

Married by Mistake – Chapter 0227

Madeline did not think she cared about Jeremy giving roses to other women. She just was not reconciled.

Jeremy's car went straight all the way. There were gradually lesser cars along this road.

In order to avoid being found out by him, Felipe stretched the distance very far.

After about 20 minutes, Madeline saw Jeremy's car had stopped.

However, the place he parked his car made Madeline and Felipe feel confused.

“A cemetery?”

Jeremy had actually come to a cemetery.

Why would he come to this place while carrying a bouquet of roses?

Furthermore, this cemetery was exactly where she once buried her grandfather and her first child. It was also the place where he had cruelly killed their child in front of her. Madeline's heart trembled fiercely thinking about it. The snow floating in the sky on that fateful day seemed to float into her heart at this moment, so cold.

She would never forget how desperate and helpless she was when she pleaded with him. Yet, he ignored her pleading and tears, ruthlessly cutting up her heart a thousand times. In the end, he even let Meredith disfigure her.

“Do you want to follow him in?” Felipe asked.

Madeline suddenly withdrew her thoughts and shook her head. “There aren’t many people here and not many cars either. If I follow him, he’ll surely realize.”

“Then we wait?”

Madeline was silent upon hearing this.

Did she want to wait?

However, what was she waiting for?

The cemetery was so big that Jeremy’s figure could no longer be seen.

What could she get from waiting here?

“Your hands are cold.” Felipe held her hands again. “Is it because you’re thinking of the unhappy things in the past?”

His voice was as soft and warm as ever, quietly trickling through her injured heart.

Hearing Madeline’s silence, Felipe curled his lips. His fingertips gently patted the hair beside her ear. “Don’t worry, you have me.”

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At the cemetery.

Holding 88 red roses, Jeremy walked along the familiar road and finally came to a tomb.

Looking at the name carved on the tombstone, he reached out and gently grazed over each word as though he was able to sense her warmth this way, but the coldness on his fingertips reminded him that everything was just his illusion and fantasy.

Jeremy put down the roses and lit a cigarette as usual. Sitting on a stone bench by the side, the lingering smoke was blown away, but the gentle breeze blurred the tombstone in his eyes.

The moment when he believed that Madeline and Tanner had partnered to kidnap Jack and the scene of him cruelly pushing her away emerged clearly in his mind.

The rain had been so heavy that day.

Now that he thought about it, she was already sick with such a serious illness back then. Her body had to be in so much pain.

She had said, "Jeremy, believe me."

She had also said, "Jeremy Whitman, why can't you just believe me for once? Just once!"

In the end, he used all kinds of insults to pinch out the hope in her eyes bit by bit.

He had actually seen her pale face from the rear-view mirror, sitting in the rain like a broken doll.

He had also felt his heart aching at that time but thought his heartache was over Meredith. He never realized that it was her he was feeling a heartache over.

Hiss.

The pricking sensation pulled Jeremy's thoughts back from three years ago.

Letting the cigarette butt burn, he quietly looked at the tombstone in front of him and smiled bitterly.

“I regret it. Do you hear me?”

He lifted the corner of his lips, his eyes starting to feel sore.

He never thought that after Madeline died that he would have a tough time every night and that he would be thinking of her all the time.

He slowly got up and walked to the tombstone. Crouching down, he reached into his pocket and took out that dark blue velvet jewelry box.

Opening it, the diamond reflected a bright halo under the sun.

“Do you like it? I designed it for you.” Jeremy smiled to himself. “She looks like you and I keep on having illusions, but not anymore. You are you, and she is her.”

After promising this, he gently stuffed the jewelry box into the gap beside the tombstone.

“Linnie... Can I call you this from now on?” he asked, but the answer he received was only the rustle of the branches after a breeze blew past.