

# Married by Mistake – Chapter 0393

Madeline was stunned for a second before a calm smile graced her lips.

“I think you might be a little confused about me, Grandpa Whitman. How could I be Madeline Crawford?”

The light in Old Master Whitman’s eyes dulled slightly, but his gaze was clear. “I won’t force you to admit it if you don’t want to, Madeline.”

“I’m really not Madeline, Grandfather.” Madeline denied with a smile. “Why would I get married to the man who hates me if I was Madeline? I would’ve learned the last time that throwing myself to a flame would only get me burned.”

Old Master Whitman was shocked to hear the news. His white brows were furrowed tightly. “Are you really getting married to Jeremy?”

Madeline nodded decisively. “Of course, I’m pregnant with Jeremy’s child too.”

At that, Old Master Whitman’s gaze fell on her flat stomach. He pursed his lips but made no further comment.

“Grandfather, Vera.” Jeremy walked over. “Why are you talking in front of the bathroom?”

Madeline smiled and walked over. “I bumped into Grandfather by coincidence, so we talked a little bit. He even joked about me being Madeline Crawford too.”

Jeremy’s brows furrowed with a subtle tint of invisible melancholy, though it was quickly replaced with a smile. He took Madeline’s hand in his. “Vera does indeed look a lot like Madeline, Grandfather, but I assure you that they’re not the same person.”

Madeline felt tranquility wash over her at Jeremy's reassurance.

It was evident that he held no doubts.

His grip on Madeline's hand was gentle.

"I've decided to marry Vera, Grandfather. The wedding is set to be held in half a month. That's why I brought Vera here, to formally meet the family."

Old Master Whitman hesitated as his eyes fell on Madeline, then on Jeremy. He shook his head with a sigh. "This is your sin and therefore your punishment to bear."

"..." Madeline grew silent as she mulled over the old master's words. The meaning was clear to her, but she prayed that Jeremy would not pay it too much heed.

At that moment, the maid came over to notify them that dinner was ready.

Old Master Whitman left for upstairs with the excuse that he had no appetite. Including Madeline and Jeremy, the dinner table was set for four.

Despite her grave distaste for Madeline's presence, Mrs. Whitman held back on picking on Madeline since Jeremy was there.

"I hear that you're Miss L.ady's chief designer, Miss Vera. It's rare to see such young talent." Mr. Whitman praised.

Madeline replied with a light smile while turning to look at the man by her side, "It's nothing in comparison to what Jeremy has already accomplished."

“True. Jeremy was already the CEO of a multinational corporation when he was still in school. There aren’t many who can compete with Jeremy when it comes to this.” Karen glanced pridefully at Madeline. “You’ve put in so much work to get close to Jeremy, so what else can it be if not for the fame?”

Jeremy’s hands slowly came to a halt at the words, the prawn still partially shelled in his hands.

Picking up on Jeremy’s displeasure, Karen immediately changed the subject. “My borscht should be done soon. I’ll go take a look.”

She stood as she spoke, unable to bear the displeased aura that Jeremy was giving off.

Placing the peeled prawn on Madeline’s plate, Jeremy spoke gently, “My mom loves cooking, and borscht is one of her best dishes as well as her most favorite one to make. Drink more, it’s good for you.”

Madeline nodded mirthfully. Staring at the peeled prawn on her plate, her smile grew ironic.

“Never in your wildest dreams would you have imagined peeling prawns for the woman you hate, huh, Jeremy?”

“I remember waiting for you every night when we were married with a table full of food, hoping that you would return to eat. Yet instead, you held the wretched woman in your arms and left me alone to fester in the dust.”

Right then, Karen walked out of the kitchen with a maid behind her bringing the soup.

st, but she wore an expression of befuddlement. “What are you talking about, Grandfather?”

Old Master Whitman lifted his intelligent gaze that was now glistening under the light. “It’s you, isn’t it, Madeline? I know it’s you.”

