

# Married by Mistake – Chapter 0603

A sharp and glittering knife was directed at Jeremy's chest.

Jeremy lowered his bushy eyelashes to look down, then a spellbinding smile appeared on his face as he lifted his eyes.

He was staring at Madeline's beautiful orbs which were giving out a courageous and extraordinary vibe.

It seemed that she was serious about it and was not just trying to scare Jeremy.

However, Jeremy was serious as well.

"Linnie," he called out to her softly. He did not back off but inched forward instead. The sharp edge of the knife was now buried deep into his clothes.

Madeline was dumbfounded as she never expected Jeremy to take the initiative to come closer against the knife.

At the same time, he was still smiling at her.

"Linnie, I know that you've forgotten everything in the past, but it doesn't matter because I still remember them," he said with a smile, his eyes fixed on her.

"That year when it was snowing heavily, I did a very inhumane thing. I exhumed your grandfather's tomb and even threatened you with his ashes. That time, you clenched your teeth so hard that you started bleeding. You told me courageously, 'Jeremy, I'll kill you one day if you don't kill me today.'"

He repeated what Madeline had told him in the past. A ray of warm sunlight shone through the window, but he could still feel the coldness deep in his heart.

Madeline could not recall ever saying such a thing to Jeremy, but she somehow sensed that she must have really hated him.

She held onto the fruit knife even tighter, her eyes brewing with hatred.

Jeremy caught sight of the hatred that was oozing off from her gaze. He gently raised his hand and grabbed onto the fruit knife in Madeline's hands before saying lazily in a soft tone, "Say, Linnie, what should I do to gain your forgiveness? Or is it that no matter what I do, you'll never forgive me?"

"Yup, you're absolutely right! I'll never forgive you, Jeremy, regardless of what you do!"

As Madeline spouted out those words, all of Jeremy's hopes were drowned by a sense of hopelessness.

"Jeremy, even if what you're saying now is true and even if you really love me, it's all too late. Let me tell you this, I don't love you. All my love is for Felipe. I even gave birth to his daughter. He's the one who's been treating me sincerely. He's the man who will bring me happiness!"

"No, you don't love him." Jeremy denied it. "Lilian is our daughter, not yours and Felipe's. He's cheating you. Linnie, don't trust him."

"So you're saying I should trust you instead? I should put all my trust in a demon who once nearly sent me all the way down to hell?!"

Every word she spoke pierced through his eardrum as though a fine needle was prickling his heart.

Jeremy was stunned as he looked at the pair of orbs that were brewing with strong hatred. He was absent-minded.

“You know what, Jeremy? Even though I’ve lost my memories and I can’t recall those cruel things you’ve done to me in the past, I can still somehow feel the painful feeling from time to time!

“Even in my dreams, your cold-hearted temperament felt so real and made me disappointed!

“I can’t deny the fact that I used to love you sincerely, but I believe that after being hurt by you, I’ve opened up my eyes and realized what I’ve done wrong. That’s why I only have hatred against you, to the point I wish for your death!”

As soon as Madeline was done talking, Jeremy grabbed onto the fruit knife in her hands and stabbed it into his chest forcefully.

The knife pierced through his flesh. It was soundless, but weirdly enough, Madeline could hear an ear-piercing sound. It was as if the sound was amplified in her ears, making it extremely painful.

Fresh, red blood flowed down the knife. It was as if a gorgeous rose was blooming on Jeremy’s clean, white shirt, except that the color of the so-called flower grew darker as it grew bigger.

Madeline stared at the wound where blood was pouring out with a blank stare. She could feel that the wound hidden somewhere deep in her heart was bleeding out and it was painful as well.

That feeling was unbearable.

She removed Jeremy’s hands with effort, and the fruit knife that was stained with blood dropped to the floor with a thud.

‘Is he out of his mind?’

‘Is he really crazy?’

