

Married by Mistake – Chapter 0190

Meredith ran toward them like a madwoman, completely forgetting about her gentle and kind persona in front of Jeremy.

She raised the bottle and aimed it at Madeline's face.

In the nick of time, Jeremy raised a hand to stop Meredith.

He pulled Madeline behind him. Intoxicated as he may have seemed a moment ago, Jeremy now glared at Meredith with displeasure, completely sober.

“What are you doing?”

Seeing Jeremy protect Madeline had Meredith struggling to keep her anger in check. However, she also knew that tears and acting weak were the only things she could do in this situation.

“I didn't actually want to hit her, Jeremy. I just don't want to see this woman always with you.” She complained hurtfully, placing the bottle back down.

“Can't you tell, Jeremy? She even did plastic surgery to look like Madeline so that she can attract your attention. Jeremy, don't be fooled by this woman.”

Jeremy turned to look at Madeline's flawless skin at the words 'plastic surgery'.

Madeline, however, merely smiled. “I had no idea that Miss Montgomery and the future Mrs. Whitman could speak in such an irresponsible manner. My appearance is a gift from my parents. Who are you to accuse me of plastic surgery? And even if I had done plastic surgery, pray tell why I would turn myself into a dead woman?”

The words 'dead woman' pierced into Jeremy's heart.

Any remaining sign of drunkenness had immediately vanished. The pain of losing Madeline and the woman who loved him the most woke him up.

Madeline brushed past Jeremy to stand in front of Meredith. "If you have time to throw a tantrum, Miss Crawford, I suggest you use it to think about why I was the first person your fiancé called when he was drunk instead of you, his fiancée."

"You..."

"Please refrain from contacting me again, Mr. Whitman. We wouldn't want this soulmate of yours feeling jealous, now would we?"

With that, Madeline turned and left.

Grinding her teeth together, Meredith glared at Madeline's retreating figure before turning around to reach for Jeremy with a pitiful look in her eyes.

"Let's go home, Jeremy. That woman's not worth ruining our relationship over."

She tried to persuade him, but Jeremy had chosen to evade her outreached arm.

He lifted his eyes to stare at her, displeasure swimming in the deep gaze. "How did you know I'd be here?"

Something flashed in Meredith's eyes. There was no way she would tell him that she had her own people spying him. "I didn't know you were here, Jeremy. All I knew was that I was worried because I didn't know where you were. I came here to try my luck, but I didn't expect to see you and that Vera Quinn..."

She explained as tears of hurt fell cooperatively from her eyes.

“I don’t want another woman to come between us again, Jeremy…”

All Jeremy could think of was Madeline’s face when he looked at Meredith’s tearful eyes.

He realized that the moment Madeline had taken root in his heart, any other woman had become the mistress—including Meredith.

Jeremy returned to the villa with Meredith following behind.

Meredith did not like the villa at all. Sure, it was luxurious and beautiful, but it was also filled with traces of Madeline. Madeline’s death did not change the fact that Meredith still hated her.

Oh, how she wished that Jeremy would build a new one in commemoration of their marriage. Yet three years had passed and she had not received even a single bracelet from him, let alone a new villa.

Jeremy made a beeline for his bedroom the moment he returned to the villa.

Meredith wanted to follow after him, but Jeremy stopped her outside. “I’m tired. Go back.”

“Let me spend the night with you, Jeremy. It’s been so many years. You must know how I feel about you by now. You used to tell me I’m the most perfect girl you’ve seen.”

Meredith stared at Jeremy suggestively, reminding him of a memory he held dear. Knowing that Jeremy had drunk tonight, she hoped that the alcohol would help him lose some of the logic holding him back.

Jeremy hesitated, and Meredith took the opportunity to reach for his hand.

“Don’t you want to go back, Jez? Back to how happy we used to be together?”

“Dad.”

Just when Meredith was so close to persuading Jeremy to allow her into his room, the voice she hated rang out.

Embers of anger licked within her, but to be with Jeremy, she had no other choice than to play the part of a dignified and loving mother. Turning her head, she smiled lightly at Jackson.

“Why aren’t you asleep yet, Jack? It’s late.”