

Married by Mistake – Chapter 0109

As he was done speaking, he picked up his coat and turned away.

Madeline looked at Felipe's back as he was leaving and the light in her eyes extinguished bit by bit. There was nothing but despair left in her eyes in the end.

She did not know how Jeremy would deal with her, she only knew that his methods would definitely be very cruel.

She would never forget that he was like a demon from hell. He had dug through the grave and allowed the ashes of his own daughter to be washed away by the wind and snow, and he had actually smiled nonchalantly at that.

Seeing Madeline's reddened eyes gazing in the direction of Felipe's departure, Jeremy got angry.

“Are you this sad about him leaving? Madeline Crawford, are you treating me as if I am dead? I am the one who is your husband.”

He pushed Madeline away from his arms angrily.

Madeline staggered and fell by the side of the sofa, brushing her injured cheek against the corner of the sofa and causing her teeth to tremble in pain.

“Clean this place up. Whatever you did for that man just now, do it now!”

Madeline lowered her eyes and smiled bitterly. “Okay, as long as you are happy, my husband. You can have me do anything.”

Jeremy looked at Madeline who got up slowly. Somehow, he felt that the way she had called him husband sounded particularly disturbing.

Through the wind and snow, Madeline went to the supermarket to buy the food and then immediately cooked Jeremy a table of dishes after she had returned.

Madeline also prepared the bath for Jeremy according to his wish.

She did not dare to oppose him. She only knew that if she went against him, fate would be that the people around her would be the ones who suffer.

It was just that, right as when Madeline had prepared a new towel for Jeremy, there was a sudden, dull pain in her abdomen the moment she stood up.

She crouched back down reflexively in pain, her face turning almost as pale as snow immediately.

“Madeline.” Jeremy’s voice had reached her ears.

She wanted to get up, but the violent pain made it so that she was not able to straighten her body.

Madeline laid down on the cold, ceramic tiles while arching her body. She curled up even more from the increasingly tormenting pain and her consciousness seemed to be diminishing...

“Madeline Crawford, are you deaf?”

The man’s urging voice sounded impatient. Madeline raised her hand to her teeth and took a hard bite.

Hiss.

A bone-deep pain spread through her body. Madeline opened her increasingly blurred eyes all of a sudden, and as she was about to get up from the ground, Jeremy’s figure appeared in front of her.

Seeing Madeline who looked like she was about to die, Jeremy looked at her contemptuously.

“Are you trying to perform an act by pretending to be dead again in order to gain sympathy?”

Madeline took in a deep breath and raised her head with difficulty. “Mr. Whitman, can you please help me get the painkillers on the coffee table...”

She was in so much pain to even catch a breath. Jeremy looked at Madeline for two seconds, then turned around.

Not long after, Jeremy returned while holding the bottle of painkillers in his hand. “Is this what you wanted?” he asked Madeline who was supporting herself by the bathtub condescendingly.

Madeline gritted her teeth and nodded, and then stretched out her hand. “Thank you...”

However, before she could finish, Jeremy’s lips twitched, and his smile was dark, just like a demon.

He opened the medicine bottle, poured all the pills into the toilet, and then flushed it.

With a sloshing sound, all the pills were then washed away by the water, and Madeline’s heart seemed to have disappeared instantly.

She looked at the man who was looking down at her disdainfully as if she were a dog. A fog was blurring her vision. “Jeremy, I really am not feeling too well...”

“So what?” The man chuckled nonchalantly. “It’s merely a discomfort. Just like you said to Felipe, you won’t die.”