

# Married by Mistake – Chapter 0092

Madeline felt her racing heart calm immediately and the heat leave, her blood cold in her veins.

Haha.

To think that she had actually thought that he was jealous. What ludicrousness.

When it was merely just him being a possessive alpha male, asserting his dominance.

She was merely a prop in his play.

Madeline smiled mirthlessly, as she felt Jeremy approach from behind. “I shall leave my wife in your hands, Uncle Felipe. Thank you in advance for looking after her,” He thanked Felipe.

Felipe smiled gentlemanly. “Of course.”

...

While Madeline had not bought another scarf, she did buy a band-aid to cover up the red mark Jeremy left on her.

She sat down and began to work. Not long after, she began to receive angry texts from numerous unknown numbers. All of them scolding her about how shameless she was to seduce Jeremy.

It was almost too easy to guess who the culprit behind was when no one else but Meredith would send her such texts.

To warrant such a reaction from Meredith, Madeline knew that she must have also seen Jeremy holding her by the corner of the wall.

Ignoring the malicious texts, she continued to work.

After another while, servants of the Whitmans called her over for dinner.

Madeline had decided to visit Old Master Whitman anyway since he had not been doing so well as of late.

Clocking out, Madeline made a stop to buy the Old Master's favorite muffins before taking the bus to the Whitman Manor.

Entering through the doors, he was met with the sight of Meredith eating fruits lazily on the sofa. Next to her laid Jackson, asleep with his head on a bolster.

The sight of the child had Madeline's heart clenching uncontrollably.

The pain always a prerequisite to the memory of the night her labor was induced and the child she had never gotten the chance to see.

"Hello."

Meredith showed no surprise at the sight of Madeline.

Ignoring her, Madeline continued to walk into the house. Approaching the stairs to look for the Old Master, she heard Meredith's dark voice sound from behind. "The old f\*ck isn't here."

Madeline turned sharply at Meredith's words.

“That’s still Jeremy’s grandfather, Meredith. How could you refer to him like that? What if the Whitmans hear you?”

“Hmph.” Meredith snorted and spared Madeline a disdainful glance. “What’s wrong with me calling him an old f\*ck if that’s what he is? Why, does it hurt you?”

“Meredith...”

“I would have been Mrs. Whitman long ago had it not been for that old man. Well, I suppose it’s not too bad now that he’s been sent to the hospital thanks to his heart attacks.”

“Wait, Grandfather had a heart attack and got sent to the hospital?”

Madeline felt her heart sink as unease settled in the pit of her abdomen.

“Which hospital is he at, Meredith?”

“Pfft.” Meredith chuckled coldly. “Who are you to know about that? Who do you think you are?”

Tossing the fruit knife in her hand, she marched ferociously toward Madeline.

“Look at you, Madeline, broke and stinky. Who are you to steal my man? You think just because Jeremy did what he did today because he likes you? You’re just a toy in his eyes!”