

Married by Mistake: Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife chapter 1889 By: www.eBooksCat.Com

Madeline eyed the letter Jeremy took out from the bottom of the box.

When she opened it, it was evident that it was from Shirley.

There was but a simple line of words on the letter. " Jeremy, these are the test reagents that can get rid of the remaining poison in your body. When that happens, the color of your hair and pupils will return to normal. I've written down the directions to use them on the box. I hope you get well soon.

I'm sorry."

The signature was Shirley's.

Her handwriting was very beautiful, just like how she had looked.

In reality, however, Shirley's heart was not that vile and foul.

After Madeline and Jeremy finished reading the letter, they shot another look at the box of test reagents, feeling slightly touched.

However, right now, Madeline felt more relieved. He could finally go back to the way he had been.

In the hospital.

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Shirley woke up from her deep slumber groggily. To her surprise, she saw Carter at the side of her bed with his eyes closed.

She was not dead.

Shirley closed her eyes in disappointment, then moved gently. However, her movement shot an excruciating pain through her as if her body was in pieces.

She remembered what happened before she lost consciousness.

She no longer had the will to live. She wanted to die. She missed her parents. She missed Adam. She also wanted to apologize to Cathy.

She had rolled her wheelchair directly onto the stairs.

She had thought that she could fall to her death, but she did not.

A sudden thought came to her, and she lifted her hands to touch her flat stomach. The feeling of emptiness made her warm around the eyes.

'I'm sorry, my baby.

'It's my fault for being so heinous. I've never wanted you to suffer the retribution.'

Shirley closed her eyes and tears silently fell from the corners of her eyes.

"Is she still not awake?" Camille's voice came from the door suddenly.

Shirley tried to rein in her sadness, quickly wiping away the tears in the corners of her eyes, and pretended to still be unconscious.

At one side, Carter woke up from his nap. When he saw the motionless Shirley, he frowned, the exhaustion visible on his handsome face.

"I'll stay here. You can go back."

"Why don't we take her back to St. Piaf?" Camille suggested. "She currently has serious bone fractures, and she's paralyzed from the waist down. From now on, she'll need someone to take care of her. She can't stay in the hospital forever."

Paralyzed.

When Shirley heard that word, she clenched her fists hidden under the blanket.

After a long while, she heard Carter's answer. " We'll let her decide if she wants to go back to St. Piaf after she wakes up."

Camille neither forced nor rejected this. "You stay with her, then, I'll head back."

"Okay, " Carter answered, then shifted his attention to Shirley's face.

Shirley's emotions fluctuated, but she did her best in suppressing her erratic emotions and continued pretending to be asleep.

Suddenly, however, she felt Carter gently lifting the blanket. He seemed to want to hold her hand.

Shirley quickly unclenched her fist the second before Carter held her hand.

"Shirley."

Carter called out to Shirley in this manner.

Shirley thought she was dreaming. It felt like ages ago when Carter addressed her like that.

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She remembered him calling her this way back

then, but it had been before she left without notice.

Before that, Carter had truly been good to her.

" Shirley, don't worry. No matter what happens to you, I'll take care of you forever."

Carter promised softly.

Shirley could not believe what she heard. She felt her heart skipping a beat, and tears escaped her eyes disobediently once again.

Carter, noticing the tears in the corners of Shirley's eyes, paused, looking pleasantly surprised.

"Shirley, you're awake? Are you awake?"

Shirley did not want to keep up the act any further. She slowly opened her wet, red eyes, and calmly met an elated Carter.

"I don't need you to take care of me, and I won't go back to St. Piaf with you. I want to die in Glendale, to die in my hometown. I want to be buried with my parents and brother."

Shirley, determined, pulled her hand away from Carter's palm.

"I don't want to see you again. Seeing you merely reminds me that I killed my brother and that innocent girl."

She turned her face as she spoke. She refused to even let Carter be within her line of sight.

Upon seeing how strongly Shirley resisted him,

Carter clenched his fists, but he kept the displeasure and annoyance in his heart off his face.

"Ada was the one who set the fire that killed Adam and Cathy. It has nothing to do with me."

"Nothing to do with you?" Shirley laughed. "Even now, you're still trying to play innocent."

"I'm not playing innocent. That's the truth."

"We'll just treat it as the truth, then. The truth is that I no longer have any love for you, only hate."

"Carter, you and I are like two intersecting lines." Shirley slowly opened her tearful eyes.

"Despite our vastly different statuses, we had come together,

and after that most intimate stage, we went our separate ways. This is our ending. From now on, whether I live or die, I'll have nothing to do with you. If you still have any sympathy or humanity in you, please respect my decision."

Shirley's decision momentarily stunned Carter.

Seeing her avoiding his side glance, Carter pressed his lips together. He eventually turned around and left the room without uttering a word.

When Shirley heard the door closing, she opened her eyes.

She stared at the ceiling and smiled in relief.

She felt lucky that she had asked the runner to send the test reagents out the morning when Carter and Camille were busy preparing to return to St. Piaf.

Jeremy must have received it by now.

It had been such a long time. She had never thought about developing more anti-toxoid test reagents. She did not have what was required.

However, back then, she finally had a chance to enter Carter's laboratory. After she finished developing the anti-toxoid test reagent for AXP69, she also used this opportunity to finish developing the anti-toxoid test reagent that Jeremy needed.

The process of developing the anti-toxoid test reagent for AXP69 was very complicated because it was a newly developed poison.

However, the poison Jeremy had was a mature poison that had complete data, so she could easily develop it as long as she had the ingredients.

Shirley let out a silent sigh of relief. Even though she knew that her body was completely ruined, she felt relieved for some reason.

"Addy, didn't you wish that I'd repent one day? I've finally heeded your words, and I've earnestly fixed my mistakes. Will you forgive me?"

Shirley mumbled to herself. She knew she could never again get the answer to this.

When she thought about how Adam and Cathy died because of her, she could not forgive herself.

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She could not blame anyone. She affected everyone around her because she had been on the wrong path since the start.

Regardless, Shirley did not think that Carter would let her off the hook just like that.

After some thought, Shirley lifted her hand effortfully to press the call button to send a nurse over.

The nurse ran over quickly, thinking something had happened to Shirley. However, Shirley looked at her sincerely and said, "Nurse, can you help me with something?"

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When Madeline and Jeremy were about to leave the house, Jeremy received a call from an unknown number. The young woman from the other end of the line said she was a nurse from a hospital.

After listening to what the nurse from the other end said, Jeremy discussed it with Madeline and decided to drop by the hospital.

Shirly was in bed, staring at the clock in front of her as the time passed second by second. Amid her uneasiness, the door finally opened.

She had thought Madeline and Jeremy had arrived, but the one who had pushed open the door and entered was Carter.

Carter caught sight of the expectant look in Shirley's eyes turning into disappointment in a flash.

"Who are you expecting?" Carter, finding this suspicious, asked and glanced toward the door.

Shirley did not speak. Ignoring Carter, she closed her eyes and laid back down.

Upon seeing Shirley's cold attitude, Carter walked to the side of the bed.

"I'll take you back to St. Piaf soon."

Shirley did not even lift her eyelids when she heard that. "I won't go with you."

"When we're back, I'll divorce Ada, and then you'll become my lawfully wedded wife."

When she heard this, Shirley chuckled and remained still.

"A viscount marrying a crippled and disfigured woman as his viscountess? You won't be able to go through with it yourself, let alone getting your family's permission."

"Myself?"

"Won't you? Your goal is to obtain the right to rule in St. Piaf. What can a good-for-nothing like me do for you? If I'm useful, you wouldn't have married that devil for the right to rule."

When Shirley mentioned this, a look of remorse appeared on Carter's face. However, there was no longer any use for remorse.

Ada killed Adam and Cathy, and this was an irredeemable tragedy.

"Carter, I've made myself clear. The relationship between us ends here. The child in my womb is gone as well. This also means that God doesn't want us to be together."

Carter's expression changed when he heard this. "God didn't take back the child. You're the one who wanted to end your life. You didn't care about the child, and you only wanted to die."

There was a slight urgency in Carter's tone. He also became somewhat annoyed.

"I don't care whether you're willing or not. I'm bringing you back to St. Piaf. You have no choice. "

"Heh."

Shirley peered coldly at Carter.

"Just you wait and see whether I have a choice or not."

"....." Carter was stunned. He inexplicably saw the suicidal glint in Shirley's eyes again.

However, he remembered her expectant gaze when he pushed open the door and entered earlier.

Carter looked at the entrance again and frowned helplessly. "I'll ask someone to pick you up an hour from now."

After he spoke, he turned around and walked out. Shirley looked at Carter's back figure, closed her eyes, and sighed.

She pressed the call button again, and the nurse from earlier reappeared.

Shirley asked hurriedly, "May I know if you made that call for me? Did they say when they'll be arriving?"

"I've told your family to come and pick you up just as you instructed, but they didn't give me a precise answer just now," the nurse said honestly.

Shirley's heart sank when she heard that.

"Thank you," she thanked the nurse weakly, and the expectant look in her eyes gradually shattered into pieces.

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She had said that she was Jeremy and Madeline's family. She hoped that they would come to pick her up soon, but it was just wishful thinking that her feelings were reciprocated.

She had hurt them so badly. Why would they come and help her?

As Shirley despaired, Jeremy and Madeline appeared before her.

Shirley looked at the approaching husband and wife, and she felt an indescribable feeling in her heart.

"I didn't think that you'd come." Shirley's eyes were filled with gratitude, as well as regret.

"Enough with this prattle. Why have you called for us?" Madeline asked bluntly.

"Carter's going to take me back to St. Piau in an hour. I don't want to have any further contact with him, so I was hoping that you could take me away from here."

Shirley looked pleadingly at Madeline.

"I don't have anyone else in this world anymore,

and I don't have friends. I also know you don't see me as your friend, but this is my wishful thinking. Please help me this one time, for the sake of Cathy and Addy."

Madeline looked at Shirley's sincere expression and revealed a friendly smile.

"We'll help you, not for Cathy or Adam, but you."

When Shirley heard that, she looked blankly at Madeline, then slowly realized what Madeline had meant.

Shirley felt tears prickling the corners of her eyes. It was the first time someone trusted her.

"Thank you," Shirley sobbed as she thanked them.

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Madeline and Jeremy, wasting no time, then completed all the relevant procedures to discharge Shirley.

Since Shirley had multiple bone fractures and was paralyzed from the waist down, she could only

leave on a stretcher.

However, when they were about to leave the room, Carter appeared.

"So, it seems that you were waiting for them." Carter lifted his arrogant eyes and peered at Madeline and Jeremy.

"Did you think they can take you away?" As soon as Carter's words left his mouth, a few burly bodyguards appeared at the entrance.

"Shirley, I've said I'll take you back to St. Piaf in an hour, so I'll definitely take you back. No one can stop me."

Carter's eyes stared into Shirley's horrified eyes.

When Carter gestured to the bodyguards to take Shirley away, Jeremy's tall figure stepped in front of the stretcher domineeringly.

"And no one had ever taken away someone I wanted to keep."

Jeremy calmly lifted his cold, resolute face.

As his voice fell away, the atmosphere in the room became oddly tense as if shots had been fired, filling the room with an invisible smoke.

Shirley saw the situation. She certainly did not want to be the reason Carter causing any trouble for Jeremy and Madeline.

Without hesitation, Shirley spoke, coldly refusing Carter.

"Carter, I am neither your toy nor your maid. I have the right to go wherever I want. I won't leave with

you no matter what. Don't appear in front of me ever again or I'll call the cops."

Carter's eyebrows knitted tightly together when he heard what Shirley said.

A few seconds later, he burst into laughter.

"Are you going to make friends with your enemies now? Shirley, I didn't kill Adam and Cathy, so why do you insist on blaming me?"

When Shirley heard that, she did not want to speak any further. She looked at Madeline and asked her for help. "Take me away."

Madeline nodded to show that she understood. " Jeremy, let's go."

"Wait."

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Madeline and Jeremy were about to take Shirley away when suddenly, Camille came through the door to stop them.

Madeline knew Camille was not an unreasonable person, so she walked over and politely smiled at Camille.

"Madam Gray, you're a reasonable person. I hope you can respect Shirley's decision. She doesn't want to go back to St. Piaf with you."

When Camille heard what Madeline said, she gave a n understanding nod.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Whitman. I'm not here to stop you. I'm just here to ask Miss Brown a question. "

Miss Brown.

Shirley, lying on the stretcher, had mixed feelings when she heard how Camille addressed her.

Camille had never addressed her like that.

This way of addressing her distanced the two of them, making them strangers.

Shirley was still lost in thought when she heard Camille asking, "Miss Brown, are you absolutely sure you don't want to go back to St. Paif with us? Are you sure that you don't

want to see Carter ever again, and that you don't want to have anything to do with the Grays?"

Camille sounded very gentle, but Shirley felt that these questions were oddly heavy.

She felt Carter's stare upon her the entire time. His gaze had never before felt so hot and deep.

However, Shirley, still avoiding Carter's gaze, merely looked at Camille and gave her a firm answer. "Yes."

"Okay, " Camille answered with alacrity. She then turned to look at Carter. "Carter, promise me that, from now on, you won't disturb Miss Brown ever again."

Carter's expression visibly changed when he heard what Camille said.

Evidently, this was not the outcome he had wanted.

When Camille saw Carter staying silent and not speaking, she urged him once again.

"Carter, did you hear me? Do not disturb Miss Brown. Miss Brown is right. We don't have the right to decide where she goes. You're not related to her anyway."

As Camille's voice fell away, Carter's face further darkened.

"Thank you for understanding, Madam Gray," Shirley thanked Camille and looked at Madeline.

"Mrs. Whitman, please take me home."

"Okay, Jeremy and I will take you home now, " Madeline answered, and she lifted her eyes to look at Camille amiably. Madeline then took Shirley out of the room with Jeremy.

Carter stood unmoving as he watched Shirley being carried away. His hands were tightly clenched by his side.

Camille, feeling Carter's displeasure, advised him.

"She doesn't have you in her heart anymore. It's meaningless to force her to stay."

"If she doesn't have me in her heart, she wouldn't have wanted to kill herself because of the pain. She couldn't continue living with herself because she was certain that I was involved in Adam and Cathy's deaths."

Carter said in dissatisfaction. He sounded as if he was explaining it all to himself.

Camille sighed regretfully. "Perhaps she's not destined to be with us. If she was, she'd be Mrs. Gray by now."

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"I don't believe in fate. I only know that fate is in my hands."

Carter spoke as he strode out of the room.

When Camille saw Carter giving chase, she immediately followed after him.

"Carter, stop!"

Camille called out to Carter.

"Have you forgotten what you should be doing now?"

Carter stopped abruptly in his tracks.

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"If they're yours, they'll return to you eventually. If they're not yours, it'll be useless to force it."

Camille's statement instantly dimmed the domineering light in Carter's eyes.

"Let her go. We should head back too."

When Carter heard what Camille said, he looked toward the direction Shirley had left, his eyes gradually losing focus.

As per Shirley's wish, Madeline and Jeremy sent Shirley back to where Adam used to live.

It was the house their parents had left for them.

After entering the house, they placed Shirley in the room she had used previously.

Back then, only three people lived in this house, so it had not been a lively place.

However, compared to before, this house felt abnormally cold and cheerless to Shirley.

Madeline thought that Shirley, in her current state, should have someone taking care of her, but Shirley refused Madeline's kindness.

She did not want anyone taking care of her. She wanted to let her life run its natural course for the rest of her wretched life.

Sensing Shirley's pessimism, Madeline gave it some thought, then advised, "Adam wouldn't have wanted to see you like this. And neither would Cathy. Don't do anything to hurt your body. This

would only upset the people who care about you. "

Shirley's eyes reddened and she chuckled bitterly. "There's no longer anyone in this world who cares about me."

She looked into Madeline's eyes as she spoke.

"Did you get the anti-toxoid test reagents? Just follow the instructions on the box and the poison in Jeremy's body will be completely cleared. This is the last thing I can do to repent for my sins.

"Thank you, I want to stay here alone."

Shirley discreetly hoped that Madeline and Jeremy would leave.

Madeline felt that it was not right to leave Shirley here alone, but Jeremy thought otherwise.

"Linnie, let's go back first. So many things had happened recently. It's only normal that she wants to be alone for a while."

Madeline did not speak any further when she heard Jeremy saying that.

Once Madeline and Jeremy had left, Shirley was the only one who remained in this huge house.

She knew she was a patient who needed someone to take care of her. However, she felt that the wound in her heart could not be healed no matter how people took care of her.

She had finally returned to the place where she grew up, but everything had changed. Even she was no longer whole.

Shirley laid in bed, staring blankly at the ceiling with tears in her eyes. Her vision gradually blurred with tears, and her heart, too, turned murky. She did not know what else she would want right now.

When Madeline and Jeremy reached home, Jeremy injected the first dose, following the directions Shirley had written on the box. He would need to inject the second dose a week later.

Madeline looked at the man in front of her and sighed ruefully. "It's been so long. I've even gotten used to how you look right now. The color of your pupils is certainly very nice, but no matter how nice it looks, it can't compare to a healthy body."

Upon hearing that, Jeremy smiled gently and pulled Madeline into his arms, then jokingly said, "That's simple. I'll order some amber-colored contacts and wear them every day for you."

Madeline laughed when she heard that. It was such a rare chance for her to simper with Jeremy. "I don't want that. I want my original husband from before."

"Roger. I'll definitely listen to my wife and quickly turn back to how I was back then."

Jeremy went along with Madeline and embraced her more affectionately.

Elsewhere, Carter returned to the villa and decided not to go out for a long time.

He went to the bedroom that Shirley had stayed in. He stood there for some time before he walked to the side of the bed to sit. He lifted his hand to touch the pillow which Shirley had slept on. However, when he lowered his eyes, much to his surprise, he noticed that there seemed to be a book under Shirley's pillow.

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After moving the pillow away, Carter realized that it was a notebook.

It was undoubtedly Shirley's notebook; he could recognize her handwriting at a glance.

Carter opened it for a look, realizing that this could be considered Shirley's diary.

However, the content inside depicted how she started developing the anti-toxoid test reagent for

AXP69. She had recorded her experimental data every day. From this, he could tell that Shirley had been meticulous in developing the anti-toxoid test reagent.

She would record every small detail carefully so that she could work toward obtaining the perfect data.

Carter patiently read through every page. When he arrived at the last page, it was the day the anti- toxoid test reagent for AXP69 was completed...

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Carter saw that Shirley had written at the bottom of the data. After reading those words, his eyes turned red immediately, his grip on the notebook tightened, and a dark, fiery hatred blazed in his eyes.

He slammed shut the notebook and walked out of the bedroom with rancor.

Camille was coming up the stairs looking for Carter. When she saw Carter walking out angrily, she felt it odd. "Carter, what's wrong? We have to go back."

"I won't be going back for the time being." Carter refused.

Camille's beautiful eyebrows knitted together. "Are you going to look for Shirley? Just leave her alone. Don't disturb her for the now."

"I have my limits, and I know what I'm doing." After Carter said this, he walked past Camille and went downstairs.

"Carter, Carter!" Camille wanted to stop him, but Carter walked out of the door without turning back.

Shirley laid on the bed, alone, and groggily, she fell asleep. When she woke up, she was parched, and she wanted to drink some water.

She remembered that Madeline left some food and water on the nightstand before she left.

Shirley turned her head and saw the water and food, but when she thought about it, she seemed to have realized something.

"Heh."

She chuckled, laughing at herself.

She was a cripple and a disabled person. How could she take care of herself?

If no one helped her and took care of her, she would not even survive for one day.

However, Shirley did not give up. She reached out with her hand toward the water bottle, but she was still a little too far away.

After a few attempts, Shirley, still unable to reach that water bottle, had exhausted all of her energy, and she was out of ideas to reach it.

She sighed softly and laid back down.

She recalled how she had been back then. She had been beautiful, and she had a nice figure, but now, her face was mutilated, and her legs were useless.

She was paralyzed below the waist. She could not even eat and drink like normal, let alone take care of herself.

Shirley laughed at herself, and tears started to roll down from the corners of her eyes.

"Addy, I know I've made mistakes, but why isn't God giving me a chance to change? I'm the one who

should've died. Why did he take your life away..." In agony, Shirley condemned herself.

Before long, warm tears soaked the pillow. The spring chill was in the air, and she felt extremely cold.

When she thought about Adam and Cathy's deaths, she felt that she, too, was responsible.

Everything that happened, and the way everything turned out, was all because of her.

The more Shirley thought about this, the more she felt that she should have been the one to die.

Further, she no longer had the will to live.

She opened her teary eyes and looked around her. The only thing she could kill herself with right now was a nail clipper.

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With great effort, Shirley lifted her hand and grabbed the nail clipper on the nightstand.

'Addy, mom, dad, Cathy, and my unborn child, I'm coming to repent my sins. Please wait for me...'

Shirley thought in her heart and placed the nail clipper on her wrist. She closed her eyes and made up her mind to die.

However, when she was about to move the nail clipper across her wrist, the door of the room was pushed open.

Shirley opened her eyes, and through her dazed and tearful eyes, she saw Carter's gloomy and icy face.

When she looked at the approaching Carter, Shirley tightened her grip around the nail; her eyes shone with annoyance and repulsion.

"Carter, why do you keep haunting me?" A look of disgust appeared on Shirley's face.

The more she had loved Carter back then, the more she hated him now.

Carter, with a cold expression, walked toward the side of the bed.

Carter towered over her and like a monarch overlooking his land, he peered at Shirley from above.

"Shirley, I have a whole new level of respect for you now," Carter said, his words heavy with implication. He then lifted his hand and threw Shirley's notebook next to Shirley.

Shirley did not understand what he meant, but she recognized her notebook.

"Do you remember what this is?" Carter parted his thin lips and asked.

His tone and gaze were frigid. He looked as if he was trying to suppress his exploding rage.

Of course, Shirley had not forgotten. This was the notebook she had used to jot down the data when she developed the anti-toxoid test reagent for AXP69.

However, Shirley's gaze darkened immediately.

She recalled that she had written down something spontaneous after she finished developing the anti-toxoid test reagent.

Carter caught sight of the changes in Shirley's face, and the anger in his heart started to surge violently.

"Shirley, you're really something else! "

Carter said mockingly. A fiery fury flared in his eyes.

"Since the beginning, you knew the child in your stomach wouldn't have survived. You deliberately used this child as a gambling chip to exchange for the ingredient for the development of the AXP69 anti-toxoid test reagent with me!

"Heh, you're really something else. You conceded to gain the upper hand. You pretended to be so helpless when I imprisoned you at home, but in reality, you wanted to stay in Gray Villa to develop the anti-toxoid test reagent.

"You lied to me when you said you wanted to quickly develop the anti-toxoid test reagent so that the baby in your womb could be born safe and sound. But in reality, you sent the completed anti- toxoid test reagent to Jeremy."

When Carter said this, he suddenly reached out his hand and held Shirley by the chin.

"In those six months, you had always been with Jeremy. You actually developed feelings for him ! That's why you've used this opportunity to create this anti-toxoid test reagent for him."

As Carter spoke, he suddenly let out a low chuckle.

"You actually care for him. And you even care for everyone around him. You don't care about your body and the baby, so you gave the only anti-toxoid test reagent for AXP69 to Eveline.

"Shirley, you're truly magnanimous! "

Carter's last statement was brimming with sarcasm.

When Shirley looked into Carter's eyes, she felt a chill piercing her bones, gradually enveloping her.

"I was happy. I longed for our child to come to the world. But in reality, you never planned to keep this child. You were using me. You lied to me. And you even betrayed me in the end."

Carter's tone was getting colder and colder.

"Shirley, since you chose this path, don't blame me for being ruthless."

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Carter's deep eyes narrowed, emitting a dangerous aura.

Shirley's heart skipped a beat. Perhaps she had already intended to die, she was neither scared nor fearful.

"Carter, I will bear the consequences of the path I chose. Please stop interfering with my life."

"You killed my child and you're asking me not to interfere with your life? Shirley, I'm telling you right now that I'm going to show you how wrong your decision was."

Carter spoke, his words held a deeper meaning, and he slowly released his hand.

"Carter, what are you trying to do? I told you I won't go back to St. Piau with you. Stop pushing me," Shirley thoroughly refused.

The corner of Carter's lips curled into a knowing, sinister smile.

"You'll know what I am going to do soon enough."

Shirley moved her lips, but she did not know what

else she could say. However, she saw an intense hatred blazing in Carter's eyes.

Hatred?

Did he hate her for lying to him, for betraying him, or did he hate her for wanting to kill the longing

and happiness he had for the child from the start?

In the evening, Madeline drove alone to the place Adam used to live in.

Even though Shirley had said she wanted to be alone, after an entire day had passed, Madeline felt that Shirley must be suffering because no one was around to take care of her.

How would a person who lost the ability to move her legs, had a miscarriage, and had multiple bone fractures in her body take care of themselves?

Madeline remembered the passcode to the door, and she entered the house easily.

However, when she entered the house, she felt that something was amiss.

She ran upstairs to Shirley's room, but before she reached the entrance, she saw the door wide open.

She walked closer for a look, then realized that no one was inside.

Shirley was not in bed, and the bedsheet looked messy, suggesting signs of struggle.

The water bottle Madeline had placed on the nightstand before she left in the morning was also on the floor.

It was obvious that someone had come in and taken Shirley away by force.

Madeline immediately called Jeremy to inform him of the situation.

Jeremy quickly asked someone to check the security footage around Adam's house, and Jeremy quickly obtained it.

"Carter was the one who took Shirley away," Jeremy told Madeline what happened. "He probably took her back to Gray Villa. Linnie, don't go alone. Come home first."

Jeremy was worried that Madeline would go there alone, so he asked her to come home.

Of course, Madeline would not act recklessly, so she went home according to Jeremy's suggestion.

At this moment, Jackson had come back from school. When he saw Madeline, he spread his little arms and ran to her, "Mommy."

Madeline bent down and picked the cute boy up. " Jack, did you miss me?"

"Yes, I miss Mommy, " Jackson admitted instantly. "I feel so uneasy because I can't see Daddy, Mommy, and Lily."

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Jackson voiced his concerns.

Madeline immediately blamed herself, feeling remorseful.

How old was Jackson? Had she not been giving him enough sense of security?

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How mature a child was to be able to convey such unease?

Madeline's heart ached as she kissed the little boy's cheek.

"Jack, I promise you that I'll tell you wherever I go next time. I won't make you worry about me anymore, okay?"

Jackson nodded and blinked his beautiful wide eyes.

"Mommy, I know adults have a lot of things to do. I know. I will be a good and thoughtful boy so that I won't cause trouble for Mommy and Daddy."

Madeline was further saddened when she heard this. Seeing the childish and handsome small face before her made her feel a pang in her heart.

"Jack, I don't want you to be so thoughtful. I hope you can be carefree and happy like your peers."

"I am happy." Jackson smiled innocently. "Now that we have Juan and Jan, I am very happy, but I miss Lily."

Half of Jackson's smile disappeared.

Of course, he was talking about his little sister.

Madeline caressed his little head and said to comfort him, "She's sick, and she's receiving treatment in the hospital. I'll take her home once she's better."

"Can't I go to visit her?" Jackson's eyes were filled with longing. It was clear that he missed his sister a lot.

Madeline thought about Lillian who was currently in F Country, and she shook her head remorsefully. "You can't because she's treating her illness somewhere really far away. It's difficult for you to go there."

"Oh..." Jackson lowered his eyes in disappointment.

"Then I'll wait for her to get better. I believe that she'll come home very soon!"

When Madeline heard his son's energetic and optimistic answer, Madeline smiled, feeling content.

Soon after, Jeremy returned home as well.

The old house was a little livelier today. After all, there were two more children around.

However, whenever the young, innocent siblings asked about Cathy and Adam, Madeline did not know how to answer them.

She could only tell them that Adam and Cathy went someplace very far away.

That place was so far that they could never reach there.

Madeline and Jeremy had a discussion and decided to go to Gray Villa together for the time being.

Although they knew that Carter would not hurt Shirley substantively, when they thought about how reluctant Shirley had been in the hospital, they still decided to bring Shirley back.

Among their reasons were Adam's assistance in the past and their friendship with Adam.

However, when Jeremy and Madeline were about to leave, Carter arrived at the entrance of Whitman Manor in his car.

When he saw Madeline and Jeremy about to leave, he opened the car door coolly and walked up to them with a cold aura about him.

"It seems that you were about to head out. Were you going to look for me?" Carter asked slowly.

Madeline had no intention to beat around the bush with Carter, so she went straight to the point.

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"Carter, Shirley doesn't want to go with you. Why are you forcing her?"

As Carter listened to Madeline's question, he lifted his cold and arrogant eyes. He scoffed, then spoke without answering her question.

"She gave you the only anti-toxoid test reagent for AXP69, " Carter said as he looked at Jeremy. "Then, she handed the anti -toxoid test reagent that can clear the poison in your body to you. Now, the two of you don't have to worry about the poison affecting your bodies and lives."

As Carter said that, his eyes turned cold. "But do you know the price of that stupid woman's actions?"

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As Carter spoke, his face fell. "The price was our child becoming a puddle of blood water."

His eyes glared with smoldering hatred as he said this.

"Heh." He chuckled again and looked at Madeline and Jeremy with his hostile eyes.

"You have three children, right? You must feel delighted and blessed to be parents, right? How will you feel if your children died?"

"Carter," Jeremy interrupted Carter. He would not listen to statements like this. How would he allow someone to curse his three treasures with hypothetical statements like this?

"Carter, Shirley miscarried because you indirectly killed Adam and Cathy, causing her to lose her will to live and to have these negative thoughts. And that's what caused the tragedy. You're really something else for blaming that on us."

When Carter heard what Jeremy said, he laughed. "Jeremy, do you think that's the truth?"

"The truth is that she never wanted the child because she has the poison of APX6g in her body. Plus, she used the anti-toxoid test reagent back then so that the child would have a large possibility of being disabled at birth."

His hateful eyes were fixed on Jeremy's face as he spoke.

"You're the one who injected the AXP69 into her body. So, do you understand now, Jeremy? Do you understand how my child died?"

Carter was obviously targeting and pushing all responsibility on Jeremy.

However, Madeline would not allow Carter to deflect the blame like this.

"Carter, of course, we understand. You're the one who doesn't."

Madeline retorted immediately.

Carter seemed stunned. He looked at Madeline in displeasure.

Madeline boldly met Carter's hateful gaze.

"Carter, you must understand how AXP69 came about and how I got this poison inside me in the first place.

"Shirley's already doing everything she could to make up for the wrong things she did in the past. Why can't you face your problems and keep pushing the blame to the innocent victims?"

After Carter heard what Madeline said, he scowled. His expression turned darker and darker.

After a long while, he smiled knowingly and creepily.

"I won't let my child be lonely. Just you wait, I'll make you feel the way I feel."

Carter spoke, turned around, and got into the car. He casually drifted then drove away.

Madeline did not care about Carter's threats. At this moment, the thing she cared about was how Jeremy felt.

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She lifted his eyes to look at the man next to him. Jeremy was indeed frowning; his expression was slightly dark.

Madeline knew Jeremy must be blaming himself right now.

"Jeremy, are you thinking about Shirley's child?" Madeline asked directly.

Jeremy did not speak. He only lowered his eyes and shifted his gentle gaze onto Madeline's face.

"We all must take responsibility for our actions. I can understand how you felt when you injected AXP69 into Shirley. If I were you, I'd do the same too.

"Linnie, I don't think I was wrong. But if I had hurt an innocent life, I would feel some remorse."

"So would I. After all, the child was innocent. But think about it, if I had been the one who was pregnant, do you think Shirley and Carter would've stopped coming at me? They wouldn't have."

Madeline gave a firm answer and smiled.

"But I do know that if you'd known Shirley to be pregnant, you wouldn't have done it."

When Jeremy heard what Madeline said, he felt as if the pressure on his heart lifted.

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Madeline was right. One would have to bear the responsibility for their chosen path.

The reason Shirley ended up the way she did today was because of her karma. This had nothing to do with others.

If she truly wanted to find someone to bear the responsibility, this person would have to be Carter.

Gray Villa.

Camille knew that Carter brought Shirley back again. After she thought about it, she decided to go speak with Shirley.

Shirley had initially been hungry and thirsty. After she was brought back here by Carter, she lost her appetite. She only laid in bed, staring blankly at the ceiling.

Camille was bringing the bird's nest porridge she had just made into the room. When she saw Shirley staring at the ceiling motionlessly, she could not help but frown.

"I know that you're feeling dreadful right now and that you blame Carter, but there's no need to make it difficult for your body."

As Camille spoke, she brought the porridge over and asked the maids to help Shirley up.

However, when the maids reached their hands out, Shirley moved her face to avoid the maids.

"Thank you for your kindness, but I really don't have any appetite."

Shirley said weakly and turned her head to look at Camille.

"I hope you can take me home. I don't want to stay here, and I don't want to see him again."

Camille sighed upon hearing that. "You know Carter's temper. You've known each other for more than ten years. If it's something he wants to do, no one can stop him."

When Shirley heard that, she faintly said, "He always respects your wishes."

"Yes, he respects me. But do you think he can face this situation reasonably?"

Camille sounded helpless when she said that. She could not bear looking at the haggard-looking Shirley as well.

Camille glanced at the maids, hinting them to leave. Before long, Camille and Shirley were the only ones left in the room.

Camille gently placed the porridge on the nightstand then turned around to sit down on the side of the bed.

As she looked at the frail and feeble Shirley, Camille had a look of pity in her eyes.

"Shirley."

She was calling Shirley in a very affectionate tone.

Shirley was shocked. After a long while, she finally came to her senses and looked Camille in the eyes.

"Why? Are you surprised? I had always called you this way since the second day you had come to our house. If you hadn't leave without notice back then, we would have been a family, and all of this wouldn't have happened. But perhaps some things were already destined."

Camille sighed sorrowfully, then she noticed the tears slowly welling up in Shirley's eyes.

"Nowadays, medicine is getting more and more advanced. Your wounds can be treated, but before that, you need to have the will to live."

"Will..."

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Shirley repeated this word in a mumble, and tears started to fall from her eyes without her realization. "I don't have a will to live anymore."

The light in Shirley's eyes dimmed, and her eyes were as cold as her heart.

"Thinking my parents didn't love me, I'd stubbornly left the school they arranged for me and chose to wander the streets. I didn't even cry when they died in that accident.

"Many years later, I killed the only family member I have in this world and that kind, innocent girl because I am an inconsiderate sister. What right do I have to continue living?"

"So, because of that, you think can give up on your own flesh and blood?"

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