

# Married by Mistake – Chapter 0188

The voice was familiar and her nerves were telling her that the owner of this voice extremely repulsed her.

She tilted her eyes up and looked over. The lights in the corridor were very bright and Madeline could clearly see Tanner's ugly, wretched face appearing in her sight.

When Tanner was drunk, he thought that this woman only looked a little familiar after looking at her side profile. However, now that he could see Madeline's face clearly, he was instantly shocked! He backed up again and again, and as a result, both his feet tripped. He fell on all fours.

Madeline stood calmly at the door of the room, watching Tanner turning pale with fright. He looked like he was crawling backward in a panic, and she smiled brightly with the corners of her beautiful lips.

“Sir... Is something the matter?” she asked with a puzzled smile on her beautiful face. “Are you okay? Do you want me to help you up?”

Tanner looked at her, his eyes widening in horror. “Ma-Madeline! Don't come over!”

“Don't come over?”

“Hmph!”

Madeline smiled even more brilliantly and walked toward him. “Why is this gentleman so scared? I'm a human, not a ghost. Why are you—”

“Ghost! You're a ghost! Madeline, you're a ghost! Don't come over! Don't come to me. I told a lie at best. I didn't do anything to you. I'm not the one who killed you. If you want, go to Meredith! Don't come to me!”

After Tanner was done roaring at Madeline, he ran away.

It was as if he would have been killed by Meredith's ghost in a second.

Madeline snorted funnily whilst looking at Tanner's back.

She had never done anything against her conscience in her life, but she was tortured until her body was incomplete and bloody.

These people who had hurt and bullied her, instead of getting any retribution, still went to nightclubs to drink and dance as usual.

Thinking about Tanner's horrified response just now, Madeline curled her lips slightly, already planning one of the links to her revenge.

She turned around and finally pushed open the heavy room door in front of her.

The lights in the room were very soft and not as colorful or messy as the ones in the hall. They were also not as bright and dazzling as the ones in the corridor.

She walked in and saw Jeremy leaning lazily against the corner of the sofa.

He was wearing a white shirt with the neckline slightly opened. She could vaguely see his collarbone which was very sexy hidden under the shirt, just looming.

His eyes were closed as if he was sleeping. The soft warm light of the crystal lamp lightly spilled on his angular and handsome face, but it seemed that the fatigue between his eyebrows could not be dispelled.

This was the first time Madeline realized that he had such a tired look on his face when he fell asleep.

However, how could he be tired?

He was worth hundreds of billions with a woman he liked by his side and a son. Why was he tired?

She put down her bag and walked toward him. "Mr. Whitman."

Madeline called out, but Jeremy did not respond. There was the faint fragrance of wine lingering around him, covering up his breath. Madeline glanced at the bottles of red wine on the coffee table, wondering how many Jeremy had drunk.

"Mr. Whitman," she called out again, but she still could not get any response. "Jeremy."

Finally, Madeline called his name, a name that had appeared in her heart countless times. She had also thought that this name would remain in her heart forever like an ivy until the day she died.

Yet during the time when she was really about to die, she then realized that she had been chasing the love of her life, but it was just a dream bubble of a person.

With an indifferent gaze, Madeline looked at the man who was breathing steadily and sleeping serenely in front of her. Then, she smiled softly.

'Jeremy, it's true that I loved you back then, but it's also true that I don't love you anymore.'

Just then, a phone's ringtone rang out. The room was quiet, so the ringtone was very clear.

Madeline lowered her gaze and saw Jeremy's mobile phone vibrating incessantly. Her sixth sense was telling her that this call was most likely from Meredith.

She stretched her hand out without hesitation and was just about to swipe the answer button when her palm was suddenly held tightly.

Madeline was startled and looked sideways, not wanting to run into Jeremy's deep and hazy eyes.

Somehow, Madeline's heart was beating fast, but she smiled calmly. "Mr. Whitman, are you awake? I originally wanted to answer the call for you, but since you're awake, you can answer it yourself."