

Married by Mistake – Chapter 0094

Madeline's abdomen crashed against the corner of the coffee table as she fell onto the floor and shivered as the pain stabbed into her and spread throughout her body in waves. Climbing back onto her feet with difficulty, she was slapped again by Mrs. Whitman before she could even stabilize herself.

"You wicked woman! I'll make your life a living hell if anything happens to my grandson!" Mrs. Whitman warned harshly, before pushing Madeline again.

Already weak on her feet, Madeline found herself falling to the floor again as Mrs. Whitman pushed. This time it was her head that knocked against the coffee table. Her forehead was cut on impact and blood began to leak from her wound.

Black spots appeared in her vision and her mind buzzed.

"My heart hurts, Jeremy! Why does Madeline have to come after me all the time?" Meredith began to wail and complain.

Jeremy's threatening and terrifying gaze swept over Madeline again before he turned around to carry a pale Jackson.

"Don't worry, our baby will be fine." Jeremy comforted Meredith as he marched out. "Don't worry, I'll make the culprit pay the painful price."

He promised Meredith, a promise that solidified Madeline's impending doom.

Swaying, Madeline braced against the pain and stood. Her heart shook as she watched Meredith turn around to smirk victoriously. Never would she have expected Meredith to cut her own son's face just to frame her, but that was the horrifying truth.

Just how evil must one be to do such a merciless thing?

The thought of Jackson's angelic appearance, so cute and innocent, potentially marred for life had Madeline's chest tightening uncomfortably.

Secretly, she followed them to the hospital. Allowing the doctor to quickly patch up the wound on her forehead, she immediately went to the emergency ward.

Arriving, she watched a nurse rush out of the ward.

Meredith tugged on the nurse, tears streaming off her face. "How is my son, nurse? Will his face scar?"

"Scarring is the least of the problems now. The child's lost a fair amount of blood and we need an infusion, but the hospital doesn't have blood packets that fit your son. As his mother, you..."

Meredith's expression shifted slightly and she rushed to interrupt. "I'll do it, Nurse. I'll do it! You can take all my blood if it means you'll save my son!"

Haha.

Madeline could not help but laugh at the scene before her.

That was just how fake Meredith was.

Yet this very fake act turned into something magnificent in Jeremy's eyes.

Frowning, he walked over to Meredith. "Meredith."

“I won’t let anything happen to our son, Jeremy!” Meredith looked at Jeremy with teary eyes and followed the nurse out.

Only to run out not a minute later. “The doctor said no, Jeremy. I can’t give my blood when I’m still on my period.”

She began to wail, clutching Jeremy tightly.

“What do we do, Jeremy? What if our baby dies? How could Madeline be so cruel? Why can’t she just hurt me? Why did she have to hurt our son?”

At that, Madeline watched bloodlust bloom in the space between Jeremy’s brows.

Her heart clenched and she turned to the blood donation center without sparing them another glance.

Knowing that her blood type was just like Meredith’s, the rare RhAB blood type, she should be able to donate for Jackson.

After a quick inquiry, the doctor waved off her initial concern about the situation of her body posing a problem.

With that, Madeline donated Jackson 500c.c worth of her blood, leaving her body too exhausted to even walk.