this piece of evidence may not prove that you stole and attacked others, it proves that

you were the one who dressed like me and sneaked into the nursing home to poison the old master's tea cakes. You then shifted the blame to me."

"What? You were the one who poisoned the old master?" Karen was baffled.

Yvonne sobbed and shook her head. "I didn't poison anyone! I didn't hit anyone!"

"You did!"

A strong voice sounded and Yvonne's expression froze as she turned in the direction of the voice.

Her spine grew cold when she saw the person. She was utterly screwed.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 633

Karen turned to look as well and was taken by surprise. "Old... Old Master?"

The care worker pushed Old Master Whitman into the room.

Yvonne's lips twitched as she felt her body grow cold.

The old master might not be in the best state of mind, but his eyes were sharp and awake.

He glared at Yvonne and spat out the words slowly but clearly.

"You... That day... You were the one. I saw. You ran down the stairs with a jewelry box. There was blood on the box! You... You wanted to run... But did not expect Mad-Madeline to be there. You had no choice, so you hid in the flowerbed. When Madeline came in... she became your scapegoat!"

“ ... ”

While the words were said with difficulty, they were clear and left Yvonne with no way to deny it.

“You! You heard him, Yvonne! How could you still deny that it wasn’t you?” Fuming, Karen slapped Yvonne again.

Yvonne shouted and stopped protesting as she cupped her cheek.

“You b*tch! How could you be so cruel as to steal my money and hit me?! You even pretended to be kind and stayed by my side, you sinister woman!”

“Hmph! She even hit me, let alone you!” The old master scoffed. “That’s not all. She even dressed like Madeline and poisoned the tea cakes! She thought I would never speak again, so she confessed when she beat me!”

“What?” Winston now came to know the truth behind the poisoning. “You’ve been beating the old master this entire time? You even poisoned him and shifted the blame to Madeline?!”

Instantly furious, he turned to slap Yvonne across the face!

“Ah!” Yvonne’s lips bled from the slaps and both her cheeks were donned with purple handprints.

“I’m ashamed to call you my niece, Yvonne Yalaman! What is wrong with you, you psychological pervert?!”

“She’s definitely wrong in the head. Or why would... she fall in love with her cousin? For Jeremy to like her, she did so much and shifted... the blame to Madeline so that... she could break them up!”

Winston and Karen were shocked when they heard the old master state the reason behind Yvonne's actions.

Jeremy was shocked too, but Madeline appeared rather calm.

She had guessed long ago that the only reason this woman would go to such ruthless ends was because of her twisted love for Jeremy.

"You... How could you fall in love with Jeremy? You... You shameless b*tch!" Karen's mind was going haywire as she raised an arm to slap her again.

Yvonne's eyes hardened as she pushed Karen away.

"Shut up, you old witch!" She roared.

Karen widened her eyes. "You're calling me an old witch?"

"So what if I am? That's what you are, a dumb old witch! You spend the whole day thinking you're so smart when in truth you're just a f*cking idiot!"

Karen was infuriated beyond words. "What? You... You..."

"Why can't I love Jeremy? A great man like Jeremy should have a smart woman like me by his side!"

Yvonne's reddened eyes glared at Madeline like she had been possessed by the devil.

"You have no right, Madeline! You're not worthy to be with Jeremy!"

"There will be no other woman who will ever own my heart. Madeline is the only one. The unworthy person is me," Jeremy spoke calmly, his words dealing the most fatal blow to Yvonne.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 634

She clenched her fists indignantly before suddenly turning to push Karen harshly out of the way. She then ran toward the gates.

"Ow!" Caught off guard, Karen knocked into Winston.

"Take care of Grandfather, Linnie. I'll catch her." Jeremy immediately ran after her.

"That b*tch! I should never have taken care of such an unfilial rascal!" Karen shouted.

The care worker looked at Madeline sheepishly from behind the old master's wheelchair. "My apologies, Miss Crawford. I've misunderstood you."

"My name's Eveline Montgomery. You can call me Miss Montgomery." Madeline smiled softly. "I don't blame you for telling the truth."

She walked toward Old Master Whitman and broke into a smile. "That was cheeky, Grandfather. I didn't know you could speak such coherent sentences already."

Old Master Whitman responded with a deep gaze. "You've been wronged again, my child."

Madeline shook her head with a smile. "Misunderstandings tend to unfurl sooner or later. I don't mind being misunderstood, but I'm afraid not everyone is willing to admit to their mistakes when the truth is

written in front of them.”

Karen looked ashamed as she felt Madeline’s words were implied at her.

“My sincerest apologies, Madeline. For all my horrendous words and accusations when I misunderstood you for poisoning the old master.” Winston apologized. Both the man’s attitude and tone were nothing short of sincere, and his eyes shone with sympathy which Madeline had not expected.

“You’ve suffered too many wrongings and slanders ever since you married into the Whitman family. Now that I think about it, none of those things had conclusive proof. I can completely understand if you hate us and wish for revenge.”

Winston’s gaze was warm as he pulled Karen over. “Apologize to Madeline already. If you, as her mother-in-law, had been a little smarter, Madeline would never have suffered as much as she did these years as our daughter-in-law.”

“...” Karen struggled out of Winston’s grasp in displeasure. “What does it have to do with me? It’s not like I’m the one who hurt her.”

“You’re still claiming that it has nothing to do with you? Are you telling me you’ve never hurt Madeline?”

“...”

“It’s alright, Mr. Whitman.” Madeline interrupted with a smile. “I don’t need a forced and insincere apology.”

She glanced at Karen’s arrogant expression.

“It’s very late, Grandfather. I’ll be going home now. You should get some rest soon.”

“Madeline...”

“I’ll be back to visit you tomorrow.”

Her promise brought a comforting smile to Old Master Whitman’s face.

“It’s already very late. You might as well stay since you and Jeremy are still husband and wife.” Winston persuaded. “Jeremy knows he made a mistake, so give him another chance.”

“Jeremy and I will be registering our divorce at the town office tomorrow. We aren’t husband and wife.”

Madeline’s response had both Winston and Old Master Whitman sighing under their breaths.

Madeline made her way to the villa’s gates, and in the dark of the night, she stared at Jeremy’s approaching shadow.

Realizing she was about to leave, Jeremy merely smiled but did not say ask her to stay. “She got in a car and ran. Don’t worry, though, she won’t get too far.”

Under the silver moonlight, his eyes warmed now that Yvonne’s situation had been solved. “It’s late. Let me send you back.” He turned and walked to the garage.

Staring at his retreating figure, Madeline suddenly smiled. “I must say, you have quite the acting skills, Jeremy.”

At that, Jerney’s footsteps came to an abrupt halt.

He turned around to meet Madeline's mirthful gaze with a handsome smile of his own. "I can say the same to you, Linnie."

"So despite that look of disappointment at the entrance this morning, you already knew that I had said it on purpose?" Madeline asked.

Jeremy nodded, turning around to walk toward Madeline. His gaze seemed softer than the moonlight. "How could I not believe you? I've already made that grave mistake once. I won't make it again."

His lips curled, and his gaze was sincere. "I've told you before, Linnie. I'll believe you even if you lie to me. Be it hell or the abyss, as long as you're there, I'll jump in without a second thought."

"Is that so?" Madeline smiled meaningfully. "Then why did you turn and leave when I fell into the water that day?"

Fell into the water that day?

Jeremy was stunned.

He had jumped in without hesitation and pulled her back to shore.

His heart had hurt so much that it felt like he was suffocating when she refused to wake.

Why did it turn into him turning and walking away?

"Tomorrow, 9 AM. I'll be waiting at the town office, Jeremy. Let's get officially divorced."

Jeremy's thoughts snapped back at her words.

He had not the chance to explain that day when his heart felt like it was being torn apart again.

However, it might be better for her to misunderstand him as at least without the chance to hesitate, she could be more decisive.

Suppressing the reluctance and heartache, he smiled at her elegant features and nodded. "Alright. Tomorrow, at 9 AM, the town office. I'll see you then."

Madeline nodded. "I'll see you."

Her response was casual, but her heart seemed to lurch painfully when she tried to smile.

Madeline turned around to look at the street lamps. She felt her vision blur for a moment.

In a daze, she saw her past self throwing herself to Jeremy like a moth to a flame.

He was the brightest ball of flames that she admired and wanted to get close to, only to have her innocent self burned away.

Madeline felt her heart clench, the pain causing her brows to frown.

Amidst the indescribable agony, she understood.

The memory she lost was of the time she loved this man so very much...

The two did not speak as Jeremy sent Madeline back to Montgomery Manor.

The radio just so happened to play the song 'Evil in Innocence'. As the lyrics 'You would know, the cruelest things that have been done to me' came up, both Madeline and Jeremy stared coincidentally at each other from the corner of their eyes.

He did not forget, and she seemed to have remembered something.

The song ended as the car arrived. Madeline alighted and entered Montgomery Manor without looking back.

Madeline entered Jackson's room after taking a bath and stared at the little boy's sweet features. Reaching out to caress his brows that looked just like his father's, her thoughts began to wander.

Madeline turned on her laptop and searched up the video of her wedding ceremony with Jeremy years ago on the internet.

The video showed a scene she no longer remembered. She was holding a bouquet in the clip, and despite the veil, the happy smile on her face was evident.

In front of her stood a reticent and dignified man, his appearance otherworldly.

Facing her, the man's expression was emotionless and his gaze was cold.

Yet with a deeper look, it was certain that his gaze had never left her face, and while there were no cracks in his aloof expression, his eyes had flashed with warm mirth—even if for just a little while.

Madeline replayed the video and the warmth in Jeremy's eyes could not be denied.

Still, none of this seemed meaningful anymore.

She had once flown to him like a moth to a flame, as careful as she could. It was only when she could not breathe anymore did she realize that she could no longer love this man so innocently anymore.

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Her phone vibrated. It was a call from Felipe.

Walking to the balcony, Madeline picked up the call and told him that she would be registering hers and Jeremy's divorce tomorrow.

Felipe was elated at the news but expressed his shame for not being able to fetch Madeline as he had things to do tomorrow.

They ended the call, and Madeline closed her eyes in thought as she let the wind blow past her face. Jeremy's face seemed to be the only thing clear in every snippet of her recovered memory.

...

Madeline woke up early the following day.

Venturing to the kitchen, Madeline made breakfast for Jackson and the Montgomery couple. It was a rare scenario that both Eloise and Sean were grateful for.

It was good news to them that Madeline had not gone to F Country as planned.

For at least now they could see their daughter frequently.

After breakfast, Madeline stated that she was going to meet Jeremy at the town office to register their divorce, which stunned both Eloise and Sean as they stared at Madeline. Their mouths opened and closed, but no words came out.

"If this is your final decision, Eveline, then Mom and Dad will support you no matter what." Eloise laid out both hers and Sean's thoughts in the open.

Madeline stared at the image in her phone thoughtfully before she asked, "Was I deeply in love with Jeremy back then?"

Eloise nodded. "You were. Mom heard that you had a crush on him since you were in university. However, he..."

"However, he kept hurting me." Madeline smiled. Without much else said, Madeline drove to the town office.

Not everything came with a second chance...

Outside the town office, Jeremy stood dazedly while waiting for Madeline's arrival.

He wanted to see her, but at that moment, he wished she would not appear.

A divorce.

The two words sunk deep into his heart like icicles, making it hurt as it grew cold.

Yet who was he to decline when he had so harshly held her hand and forced her to sign the divorce papers after Meredith turned her blind.

It did not matter that the papers were not processed, for the harm had been inflicted.

“Linnie...”

Jeremy closed his eyes despondently and stared at the wedding ring on his fourth finger.

‘You probably don’t know this, Linnie.

‘But I was elated the day we got married.

‘I was so happy that I could not sleep the night before.

‘Not that I showed such an expression to anyone.

‘You might not know this either, Linnie, but ever since the moment you placed the ring on my finger, I never had the heart to take it off.

‘Even if we part ways for the rest of our lives, I can promise that I’ll still keep it in my hands. Forever.’

Madeline was driving to the town office with her head filled with recent events when a black car suddenly drove toward her and blocked her path. She stepped on the brakes before an accident occurred.

From the black car alighted a man in a mask and a baseball cap. He was currently running toward her.

Feeling unsafe, Madeline immediately locked the car doors and shut all the windows. She had not expected the man to smash the window brutally with a tool, and she certainly had not expected him to hold a dagger to her throat.

Madeline was forced to get into the black car which then brought her to a remote abandoned factory.

The man tied Madeline's arms roughly and pushed her to the floor before he took off the mask and the baseball cap. Proud of himself, he smiled wickedly at her.

"We meet again, Madeline Crawford."

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Madeline looked up to stare at that wretched smile. The man was a stranger, but she felt like they had crossed paths before.

She was certain that he must have been an enemy of hers before she lost her memories, or he would not do something so extreme, let alone say something along the lines of 'we meet again'.

Tanner squatted down to grab Madeline's delicate chin as she stared at him with a sharp and analytic gaze.

"Tsk. What? You don't remember this old friend of yours?"

Madeline turned her face to fight Tanner's hold with a dignified look in her eyes. "Good friend? Who are you to call yourself that?"

Tanner was displeased. "What are you even arrogant about, Madeline Crawford? Let me tell you. Now that you've fallen into my hands again, I'm never going to let you go!"

He stood up and gave Madeline a gluttonous look from above. Regardless of what angle he stared from, Madeline was still breathtaking.

No. It would be more accurate to say that she had grown even more beautiful and alluring than before.

Feeling Tanner's gaze roam over her, Madeline tried to evade it, though it was to no avail as there was a limit to how much she could do with her arms tied together. There was nothing she could do but sit as Tanner looked at her.

Soon enough, Madeline had a bad feeling.

Indeed, wicked thoughts had surfaced in Tanner's head after all that staring.

He bent down and began to take Madeline's jacket off.

"Get off!" Madeline lifted her foot to kick Tanner's abdomen. Her sharp eyes glowered, and her voice was strong. "If you touch a hair of mine, I'll make your life a living hell!"

Realizing Madeline was about to kick him again, Tanner grabbed her legs in a death grip, holding Madeline in place no matter how she tried to kick him away.

His eyes swam with shameless and abhorrent thoughts as he slowly approached Madeline.

"Now that I've caught you, there's no way I'm holding back!"

His gaze was wretched while his smile was sinister.

“I wouldn’t mind dying if I get to have fun with you. To sleep with a girl Jeremy Whitman once did, doesn’t that mean I’m just as good as him?”

Jeremy Whitman.

The name made its way to Madeline’s heart.

He should be waiting for her at the town office, right?

“I’ve had my eyes on you for a long while, Madeline! I’ve been wanting to sleep with you since seven years ago. This day has finally come!”

Tanner then pounced on Madeline and pulled her jacket off.

“Get off! Don’t touch me!” Madeline struggled, her bound hands searching for something that she could use to retaliate with.

All she could get a hold of was sand.

Biting her lips, she threw a handful of sand into Tanner’s eyes.

“F*ck!”

Tanner was tearing Madeline’s jacket off when pain suddenly sparked in his eyes and his vision blurred.

Mortified, his actions grew brutal but was stopped by his phone ringing.

“Just you wait, Madeline. I’ll make you suffer!” Tanner warned fiercely as he rubbed his eyes and turned to take a call.

Madeline let out a breath of relief and scanned her surroundings calmly. Just as she thought of escaping, Tanner’s proud voice drifted to her.

“Bullsh*t. Of course, I’ve got it handled. She’s right here.

“We split the money in half. We’ll still get to live freely even with the debt paid back. As for her, I’ll definitely have my fun torturing her!

“Tsk. You’re the only one evil enough to think of such a plan, you wicked b*tch! Fine. I’ll be there shortly!”

With that, Madeline now knew that there was an accomplice on the other side of the phone and that the accomplice was a woman.

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That accomplice was most likely an enemy of hers as well.

By the time Madeline could guess who that woman might be, Tanner had hung up and returned.

He took a rope to tie Madeline’s legs together while he continued to spout vile things from his mouth. “Just wait obediently for me to come back, Madeline. Then, I’ll show you how good I am!”

Tanner then blindfolded Madeline’s eyes with a scrap piece of cloth before leaving the factory happily

and locking the door behind him.

Madeline tried to struggle, but it was to no avail.

...

Time ticked soundlessly away and it was already nine o'clock.

In the town office, Jerney waited quietly.

Watching young couples walking in happily hand-in-hand and walking out with sweet smiles on their faces, Jeremy could not help but think of the scene when he and Madeline had gotten registered.

She was just like these girls, eyes full of hope as she admired him carefully.

Thinking of her adoration-filled eyes, Jeremy's heart ached.

It was his fault for not cherishing their time together, so how could he blame Madeline for her decision today?

Jeremy snapped back from his thoughts and looked at the time. It was already nine-thirty.

As selfishly as Jeremy wished for Madeline not to appear, they had promised to meet at nine o'clock and she was late. Jeremy felt uneasy.

He immediately called Madeline, but no one answered.

He was about to call her again but instead received a call from the police saying that Madeline's car had stopped by the road. Its window was smashed and the person was gone.

They had called him because Jeremy was still listed as her husband when they searched for her kinship.

Jeremy knew something was wrong before the call ended.

Thinking about how Madeline might be in peril, Jeremy frantically contacted Jackson who was still in kindergarten.

Jackson's phone was the only device with the application that could track Madeline's immediate location.

Soon enough, Jackson sent the address to Jeremy. Hiding in the bathroom, he called his father secretly. "Did something happen to Mommy, Daddy?"

Jeremy was driving nervously but made sure to comfort Jackson warmly. "Don't worry, Jack. Daddy will bring your Mommy home safe. Go back to class, baby."

Jackson obeyed and did not ask anymore.

The call ended and he stared at the blinking red dot on his phone, his large glossy eyes blinking in tandem.

Arriving at the location as fast as he could, Jeremy realized he had arrived at an abandoned factory.

He stopped the car at the gate and went to stand at the windows when he realized the door inside was padlocked.

He thought to take a look at the situation inside first, but looking up, he was met with the sight of Madeline being tied up.

Her hands and legs were tied while her eyes were blindfolded. Her jacket had also been ripped up, leaving her fair shoulders and arms for all to see.

Jeremy felt his heart hurt as he watched her struggle against her binds. Raising a fist, he punched the glass window in front of him.

Crash! The window shattered.

Madeline tucked her feet toward her reflexively and looked up despite only seeing black.

“Who’s there?” she asked skeptically although she knew that this was most likely not the same person who took her. After all, Tanner would not need to break the window if it was him.

Jeremy ran toward Madeline, his heart aching at the sight. He took his jacket off to wrap it around Madeline’s shoulder.

Taking in the cool and familiar scent of cedar, Madeline felt her heart quicken. “Jeremy? Is it you?”

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Jeremy took off the cloth that covered Madeline’s eyes the same time she asked her question.

Just as she felt the light, Jeremy’s worried face was also reflected in Madeline’s eyes.

'It really is him.'

Madeline muttered silently in her heart, and somehow, a feeling of security flowed through her heart.

"Linnie, how are you? Are you hurt?" Jeremy asked with distress as he quickly untied the rope that bound her hands and feet.

Madeline shook her head. She was about to say something when she saw that the back of Jeremy's right hand was full of blood.

She glanced at the broken glass window and suddenly realized that he had actually smashed the window with his fist.

Seeing that Madeline did not answer him, Jeremy asked again while feeling more worried.

"Linnie, who brought you here? Did that person hurt you?"

Madeline came back to her senses. "It was a man. I think I've seen him somewhere before, but I can't recall it now."

She was about to stand up as she said this, but her legs suddenly went weak and she twisted her ankle.

Jeremy quickly hugged her waist and held her in his arms. "Linnie."

"My ankle is twisted." Madeline frowned.

Jeremy grabbed Madeline in his arms and hugged her while helping her to the chair at the side.

He tried to open the window, but it was so rusty that he could not open it.

“Linnie, sit down for a bit. I’ll go see if there are any other doors.”

He did not want her to go through the window like he had. There were a lot of broken shards and he was afraid that the glass would cut her skin.

He did not want to see her wounded and bleeding.

Jeremy looked around and found that although the lock to the back door was a bit rusty and could not be opened at first, as long as the lock was broken, the door could then be opened.

While looking for the tools, Jeremy asked Madeline, “Linnie, did your captor tell you anything? Tell me, maybe I’ll know who it is.”

Thinking back to what Tanner had said, they were very nasty. However, in order to know who it was, Madeline told him frankly.

“He said he’s my old friend.”

“...” Jeremy paused in his actions as he looked back at Madeline with surprised, wide eyes.

“He also said that he wanted to sleep with me seven years ago but didn’t succeed.”

After these words were uttered, Madeline observed a dark undercurrent in Jeremy’s eyes.

Madeline continued, "He also said that if he could sleep with the woman you've slept with, he would be as capable as you."

Jeremy was already suppressing his anger from the last sentence, but after hearing this, his handsome face was shrouded by clouds for a moment. Blue veins burst on his forehead. The cold light in his eyes was more like ice cones. It was as if the sharp coldness was about to overflow from his eyes in the next second.

In the end, he suppressed his anger for Madeline's sake and uttered an affirmative from his thin lips, "It's Tanner."

"Tanner?" Madeline repeated the name, finding it unfamiliar. "He seems to have an accomplice. That accomplice should be a woman. She hates me very much."

The first person Jeremy thought of was Meredith, but Meredith was already dead. Besides her, which other woman was there?

Tanner and his accomplice had just returned after their discussion when they suddenly saw an expensive sports car parked in front of the factory.

He took a closer look and confirmed that it was Jeremy's sports car.

Tanner suddenly felt angry and annoyed. He had not even f*cking sent out any news of the kidnapping and extortion, so how did Jeremy find Madeline?

How was he to extort money now? How could he repay the loan sharks without the money? If he did not pay the loan sharks, he would be hacked to death by the gang!

If Madeline was to be rescued by Jeremy now, he would die even sooner!

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Tanner quickly tried to think of something in a panic as he quietly walked to the iron gates.

He heard the voices of Madeline and Jeremy talking inside. Jeremy already knew that he was the one who kidnapped Madeline.

"MD, I really know that I did it!" Tanner quenched his dissatisfaction.

He glanced at the barrels of gasoline at the gates, gritted his teeth, and shook his head.

Jeremy found the tool to unlock the door and was about to act when Madeline suddenly caught a strange smell with her keen senses. "It smells of gasoline."

Jeremy turned around. "Gasoline?"

"It's getting more and more intense." Madeline nodded and suddenly saw a red glow in the surroundings. "Someone has set a fire."

The moment Madeline's voice fell, the tongue of the flames followed the path of the gasoline, and in an instant, it spread around the entire abandoned factory!

They did not expect to encounter such a situation again.

Jeremy calmly picked up the tool and slammed the door lock. "Linnie, don't be afraid. I'll definitely rescue you from here."

He promised, smashing the door lock harder.

Madeline looked at the look of worry tinting the corners of his eyebrows and was dazed for a bit. It took a while for her to return to her senses. "Jeremy, you can leave me."

"What stupid thing are you talking about? How could I leave you?!" Jeremy's tone was aggravated. After he said this, he realized that he had lost control of himself a little. He then quickly said softly, "Linnie, I can't close my eyes and watch you get hurt again. If something were to happen to one of us, let it be me."

His tone was determined, and there was no pretense of affection.

However, the fire was spreading quickly and the suffocating smoke rolled over. Madeline's throat began feeling uncomfortable.

She coughed twice, and Jeremy noticed Madeline's discomfort. He clenched his fists and slammed the chisel against the door lock.

With a clang, the door lock fell and the door in front of him opened.

"Linnie, the door is open!" Jeremy turned to hug Madeline but saw a heavy box falling from the upper left side.

His heartstrings tightened as he strode forward to hug Madeline. "Linnie, be careful!"

However, as if it was a prank from the heavens, a wooden box more than three feet high fell before the newly opened door and blocked their way.

"Cough, cough." Madeline became more uncomfortable and breathless. The fire was so strong that she

could no longer open her eyes because of the smoke.

Seeing that the raging fire was about to devour them, Jeremy did not hesitate to hold up Madeline and push her on top of the big box.

“Linnie, jump off the box. As long as you jump to the door, you’ll be safe.”

Madeline reluctantly opened her eyes. There was a sea of flames on one side and a safe zone on the other.

She squinted her eyes and looked at the smoke rolling down on Jeremy. She stretched out her hand to him, her heartbeat showing just how anxious she was. “Jeremy, I said I didn’t want to owe you anything. If we leave, we leave together. Come on!”

Jeremy saw Madeline’s outstretched hand but could not ignore his calf that had just been hit by the wooden box. It was obvious that he had injured a bone. He could hardly move his left leg now.

“Jeremy, what are you spacing out for? Grab my hand!” Madeline urged him anxiously, her voice trembling.

The box was more than three feet high, and there was no other help. With his injured and immobile leg, Jeremy did not want to waste any more time.

He saw Madeline’s hand stretched out among the smoke with his blurry vision. Smiling, he gently held her hand and lowered his head before kissing it gently.

Madeline was surprised by Jeremy’s actions and suddenly heard him say, “Linnie, do you know what the two luckiest things that have happened to me in my life are? One is that I met you when you returned once again. Another was a long, long time ago when I met you by the sea.”

Hearing this, Madeline did not know if it was because of the smoke that her eyes were acrid, but her tears fell all at once.

In a daze, Jeremy let go of her hand and pushed her out hard.

“Linnie, we’ll meet again if there really is another life.”

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