

Married by Mistake – Chapter 0287

Madeline's heart raced and she was nervous.

From the sound, the men had already reached the door. Madeline had no other options. She needed to act now.

Bracing through the pain of her bleeding hands, Madeline moved an abandoned chair.

The men outside were already tinkling with the lock. After taking a rock from the ground, Madeline stepped on the chair.

“F*ck! Didn't you open the door just now? How did you lose the key? Look for it, now!” An angry voice rang out from outside the door.

Hearing them, Madeline realized that this was a great opportunity for her.

Staring at the broken window in front of her, she raised the rock to hit it.

Crash!

The glass shattered instantly with a crisp crack.

The people by the door immediately fell silent for a few seconds before someone roared. “F*ck! The chick couldn't have run off, could she?”

“What? She ran off?” A woman's infuriated voice drifted over, followed by an order. “Kick the door down! The two of you, look for her outside. She couldn't have gone far!”

With that, the room door was quickly opened with force.

When they ran in, Meredith and the two men were met with the sight of a bundle of ropes on the ground.

“Vera Quinn!” Meredith clenched her teeth. Lifting her head, she found the small window with its glass broken and its remnants clinging to a small piece of cloth. “I can’t believe she actually ran off! Go, run after her! Either you find her, or I’ll kill you!”

“Let’s go! We’ve got to find her, quick!” The thugs immediately chased after the loose woman cooperatively.

Meredith kicked the pile of rope and ran out in humiliation.

The surroundings grew quiet.

Slowly, Madeline poked her head out of the pile of junk. Her onyx orbs surveyed the room before her gaze fell on Meredith who stood impatiently by the side.

“I was right. It was you, after all, Meredith.”

Madeline was hardly shocked.

She took a deep breath and was glad that she had made the smart choice.

Having already died once, she refused to let anyone hurt her again—especially Meredith.

Although, to escape would pose a certain difficulty since Meredith was still waiting outside.

She did not have her phone on her either, so contacting someone was also out of the question.

Lowering her eyes to think, Madeline's gaze fell on the crystal bracelet around her hand and felt the worry in her heart calm considerably.

Smiling softly, Madeline caressed the bracelet. Jackson's appearance soon surfaced in her mind.

She could not imagine why such an obedient child like Jackson would have such a horrible mother like Madeline.

Not to mention how the child looked nothing like Meredith. He did look like Jeremy, though. His aura and the appearance of his brows were a replica of his father's.

Grumble, grumble.

Madeline's stomach began to rumble.

She was kidnapped the moment she left the house before she had the chance to eat anything. Then, they had drugged her with chloroform. Her mind was still foggy and drowsy.

She had to find a way out soon since the chance of getting found was still high by hiding here.

...

With the help of a few connections, Jeremy found that the vehicle used to kidnap Meredith had run several red lights. Cameras showed it driving into an alleyway, but that was also the last known location of it.

He rushed over immediately. The vehicle had indeed been parked there, but it was also empty now. Jeremy found nothing suspicious about the surroundings.

They had evidently moved Madeline to a secondary location.

The vehicle was a stolen one, thus there were no links to the kidnapper's identities.

The sky began to darken and Jeremy had yet to find where Vera was. He was beginning to feel frustrated.

Jeremy found it impossible to force himself not to worry, not when Vera looked just like Madeline.

Jeremy no longer wished to see sadness or hurt flash through that face.

He wanted her to be safe.

Following the pavement, Jeremy tried his best to seek even the littlest clue that would point him to Madeline's location, all as his heart continued to beat erratically.

With every passing minute, Jerney's worry grew.