

# Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife chapter 1871

Carter was always a confident and proud man. However, at this moment, looking into Madeline's eyes suddenly, he was at a loss at what to do.

Camille, who seemed to have noticed Carter's discomfort, walked over.

"Mrs. Whitman, you can just ask anything you want."

"I don't think you'd be able to provide me the answer to my question, Mrs. Gray," Madeline said before she looked into Carter's eyes again.

"Carter, it wasn't a coincidence when you saved me at sea the other time, right?"

Carter had never expected Madeline to ask this question.

He did not know if Madeline had caught on to something, but there was an incisiveness and edge in her gaze that Carter could not hide from.

"Carter, you hesitated."

Even though it had only been two or three seconds, these seconds were enough for Madeline to confirm her suspicions.

At one side, Camille frowned in confusion. "Mrs. Whitman, you had an accident at sea back then and Carter saved you by chance. Why do you think it wasn't? Could Carter predict that something bad would happen to you?"

"Not only Mr. Gray could predict that something bad would happen to me, but he also could predict an accident at sea," Madeline said, her words heavy with implication, her face revealing a questioning smile that reached her eyes.

When Camille heard what Madeline said, she felt that Madeline was being unreasonable. She looked at Madeline with a stern look on her face before parting her lips.

"Mrs. Whitman, after what happened last time, I respect you from the bottom of my heart. I also provided my sincere aid when you were wronged by Carter back then. But you can't discredit Carter's innocence because of that nonsense."

Madeline gave Camille a friendly smile upon hearing that. "I remember all the help you have given me back then, Mrs. Gray, but let's allow Carter to answer this question himself."

Madeline lifted her beautiful eyes. "Well, Carter, do you dare to answer my question honestly?"

After Madeline asked that question, Carter finally gave a reaction.

He chuckled softly as if he was mocking Madeline for making a huge joke.

"Eveline, do you have any proof for your assumptions? If not, you're merely making things up. I could make a police report on you for slandering my name."

Madeline curled her lips slightly. "Then please make a police report this instance. I'd like to use this opportunity to ask the police to have a proper investigation on the yacht explosion incident."

Upon hearing this, Carter's face darkened.

He also had not expected Madeline to take advantage of the situation.

However, even if he had expected this, after the short period of staying together, he should have known full well that Madeline was not the kind of woman to be frightened by threats and intimidation.

She always had a sharp, arrogant, and confident air about her.

She never lowered her head to anyone, not even when she had been disfigured after the explosion.

That was a rare characteristic, one which he greatly admired.

Carter's silence gave Madeline even more certainty regarding some of her assumptions.

When she was about to speak, she could hear frantic footsteps coming from upstairs.

A young maid ran downstairs hurriedly.

"Mr. Carter, please come upstairs. Miss Brown is frightened because she couldn't find you."

Although Carter wanted to run away from Madeline's question at the present, when he heard what the maid had said, his heartbeat immediately became erratic.

Carter quickly turned around and ran upstairs.

Camille, worried about Shirley and that something bad might happen to the baby in her womb, followed them.

Madeline, in fact, had two reasons for coming here alone on this day.

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The first reason was to expose Ada; the second reason was that she wanted to see Shirley.

Madeline followed behind them and arrived at Shirley's room.

Although she did not go in, she saw Carter looking worried as he hurried to the side of Shirley's bed.

He did not look as fierce and ruthless as he had been in front of Ada. He went up to Shirley, who seemed terrified, and pulled her into his arms, gently comforting her.

"Shirley, don't be scared. I'm here, " Carter comforted patiently.

One would know that Shirley held an important place in his heart upon seeing his worried expression.

"Fire! There's a fire! Carter, I saw a huge fire! Addy was in the fire and he was burned alive! "

Shirley grabbed Carter's collar as she continued to murmur in terror.

"Addy can't die. I promised mom and dad to take care of him. He can't die, Addy can't die..."

"He's not dead, Shirley. Adam's not dead." Carter patiently comforted Shirley who was increasingly losing control of her emotions.

"He's dead. They're all dead. There's also a girl named Cathy..."

Shirley's almond-shaped eyes were wide, and they were welling up with tears.

"Cathy? Who's Cathy? Why can't I remember? I think she was always with me. Where is she? She was also burned alive! "

"No, she's not dead either. Shirley, they're not dead. Stop overthinking. There's no fire. You're just having a bad dream."

Carter remained patient, but Shirley's expression remained frightened.

Camille was disquieted by the scene before her.

"Carter, what's wrong with her? Could it be that the incident set her off?"

Carter could not help but frown upon hearing that.

He knew that even though Adam and Cathy's deaths were a great emotional blow to Shirley, she would not turn out like this because something had triggered her.

She was behaving like this because of AXP6g.

When AXP6g reached its final stage, it would make the individual injected with it remember certain heart-rending memories.

However, throughout this misfortune, the fortunate thing was that Shirley became closer to Carter.

This could perhaps be the side effect of AXP6g, but Carter could not figure out the particulars of it either.

"Carter, why don't we take her back to St. Piaf? If this goes on, she won't be able to care for the child in her," Camille suggested.

Carter looked at Shirley who was leaning against his arms, seeking comfort, and he seemed to fall into deep thought.

"I am not doing this entirely for the grandchild of the Grays' eldest son," Camille explained, worried that Carter might misunderstand her.

"Back then, she didn't come to us by coincidence. Perhaps this is fate. All those years ago, I've watched as the two of you got closer to each other,

and she's smart and sensible. I've already treated her as if she's my own child. I've even figured that she'll become one of us properly one day."

Camille sighed softly after speaking. With a gentle gaze, she looked at Shirley, whose face was terror-stricken.

"I was furious when she left without notice back then, but I can't bear to see her in this present state. Carter, let's take her back to St. Piaf first."

After pondering for a while, Carter nodded gently. "We'll do as you've said. We'll leave in two days."

"Okay, I'll make the arrangements now." Camille turned around after speaking. When she reached downstairs, she noticed that Madeline was gone, and she figured Madeline had left herself. However, Madeline had not left. She had gone into the closet and waited. When she heard Carter's footsteps leaving Shirley's room, she cautiously left the closet and opened the door to Shirley's room...

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After Madeline had gone in, she softly closed the door.

Aside from Shirley, who was sleeping on the bed, there was no one else in the room.

Shirley, likely to have fallen asleep not long ago, was not yet sound asleep. When she heard Madeline's footsteps, she suddenly opened her eyes.

When she saw Madeline walking over to her, Shirley seemed to pause briefly, then a look of surprise showed on her face, but she did not appear to panic.

Since she could not feel her legs, she did not get up; instead, she only laid in the bed.

She looked very off—colored. It was clear that it was due to the weakness caused by her illness.

That led Madeline to recall the time when she had experienced the flare-up of the fourth stage of the poison. She would have probably looked like this as well.

She would have been maniacally blabbering nonsense, and she would have been recalling those painful and dark memories in her head.

"Shirley, do you still remember me?" Madeline walked to the side of the bed and looked into Shirley's almond-shaped eyes. "I'm Eveline."

"Eveline, " Shirley repeated her name. "Of course, I remember you. How can I forget?"

"Really? You remember me? What else do you remember?" Madeline continued asking.

Shirley turned her face and gazed at the chandelier above her, then she started murmuring as if she was talking to herself.

" I guess there really is karma in this world. Heh. Hehehe..."

Shirley spoke, mocking herself, then suddenly burst into laughter. Her laugh was soft, but it sounded solemn.

Madeline's delicate brows knitted together as she closely watched Shirley's expression changing.

For some inexplicable reason, Shirley seemed clear-headed when she was laughing at herself.

Shirley did not look like how she had been earlier when her thoughts were completely under the poison's influence and control.

Did Shirley have a completely different poison than what Madeline had?

Curious, Madeline thought about it, then continued asking.

"Shirley, why did you give me the only anti-toxoid test reagent? You developed this poison to deal with me and control my husband. You were so close to reaching your goal. Why did you change your mind at this critical moment?"

Shirley, still gazing at the chandelier, showed no expression on her face.

"Your question is so strange."

As Shirley spoke, she turned her face and stared straight into Madeline's eyes, and her pale lips moved gently.

"Everything will come to an end soon."

Madeline frowned, unable to comprehend what Shirley was saying.

'What is ending soon?'

Although Shirley's gaze was as calm as still water, Madeline seemed to see the roiling waves in her gaze.

As she was about to enquire further, the door opened with a click.

Carter came in and was startled at the sight of Madeline standing by the bed, and Carter froze.

"Eveline, you're still here." Carter narrowed his deep eyes as they emitted a dangerous aura.

Madeline could see the dissatisfaction in Carter. As she wondered what he might do to her, Shirley suddenly made a pained sound and started calling out Carter's name as she sobbed.

"Carter, it's on fire again! Look, there's a fire over there! "

Shirley stared straight ahead with a terror-stricken face.

She moved her upper body in a panic to get up. When Carter saw this, he quickly ran to the side of her bed.

He sat down by the bed and held Shirley who was struggling to get up. "Shirley, there's no fire.

You're just seeing things."

Carter said to comfort her, but Shirley was still pointing in front of her fearfully.

She leaned against Carter's arms and pressed her face against his face in a panic, but her eyes were staring straight at Madeline.

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Madeline held Shirley's gaze for a couple of seconds before turning around silently to leave.

Carter was busy reassuring Shirley. When her emotions had finally settled down, he noticed that Madeline had already left.

Finding this suspicious, Carter retrieved the footage from the security cameras. It was then that he realized Madeline had entered the closet earlier.

She had waited until Carter had stepped out before entering Shirley's room.

Regardless, the amount of time she spent inside was not long. It had only been the duration he had taken to cook porridge for Shirley.

However, he had no way of finding out what had happened in the room. With Shirley's current condition, it would be impossible to obtain any information from her.

After leaving Gray Villa, Madeline had gone directly to Whitman Corporation.



Jeremy had not been dealing with the corporation's matters for quite some time. There seemed to have been so many incidents happening consecutively around him for the past two to three years.

At the present, he had just ended a meeting when he received Lilian's latest medical report from Fabian.

This was the first time Fabian had sent over a video, allowing Jeremy to see his daughter whom he had not seen in a long time.

Through the video, Jeremy noticed that his beloved daughter was looking a lot better than before.

Jeremy felt assured by this.

He showed Madeline the update on Lilian immediately when she arrived.

Without Madeline realizing it, watching her little princess waving and smiling in the video filled Madeline's eyes with tears.

This time, however, it was due to happiness.

Children would express their feelings in the utmost direct way, so Madeline could tell from the smile on Lilian's face that she must be doing well by Fabian's side.

"Fabian may have estranged himself from us, but I believe that he sincerely cares for Lilian."

Jeremy spoke, affirming Madeline's thoughts, and reached out to hold Madeline's hand.

"Linnie, perhaps it's best to keep Lily by Fabian's side for now."

Madeline gently nodded, very much in agreement with Jeremy.

"That's fine too. I'll give Fabian a call later to ask him to look after Lilian for a while. First, we should take care of this issue with Carter."

Jeremy wrapped his arms around Madeline's waist and carried her onto his lap.

"Linnie, you've been to Gray Villa for a few days now. Is there any development?"

Madeline recounted what had transpired in Gray Villa to Jeremy.

The expression on Jeremy's face gradually became solemn.

"It seems your accident at sea might have been part of a scheme."

"Perhaps Ryan's death was also not an accident."

The more Madeline thought about it, the more she felt something was amiss.

"Jeremy, I suspect Ryan's death might also be related to Carter. There was no reason for Carter to be at sea at the time. His appearance only proves that he knew ahead of time that an accident would happen."

Madeline paused in her speech, then corrected herself.

"No, perhaps it shouldn't even be called an accident. It was something Carter had expected would happen."

Jeremy's brows lifted slightly, and his expression was serious as he contemplated deeply for a moment.

"It seems that, from the very beginning, Carter intends to become the ruler of St. Piaf, by hook or by crook."

"If his intention of approaching me from the very beginning was to manipulate you, and subsequently penetrate the consumer market in Glendale, then I'm indirectly responsible for the yacht's explosion that had killed Ryan."

"Linnie, it's not right to speculate this way. Ryan's death was caused by the yacht's explosion which you had nothing to do with." Jeremy did not wish for Madeline to overthink.

Despite Madeline's reluctance to think that way, it seemed that the reality was as she thought.

When Jeremy saw Madeline lost in thought, he quickly interrupted her and said, "Linnie, weren't you just telling me that Shirley was acting strangely? What did you mean by that?"

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Madeline thought about the expression in Shirley's eyes. Shirley had not seemed like someone who was delirious. Her gaze had been firm, and it had been evidently signaling for Madeline to leave Gray Villa as soon as possible.

In hindsight, Shirley had pretended to be scared at that moment so she could manipulate Carter, creating a smooth exit for Madeline.

"Jeremy, is it possible that the effects of AXP6g's anti-toxoid test reagent differ between when it's ingested and when it's injected?" The question came from the depths of Madeline's heart because she felt that Shirley's symptoms differed from Madeline's during Madeline's flare-up.

Jeremy had a faint guess from Madeline's question. "Have you noticed anything wrong, Linnie?"

Madeline nodded. "You told me this before. When I went through the final stage of the flare-up, my memories were stuck at my most painful moments, and I could not even remember that we were in love. But Shirley seemed to be different."

"How was she behaving?" Jeremy continued to ask curiously.

Madeline could not help getting lost in thought. Her expression became increasingly solemn.

"Perhaps I'm overthinking it. For Shirley, the most tragic memory is losing her only relative in the world."

That was why Shirley kept seeing the hallucination of the fire in front of her. That was why she kept murmuring to herself that Adam and Cathy's bodies were buried beneath a sea of flame...

The thought of this felt like a knife stabbing through Madeline's heart.

Without Adam, Madeline would not have had the faith to live when she had been in prison without hope back then.

Jackson, who had been growing inside her womb at the time, was the final source of light during that dark period of her life.

It had been that source of light that had guided her till the end, and Adam had been the sole reason that the light had not burnt out.

It had been the same for Cathy.

Cathy had always stepped forward without hesitation whenever Madeline or Jeremy needed help.

Now, however, they had been burned to death. Madeline's heart still ached for them no matter how much she thought about it. In addition, she felt a deep sense of regret.

The funeral for Adam and Cathy was held three days later. All funeral-related matters were being handled by Madeline.

Cathy had very few friends in Glendale, and the only family members she had were her two young children. However, Madeline certainly would not tell them that their mother had left forever.

Adam, too, had very few family members, but his reputation as Dr. Brown had earned him quite a bit of influence.

After learning about the accident, Adam's colleagues and former patients began dropping by to pay their last respects.

By the time everyone had expressed their condolences and left, it was already evening.

The initially beautiful sunset suddenly turned gloomy as a drizzle began to fall without anyone realizing it.

Jeremy went out, saying he had an important task to handle. At that moment, Madeline was alone cleaning the house.

While cleaning, she saw Cathy and Adam's photos. Her actions came to an abrupt stop as tears began streaming down her cheeks uncontrollably.

"I used to think that we could remain friends for a very, very long time, that we could still arrange to meet for tea when we turned old and grey.

"You've helped Jeremy and me so much, but neither of us had done anything for you in return.

"Don't worry, Cathy. I'll take care of your children and raise them as if they were my own.

"This is the only thing I can do for you."

Just as Madeline finished her words, a gentle voice came from behind her. It was a voice she recognized from her memory.

"It'd be more appropriate to entrust this heavy responsibility to the biological father."

Madeline paused. Turning around, she looked behind her.

A man wearing an ink-black coat and a pair of wide-framed sunglasses stood before her. Solemnly, he took a step forward.

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