

Married by Mistake – Chapter 0484

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 484

Jeremy went with her and smiled. "Yeah. My wife and I wanted to relive the memories."

Madeline spared a displeased gaze at Jeremy which the man paid no attention to as he helped the old woman pick up her potatoes and carry her basket.

"You live nearby, right? I can help you take them back."

"Thank you." The old woman accepted their help and began showing them the way.

Jeremy smoothly held Madeline's hand in his before following.

Madeline's attempt to break free was to no avail.

"The two of you sure are a loving couple, coming to the seaside despite how cold it is." The old woman looked back with a smile that deepened when her eyes fell on Madeline and Jeremy's interlocked hands. "You sure are a lucky lady to have such a loving husband. I remember how he ran all the way when you hurt your leg years ago, panting when he arrived at the health center. Oh, how worried he must have been. I knew right then that the two of you would end up together, and I was right."

Madeline's lips curled mockingly at the words as she looked at Jeremy.

"All you see is just the surface of the truth, old madam."

“This old madam saw nothing short of love and affection in this handsome young man’s eyes when he looks at you,” the old woman teased, saying, “Quarreling is not uncommon when it comes to married couples. I used to nag my late husband every day too, but I found the world growing too quiet the moment he passed.

“Life is much shorter than you think, so cherish the people in front of you now.”

“You’re right, old madam. I’ll definitely cherish my wife and make her happy,” Jeremy quickly piped up.

The old woman turned to look at him hopefully.

Soon after, the trio arrived at the old woman’s house.

Madeline took the chance to pull away from Jeremy’s hold and bid her farewell, but the old woman seemed passionate about inviting them for lunch.

Realizing Madeline was about to reject her, Jeremy agreed before she could.

The old woman began to prepare lunch joyfully. “My children are all in the city and they don’t return very often. I’m glad that there’s finally someone who’d spend time with good old me today.”

Half an hour later, a table of simple yet delicious home-cooked dishes was made.

Placing some of the dishes on Madeline’s plates, Jeremy had never felt such a simple meal to be so fulfilling.

It seemed like Madeline’s presence made anything he did satisfying.

Madeline helped the old woman with the dishes after lunch and made a move to leave.

The winter afternoon sun was pleasantly bright and warm today. Madeline returned quietly to the beach.

Turning around, she stared at the man who followed her here.

Jeremy's smile was gentle, his eyes never once leaving her today.

"You have half a day left, Jeremy. Is there anything else you would like me to do?" Madeline's tone was cold as she took the entire situation as it was—a business deal.

There was not a shred of patience in her eyes, for she complied merely for the sake of her child.

Jeremy slowly walked toward her, an enchanting smile gracing his ethereal appearance.

"Anything you want to do, as long as I get to spend the day by your side."

"Hmph." Madeline raised a delicate brow at the absurdity of his words. "Since when have you cared when I stayed wide awake for nights waiting and hoping for you to come home to me? Now you're telling me that you want to spend the day with me? Jeremy Whitman, don't look so satisfied with yourself. Don't you realize how shallow you're acting?"

Jeremy's sharp brows pinched. "Yes, it is shallow. I can't believe I'm stooping so low either, but what else am I supposed to do?"

"I can't turn back time. I can't go back to when you first returned to my life so that I can hug you and tell you I like you."

The light in Jeremy's eyes dimmed as his shoulders grew heavy with gloom.

Suddenly, he reached out to hold Madeline's shoulders.

“What’s done is done, Madeline. I can’t force you to forgive me because I can’t bring myself to forgive me either. I’d be a fool to believe that you could love me again, so the only thing I can do is to make you hate me. At least then, you’ll still keep me in your heart.”