

Married by Mistake – Chapter 0614

He went into the old master's ward to accompany him in silence.

He watched the sky darken through the windows as his heart remained dull and void of light.

How could he not when his son and the woman he loved the most was going to leave with another man tomorrow?

There was nothing he could do to stop her, for he had already sworn to himself that he would not force her against her will again.

He would let her go if it meant she would find true happiness.

Still, mixed emotions clashed strongly within himself at the knowledge that Madeline was leaving with Felipe of all people.

“Mad...”

In the silence, Jeremy heard a raspy voice groan out.

He looked up and was elated to know that the old master was speaking again!

“Mad, Mad...”

“Grandfather.” Jeremy rushed over to grasp the old master's icy hands. “Can you speak already, Grandfather?”

Old Master Whitman stared at Jeremy as his trembling hand tightened against the latter's hold. "Mad, Mad..." He repeated.

Stunned for a moment, Jermey quickly understood. "Madeline?"

He felt his heart ache as the name slipped from his mouth.

Old Master Whitman blinked slowly in response. "Mad..."

The corners of Jeremy's eyes seared as he held the old master's hands tighter to warm them up. "Don't worry, Grandfather. Madeline's doing great. She'll be living happily ever after."

The old master moved his pale and dry lips with difficulty as he took in Jeremy's words. "Made...line"

While his enunciation was muddled, the name 'Madeline' still drifted clearly to Jeremy's ears.

He sighed bitterly. "You were right, Grandfather. I was blind not to have cherished Madeline, and it's all too late now."

Jeremy looked up at the sky beyond the curtains as endless loneliness shone in his eyes. "Madeline is leaving Glendale with Jack tomorrow. She'll get to be happy and free now that she won't have a b*stard like me disturbing her at every moment."

The old master felt exasperation bubble up at Jeremy's words, but he found himself unable to speak his thoughts.

Jeremy stayed the night by his grandfather's bed.

Dawn began to fall, and Jeremy stared blankly in the direction of the airport. He was wondering if Madeline and Jackson had boarded the flight already.

The thorn in his heart throbbed. Running his hands through the wound Madeline had dressed for him, the corners of his lips curled into a small smile.

“Linnie.”

“I’m sorry Linnie, but I must hide Grandfather’s condition from you.

‘I do not wish you to waste any more of your time and life. Be happy, Linnie, and laugh freely.’

Over half an hour later, Winston arrived to take over.

He was elated to know that Old Master Whitman had spoken last night.

Jeremy washed up and left to buy breakfast.

Winston watched over the old master. As he tidied the table, he heard Old Master Whitman murmur.

“Made...line...”

Shocked, Winston leaned over joyously. “Dad! You... You can finally speak again! What are you saying?”

“Madeline...”

“Madeline? Madeline Crawford?” Winston clarified in disbelief as Old Master Whitman blinked intentionally in response.

The old master spoke with difficulty, “Made...line... I need to... see...”

Winston was startled. “You want to see Madeline?”