Married by Mistake – Chapter 0308

The video ended.

"Vera."

Jeremy rewatched the video twice as his heart thumped loudly in his chest. Quickly putting on his blazer, he dialed for Madeline.

The call was left unanswered.

He then sped to the location of the crash. Jeremy received a call just before he arrived.

Jeremy felt his heart calm greatly at the caller ID.

Tapping on his Bluetooth earphones, he answered the call nervously. "Vera?"

"It's me."

A familiar voice echoed through, soothing the taut hold over Jeremy's nerves.

He met Madeline ten minutes later, his gaze heavy as he scanned her unharmed appearance. He pressed on, asking, "Are you really alright?"

Madeline stared calmly at the scratch on her leg. "It's a small issue. Rather than worrying about me, Mr. Whitman, I'd rather you worry about your son instead."

Jeremy's brows furrowed. "Jackson?"

"Yeah. I have to ask you, is Jackson really Meredith's son?" Madeline inquired confusedly.

"I was shocked to see her leaving her son to be hit by a car and make a run in the face of danger."

Jeremy's sharp brows furrowed deeper. Remembering the video he watched, it dawned on him that Jackson was the boy Madeline had risked her life to protect.

He did not remember seeing Meredith in the video, though.

"Let me send you home." Jeremy walked up to help Madeline, reaching around her shoulders naturally.

"I'd like you to bring me with you instead if that's alright? Meredith just brought Jackson away. I'd like to know if he's alright."

Jeremy stared at the attractive side profile in front of him and nodded. "Alright, I'll bring you over to my place."

Jeremy kept glancing at the rearview mirror the entire ride, suddenly interested in whether she was actually doing alright.

In a way, she meant differently to him than others.

Madeline entered the villa again. Walking through the doors, she could not help but be reminded of how Meredith had framed her for pushing her down the stairs and how Jeremy forced her to kneel an entire night in the rain after a violent beating in prison.

How cold he had been to the child she was pregnant with, and how limitlessly he had allowed this wicked woman to do whatever she wanted.

He had watched from the sidelines how she suffered under the harsh pitter-patters of the rain.

"A penny for your thoughts?" Jeremy's baritone voice sounded by her ear.

Madeline reeled in her thoughts and smiled. "I was just thinking if I should let you in on a piece of great news."

"Great news?" Jeremy's eyes squinted slightly to meet Madeline's mirthful ones.

The car stopped before the gates that very moment and out came Meredith and Eloise with a cold-looking Jackson in tow.

Upon entering the courtyard, Meredith was stunned to find Jeremy and Madeline standing together. She quickly ran over.

"What are you doing at my house, Vera Quinn?" She interrogated, her tone sounding harsh.

Jeremy turned to look at Meredith with displeasure. "Watch your tone. Vera is my guest."

"Vera?" Meredith felt anger ignite within her. "Why did you bring this woman into our house, Jeremy? And why are you calling her name so affectionately?"

"Are you questioning me?" Jeremy parted his lips to ask coldly, his gaze piercing and fierce. "How about you answer me first? What were you doing when Jack was about to be hit by a car? You're his mother."

"I… I was about to save Jack, but I twisted my ankle!" Meredith opened her mouth to give an excuse.

"You twisted your ankle?" Madeline smiled at the absurdity of the situation. "At least try to make your lies logical, Miss Crawford."

"It's you again, Vera Quinn. You're the one spreading rumors about me in front of Jeremy!" Meredith sounded wronged. "I wouldn't have twisted my ankle if you hadn't pushed me! I would never have let the car hit Jack! You have to believe me, Jeremy! Don't let yourself be fooled by this woman's lies!"