Married by Mistake – Chapter 0332

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 332

It turned out that Meredith was not Jeremy's favorite.

It turned out that his favorite was already dead…

"What are you looking for? Do you want me to help you look for it?" Madeline opened her mouth and said calmly.

She saw Jeremy's movements pausing momentarily as if he had only just realized the existence of another living person here.

He stood up slowly, his good-looking appearance covered with indescribable grief and sadness along with a trace of fear while his eyes were filled with a fierce, terrifying light and murderous intent. He looked as if he was afraid that he might not be able to recover something again.

Madeline became even more confused and she asked again while she walked toward him, "Are you alright? What's going on here?"

"I'll send you home first." He finally spoke, and there was no warmth nor emotions that could be sensed from his tone, only the horrifying chill that radiated from him.

Madeline was sent back to the apartment. In the past, Jeremy would usually wait for her to enter the building before he left. Today, however, he drove away immediately after Madeline got out of the car.

She stood in her spot with confusion. Looking at the leaving car, her gaze narrowed.

Who was the woman resting in that grave? She was so important to him that he almost went crazy when he saw that the grave had been destroyed.

On the other side, Jeremy was speeding as he drove straight through the Whitmans' gates.

Before the housekeeper could make an announcement, Jeremy had already rushed into the living room with a hostile aura.

At the same time, Meredith was drinking afternoon tea and looking at jewelry with Eloise leisurely. When they saw Jeremy appear all of a sudden, both of them were taken aback.

"Jeremy." Meredith was shocked and ran up to him with a face full of surprise. "Jeremy, you're here to look for me, right?"

Jeremy looked at the face in front of him, his eyes filled with coldness. "You did it, didn't you?"

"…" Meredith looked bamboozled with an innocent expression. "Jeremy, what are you talking about? What did I do? I've been with my mother these days and haven't been anywhere else. "

"Jeremy, what do you mean by this? Rushing here all of a sudden to throw accusations. Is it because Vera has said something again? That b*tch really likes to cause trouble!"

"I wasn't talking to you. You'd better shut your mouth and don't let me hear any more slander toward Vera." Jeremy did not even look at Eloise, his sharp and cold eyes glaring only at Meredith. "I'll give you a chance to confess. Were you the one who had someone carry out that matter at No. 97, Peace Street?"

He said the address straightforwardly, which was the location of the cemetery.

Meredith's eyes widened, filled with confusion. "What No. 97, Peace Street? Jeremy, I really don't know what you're talking about."

Jeremy's cold eyes were then filled with disappointment. He then sneered, "Looks like you aren't going to admit it, hm?"

"I… I really don't know anything, Jeremy…"

"If you don't confess the truth to me before the night ends, you'll have to consider the consequences carefully."

After Jeremy dropped these words, he then turned away coldly.

"Jeremy, Jeremy!" Meredith chased after him as he went out, but Jeremy was still walking away decisively.

Madeline's grave had been destroyed. Her urn and the wedding ring he had placed behind the tombstone were also missing as well.

He really could not think of anyone else who would hate Madeline so much apart from Meredith.

Madeline was already dead and her ashes had become his only memory of her. Now, however, even that was missing.

The sky had started to turn gray without his realization after he returned to the villa.

He was fidgeting, his thoughts being violently tugged in all different directions. He seemed to be looking a lot more haggard once the afternoon passed.

He looked at the kitchen and it was as if he could still see Madeline cooking there while wearing an apron. She turned around suddenly, smiling as she said to him, "Jeremy, dinner is ready."

Her smile was really beautiful with her sweet dimples and curved eyebrows, but as he reached out his hands, she disappeared.

That was merely his fantasy.

His eyes reddened, and his thoughts went back to the moment they first met—the moment when their gazes collided. In fact, every small action of hers had already marked themselves in his heart ever since the beginning.

However, she no longer existed and everything was a luxurious dream of his in the dark night.

Suddenly, some movement was heard from the entrance. Jeremy raised his red but cold eyes.

He had not closed the door because he knew that someone would come.

Sure enough, she came before dark.

Meredith had a heavy expression on her face, and when she saw the handsome but gloomy man sitting on the sofa, she walked to him step by step with a quickened heartbeat. After taking a deep breath, she threw caution to the wind and said, "You're right, I was the one who had someone do it. I instructed someone to destroy that b*tch Madeline's grave!"