

Married by Mistake – Chapter 0303

Jeremy's pupils contracted. "You mean, last night, we..."

Madeline nodded before he could finish speaking.

Distress immediately surfaced on Jeremy's features.

He admitted that he was infatuated with the woman in front of him, but he was also clear that such infatuation was an extrapolation of the yearning he felt for Madeline.

He meant it when he said he wanted to marry her, but he had never thought of engaging in any form of skin-on-skin relationship with another woman after Madeline.

He had approached Vera out of selfishness. He wanted to stare at the features of someone who looked exactly like Madeline a little longer, just so he could ease the guilt within him.

Yet right now...

He felt like a b*stard.

He claimed that he loved her, yet he found himself unable to withstand the allure of another woman in his moment of drunkenness.

"Look at you. You seem distressed. Why? Because I remind you of the ex-wife you hated so much? You must feel disgusting and dirty."

Madeline's frigid words brought him back to reality.

Staring at her innocent features that were glowing under the morning light, she looked just like 'her'. He found himself unable to describe such angelic beauty with the word 'dirty'.

While he could not remember every detail of the night before, Jeremy admitted that he had a nice dream last night—one that involved the warmth of Madeline's body.

Staring at the complex feelings swimming in Jeremy's eyes, Madeline's lips quirked into a smile before they were pressed into a cold line.

"I get it. Please don't look for me ever again, Mr. Whitman. Our relationship ends here."

She brushed past him just as her cold tone fell.

Jeremy immediately snapped back from his thoughts. "Vera."

He ran after her in big steps to pull the woman who did not even spare a glance behind her back.

Madeline pulled her arm out of his grasp and continued to make her way forward. She must have stepped on something, for she felt a sharp stab of pain shoot up from the bottom of her feet, causing her to bend forward instinctively.

Chupse!

"What's wrong?" Jeremy reached out to support Madeline's arm in concern. Seeing the frown on her face and how she was tiptoeing on her right foot, he immediately held her foot and squatted to take a look.

Amidst the white sand was a sharp shard of glass, its tip tinted with blood.

Without a second thought, Jeremy immediately went to hold Madeline by her waist. “Let me have a look at your wound first.”

“I don’t need your help.” Madeline pushed him away, tiptoeing her way forward by herself.

Jeremy could not help but be reminded of Madeline as he stared at the woman’s stubborn figure.

That was just how strong she was. She would stubbornly hold her head up no matter how horrid the torture she was suffering.

Quickly reining his thoughts back, he took wide steps to catch up to Madeline and carried her horizontally with a hand on her waist.

“What are you doing, Jeremy Whitman? Put me down!” She protested, distaste apparent on her features.

Paying Madeline’s struggle no heed, Jeremy continued to make his way along the street with her in his arms. His expression was unchanging.

He walked purposefully along the path that led to April Hill’s small town.

Madeline stopped fighting back as well, for the path reminded her of the scene from more than ten years ago.

Her foot had also been pierced by a shard of glass back then, and a 12-year-old Jeremy then piggybacked her to the town’s health center.

She remembered how he had comforted her the entire way as well as the promises he made to protect her from then onward.

In the end, not only had he not given her the slightest protection, but he even took part in causing her pain.

Her eyes reddened without her noticing. She never expected such details of the past to still mean so much to her.

Jeremy lowered his gaze to find Madeline's eyes brimming with tears. He was confused and stunned. His heart was clenching inexplicably at the sight.

For a moment, Jeremy found himself unsure whether the pain in his heart was for the Madeline he had loved a little too late or for the woman currently in his arms.