

Married by Mistake – Chapter 0292

Bending his finger, Jeremy was about to pull his hand back when the decisive words of Ava and Daniel echoed in his head.

‘She is Maddie!

‘I refuse to believe that there are two people in this world who would like so alike!’

How could they be so sure? Unless it was because they saw some sort of identifying mark?

Identifying mark?

Jeremy was reminded of the mole above Madeline’s left chest.

Jeremy remembered how Vera’s grip on the towel had tightened when she walked out of the bathroom the time she had stayed the night for Jackson.

Had she perhaps done so not out of embarrassment but out of fear of him realizing something?

Jeremy’s heart rate sped up at the thought. Staring at Madeline who was still deeply asleep, one of his fingers fell on the button of her hospital gown.

The first, second, and third buttons were unclasped in quick succession.

Click. The ward door burst open when Jeremy’s hand was still on Madeline’s gown.

“What are you doing, Jeremy?” Felipe walked into the room. Seeing Jeremy’s hand on Madeline’s clothes, he walked up to tuck the blanket over Madeline’s shoulders.

Jeremy took his hand back as his deep, cold, and inquisitive gaze met with Felipe’s.

“How did you manage to move my wife overseas back then?”

Felipe smiled calmly. “What are you talking about, Jeremy? You can’t possibly still think that Vera is Madeline, can you?”

Jeremy pursed his thin lips, opting not to answer.

Felipe chuckled faintly and sighed. “The dead cannot be brought back alive, Jeremy, nor do I have the ability to revive a dead person. Madeline’s death pains me as well, but perhaps, death is more of a relief to her.”

Jeremy’s eyes dulled, but he chuckled coldly. “Relief?”

“Am I wrong? She gave her passion and love, waited for you her entire life, yet what did you give back in return? Did you ever care for her? No. In fact, you never even stopped to see her for who she was.”

Jeremy felt a coldness washing over him at Felipe’s words.

“You only hope that Vera is Madeline, Jeremy, because you know you’ve blamed her for things she didn’t do. You’re guilty, so you hope to make it up to her. In your eyes, Vera is merely a vessel for you to make peace with the guilt inside you.”

“Shut up!” Jeremy interrupted icily, his chest heaving.

He no longer wanted to remember how he had hurt Madeline in the past, for every time he did, even breathing and the fact that he was alive felt like a sin.

She had loved him her entire life, even until her dying breath.

Yet what had he given her in return? Nothing but endless torture.

“I’m going to get Vera her prescriptions. Don’t do anything you shouldn’t.” Felipe reminded on a heavy note before he turned around and left.

Outside the door, Felipe’s thin lips curled subtly as he watched Jeremy stand soullessly by the bed.

‘There was no such thing as a pill of regret, Jeremy. A love too late is worth nothing. You don’t deserve Madeline anymore.’

The unconscious Madeline began to dream. It was a scene from her youth when she and Jeremy had first met by the seaside. The sea breeze was salty, but the air was sweet.

Hand in hand they ran without a care in the world. Oh, how pure and easy their life used to be.

Perhaps she had gotten hurt then, and in her wound buried a thorn. Every time they met again, the thorn would start to hurt her. The pain only worsened until she got to the point where she started praying for death...

Madeline furrowed her defined brows as the dreamscape began to shift, bringing her back to the most painful memory from three years ago. Her hands reflexively gripped the bedsheets, and she began to mumble while sleepwalking.

“Why, Jez? Why won’t you just believe me...”

