Married by Mistake – Chapter 0619

Madeline had just gotten through the doors when Karen decided to unleash her fury.

Calmly, she shot her a sharp gaze. "What are you even saying?"

"Stop pretending, Madeline!" Karen pressed the bleeding wound on her forehead. "You were the one who hit me just now!"

Madeline glanced at Karen's forehead and frowned slightly when she caught sight of her bleeding wound. She replied, "I suggest you make a trip to the hospital immediately since something's wrong with your head. Don't just start framing people left and right."

She flung Karen's hand off and walked toward the old master who had left his room.

"You…" Karen's expression paled. Reaching out to grab Madeline, she felt her head throb dizzily.

"I'm here, Aunty Karen!" Yvonne ran in, pretending to have just arrived. Seeing Karen's situation, she quickly ran over with a frantic expression to help her. "What happened to your head, Aunty Karen? Why are you bleeding so much?"

"What do you mean bleeding? Ah… Blood!" Only then did Karen realize the intensity of her wound. The flowing blood had her face losing more of its color.

"What's happening?" Winston returned as well, meeting a bloodied Karen right as he entered the house. He immediately went to check up on her. "What's with all this blood? Quick, we've got to get you to the hospital!"

"It's Madeline! She was the one who hit me, that evil woman!" Karen's tone was weak, but her expression was fierce when she clenched her jaw to point at Madeline.

Jeremy chose to walk in just in time to hear Karen point fingers at Madeline. He denied it in displeasure. "Nonsense. Linnie would never do such a thing."

Madeline stared quietly at Jeremy's strong demeanor. Was he protecting her?

Karen was frustrated and indignant. "I am your mother, Jeremy! Instead of believing me, how could you opt to believe the b*tch who caused our family's downfall?"

"I will not stand for such vocabulary about Linnie." Jeremy's brows furrowed as his expression grew cold. "Go to the hospital and get someone to look at the wound before it scars."

As frustrated Karen was of Jeremy defending Madeline, she was also afraid of scarring.

"Jeremy's right, Aunty Karen. Let's go to the hospital first, alright? Let's cool down a bit first." Yvonne agreed to Jeremy's words and helped Karen out.

With Yvonne turned around, Old Master Whitman began to whimper distressingly at her.

Everyone assumed that the old master was merely unwell, while Yvonne glared secretly at Old Master Whitman.

'So you think that you can tell them about what you saw, old man?

'You can forget about speaking until the day you die!'

Yvonne cursed him internally, sparing a glance at the flowerbed as she stepped out the door.

It was unlikely that anyone would find the jewelry box and wallet that were still there.

She thought to herself as her lips curled secretly.

The old master huffed and widened his eyes as he watched Yvonne leave so easily. With difficulty, he lifted his index finger and pointed it at the door. "Yvo…"

Madeline and Jeremy shared a look before looking in the direction where the old master was pointing in.

They found a few drops of blood on the floor, probably from Karen's wound.

Jeremy immediately had the servants clean the floor for them. Realizing that neither Madeline nor Jeremy understood his meaning, the old master pouted like a child throwing a tantrum.

Madeline walked up behind the old master and slowly pushed him toward the courtyard outside.

Jeremy followed. "What happened just now, Linnie?"

Linnie.

He called her that again.

Madeline remembered being annoyed by the nickname in the beginning, but she found herself already used to it now.

"Your mom grabbed my hand and said that I was cruel the moment I walked in through the doors. She claimed that I hit her head and made her bleed."

At that, the old master tried hard to form words but could only make muffled sounds.

Madeline stopped pushing the wheelchair and went in front of the old master with a small smile. "Are you feeling unwell, Grandfather?"

The old master stared at Madeline, his eyes brimming with kind affection. "Mad…"

"Are you trying to say 'Madeline'?"