

# Married by Mistake – Chapter 0399

Madeline was already out the door when she heard Meredith shout the words. A spark of hope flickered in her frosty eyes.

Her heart raced as well, way past what her body could take.

While still suspicious, she slowly turned around and lifted her cold gaze. “You do know that such a fact will not suddenly make you an innocent woman.”

Meredith’s reddened eyes glared at her. “I’m not lying! Your child is still alive. I only told you it’s dead just to make you feel horrible. I hid your child away so that I could use him as a bargaining chip someday!”

Madeline stilled her heart and emotions as she slowly made her way back to Meredith. “Where’s your evidence? Tell me why I should believe you.”

“Would you rather believe that your child lives or is dead?” Meredith shot back with a smirk, for she knew that Madeline cared deeply about the child she had never gotten a chance to see!

It would definitely never cross Madeline’s mind that her child had been by her side this entire time!

Meredith took Madeline’s silence as an opportunity to keep talking. “Get me out of here, Madeline, and I’ll tell you where your b\*stard child is. Or else—”

“If you think this is going to get you out of jail, then you’re dead wrong,” Madeline interrupted.

Meredith was stunned, gaping at the indifferent expression Madeline wore. “Don’t you want to know where your child is, Madeline?”

“Of course I do, but I also know that you’re not going to tell me the truth. And even if you do, you can give up on the thought of walking out of here a free woman. You will pay for the deaths of my grandfather and Brittany!”

“...” Meredith’s mouth froze as blood slowly drained from her face. Dazed, she watched Madeline turn around casually.

Was this still the very Madeline Crawford she had once walked and trampled on freely?

She refused to believe that someone could change so drastically.

This bargaining chip of hers had now become an immense lead for Madeline. She had played herself.

Meredith regretted it badly, but it was already too late for her to do anything about it now.

Walking through the detention center’s doors, Madeline stared at the azure sky with long-lost mirth and joy in her eyes.

The corner of her lips curled as tears trickled from her eyes.

“As long as you exist, my baby, Mommy will find you. I promise...”

Madeline hid the happiness of recovering something she had lost within her and began to investigate the truth back then.

If the child was alive, that meant the ashes back then were fake.

Had Meredith fooled Jeremy too?

If the ashes were fake, then Jeremy's aloofness was real as was his hatred for her and their child.

Despite her covert investigations the next few days, Madeline found no leads.

Nor did she find where Rose and Jon had hidden.

On the eve of the wedding, Madeline went to meet Felipe while Jeremy held an important video meeting in the office.

Felipe was shocked to know that the child stolen from Madeline when she was in prison was still alive.

"Could Meredith have lied to get out of jail? That woman seems to be capable of anything." Felipe remained suspicious.

"The fact that she's capable of anything makes it even more probable that she actually kept my child as a bargaining chip." Madeline analyzed, her eyes sparkling with hope. "I really want to see this child, Felipe. I wonder how she's doing and I wonder if she looks just like Lily..."

"I'll help you find this child." Felipe promised, her gentle eyes swimming with a rare tint of sadness. "It's been so many years and I, too, wish to see my parents again."

Madeline turned to look at Felipe as she took in his words, only to find an unfamiliar smudge of melancholy on his warm and gentlemanly features.

"Something's bothering you, Felipe. Won't you tell me? You've helped me so much, and I wish that I could at least help you carry a bit of your burden as well."

Felipe shifted his warm gaze to look at her. "As a gentleman, it is unsightly to have the girl I fancy worry about me, but as of today, there is something that I must be frank with you about."

Madeline tensed up reflexively as Felipe's gaze grew serious.

"What is it? I'm listening."

"Have you ever thought of why I don't like returning to Whitman Manor? Or that I don't like any of the people who live inside that villa?"

Felipe's words were soft, flowing smoothly into Madeline's ears like a calm river stream.