

Married by Mistake – Chapter 0540

While Madeline had walked up to him, she only showed a polite smile. “Hello, Mr. Whitman. I’m Felipe’s fiancée, Vera.”

Her introduction shattered Jeremy’s heart, but it made Felipe quietly reveal a triumphant smile.

Jeremy forced himself to calm down, but in the end, he could not restrain himself and held Madeline’s hand suddenly. “Linnie, I’m not Mr. Whitman. I’m your husband!”

Madeline pulled her hand back forcefully all of a sudden when she heard the words. She glared at him, displeased. “Mr. Whitman, please have some respect. I’m your future aunt.”

Hiss.

Those familiar words passed through Jeremy’s eardrums again, causing his battered heart to be sprinkled with salt on top.

Blood filled his heart as the pain of it being ripped and torn made his breathing strained.

“Jeremy, don’t make such a joke. Vera will get angry.” Felipe walked over and gave a serious reminder.

His eyes subtly met Jeremy’s hostile ones and his smile became deeper.

“Vera is not well yet. I think you wouldn’t want your future aunt to be triggered anymore, right?”

He hinted that Jeremy should stop mentioning the past to Madeline, especially his relationship with her.

In order to improve Madeline's condition now, Jeremy had no choice but to endure it.

At this moment, he had no other choice but to hand Madeline over.

It felt like his heart was being pierced by a thousand arrows alone just from merely seeing that his beloved woman was falling into the arms of another man.

That afternoon, Old Master Whitman had also awakened.

However, due to his aging body, coupled with the side effects from the poisoning, Old Master Whitman had lost the ability to take care of himself. His chance of recovery was low.

In other words, although the old man still had his own thoughts, he could no longer speak or move. This situation would continue until the day of his death.

Karen had only taken care of the old man for one day when she pushed the responsibility onto Yvonne.

It would cost tens of thousands of dollars to hire a caregiver. She was not willing to pay the amount of money no matter the currency.

She used to spend more than that amount for a day's worth of pocket money, but now, she did not even have pocket money!

With these various stressful conditions, Karen naturally blamed it all on Madeline. She walked toward Madeline's ward angrily. She wanted to get Madeline into trouble while Jeremy was not here. However, she found a young nurse tidying up the bed instead. Only then did she find out that Madeline had just left the hospital.

"Didn't she knock her head silly and have a blood clot in her brain? How can she be discharged so quickly?" Karen asked with dissatisfaction.

The nurse frowned and said, “She didn’t knock her head silly, and the blood clot is gone. It’s just that she has amnesia and has forgotten some things.”

“What? Amnesia?” Karen did not believe it. “She really dares to pull this kind of trick from TV dramas! She must really be trying to win Jeremy’s favor again!”

Karen walked out of the ward while cursing continuously. She did not expect to see Madeline’s figure appear not far in front of her.

Madeline was waiting for Felipe to complete the discharge procedures and had happened to pass by Old Master Whitman’s ward.

The door of the ward was ajar and she looked inside curiously.

With a fallen expression, Yvonne poured a basin of water meant to wash one’s feet directly onto Old Master Whitman who was paralyzed in the wheelchair. She then slammed the basin on the ground.

“Motherf*cker! You old immortal, why don’t you just die? This poison didn’t even manage to kill you and now you actually want me to serve you, a dead old man!”

Yvonne stretched out her finger to poke the glaring Old Man Whitman’s head.

“What are you glaring at? Glare at me again and I will have you drink the foot wash! I’m really angry! I had finally figured out how to pretend to be Madeline so that everyone would think she was the one who tried to kill you. The only mistake in all that planning is the hardy fate of you old thing! It seems that next time I’ll have to increase the amount!”