

Married by Mistake – Chapter 0196

Jeremy felt a rush of unease wash over him when he recognized the sarcasm and disdain in Madeline's eyes.

Pursing his lips, his gaze drilled into Madeline's eyes.

“As such, it'd be great if you would stop looking for me, Mr. Whitman. I really don't want to be treated as the dead again.” Madeline rejected him indifferently.

“It won't happen again.”

Jeremy parted his lips to say after a moment of silence.

With his gaze fixated on her, he bent his head to lean closer to her.

“I promise you, it won't happen again.”

Madeline chuckled lightly. “Are you admitting to testing me the other day, Mr. Whitman?”

Jeremy remained silent under her inquisitive tone.

Perhaps so. While the entire world was privy to how shamelessly in love Madeline was with Jeremy, Jeremy was the only one who knew he loved her back.

The truth was, Jeremy had lost his mind the other day. He was not testing her, no. He had fantasized that she was still alive...

Yet, that was all it was. A fantasy.

Now, he was awake.

He would not fantasize the woman before him to be the one in his heart.

Madeline took Jeremy's quietness as silent admittance.

Softly, she scoffed. "With that being said, I shall accept your invite, Mr. Whitman. After all, offending you would do no good to my days in Glendale."

Reluctant as Madeline seemed, Whitman Corporations' anniversary was an event she needed to attend!

After all, she was going to reveal the other side of Meredith in front of the celebrities gathered.

After accepting Jeremy's invitation, Madeline quickly mailed it off anonymously to someone else.

After that, she went to the counter of a store to pick up the gown she had ordered from the internet.

What a small world it was. After entering the store, Madeline was met with the sight of Meredith who was being served enthusiastically by several assistants. She did not even realize Madeline's presence.

"These are all the latest styles from last week, Miss Montgomery. Especially these few here, I'd say they match your aura very well." The shop assistants praised with smiles.

Meredith took the dresses to check the price tags. "This won't do. This is too cheap for a person of my status. Don't you have something more expensive?"

“Yes, yes, of course! This way, please!” Elated by Meredith’s desire for more expensive outfits, the shop assistants immediately brought her to a side for more options.

“What about this style, Miss Montgomery?”

“This here is this season’s limited evening gown, Miss Montgomery. Its price is also very fitting of your status! I’m sure you’d be the center of everyone’s attention should you wear this to the Whitman Corporation’s 50th anniversary!”

“Indeed! You’d match Mr. Whitman with this evening gown, Miss Montgomery!”

Meredith smiled arrogantly after being put up on a pedestal with the shop assistants’ singing her praises after praises.

However, she still felt rather unsatisfied. Her gaze wandered until it fell on a mannequin as if she had been enraptured by the outfit it wore.

“Why haven’t I seen this dress before? I like its unique style. I want to try it on,” Meredith ordered.

The assistants smiled awkwardly. “The gown has already been pre-ordered by another client, Miss. Montgomery.”

“Then give her another one from another warehouse.” Meredith was displeased. Desire was apparent in her gaze as it bore holes into the gown.

“I…” The assistant was placed between a rock and a hard place. This dress was handmade, so it was not cheap. It had to be ordered from overseas half a month before purchase, so this was the only one in the entirety of Glendale.

Hearing her, Meredith’s expression fell slightly while the possessiveness in her eyes flared.

“I want this dress. You can just tell the client their pre-ordered gown hasn’t arrived yet. You should wrap this dress up for me if you want me to continue shopping with you.”

“I...”

“What are you still waiting for? Are you telling me a casual customer is more important than long-term ones like me?” Madeline urged them, displeased.

The shop assistants shared a glance before breaking out into fawning smiles again.

“Just a moment, Miss Montgomery. I’ll wrap it up for you now,” a shop assistant said as she took the dress.

“It makes sense how Madeline lost to you, Miss Crawford. How could she possibly match your bossiness? She was never your opponent to begin with.”

Meredith had not expected such a sentence to come from behind her as she waited happily for the shop assistant to wrap the dress up for her.

Her expression darkened as she whipped her head around. A few shop assistant’s gazes fell on her as well.

“Vera Quinn?” Meredith’s gaze turned sinister, but the smile remained on her face in the public setting. “It’s you? I never thought you’d be able to afford something from such an expensive shop. Maybe selling jewelry does come with quite the salary, huh?” She mocked.

“You’re right. It really isn’t easy earning money. I’m not you, after all, Miss Crawford. I don’t get to spend my family wealth without working for it.”

“...” The corners of Meredith’s lips twitched as distaste settled on her face. The fake smile she put on disappeared instantly as she turned to glare impatiently at the shop assistants. “Wrap it up already!” She quirked an eyebrow at Madeline. “Jeremy’s still waiting for me for lunch!”

“Yes, yes, of course! One moment, Miss Montgomery,” the shop assistants replied, wrapping up the gown and handing Meredith the bag.

Sparing an arrogant glance at Madeline, Meredith reached out to receive the shopping bag only for Madeline to take it neatly before Meredith’s fingers could touch the bag’s handles.

“What are you doing, Vera Quinn?” Meredith roared in anger.

The shop assistants were shocked as well, immediately standing on Meredith’s side to point fingers at Madeline’s behavior. “What are you doing, Miss? This belongs to Miss Montgomery! How could you take other’s things?”

“Other’s things?” The corners of Madeline’s lips quirked meaningfully. “Do you like this gown, Miss Crawford? What a shame, I like it too.”

“Hmph. You like it too? Just because you like it doesn’t mean it’s yours!” Meredith smirked mockingly.

The assistants chuckled as well, a belittling gaze in their eyes. “This is a six-figure dress, Miss. You’re not the only one who likes it. We like it too. But liking it doesn’t mean it belongs to you! Please put the gown down, Miss, or we’ll have to call security.”