

# Married by Mistake – Chapter 0208

Meredith did not care about how Old Master Whitman thought. What mattered to her was how Jeremy did.

Her glistened eyes turned to look at the frosty man. “You believe me, right, Jeremy?”

Meredith’s tone was soft as she reached out to grab Jeremy’s hands, trying to get him to believe in her.

Instead, all she got was a cold look filled with doubt that swept sharply over Meredith’s face from the corner of his eyes. Without giving her an answer, he walked away.

“Jeremy, Jeremy...”

Feeling hurt, her tears began to fall cooperatively as Meredith watched Jeremy’s retreating figure.

Eloise began to comfort her sympathetically. “It’s alright, Meredith. Jeremy is smart. I’m sure he wouldn’t fall for such lies!”

Meredith nodded and wiped off her tears. “I’ll go look for him.”

“Meredith.” Eloise sighed sadly. Lifting her gaze, she glared at Madeline with displeasure.

On the receiving end of Eloise’s disgusted gaze, Madeline found herself smiling and walking over without a care. “If memory serves me right, you were very certain that you had seen how shameless and ruthless Madeline was, right, Mrs. Montgomery? Yet the truth speaks otherwise. This precious daughter of yours seems more like the horrible person you described.”

“You... Don’t spout nonsense, Vera Quinn. Or I’ll sue you for defamation!”

“Shouldn’t Madeline be the one suing if anything? Your daughter was the one who employed someone else to slander her innocence and frame her for kidnapping.”

“You...”

Madeline found herself unwilling to continue after watching Eloise comfort and stand up for Meredith.

The truth was out in the open, yet Eloise chose to protect and believe in Meredith anyway.

Everyone liked to call themselves logical, yet feelings had always been something selfish. Something so selfish that it could blind you from black and white, from right and wrong.

Madeline smiled bitterly before turning around and walking away with a glass of wine in hand.

Night fell and the soft summer breeze caressed Madeline’s cheeks.

Through the corridors, she found herself staring at an ever-so-familiar silhouette leaning on the balcony at the end.

Against the glass railing stood Jeremy’s tall and lithe figure. A wine glass sat between the man’s fingers, and there was a bottle of red wine on the small table next to him.

He quietly lifted the glass, his Adam’s apple bobbing as he downed the wine in his glass.

Another breeze of night wind blew, ruffling his chestnut brown hair.

Under the dark of the night, Madeline stared on. A heavy dose of melancholy seemed to have taken root in his drooping eyes and defined brows.

‘Are you blaming yourself, Jeremy?’

‘Or are you regretting the things you’ve done?’

Madeline chuckled lightly.

Jeremy slowly lifted his gaze, almost as if he had heard the clickity-clack of her heels.

“Are you drinking your sorrows away, Mr. Whitman? Perhaps the incident just now has destroyed your mood?” Madeline asked casually, walking toward Jeremy. “You seem like you need company, Mr. Whitman. Shall I join you for a drink?”

Madeline lightly swirled the champagne in her hand and reached over to knock their glasses together, only for Jeremy to pull her by the wrist before their glasses could even touch.

Curiously, she stared at the inquisitive look in Jeremy’s eyes, albeit glazed over by the influence of alcohol.

“Mr. Whitman?”

“It’s you, isn’t it? Madeline.”