

Married by Mistake – Chapter 0203

Tanner's complexion paled as he pointed a finger at Madeline who was currently washing her hands. Shocked, he crawled up from the ground with a hand on the wall for his strength seemed to have vanished from his legs.

It was the first time he had participated in such a high-class celebration. As a result, he had drunk a good amount to take full advantage of the situation.

Under the effects of alcohol, Madeline's enchanting smile floated about in his vision. Her face duplicated as the figures began to approach him. He could not breathe!

Too afraid to look her in the eye, he started to stutter and mumble.

"Mad-Madeline Crawford! Why won't you leave me alone? The person you're looking for is Meredith! Not me!"

Watching Tanner tremble in fear before her, Madeline stepped over with her high heels clicking and a smile on her curled lips.

"You're asking me why Madeline's spirit is haunting you? I'm sure you know exactly why."

"Ah!" Tanner dashed into the male bathroom, terrified. "I don't know! I don't know anything at all! Find Meredith if you want revenge! Leave me alone! Go away!"

He mumbled, his heart racing in utmost fear.

After a while, the sounds of activity vanished outside. Tanner took a tentative step only to realize there was no one at all!

It fueled his fear. He turned on the tap to wash his face in hopes of sobering up, yet regardless of how much he splashed, the image of Madeline's thought-provoking smile continued to echo in his mind...

Madeline returned to the ballroom. The atmosphere had lightened greatly and the guests began to drink and dine, enjoying the food as they chatted with each other.

When her eyes fell on Old Master Whitman, Madeline held back the overwhelming urge to greet him, for she knew impulsiveness would do her no good.

Meredith was frustrated and pissed now that her plans had been ruined. She had the urge to rage and vent, yet this was a setting where she had to continue to act as a gentle and kind woman.

The perfect words to get Madeline in trouble formed in Meredith's mind now that the other had returned. She watched Jeremy approach Madeline and lean over flirtatiously to whisper in her ear.

After that, she watched Jeremy lift an arm for her to hold in his own volition and Madeline actually linked arms!

Meredith's hand balled into a tight fist, the strength she was exerting almost strong enough to crush the stem of the glass.

She was fuming with anger as she stared at how Jeremy had brought Madeline over to Old Master Whitman and how Old Master Whitman noticeably brightened up at the sight of Madeline. He even raised an arm to pat her shoulder affectionately.

"You're here, Madeline. You've made Grandfather's day." Old Master Whitman treated Madeline as if nothing had happened.

He was never disgusted by her identity. If anything, he was the only one who had placed his unbridled trust in her and protected her ever since she got married to Jeremy.

As grateful as Madeline was for Old Master Whitman, she was also moved.

She had been extremely worried when the old master was admitted to the hospital due to heart complications three years ago. To see him energetic and alive now placated the unease in her heart.

However, the old master sighed as he stared melancholically at Madeline. “Such a great girl, beautiful and smart. It’s a shame this grandson of mine was too blind to appreciate such a great wife.”

The old master spared Jeremy a displeased glance. “Tell me, what’s so bad about Madeline? I can’t believe you’d dump such a beautiful wife to get married to that other one! Hmph!”

“It’s not Jeremy’s fault, Grandfather. It was never our fate. Right, Jeremy?” Madeline lifted her onyx orbs, not expecting for them to lock with Jeremy’s deep ones.

Had he been staring at her this whole time? His gaze enveloped her with nostalgic warmth as his lips parted to answer. “Rather than blaming fate, it would be more accurate to say that I was never deserving of you.”

His words stunned Madeline.

“Tell me, Madeline. Should we get to start all over again, would you let me fall for you?”

“...”

Madeline felt Jeremy’s elbow inch toward her as he spoke, almost as if she would disappear if he relaxed his hold.

“Hmph! I’d never say yes if I were Madeline!” The old master’s voice reigned Madeline’s emotions back in check.

She had almost allowed herself to hope.

Such was merely a skilled ploy Jeremy was using to placate the old master.