

# Married by Mistake – Chapter 0300

Madeline got in, and the car sped to April Hill.

The autumn sun was setting over the horizon as a salty breeze blew about from the sea. It was a taste of the past, but as little as the camphor tree had changed, it was no longer the same.

Madeline had hated April Hill ever since the last time Jeremy brought Meredith over.

She could still remember the words Meredith told Jeremy, how she had described their first meeting that was so similar to hers with Jeremy.

Was it a coincidence, or was this another prank fate liked to pull?

Pondering quietly, she twisted her head to find Jeremy opening a bottle of red wine.

“What’s the cause of your distraught? To think that you would drive so far, perhaps this is a place you hold dear in your heart?”

Madeline walked toward him, intentionally speaking in a confused tone.

“Could it be that this was where you and Meredith got together?”

The bottle opened with a pop just as Madeline’s voice fell.

Jeremy lifted his gaze to meet Madeline’s swirling orbs. The corner of his lips tugged seductively, tinted with charm and allure under the orange hues of the sunset sky.

“Would you be able to remain nonchalant and happy when someone throws out the things you hold dear?”

“Things you hold dear?” Madeline looked at Jeremy curiously. “Like what?”

She pressed on, only to have Jeremy quirk the corner of his lips mysteriously in response.

Procuring two wine glasses from the car, he poured Madeline one and handed it to her. “Drink with me.”

His baritone voice sounded bossy, but there was a tinge of indescribable fondness in his eyes.

Madeline took the glass and downed it easily.

Almost everything she never used to know, she knew now.

Drinking was not an issue.

A smidge of admiration swam in Jeremy’s eyes as he stared at Madeline.

The sunset glow behind Madeline was gorgeous, tinting her fair skin with a soft red flush. It heightened the beauty of this woman’s features.

“An ‘82 Lafite. You’re not holding back at all, Mr. Whitman.” Madeline swirled the cup elegantly, the red liquid refracting the soft rays of the remaining sun rays. “Would you indulge me now? What’s gotten you so angry?” she asked with a small smile before furrowing her eyebrows at her train of thought.

“I went to the station to give my testimony yesterday. They told me that the kidnapping had been investigated and that Meredith is the actual culprit behind it. So I’m guessing that you already know about it and that’s why you’re hurt and upset?”

Hearing Madeline's words, Jeremy raised his glass to down the wine in it.

Another sea breeze blew, chasing off the last remaining hues of sunset. The sky darkened within the span of a moment.

The street lights blinked alive, and Jeremy's deep gaze bore into Madeline's eyes.

"Do you plan to press charges?" he suddenly asked.

Madeline frowned. "What do you mean?"

"I wish to convince you not to press charges."

Madeline found herself surprised by the absurdity of his reply.

"Even now, Jeremy, why must you defend this heartless and evil woman?"

Madeline tugged her lips into a carefree smile. "Meredith must still mean tremendously to you, Mr. Whitman. But if you could, I'd like you to give me a reason. What gives you the drive to protect and defend such an immoral woman?"