

# Married by Mistake – Chapter 0195

To have Jackson Whitman trust her so much despite his young age was something Madeline had never expected.

“Can I call you Big Sis Vera from now on?” Jackson looked at Madeline expectantly.

Madeline nodded and smiled, her mind wavering at the memory of Jackson calling her ‘Mom’ moments ago.

“Of course.”

Hearing her reply, a smile finally graced Jackson’s features.

This was the first time Madeline had seen Jackson smile, be it three years ago or three years later today.

Two dimples appeared by the corners of Jackson’s mouth as he smiled. He looked warm and adorable, just like Lillian.

Madeline felt warmth flood into her chest at the child’s angelic smile.

Not too long after, Jeremy arrived.

He wanted to enter the house, but Madeline held him off outside.

“Please do take better care of your son, Mr. Whitman. He is, after all, the precious child of you and your beloved.” There was more to Madeline’s words that met the eye. Turning around, she fired Jackson a gentle and light smile. “Come on, Jack, your father’s here to fetch you home. You can always come again next time.”

“Okay.” Jackson nodded and slowly shuffled to stand beside Jeremy.

Instead of greeting his father, Jackson remained silent by his side.

The father-son duo gave her a strange and distant feeling.

“Thank you, Miss Vera.” Jeremy expressed his gratitude. He wanted to say more but was interrupted by an untimely phone call.

Looking at the caller ID, he realized that it was from Meredith.

Jeremy spent a few seconds hesitating before accepting the call anyway.

When the line connected, Meredith’s complaints and wailing drifted in from the other end. “Jeremy! I just went to pick Jack up from the kindergarten but the teacher told me a woman called Vera Quinn had already taken our son away! What does she want? Why did she kidnap Jack? What are we supposed to do now, Jeremy? I’m scared. What if Vera Quinn hurts Jack? Jeremy...”

There was no way Madeline could not catch a word with how loud Meredith was being.

She chuckled as she watched Jeremy frown with his lips apart, ready to respond. However, Madeline reached out to take his phone and placed it by her ear instead.

Meredith’s high-pitched screams continued to sound from the speaker. “Jeremy, Jeremy, can you hear me? Je—”

“Miss Crawford? You’re correct, I’ve kidnapped your son. In fact, not only did I kidnap your son, but I also have your fiancé with me. You want to save them, don’t you? So how about you bring the ransom to my house? Oh, and call the police too while you’re at it.”

“...”

Meredith froze when she heard Madeline’s voice, slowly taking in the other woman’s words.

Imagining Meredith’s embarrassed and pissed expression, Madeline smiled and returned the phone to Jeremy.

“This must be the legendary love of Mr. Whitman’s life. Quite the high maintenance, I’d say.”

Madeline waved Jackson goodbye with a warm smile. “Bye-bye, Jackson. See you next time.”

Jackson smiled and waved back. “Bye-bye, Big Sis Vera.”

Madeline nodded and quickly closed the doors.

She let out an ironic smile when she saw the grim expression Jeremy wore from her peripheral vision.

The following day, Jeremy caught Madeline by surprise as he found her working in the shop as usual.

In a tailored suit, Jeremy’s divine aura attracted numerous envious gazes.

He made a beeline to speak to Madeline, going straight to the point.

“Grandfather believes that you’re my ex-wife, Madeline Crawford. As a result, he wishes that you could attend the 50th anniversary of the founding of Whitman Corporation. The anniversary is in two days.”

Madeline continued to draw without lifting her head. “I’m sorry, but I don’t want to attract any more unnecessary issues, let alone be suspected from time to time by other people as your ex-wife.”

With that, she lifted her gaze to stare into Jeremy's bottomless eyes. Madeline chuckled.

"You suspect it too, don't you, Mr. Whitman? You, too, suspect that I'm that damned ex-wife of yours.

"You pretended to be drunk when you called me over to the club. You knew what you were doing when you held me and cried lovingly for Madeline. Perhaps you've forgotten, Mr. Whitman, but everyone is well aware of how much you hated and were disgusted by Madeline Crawford.

There was absolutely no way that you would cry for her in such a tone even if she was still alive, let alone speak the words you claimed you wanted to say, no?"