

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1641

Carter frowned when he heard the words. "Speaking of motive..."

His eyes raised, looking ahead. He seemed about to start speaking, but he stopped himself, his gaze then returned to Madeline's face.

"By now, I assume my status should be clear to you?"

Madeline calmly met Carter's eyes, looking straight into his black pupils. "Well, noble viscount, do you intend to use your identity to suppress us husband and wife?"

Carter could hear the irony in Madeline's words, but he did not care for it. Instead, he showed a rare gentle smile.

"Frankly, I've become very fond of you after these few days. You're a very smart woman, and I need a knowledgeable woman like you by my side, but it's a pity that your heart has never been mine. I couldn't control you even with hypnotism, that's why I could only give up."

Carter seemed resigned as his long eyebrows raised slightly.

"Since this is the case, the both of you would have no choice but to bear this consequence together. Compared to being saved by me at sea, bigamy probably is not a big deal to you, isn't that right?"

Madeline curled her beautiful lips and smirked. "Yeah, compared to Mr. Carter's gracious act in saving

my life, putting me behind bars isn't a big deal, right? Nothing is more important than being alive, isn't it?"

Looking at the calm composure on Madeline's face, Carter knew he had not truly won.

He did not stay long. After giving instructions to the person guarding the door, he left.

Madeline remained seated and looked at the closed door of the interrogation room. The person she was worried and concerned about was still Jeremy.

'Jeremy, you must get out of here safely.'

'I will wait for you to take me home.'

Madeline muttered silently. She was not even sure if Jeremy could sense her thoughts, but she was sure that he would take her home.

The incident at Carter's marriage had already been circulating all over the place since a few days ago. It was supposed to be the wedding day of the noble Viscount, but now, the news about his bride brazenly leaving the wedding, hand in hand with another man, went viral on the internet.

After knowing that Madeline was a married woman, the netizens, practically unanimously, denounced Madeline as being a shameless woman.

Subsequently, an unknown source leaked information that exposed Madeline's background.

After learning that Madeline's husband was, in fact, Jeremy Whitman, a well-known figure in Glendale, the netizens further boiled with rage.

On the way back, Carter too saw such content on the Internet. He also saw many male netizens mocked him, saying that it was ridiculous that a dignified viscount would be so riveted by a married woman.

However, these negative opinions of Carter quickly vanished from his mind without a trace.

The Gray Manor.

As soon Carter stepped into the house, he could feel the depressing and stifling atmosphere.

When he got into the living room, he saw Camille sitting on the sofa with a dark and gloomy expression on her face. Meanwhile, Ada sat beside her and seemed cautious about speaking.

Some of the Gray family's relatives were sitting on one side, but none of them dared to be the first to break the silence.

When Ada saw Carter arrived, her eyes lit up. Then, in a soft voice, she prompted Camille.

"Aunty Cammy, Carty is back."

Camille lifted her head when she heard that. Then, she got up and walked toward Carter.

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“Where’s Eveline? Did you get her husband Jeremy?”

Carter nodded with an indifferent expression.

“They are in the police station now. Jeremy might be fine, but Eveline...”

He paused, looking at an expectant Ada.

Indeed, she was waiting for something bad to happen to Madeline.

“What about Eveline? Will she be convicted of bigamy?” Camille enquired. She was quite fond of Madeline, actually. Moreover, before the wedding, she had already known about the real situation. She did not want to proceed with the wedding, but there was no way for her to stop Carter.

Even though this might embarrass Carter, she still hoped, from the bottom of her heart, that Madeline would not get into trouble for bigamy.

“How did the police come just in time?” Camille asked in confusion.

Deep down, Ada wanted to take the credit for her achievement. At least she had helped Carter restore some of his reputation.

As she was considering whether to tell them, she heard Carter asking her, “You’re the one who called the police, right?”

Ada could not wait to be praised and gain a favorable impression from Camille. When she heard this, she nodded repeatedly, but still pretended to be endearing. She frowned, with a concerned look on her face, and said, "This woman committed bigamy. I can't stand by and watch her fool Carty like this. She reaped what she had sown and deserved to be punished!"

"I see, so it was you who called the police." Camille peered at Ada who was waiting to be praised. "How can you act on your own? Don't you know that this will harm Eveline?"

"..." Ada thought Camille would commend her. Hearing Camille blaming her at this moment confused her. "Aunty Cammy, did you forget? Eveline has a husband. How can Carty get married to a woman like this? She committed bigamy, so she only has herself to blame."

"Even if she did commit bigamy, that's our business, Ada. Don't interfere with the Gray family's matters any further. Also, I'm going to make this explicitly clear to you. You'll never end up with Carter. You no longer need to plot, and you don't need to ingratiate yourself with me. I can't stand the sight of scums who scheme behind people's back!"

"..."

Ada's face flushed red in embarrassment. She had not seen this coming.

Camille had mercilessly condemned her in front of many others.

She had thought that, with Madeline in trouble, she had a chance to replace her. How did her plan backfire so quickly in the end?

She was aware that she had completely infuriated Camille.

However, she had not expected Camille to have such a good impression of Madeline. Otherwise, how would she side with Madeline at this moment?

Ada reluctantly endured the gaze of those witnessing this scene unfold. She could only walk away resentfully.

This was the first time Camille was this angry. She waited until her friends and family had left, then she sternly criticized Carter.

“Carter, why did you harm Eveline with such means? She’s a pretty good woman. I can understand if you’re using her to drive away Ada, but how could you make her bear the crime of bigamy? You know that the St. Piaf marriage laws on bigamy could ruin her entire life!”

Camille’s words were serious, and she meant business.

However, Carter leisurely took off his suit jacket and said irreverently, “It’s because she is a good woman, I want to marry her, but now...”

He paused. Then, he added insipidly, “This path is of her choosing. Regardless of the consequences, she’ll have to bear it herself.”

Carter headed upstairs when he finished speaking.

After hearing this, Camille felt that something was not quite right. She thought it over and immediately made a call. After the call, she went to her room for a change of clothes, and then asked the driver to fetch her somewhere.

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The police station.

Even though Jeremy's behavior obstructed the police officers' duty, the circumstances were not considered that bad, so he managed to quickly bail himself out.

However, he stood in front of the police station door, his steps slowed, and he was unable to take another step.

Madeline was still inside. There was a high chance that she would be charged with bigamy.

"Linnie."

Jeremy clenched his fingers, and a firm conviction emerged deep within his eyes.

"I'll make sure you'll reach home safely. Wait for me."

He gave his promise. He also believed that Madeline could sense his feelings.

A few moments after Jeremy had left, a luxurious car gradually stopped in front of the main entrance.

Camille grabbed her bag and gracefully got out of the car.

Madeline just finished with her statement and was following the officer out of the interrogation room. As she reached the door, to her surprise, she saw Camille walking toward her.

The police officer leading Camille was very courteous. He motioned to a junior police officer to take

Madeline back to the interrogation room again.

Camille and Madeline met eyes. When she saw the handcuffs on Madeline's wrists, Camille gave the police officer next to her a look.

The police officer quickly understood. He asked the officer next to him to remove the handcuffs.

Madeline naturally felt much more at ease without the restraints.

"I have something to discuss with Miss Montgomery. Could I trouble you two to wait outside for a moment?" Camille spoke very politely, but her tone sounded more like a demand and a command.

The police officer understood what Camille meant and left the interrogation room with the junior officer.

Camille looked at Madeline and pointed at the chair in front of her. "Come, let's sit down and chat."

Madeline could tell that Camille's words had power here. Moreover, Camille was able to make them remove her handcuffs. This was not something someone with a normal status could do.

"Thank you," Madeline expressed her gratitude and sat in the chair in front of Camille.

"You don't need to thank me. I just wanted to return the favor." Camille's tone was flat, and her face looked calm.

Madeline understood quickly. "Favor? You're referring to the time I prevented you from eating peanuts?"

“Yes.” Camille nodded gently. “You might not know that I have a severe allergic reaction to peanuts,” she explained. “It almost took my life ten years ago. I dare not imagine what would happen if it flared up again. That’s why I thank you from the bottom of my heart.”

When Madeline heard this, she was slightly stunned.

“Since you’d helped me once, I’ll help you this time too,” Camille promised Madeline.

“Are you willing to go against your son to repay this favor?” Camille’s answer caused Madeline to hesitate slightly. “Even if you genuinely want to help me, Carter won’t agree to this.”

“He has no say in this.” Camille’s sudden answer was abnormally loud. Even her expression looked magnanimous and honest. “Carter is the one at fault, whether we look at things logically or emotionally. Don’t you worry. I, Camille Abbot, am a woman of my words.”

A sense of admiration spontaneously rose from her heart then.

Ever since the day Camille took the initiative to find her to apologize, Madeline had felt that Camille was a woman who knew right from wrong. This time, though, she could see that Camille was brimming with an even brighter positive energy.

“Miss Montgomery, tell me, in detail, everything that has occurred from the time you met Carter until today. The more thorough, the better,” Camille enquired about the details.

Madeline did not hold back. She told Camille the entire thing, beginning from her first encounter with Carter and everything that came after, in every detail.

After Camille finished listening, she pondered for a while. Then, she got up and walked toward the door of the interrogation room.

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She conversed with the police officer who brought her in for a moment. Then, she turned around, smiling gently at Madeline. "I've bailed you out. You can leave this place for now, but you can't leave the St. Piaf borders for the time being."

Madeline did not forget that, as she was informed earlier, she could not bail out, yet she was now released from custody.

After coming out of the police station, Madeline was still hardly convinced that this was real.

Aside from words of gratitude, she did not know what else to say.

After accepting Madeline's gratitude, Camille handed over her phone to Madeline. "You can call your husband and ask him to pick you up. However, the two of you should stay in St. Piaf for the time being."

Madeline took over the phone, thanked Camille, and gave her agreement.

Jeremy was planning to head back to where he stayed. He certainly did not expect to receive a call from Madeline.

Ten minutes later, he rushed back to the police station entrance and saw Madeline standing there, safe and sound.

"Linnie?" Surprised and delighted, he grabbed her hands tightly. "How did this happen?"

Madeline smiled. "Jeremy, let's head to the hospital first."

Jeremy subconsciously glanced at his injured leg and nodded obediently.

On the way to the hospital, Madeline told Jeremy about Camille coming to see her just now. Jeremy's reaction when he finished listening was almost identical to Madeline's.

"I didn't expect her to be so understanding and righteous," Jeremy said with a sigh.

Madeline agreed. "I also found it surprising that she'd help me."

"This is your karma, Linnie." Jeremy put his arm around Madeline's shoulders. He finally felt steady and warm again.

With a piece of mind, Madeline leaned against Jeremy's arms. As long as she could be with Jeremy, she felt that it was worth enduring all of the pain and suffering. All for a better reunion.

After taking care of his injury at the hospital, Jeremy brought Madeline back to the hotel.

As soon as reached the hotel, Jeremy asked Madeline to take a shower. He went out to a nearby mall to buy some clothes for Madeline.

In the corridor on the way back to the hotel room, he was surprised to see that a woman was standing there, smoking a cigarette.

Jeremy paused and continued walking over. "Why are you here?"

When Shirley saw Jeremy approach, she took a drag of her cigarette and exhaled the smoke. She then curled her red lips. "Don't you feel that the poison in your body has been flaring up less and less?"

Jeremy's forehead furrowed. "What are you trying to say?"

"I'm here to remind you that the time for the poison to flare up is almost here. If you don't return to Glendale to see my brother Adam as soon as you can, something bad might happen to you."

"Then you're here to tell me to go back to Glendale immediately?"

"Exactly." Shirley's smile deepened as she nodded. "Leave St. Piaf as quickly as possible. This is my friendly advice to you."

As she finished speaking, she walked away leisurely in her high heels as she smoked her cigarette.

Jeremy had not forgotten Madeline's words not long ago. Camille told them to not leave St. Piaf for the time being. The weird thing was that Shirley had disappeared for some time. It was uncanny that she suddenly appeared here to tell him to leave immediately.

As Camille reached home, Carter stood in the middle of the living room with a cold look on his face, as if Carter had been waiting for her for a time.

"Mom, did you go to see Evelien?" Carter got straight to the point.

Camille handed her bag to the maid and gracefully removed her coat before turning to Carter. Her usual mild and gentle gaze was now much sharper. "Since you already know, then I won't beat around the bush. That's right, I went to see Eveline. I've even bailed her out."

Carter frowned in confusion. "What's your reason for doing that?"

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When Camille saw the displeasure on Carter's face, she sat down on the sofa calmly.

“Did you really trick Eveline into signing a marriage certificate with you? From the very beginning, didn’t she put up this pretense with you only to help you shake off Ada?”

“When you were signing the marriage certificate during the engagement, she only obliged and signed the certificate because you said it was simply a formality, isn’t that right?”

Faced with these questions from Camille, Carter could not offer any rebuttal.

His silence thus gave Camille the most direct answer.

Camille, however, was a bit vexed. “Carter, you’ve always been straightforward and upright when you act, and you disdained petty maneuvers like this, but this time...”

“That’s because at times, to complete a goal and task, certain skills are required.”

“I, however, don’t think this is a skill. This is manipulation and entrapment. This might even be destruction. You will ruin Eveline,” Camille rationally corrected him.

“However, if it weren’t for me, she would have died at sea.”

“Is that why you schemed against her?” Camille asked in turn. The air around them fell into silence once again.

Carter too became silent once more. His brows furrowed slightly, as though he was thinking about something.

“Carter, let me put it this way. I admire Eveline, and, admittedly, if she could be my daughter-in-law, I’ll

be happy. However, the truth is that she can't, so I hope I can still be friends with her."

When Carter heard this, astonishment flashed in Carter's eyes. A few seconds later, a smile appeared on his face.

"I didn't expect you to be so fond of her."

"I didn't at first, but you have to interact with someone to know what kind of person they are. Carter, it's good to have a shortcut, but if your shortcut to success is built at the expense of others, then I hope you can change your ways." Camille advised him earnestly.

Although he did not completely agree with what Camille was saying, Carter still smiled and responded to her, his attitude to her very respectful.

"I got it. I will behave appropriately."

Camille nodded, fairly satisfied. "I'll help you keep an eye out for more suitable candidates to be your future wife. As for Eveline's case, I'll arrange for the both of them to go back to Glendale as soon as possible."

After hearing this, there was a sudden glint in Carter's eyes. However, he did not fight Camille on this, only continued smiling and nodding at her.

After Camille went upstairs. Carter immediately ordered someone to find the hotel Madeline and Jeremy were currently staying at, and he went out a while later.

Madeline put on the new clothes Jeremy bought for her after her shower. Now, she was looking at the sea view from the French window. She leaned her head gently against Jeremy's shoulder. She felt that her heart could finally rest easy at the moment, yet she could not help but lament.

“I didn’t expect so many things to happen recently. I had thought that, after Ryan and Naomi’s cases were settled, I could safely return home, live a quiet and happy life with my beloved family, and pursue my career. However, I certainly did not expect Carter’s hypnotism.”

Jeremy tightened his grip on Madeline’s shoulder. He leaned down and lightly pressed a dotting kiss on her forehead. His deep eyes were filled with guilt and dissatisfaction.

“I keep saying that I would protect you, and yet I keep letting you face the dangers alone.”

Madeline lifted her eyes to look at the man’s beautiful jawline. “Don’t blame yourself. We can’t predict accidents.”

Jeremy smiled gently and lightly as he lowered his eyes to look into Madeline’s eyes. “Linnie, you’re still so forgiving.”

“That’s because we’re husband and wife.”

‘That’s because we’re husband and wife.’

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This sentence came from Madeline’s mouth so naturally, but it pierced into Jeremy’s heart.

He could not help but remember his inappropriate behavior.

She always viewed him as the man she loved the most and her husband. However, he refused to admit her status.

When he thought about this, Jeremy did not know if it was a figment of his imagination but suddenly, he felt a sharp pain in his heart. Then, a familiar dull pain washed over him. It even began getting harder for him to breathe.

Madeline immediately noticed the changes in Jeremy's expression. She grabbed his arm tightly, asking, "Jeremy, what's wrong?"

Jeremy did not want Madeline to worry. He wanted to hide the fact that he was feeling extremely unwell, but his labored breathing caused him not to have the energy to speak.

Looking at Jeremy's complexion that was getting worse, Madeline started to panic. "What's wrong, Jeremy? What's going on? Tell me where the discomfort is coming from."

Madeline asked incoherently. Her eyes became red from the panic she felt because of this unknown fear.

"The poison. I think the poison is flaring up again..." Jeremy figured this might be a possibility, so he did not hide it from Madeline.

"Poison?" Madeline's pupils constricted. She did not expect the remaining poison in Jeremy's body to flare up at this moment. However, there was a fortunate smile on her face. "Jeremy, don't be scared. I brought the anti-toxoid test reagent. It's the one Adam gave me!"

With a look of surprise, Jeremy looked at Madeline who was running to the bathroom. He did not expect Madeline to bring the anti-toxoid test reagent with her wherever she went.

No.

This did not make sense.

Jeremy was confused when finally, something clicked in his brain.

'Did Linnie voluntarily come to St. Piaf with Carter? Was Linnie back to normal even before boarding the plane?'

After Jeremy came to this conclusion, he saw Madeline walking out of the bathroom with a flurried look on her face.

"I must have left it in Gray Manor," Madeline muttered to herself restlessly. She ran to Jeremy's side and helped him to sit on the bed. "Jeremy, hold on. I'll go out for a bit and I'll come back very soon! You have to wait for me to come back!"

After Madeline told him this, she was about to go out when Jeremy grabbed her and pulled her back to him.

"Linnie."

"Jeremy?"

"Linnie, answer me, was your hypnotism broken before you came to St. Piaf?" Jeremy asked as he endured the agonizing and torturous pain while holding Madeline's hand tightly.

Madeline nodded her head without denying it. Her eyes were filled with apologies. "I'm sorry, Jeremy. I acted on my own accord. I wanted to know why Carter was investigating you and the reason he was framing me, so I decided to beat him at his own game, but I realized I made the wrong move."

When Jeremy heard Madeline's answer, he did not feel so surprised anymore.

At the end of the day, she was still doing this for him.

“Linnie.”

“Jeremy, I always carry one of the anti-toxoid test reagents Adam gave me back then with me wherever I go. I was wearing my clothes before I put on the wedding gown today, but the anti-toxoid test reagent in my pocket is gone. I think I must have lost it in Gray Manor so I have to go back now. I promise that I’ll come back to you safely.”

Madeline wanted to leave after she promised Jeremy. However, Jeremy’s palm that was holding her tightened.

“No!”

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Jeremy used all of the energy he had to trap Madeline into a tight hug.

Madeline was stunned. She could feel Jeremy’s arms shaking when they were around her. His hands were also shaking and his entire body as well.

“Jeremy...”

Madeline’s heart started to ache.

She did not know if he was shaking because he was in too much pain or whether he was too worried about her.

“Jeremy, I have to go. No one and nothing here can help you aside from that anti-toxoid test reagent, so I have to go...”

“There’s someone else who can help me...”

Jeremy said this sentence weakly.

Madeline was stunned when she heard this. “Who?”

“Shirley Brown.”

That stunning face immediately appeared in Madeline’s brain.

“Shirley?” she asked in disbelief.

“Yes, her.” Jeremy tightened his arms around her. “Not long ago after I finished buying you the new clothes, I saw her standing outside the door of our room.”

“Why is she in St. Piaf? How does she know where we are?” Madeline widened her alluring eyes in surprise.

Jeremy furrowed his long eyebrows. “She even reminded me that the poison in my body would flare up soon and asked me to go back to Glendale to find Adam as soon as I could.”

When Madeline heard this, she somehow felt that something was amiss.

She let go of her arms around him and did not want to find out the answer at this moment. She quickly found Jeremy’s phone that was on his body.

After unlocking his phone, Madeline found Shirley's number in his contacts. However, while she was in the middle of doing that, the doorbell rang.

Madeline did not want to pay attention to it. However, it kept ringing and she could only go to open the door.

She thought it was room service, but after she opened the door, she saw Carter standing in front of her.

Carter still had the posture of an elegant son of nobility. However, to Madeline, this man was not as upright as the time when she had just met him.

Madeline blocked the door vigilantly when she figured that Carter might be here to cause trouble for her, or he might have even brought the police to arrest her.

However, before Madeline could say anything, Carter suddenly reached out his hand in front of her and opened his palm.

"You need this, right?" Carter asked. There was a faint smile that looked both righteous and evil on his handsome face.

Madeline's eyes lit up. She saw the anti-toxoid test reagent she needed in Carter's hand.

This was the anti-toxoid test reagent that she always had with her but lost unknowingly!

Madeline quickly reached out her hand to grab it but Carter clenched his fist tightly.

This movement seemed to have distinguished the light in Madeline's eyes.

She looked behind her and closed the door of the room slightly. Her black yet bright and clear eyes looked into Carter's smiling eyes sharply.

"Carter, don't make me look down on you," Madeline said softly.

Carter tugged the corners of his lips lightly and answered bluntly, "I don't care what kind of image I have in your heart. I just want to reach my goal."

Madeline stared blankly at the man who was smiling superficially. Suddenly, she realized that Carter was so much different than what she had imagined him to be.

This man was too mysterious, and until now, she still could not understand the reason behind his actions.

At this moment, his straightforwardness and 'honesty' made him seem extremely jolly.

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Madeline did not want to beat around the bush anymore. However, she did not want Jeremy to know that the person standing at the door was Carter.

She took a step toward Carter and closed the door.

"What's your purpose in doing this?"

"Today at 7 p.m., I'll be waiting in the study of Gray Manor. I'll tell you what my purpose is then." Carter gave her this answer and opened his palm once again. He picked up the anti-toxoid test reagent in his hand and shook it in front of Madeline.

“I think you don’t have a reason to reject, right? Once that poison flares up again, it’ll be 100 times worse than what you imagine.”

Carter’s words undoubtedly exposed the fact that he knew about Jeremy’s situation well.

Madeline had no choice and said, “Okay, tonight at 7 p.m. I’ll go meet you.”

“I hope you can avoid Jeremy as best as you can. Don’t let him follow you again. This will be the best for you and him.” Carter seemed to be reminding her out of goodwill.

Madeline nodded mechanically and agreed. “Okay, I won’t let my husband follow me.”

“See you tonight, then.” Carter curled the corners of his lips in satisfaction before handing the anti-toxoid test reagent in his hand to Madeline.

After Madeline got the anti-toxoid test reagent, she finally felt her heart feeling more at ease.

However, when she was about to turn around to walk into the room, she heard Carter say leisurely from behind her, “You didn’t lose the anti-toxoid test reagent. I took it out of your pocket. Maybe you think you’re in control of everything, but you might not know that I’m in control of more things than you are.”

“...”

A split second after she heard this, Madeline felt a chill rising from the bottom of her feet.

She turned around to take a look and saw that Carter had already left.

Madeline told herself not to think too much about it. She immediately went back to Jeremy and skillfully attached the anti-toxoid test reagent to the tiny syringe.

When Jeremy saw the anti-toxoid test reagent in Madeline's hands, he was surprised. "Linnie, who was knocking on the door just now? Why is this anti-toxoid test reagent..."

"Mrs. Gray asked someone to send this to me." Madeline found a seemingly reasonable excuse. "Jeremy, I'll inject you with this first. You'll feel much better soon."

Jeremy did not suspect what Madeline was saying at all. In addition to the pain that was torturing him, he did not have the mood to overthink as well.

After Madeline injected the reagent into him, she could clearly see Jeremy starting to recover.

When Madeline saw this change, she felt very much relieved. However, it was just temporary.

It had been a long time since the last time this happened to Jeremy, so she found this sudden flare-up strange. Plus, Adam's sister had even appeared and said all those weird things to Jeremy.

Madeline thought about this, and while Jeremy was resting, she used this opportunity to call Adam.

After Adam got news of this, he was stumped for words on the other end of the phone. After a while, he said, "I think you guys should stay away from Shirley Brown."

Shirley Brown.

He was calling his sister by her full name.

Madeline detected something strange when Adam addressed his own sister in such an estranged way.

“Can you tell me why?” Madeline asked softly.

After a while, Adam answered, “I don’t know how to explain this to you. I can’t make this clear in just a few sentences. If possible, you should come back as soon as you can but before that, don’t get in touch with Shirley.”

“I got it,” Madeline answered. After she hung up the phone, she found another number in her contacts and made a call...

Gray Manor.

Carter was sitting in the study staring at the clock on the wall in front of him. He was waiting for the minute hand to get to the position of 7 p.m.

When the minute hand was one second away from 7 p.m., the door of the study was pushed open.

He thought Madeline had shown up just in time, but when he saw the person who appeared, he could not help but furrow his brows.

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Carter looked at the person who came in and got up slowly.

“Can I help you?” he asked courteously, being very respectful toward Camille.

“I’m here to tell you that you can stop waiting now. Eveline won’t come,” Camille opened her mouth and told him with an insipid tone.

Camille's answer caused Carter's expression to freeze for a second. After a moment, he curled the corners of his lips. "You came all the way here to help her tell me this? I got it."

Carter smiled and finished saying that. Then, he sat back down on his seat.

Of course, Camille could see Carter's displeasure. She slowly walked to the desk and said earnestly.

"Carter, you've been exceptional ever since you were a child. Don't care too much about what your father thinks and be too stern with yourself to chase after those unattainable things. This will only make you lose yourself in the end."

After Carter heard what Camille said, he kept a small smile on his face. However, there was even more ambition and desire in his eyes.

"Don't worry, I know what I'm doing."

After detecting the subtle flash across Carter's eyes, Camille was feeling even more uneasy.

"Carter, I hope you can voluntarily cancel the marriage arrangement with Eveline so that she and her husband can leave St. Piaf."

When Carter heard this, there was a hint of disappointment on Carter's face.

He looked at Camille and there was a hint of disappointment on his handsome face. "I really hope you can side with me."

Perhaps Camille did not expect Carter to say something like this and even have such a desolate look on his face, but her firm attitude softened slightly.

“Carter, I’ll definitely side with you, but there are some things—”

“I understand. I know what I should do.” Carter sighed softly while looking listless. “Since you think I was wrong in this, then I will reassess myself. If possible, I hope you can help get Eveline to meet me. I need to settle the cancelation of the marriage with her in person.”

When Carter said that, Camille did not reject him anymore.

This was one of the reasons why she had asked Madeline not to leave St. Piaf for the time being.

They had to cancel the marriage agreement so that Madeline would not bear the crime of bigamy anymore.

“Alright, I’ll call her and help you arrange a meeting time.”

Carter seemed to smile in relief. “Thank you.”

“We’re family. You don’t have to be courteous with me.” After Camille said that, she turned around and walked out of Carter’s study.

Carter looked at the door that closed slowly and took out the mini crystal ball from his pocket.

Under the bright light, the crystal ball was sparkling. The translucent horizontal cut was reflecting gorgeous multicolored light rays. It looked stunning.

Carter looked at the crystal ball and smiled while remaining calm and collected.

Madeline stayed in the hotel with Jeremy where they were undisturbed for two days.

Seeing that Jeremy had pretty much recovered, Madeline planned to leave as soon as possible as well.

However, she had not forgotten Camille's advice. When she was about to call Camille to tell her what she was planning, Camille coincidentally called her.

"Miss Montgomery, Carter has agreed to cancel the marriage agreement with you. I figured that you might not want to come to Gray Manor, so I'll ask you to meet us tonight in the restaurant on the seventh floor of the hotel you're staying. What do you think?"

After hearing what Camille said, Madeline was shocked.

Carter agreed to this?

"Thank you for being so considerate to me, Mrs. Gray. See you tonight."

"Alright, see you tonight."

After promising Camille, Madeline hung up the phone.

She wanted to tell Jeremy what was going on, but when she turned her head, she saw Jeremy holding his phone and looking at the screen like he was lost in thought.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1650

"Jeremy, what's wrong? What are you looking at?"

When Jeremy heard Madeline's curious voice, Jeremy seemed to come back to his senses suddenly.

His long and thin fingers slid across the screen as though he did not want Madeline to see something. He immediately locked his phone and placed it into his pocket. He got up and walked toward Madeline with a gentle smile. Then, he grabbed her shoulder softly.

"Linnie, what did Mrs. Gray say to you?"

When he mentioned this, Madeline smiled. Her sweet dimples blossomed next to her lips as well.

"Guess." She decided to keep him on tenterhooks.

Jeremy looked at Madeline's smile without blinking. He unconsciously lifted his hand to stroke her cheek. His charming and deep narrow eyes were filled with heartbreak.

"It's been a while since I saw you smile like this." He sighed with sorrow. That statement carried a lot of complicated emotions.

Madeline immediately understood how Jeremy was feeling right now. She placed her palm over the back of his hand lightly.

"I'll keep smiling like this in the future. I know you'll make me happy and blessed forever."

When Jeremy heard that, he felt his heart turning sweet and bitter at the same time. She was so amazing and yet he only knew how to cherish her after so long.

After knowing how to cherish her, he was not able to protect her fully.

“Linnie.” Jeremy kissed Madeline’s lips and pulled her into his arms. However, this warm hug right now was not able to make him feel at ease.

They had gone through so many arguments and conflicts. At the same time, he also felt that a calm and peaceful life was hard to obtain.

“Jeremy, Carter agreed to cancel the marriage agreement with me. I won’t need to be restricted here soon.”

Jeremy’s wandering thoughts were brought back. “Did Mrs. Gray call you to say this?”

“Yeah, she asked me to meet her tonight in the restaurant on the seventh floor.”

“I’ll go with you.”

“Okay.” Madeline nodded. She leaned against Jeremy’s shoulder while feeling at ease. She closed her eyes in anticipation, saying, “I’m dying to go home with you soon. I want to see the children and our parents.”

Madeline suddenly felt concerned and lifted her head.

“Right, how’s my mother? Can she talk now?”

Jeremy smiled gently and pinched the tip of Madeline’s nose. “You’ll know when you get home.”

Madeline felt a sweetness in her heart.

The words 'get home' was the best phrase Madeline could hope to hear in a foreign country.

For their safety, Madeline and Jeremy did not go anywhere at all and only waited for the meeting tonight so they could cancel Madeline's marriage agreement with Carter.

For them, all places were the same as long as they were together.

However, when Madeline was leaning against Jeremy's arms for a nap in the afternoon, Jeremy took out his phone in annoyance and opened a conversation chat once again.

Looking at the contents of the message, he could not help but frown.

At the end of the day, he still had to take care of what he should.

Jeremy thought about it and gently carried Madeline to lie down on the bed before considerably covering her with the blanket.

He stood next to the bed and looked at Madeline who was sleeping soundly for a short while before turning around to leave.

After walking out of the door, he decisively called the number that had messaged him earlier. The moment the call got through, a familiar ringtone sounded behind him.

Jeremy stopped in his tracks and hung up the phone. A second later, a woman's soft voice could be heard from behind him.

"I knew you'd contact me eventually."

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1651

Jeremy turned around, calm and composed. With an indifferent expression, he faced the woman who was walking toward him.

"The sudden flaring of the poison in my body wasn't due to chance, but rather a scheme, correct?" Jeremy asked directly. "You've never been helping me from the start, were you, Shirley, or should I call you Ms. Brown?"

Shirley, one arm folded while the other held a thin and long cigarette, leisurely took a long drag, and walked toward Jeremy while puffing away.

"When you thought you were at death's door and then decided to leave Eveline willingly before serendipitously meeting me, the 'doctor', on the plane—all of this was indeed a scheme".

Shirley, her red lips curled, walked toward Jeremy and stopped in front of him.

"I'm quite moved by you, actually, but I enjoy conducting experiments even more. However, I'm not the same as Adam. He likes to save people, while I like to... harm people."

She admitted with a magnanimous look, the smile on her grew more intense.

Jeremy inexplicably felt the woman in front of him to be completely unfamiliar. In the past, she had always seemed like a nice person. During those moments being tormented by the poison, she had come to his aid, and his situation had indeed stabilized ever since.

Judging from what the woman was saying now, however, she had never been helping him. She only wanted to achieve her personal goals.

Shirley smiled and took another drag of smoke.

“Jeremy, you’re truly quite smart. I originally intended to continue this pretense, but you immediately asked me if I was scheming against you as you came out, so I figured that I shouldn’t beat around the bush any further.”

“Then don’t. What are you trying to do? Are you planning to use the poison in my body to continue treating me as your experimental subject or what?”

“No.” Shirley chuckled and shook her head, the corner of her eyes crinkling. “Let me tell you then. You and Eveline can’t leave St. Piaf unless you pay a certain price.”

“Is this what you wanted to remind me as per your message?”

“That’s right.”

“Heh.” Jeremy could not help but burst out laughing lightly, his eyes were filled with suspicion. “Don’t you think that you’re contradicting yourself? Shirley, are you reminding me this because you have good intentions? The fact that you’re making the situation sound so serious must imply that you have another motive?”

As he said this, Jeremy suddenly felt something was amiss.

Linnie!

He suddenly thought of something. His expression changed abruptly, and he strode vigorously toward the room.

However, for some reason, the key card in his hands could not unlock the hotel room door.

In a moment of panic, Jeremy's heartbeat lost all control. He yelled at the door of the room. "Linnie, Linnie!"

Jeremy yelled a couple of times, yet Madeline's response could not be heard.

"Linnie!"

Bang bang bang!

Jeremy banged the door with force. In the absence of Madeline's response, he was panicking so much that he was about to kick the door open.

Just as he lifted his leg, the door opened with a click.

A drowsy Madeline, eyes hazy, looked at Jeremy's anxious face, which immediately banished Madeline's sleepiness. "Jeremy, what's wrong? Why do you look so flustered? Where did you go?"

Jeremy grabbed Madeline's hands and examined Madeline all over. Once he had verified that she was fine, he then let out a sigh of relief.

He subconsciously looked back at Shirley, but he realized that this woman was no longer in the corridor.

Noticing Jeremy's movement, Madeline also lifted her eyes to look over, but she did not see anything.

"Jeremy, are you okay?" Inevitably, she was worried.

Jeremy held Madeline's hand and pulled her back to the middle of the room, closing the door tightly behind him.

"Linnie, you have to be careful when you meet Carter tonight."

He solemnly reminded her. Madeline could tell that something was wrong.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1652

"Jeremy, did something happen?"

"I don't know how I should say this. In short, after we've met Carter tonight, we leave this place immediately."

"Yeah, okay." Madeline still felt that this was strange, but she did not enquire further.

However, she could clearly feel that Jeremy's palm, which was holding hers, turned slightly cold.

'Jeremy, what are you scared of? Or is this because of the poison?'

Madeline pondered anxiously. This feeling persisted until 7 p.m.

Camille called. She told Madeline that Carter was already waiting in the hotel restaurant, and Madeline could head over now.

However, Camille also added a reminder. "Carter said he'll only meet with you alone, so do ask your husband to wait for you someplace else and not at the restaurant, lest Carter changes his mind from displeasure."

Madeline too wanted this to go smoothly, so she agreed.

Although Jeremy was worried about Madeline, he was an unreasonable person.

When Madeline went to the restaurant by herself, he followed her until the outside of the restaurant. However, before he could get close, he could see Carter's bodyguards standing outside the restaurant.

Jeremy could only watch Madeline enter from afar. He saw Carter sitting alone at a spot with the best view in the restaurant. His impeccable attire bestowed upon him the image of an honorable gentleman and an elegant nobleman.

However, this gentle and lofty exterior belied his shrewdness, greatly contrasting with his appearance.

There was, however, a man standing next to Carter. This polite-looking man, wearing a pair of glasses and with a stack of documents in his hands, seemed like a lawyer.

With a glance, Jeremy could tell that Carter had booked the entire level of the restaurant.

If they were merely terminating the marriage contract, why was he making a big deal about it?

Jeremy kept feeling that something was amiss, but this is not the time to be rash.

From the moment she entered the restaurant, Madeline, however, also felt that something was wrong.

‘Carter specially booked the entire restaurant for this?’ It was obvious that this would not be as simple as terminating the wedding contract.

Madeline walked straight to where Carter was at, and she saw, on the table, the two documents they had signed in front of everyone back then.

At the time, Carter had lied to her, saying that this was just an engagement contract. She thought that she was helping him, so she believed him.

Despite feeling greatly repulsed by Carter, Madeline still maintained her demeanor. “Mr. Gray, thank you for letting me off the hook. I’m here now, so could we proceed with the legal procedure?”

Carter’s lips pressed into a smile when he heard that. “We’ll get to that, but first, have a seat.”

“Oh, I don’t think that’s necessary. My husband is waiting for me outside,” Madeline rejected blatantly.

Carter lifted his eyes lightly and glanced out of the restaurant, but his face was indifferent. Once again, he opened his mouth and gestured at Madeline.

“Sit.”

Madeline remembered what Camille had said, so she did not want to go against him.

After all, it all depended on Carter whether the procedure would be dealt with successfully.

She sat down. Then, the waitperson carried over one delicate dish after another. In the end, they even poured separate glasses of red wine for Madeline and Carter.

Carter leisurely took his glass and gently swirled the contents in the glass. “I’m still technically your savior. Since we’ll be parting ways and we won’t see each other ever again, we should just down this wine and part on good terms, is that okay?”

Madeline eyed the wine glass in front of her. She picked it up and sniffed it vigilantly. Once she had ascertained that it contained no foreign substance, she casually downed the wine.

“Will this do?”

Carter looked at the emptied wine glass and seemed to let out a knowing laugh. “That’ll do.”

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1653

Madeline’s intuition told her that Carter’s smile held a deeper meaning to it, but she is unable to guess what is on Carter’s mind.

Madeline put down her goblet. For a few seconds, her gaze remained glued to the liquid at the bottom

of her glass.

“Mr. Gray, could we begin the procedure now?” Madeline urged.

Carter nodded and gave a sideways glance at the man waiting by his side.

The man who looked like a lawyer handed Madeline two documents.

“Hello, Miss Montgomery. I’m Mr. Carter’s lawyer. These are the divorce documents for you and Mr. Carter. Please have a look at the contents, and if there are no problems, please sign the documents.”

Madeline took the document, and, this time, she carefully read through every line of words in detail.

Back then, she had fallen for Carter’s tricks only because she had too much trust in Carter. This time, she did not allow herself the chance to be negligent.

Once she had read every line carefully, Madeline signed her name next to Carter’s signature.

After that, Madeline felt relieved, a great weight lifted off her mind.

However, she still could not help feeling somewhat incredulous that she had muddleheadedly become husband and wife with another man in name.

“From now on, we’re no longer husband and wife in name, is that right, Mr. Gray?”

“Yes, after signing this, Miss Montgomery, the agreement already takes effect. You and Mr. Gray are no longer husband and wife in name.” The lawyer by the side explained clearly.

Relieved to have this heavy burden off her chest, Madeline looked toward Carter who was minding his own business and had begun dining. In the end, she thanked him sincerely, "Even though we're in a bit of a rough patch, I still want to thank you for saving me at sea, Mr. Carter."

Carter's movements slowed slightly and, without looking at Madeline, he leisurely uttered two words, "You're welcome."

Madeline did not stay further. She decisively got up and left.

Carter did not stop her in the slightest, only speaking to the lawyer by his side, "Handle this as quickly as you can. I, Carter Gray, am a man of my word."

The man nodded respectfully. "Yes, Mr. Carter. It will be done." The man quickly walked away after speaking.

Jeremy had been waiting by the door. When he saw Madeline coming out, he quickly walked over to her.

Seeing Jeremy walking over to her, she sped up. When they faced each other, the two of them synchronously spread their arms and embraced each other.

"Jeremy." Madeline, feeling at ease, pressed against Jeremy's chest.

Jeremy naturally tightened his embrace. "Has it been resolved?"

"Yeah, it's resolved. I've already signed it just now, and I've nothing to do with him anymore."

The weight on Jeremy's chest lifted as well. He raised his hand to touch Madeline's head and kissed her short hair before holding her hand and turned around.

Before he turned, Jeremy subconsciously glanced at Carter, who was still dining at his seat. He had a nagging feeling that something was amiss, but he could not put a finger on it.

He especially could not believe that this had gone so smoothly.

"Jeremy, give me your phone. I'd like to give Mrs. Gray a call." Madeline thought of conveying her gratitude.

Jeremy also thought that this was necessary, so he walked aside and called Camille.

Once she had learned that this had been smoothly dealt with, Camille too breathed a sigh in relief.

She did not say much before hanging up, only reiterating that Madeline and Jeremy should leave St. Piaf as quickly as possible.

Jeremy and Madeline were of the same thought, so they returned to their room to pack and leave.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1654

The hotel restaurant.

Carter was holding the wine glass, staring at the night view outside the window with a cool expression.

A while later, the sound of high heels could be heard drawing close nearby.

Betraying no emotions, he took a sip of the red wine and flippantly took out the mini crystal ball he carried with him. He held it in his palm and casually played with it.

“Carter.” Then came the woman’s charming and soft voice.

Not even bothering to turn his head, he coldly uttered a single word, “Sit.”

The woman curled her red lips into a slight smile and sat across Carter, wearing a flattering smile. “Carter, I’ve already completed the task. Are you satisfied?”

Her voice was followed by a moment of silence. Then, Carter spoke coldly.

“Do you have feelings for Jeremy?” His tone was frigid. “Shirley, it was I who gave you this codename. You best not forget what you should and shouldn’t be doing.”

Hearing Carter’s words, Shirley’s expression changed suddenly. She looked at Carter nervously, losing all semblance of the lofty and easy-going attitude that she displayed in front of Jeremy and other outsiders.

“I’ve always been using Jeremy solely for my experiments and plans, Carter. You are the only man in my heart.”

Upon hearing this, Carter’s fingers ceased playing with the crystal ball.

He lifted his deep pupils, completely devoid of warmth, and looked at that alluring face of hers, but he quickly broke his gaze in disinterest.

“How long will it take to flare up again?” He asked suddenly.

Shirley instantly understood Carter's meaning. "Suffice to say, they won't be able to leave St. Piaf."

She was extremely certain, a hint of victory glinted in her eyes.

"Don't worry, Carter. I'd concocted the dose myself, without the slightest of error."

"Are you certain that your brother won't ruin it this time?"

"Hmph, Adam simply couldn't make my newly developed anti-toxoid test reagent." Shirley's eyes narrowed, bursting with a strong sense of resentment and loathing.

"That's great." Carter picked up the red wine in satisfaction and poured a glass for Shirley.

He handed it to Shirley like it was a reward.

The sight rekindled the cheerful smile on Shirley's delicate and beautiful face.

As she stretched out her hand to receive the wine glass from Carter, she wanted to jump at this opportunity to touch Carter's hand, even if she only touched his fingertips. Carter, however, did not give her this chance in the slightest.

Shirley pursed his red lips, somewhat disappointed, but she did not dare to make any request.

"Thank you," She thanked him, her personality and attitude in stark contrast with her demeanor with outsiders.

She took two sips of the red wine. It was clearly wine, but she felt that it tasted like sweet soup, feeling

especially happy.

She had never thought that a man like this would bound her wild heart like this. However, after meeting Carter, she had lost herself.

In fact, seeing Jeremy's pampering attitude toward Madeline, she had an epiphany.

When it came to relationships, everyone has a weakness.

Despite her extensive attainments in medicine, she was a mess when it came to relationships.

She always did what Carter wanted her to do. She never dared to go against him.

With a cold look in his eyes, Carter looked askance at Shirley, observing the cautious and happy microexpressions on her face. Then, his lips curled up briefly before dissipating without a trace.

"I hope that, in the future, you'll be able to handle tasks as efficiently as Ryan."

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1655

Shirley paused abruptly in the middle of drinking her wine.

Ryan...

She could still remember it clearly.

Carter mentioning this inevitably brought about feelings of apprehension in her.

“Carter, why did you mention Ryan suddenly? Unless... Unless Eveline noticed something?” Shirley asked very cautiously, lacking confidence in fear of provoking Carter.

A sneer appeared on Carter’s icy face. “She wouldn’t have thanked me just now for saving her life if she knew.”

Shirley quietly breathed a sigh of relief when she heard this.

“He was digging his own grave.” Carter’s eyes were full of contempt. “He’d debase himself in such a manner for a woman.”

“Carter, w-would you?” Shirley probed, her eyes were filled with both anticipation and apprehension.

Carter looked at her coldly. “Would I what? Would I forget what I should be doing because of you or any other women?”

“...” Shirley’s heart turned cold seeing Carter’s cold gaze, but this answer was to be expected.

She had known Carter for years. Not merely for a year or two, nor three to five, but eighteen years.

Despite being five years older than Carter, she was helplessly within the grasp of the man who could have been her younger brother.

Now that she thought about it, was it because, when she had wandered the streets in hunger and ragged clothes, abandoned by her parents, this man had gotten out of the car, handed her a piece of hot cheesecake, and then said, “Do you want to come home with me?”

Home.

She had no home at the time.

Her parents were remarkable medical scientists, who possessed superb IQ and skills.

Smart and a fast learner since young, she became very accomplished in the field of medicine. She had regarded her parents as role models, and she had even dreamt of becoming a medical scientist like them.

However, she was disliked by her biological parents, suffering from their son preference (TN: Son preference refers to the gender bias or belief that boys held more value than girls. For more details, please look up son preference on Wikipedia). Her parents only had eyes for her brother, Adam.

Unwilling to be forgotten and ignored this way, when she turned fifteen, she skipped class and school, wandering on the path of homelessness.

To survive, she had stolen food from the supermarket and money when nobody noticed. When she did get caught, she would suffer a beating and scolding. Other times, she would be dragged to the police station.

Since she was still young, each time only resulted in a lecture; she did not need to bear any substantial legal responsibility.

After suffering through hardships and the bitter cold, she then learned the bliss of feeling cherished and warm.

When she had needed food and a bed to sleep in the most, Carter had given her delicious food and luxurious lodging beyond that of ordinary people.

For ten years, she had stayed with Carter as a study companion.

She had stayed until he went to university and graduated, becoming a psychologist and a professor in the academic field of hypnosis, where he stood at the pinnacle of glory.

Meanwhile, she had overturned her original dream. She had become a vicious woman who only harmed others, never saving them.

Of course, every command had come from Carter.

Carter's goal was to take the throne of St. Piaf. He was not satisfied with the status of a mere viscount.

In this regard, she had already seen through Carter's ambition and desire for years.

With an extremely cold and indifferent personality, he rarely smiled. His face was perpetually like an iceberg, devoid of any expression of joy.

She sometimes wondered if Carter was indeed such a cold-blooded and ruthless man. She had been with him for more than ten years, yet he held no romantic feelings toward her at all, not even a little. He was even dismissive of her.

However, when they had first met back then, he had given her such a warm smile.

"I have to take down Glendale. Eveline is now the key to all of this."

Carter's voice, with its bewitching and sensual charm, slipped into Shirley's ears gently and slowly. She then roused from her reverie, picking up Carter's words.

"I will do my best to help you."

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1656

"Help me?"

"No, not help," Shirley quickly corrected herself, "I'll do my part. Don't worry."

Carter then nodded his head slightly, satisfied, and observed the flux of emotions on Shirley's face before slowly getting up. His tall and lean figure walked past Shirley with an air of elegance and nobility. Then, he stopped.

Shirley stood up quickly, only seeing Carter's back.

"After this task is done, I might consider letting you formally become my wife," Carter murmured coldly.

After saying that, he sauntered toward the door.

Shirley's red lips parted slightly from shock, unable to return to her senses for a moment.

Dazed, she stared at Carter's back as he walked further away. The contour of his body left a clear and memorable mark in her eyes.

Even if it was just a formality, and even if he was just tossing her a fake but beautiful lie, she would still gladly endure the hardship.

"I will definitely get this done!"

Shirley solemnly promised at Carter's back.

Carter did not stop. He merely continued walking without a second glance.

...

When Jeremy had chased Madeline to St. Piaf, he had not brought much luggage, so there was not much for him to pack.

However, the problem now was that there were no flight tickets back to Glendale for the night. The earliest flight was scheduled for tomorrow evening.

Since it was still early, Jeremy decided to take Madeline outside for a meal.

With the marriage agreement canceled, Madeline felt a lot freer and more relaxed. She too wanted to have a meal with Jeremy, to hold his hands and clear her mind.

The streets of St. Piaf were very lively at night. The people here seemed warm and friendly.

However, as Madeline was walking with Jeremy on the streets, more than a few people seemed to be looking at her.

"Isn't that the woman who got married to Mr. Carter a few days ago?"

"The one who seduced Mr. Carter even though she has a husband."

“I think it’s her. I saw her videos online before. She’s very pretty.”

“Didn’t she get arrested for bigamy? Why did they let her out so soon? The handsome man next to her might be her first husband.”

“...”

First husband.

Madeline and Jeremy felt their heads hurting when they heard this description.

To avoid unnecessary trouble, Jeremy and Madeline tacitly sped up their pace, distancing themselves from those condemning and judging eyes.

As they walked, they sped up until they were running.

The two of them held their hands and darted through the crowd in the bustling street. As they passed multiple dimly lit streetlights in succession during this cold winter night, they suddenly felt as though they were back on campus all those years ago, returning to their teenage years where they could be reckless and indulgent.

However, it was a pity that she had not held his hand, running around during her youthful teenage years.

Madeline felt an ache in her heart, unsure whether her thoughts made her feel regretful.

She thought that feeling would flash past in an instant. Instead, the pain worsened.

Following Madeline's footsteps, Jeremy slowed down, and he noticed that there was something wrong with Madeline's complexion.

"Linnie, are you feeling unwell?"

Madeline clutched her chest and lifted her pale face. "Jeremy, my heart's hurting a lot."

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman's Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1657

Jeremy's heart felt like it tightened similarly after hearing Madeline's answer.

Without any hesitation, he held Madeline in a bridal carry. He hailed a cab by the roadside and went to the nearest hospital.

Jeremy ran until he reached the emergency room door. Once the red light had lit up, he could not do anything but linger in the empty corridor, feeling restless.

He knew that Madeline did not have any heart issues, so how did it get so painful so suddenly?

'Was it because we were running?'

'I shouldn't have dragged Linnie into running around like that.'

'I shouldn't.'

Jeremy started beating himself up harshly.

The door of the emergency room opened suddenly, and a young nurse walked out hurriedly.

Jeremy wanted to halt the nurse to ask about Madeline's condition, but he was worried about interfering with her work.

Barely a moment after the nurse had walked away, two professional-looking middle-aged doctors, wearing serious expressions, came over and entered the emergency room.

This turn of events further rattled Jeremy's state of mind.

'Linnie, what's happening to you?'

'Why is your heart hurting suddenly?'

Jeremy was perplexed, his thoughts whirling. His eyes were glued to the red light by the emergency room door.

He did not know how much time had passed before the door opened once again, the doctor and nurse coming out simultaneously.

Jeremy immediately ran over to ask, "Doctor, how's my wife? Is she still in pain?"

Seeing the concern and worry on Jeremy's face, the doctor amiably comforted him. "We've given your wife some stabilizers, so her condition has stabilized for the time being. We've already done a full-body checkup on her. We'll only be able to know the cause of her sudden heartache once the results are out."

Jeremy did not ask any further questions when he heard this answer. Aside from staying by Madeline's side in the hospital room and waiting for the results, there was little else he could do.

The next morning, Madeline woke from her weary dream with a perplexed look in her eyes.

Jeremy had stayed with her the entire time she was asleep, not even daring to close his eyes for a moment's rest, lest something happened to Madeline again.

When Madeline recalled her sudden heartache the night before, she found it strange.

She was drinking the warm water Jeremy had poured for her now, one hand holding her cup and the other laying on top of her chest.

When Jeremy saw her movement, he anxiously approached her. "Linnie, are you in pain again?"

To avoid worrying Jeremy excessively, Madeline quickly shook her head and smiled at the man whose eyes were filled with apprehension. "No, I'm not in pain anymore. Don't worry too much, Jeremy."

"How could I not be?" Jeremy, brows furrowed, anxiously asked again, "Are you sure you're not in pain?"

"Really, I'm not." Madeline shook her head again. While touching her stomach, she emphasized, "I am a little hungry though."

Jeremy smiled and his brows relaxed when he saw that Madeline did not seem to be lying. "I'll buy you some breakfast then. I've heard St. Piau has pretty good bagels. I'll go buy some now."

"Okay, I'll wait for you." Madeline smiled and nodded, enjoying how Jeremy was taking care of her.

Even though Jeremy had not rested for the entire night, when he saw that Madeline had recovered, he felt relieved. More energetic, even.

After Jeremy left the room, Madeline was about to get out of bed to walk around when she saw a doctor and a nurse walking in.

“Miss Montgomery, we have your checkup report.”

“Report?”

Madeline was unaware of what had happened after she had passed out earlier.

Married by Mistake Mr. Whitman’s Sinner Wife [Sixteenth Child] Chapter 1658

The doctor nodded and handed the reports to Madeline.

“Miss Montgomery, the circumstances of your heart attack last night were very strange. We ran some tests for you, and we did not find any heart-related diseases. Therefore, the pain you felt was not attributed to heart diseases.”

Madeline was not sure if she understood. “Um, doctor, why was my heart hurting then? Plus, I felt that I could barely breathe toward the end.”

The doctor frowned in puzzlement as he explained, “To be honest, Miss Montgomery, we don’t know what’s wrong either. Based on the report, there’s nothing wrong with your body. The only strange thing was your blood test.”

“Blood test?”

“That’s right. There’s an unknown component in your blood, and the hospital equipment couldn’t analyze it. I’d surmise that this unknown component to be the cause of your heartache and breathing difficulties last night.”

The doctor's explanation sounded clear, but Madeline felt as if she had fallen into an unknown terror.

For some reason, she started to feel somewhat uneasy.

Something unknown had appeared in her blood. What would it be?

"There's no need to be too worried, Miss Montgomery. Perhaps the equipment we have in the hospital isn't advanced enough. You can go to the royal hospital in St. Piaf. The medical equipment there is the most complete and advanced in the country. You and your husband can have a look there."

"Thank you, doctor." After thanking him with a smile, Madeline lowered her gaze and looked at the report in her hand.

Madeline could not help but frown as she looked through the expert data on the blood test report.

After looking at it for some time, a glint of realization flashed across Madeline's eyes, and her heart started to race.

She remembered the series of circumstances that happened to Jeremy instigated by the poison.

He also had experienced pain in his heart and breathing difficulties. Additionally, he had vomited blood when it got severe.

Madeline's fingers tightened somewhat on the report. Without much forethought, she immediately ripped the report into pieces and threw it into the bin, not wanting Jeremy to find out.

More than ten minutes later, Jeremy returned. When he saw that Madeline was already up, he handed the hot breakfast over to her.

“Linnie, have some breakfast. I’m going to look for the doctor.”

Madeline grabbed Jeremy as he turned to leave. “Jeremy!”

“Hmm?” Jeremy stopped in his tracks and turned around curiously.

Madeline hid the anxiety in her heart and instantly lifted a smile. “The doctor came over just now. He said that there’s nothing wrong with me.”

“The doctor came just now? Where’s the report then? Let me see.” Jeremy’s gaze scanned around Madeline, clearly searching for the report.

“The doctor said they’re going green now, so all reports can be viewed on our phones. Don’t worry, the doctor said I’m fine, so I’m fine. I can be discharged at any time. Since that’s the case, let’s go now.” Madeline went over and held Jeremy’s arm. “Let’s go, Jeremy.”

Even though Madeline was smiling and speaking coherently, Jeremy kept feeling as if something was amiss.

While he was not suspecting Madeline, as he was turning around, he spotted the torn pieces of paper in the bin. This inevitably raised questions.

‘Are those torn papers the report?’

‘Did Linnie rip them up?’

‘Why would Linnie do that?’

Jeremy's head was bursting with questions. After taking a few steps out of the room, Jeremy suddenly stopped.

"Linnie, you should go handle the discharge procedure. My stomach isn't feeling well, so I need to head to the toilet."

Madeline remained oblivious. "Go then. I'll wait for you here."

"Okay," Jeremy said before turning around quickly. From the corners of his eyes, he could see Madeline standing there waiting for him. He quickly turned the corner and went back to the room earlier.

They had only left for a short while, so no one had arrived to clean up just yet. Jeremy strode to the bin and picked up the ripped papers without hesitation.

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Jeremy picked up all the torn papers, but he noticed that the damage was extensive, requiring more time to piece the fragments together.

He could only resort to wrapping the pieces in a handkerchief. Then, he returned to Madeline's side, pretending nothing had happened after he went to the restroom.

"Jeremy, are you okay? Did you catch a cold?" Madeline asked, uneasy, as she grabbed Jeremy's hand.

Jeremy held Madeline's hand and intertwined his fingers with hers.

"I still intend to take good care of you for the rest of your life, so how can I let anything happen?" He smiled softly, but he somehow began feeling that the torn papers in his pocket weighed heavily on his mind.

After returning to the hotel, while Madeline bathed, Jeremy sat on the sofa and took the opportunity to quickly sort the pieces of paper.

Fortunately, the paper fragments were not too small, so Jeremy still managed to sort it out, messiness aside.

With his quick reading speed, he finished the entire checkup report in a blink of an eye.

There was certainly nothing wrong based on the content of the paper, but Jeremy also noticed Madeline's blood test report.

There was a deviation in one of the indices listed, and this index, in particular, quickly reminded him of his physical examination back then...

After her bath, Madeline came out of the bathroom, wiping her hair with a towel as she walked toward the bedroom. She lifted her eyes and saw a dazed-looking Jeremy sitting on the sofa, pieces of papers patched together on the coffee table in front of him.

Seeing those pieces of paper, a conjecture quickly formed in Madeline's mind.

She hurriedly walked over and, as expected, saw that it was the report that she had ripped and threw away.

Madeline slowly stopped wiping her hair and lowered her hand as she walked to Jeremy's side. Seeing him remain silent and beside himself, her hands reached out to touch his, but she noticed the coldness permeating the palms of his hands.

"Jeremy," Madeline gently called out Jeremy's name, "I know what you're thinking. This is exactly the

reason I didn't want to tell you for the time being."

The surrounding mood grew more silent after Madeline had spoken.

After a lengthy silence, Jeremy gradually showed some response.

One by one, he grabbed Madeline's fingers tightly and grasped them in his palm, lest she disappeared from his life.

Madeline could feel Jeremy's fear. It was identical to the time when she had been afraid that he would leave her forever.

"Jeremy, don't worry about it, and stop jumping to conclusions. We still don't know the specifics of the situation. Plus, I don't feel that there's any problem with my body, so it could just be a coincidence."

"Heartache, breathing difficulties, and eventually, severe enough to vomit blood..."

Jeremy's lips parted weakly. His voice seemed to tremble slightly.

"How did this happen? How did you also..." Jeremy raised his hand and grabbed his hair in distress.

"Jeremy, Jeremy, don't do this. I really am fine." Madeline quickly reassured him.

Now, he was just like her back then. Worried, apprehensive, and distraught. This feeling could neither be consoled nor cured.

He could only be fine if she was fine.

“Jeremy, listen to me. Even if I also have that poison in my body, don’t forget we still have Adam! He can help us.”

“Adam...”

A glint of realization suddenly flashed in Jeremy’s eyes and he stood up quickly.

“We’re going back to Glendale now!”

“We’ve booked an afternoon flight, so we’ll head to the airport after lunch.”

“Okay!”

Jeremy answered, the anxiety in his heart evident.

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He took the hairdryer and helped Madeline dry her hair.

While she enjoyed being taken care of by Jeremy, Madeline started to reflect on the recent events, finding them a little bizarre.

She had been eating and drinking the same things as the Grays. If someone had deliberately laced her food with a slow-acting poison, then who could it be? Further, how did this person come about the slow-acting poison?

Madeline pondered but quickly dismissed this thought.

At this point, she still could not be completely sure what is happening to her, so she should not freak herself out.

After her hair was dried, Madelina and Jeremy decided to have a meal before they went to the airport.

The winter in St. Piaf was extremely cold. Even with their coats on, they still could not withstand the bone-chilling winds of winter.

Jeremy was tightly holding onto Madeline's hand, so he could plainly feel her shivering hands.

"Linnie, you should wait at the convenience store in front. I'll tell you when I've gotten a ride," suggested Jeremy. He is unwilling to let Madeline continue being out in the cold street with him. He did not know why it was especially difficult to hail a taxi today.

Madeline was freezing. She could even feel herself shivering from the cold.

"Alright, I'll wait for you in the convenience shop." Madeline did not want Jeremy to worry about her, so she turned around and walked to the convenience store that was within 20 meters away.

She certainly felt much warmer once she was inside. However, she felt as if the bone-chilling cold was still seeping through her skin, so Madeline bought a cup of hot milk tea and sat down on the chair at the side to rest.

Despite the shop's heater and the hot beverage to warm her hands and body, Madeline felt even colder now.

She lifted her hand to touch her forehead and noticed that there was a layer of cold sweat.

Madeline was immediately stunned. She remembered the doctor's words, which subsequently reminded her of Jeremy's concerns.

'Could it really be that, without me realizing it, someone had poisoned me with an unknown component?'

After Madeline figured that this truly might be the case, she did not continue sitting in the convenience store and hastily walked toward the exit.

However, just as the automatic doors opened, a woman ran in hurriedly, colliding with Madeline just as she was about to leave.

The impact of the collision was so forceful that Madeline reflexively reached out her hand to hold the rack beside her, almost falling.

"I'm sorry, Miss. I'm in a hurry," the woman said apologetically.

This voice sounded slightly familiar to Madeline. As she lifted her gaze, she heard the woman's surprised voice at the same time.

"Mrs. Whitman? It's you!"

"Shirley." In a glance, Madeline recognized the alluring woman in front of her—Adam's sister, Shirley.

Madeline had heard from Jeremy that Shirley was also in St. Piaf. However, she did not expect to run into her in such a coincidence.

"Mrs. Whitman, you don't look too good. Are you feeling ill?" Shirley asked as she stepped forward and held Madeline's hand in concern.

Even though Madeline was feeling unwell, she remembered Adam's advice, reminding them to stay as far away from Shirley as possible.

Although Adam did not clarify his reasons, he had been his savior on multiple occasions, so Madeline was willing to trust him unconditionally.

Madeline supported her body and gently retracted her hand. "Thank you for your concern. It's just a cold. My husband is still waiting for me outside, so I should go now."

Madeline remained calm and composed as she quickly walked out of the door.

Before she could go far, however, she could hear the sudden chill in Shirley's voice coming from behind her.

"Since you're dying to get away from me, I'm guessing you already know something, Mrs. Whitman."

Madeline slowed down. Just as she was about to turn around to look, Shirley had already come up to her.

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When Madeline saw Shirley in front of her, she realized that it was not a coincidence she had run into her. It was all done intentionally.

A cold gust of wind blew over without a warning and Madeline immediately felt her body freezing over. Not only that, but her heart also started to ache vaguely.

When Shirley saw Madeline frowning, she curled the corner of her red lips slightly.

“I’m naming it AXT69. This is my latest mysterious anti-toxoid test reagent. I added some ingredients that can make people suffer even more on top of the original ingredients.”

While she said that, she walked closer in front of Madeline.

“Just like right now, you’re feeling excruciating pain in your heart. Apart from having breathing difficulties, you’ll also feel as though your entire body is being submerged in ice water. Every inch of your skin is enduring a coldness that feels as if you’re being sliced open by knives.”

After hearing what Shirley said, Madeline understood completely.

She did not need to confirm it anymore. Now, she was completely sure that she had been poisoned by that mysterious and terrifying thing unbeknownst to her.

However, Madeline had no idea how she got into contact with that thing in the first place.

Madeline clenched her fists and tried her best to compose herself. “Shirley, why are you doing this?”

“Heh.” Shirley did not answer Madeline. She laughed and asked, “Do you know why Jeremy’s condition flared up yesterday?”

Even though Madeline did not know the details, she could probably guess that this had something to do with Shirley.

Indeed, Shirley admitted confidently. "I deliberately induced it."

Madeline was getting more and more confused. However, she was still calm and composed. "Why did you do that? Didn't you save him before?"

"Saved him? No, I never wanted to save him. He's just an experiment. Do you understand what an experiment is?" Shirley said and took a cigarette from her bag before lighting it up. After taking an enjoyable drag, her smile became even more radiant.

"You're feeling mad and terrible, right?" Shirley laughed and looked at Madeline from head to toe. "You should also get a taste of what Jeremy feels when he's being tortured by the poison. Since you're such a loving couple, then you should experience his pain as well."

Shirley said and took another drag of her cigarette. She was puffing out smoke with practiced ease.

"Don't put too much hope on Adam. Even if he's capable, he won't be able to come up with an anti-toxoid test reagent that's able to control the poison in such a short time. However, don't worry, you won't die. It'll just make you suffer."

After Shirley's complacent words, Madeline felt as if her heart was being gnawed on by a million insects.

"Hiss!"

She could not help but let out a sound of pain. Her long and lean fingers grasped the clothes that were in front of her chest.

Shirley watched her with a grin on her face. "I have an anti-toxoid test reagent that can help you

alleviate the pain for the time being. It has no side effects. As long as you're willing to listen to me, then I'll give it to you."

Madeline was breathing heavily with difficulty as she looked at Shirley who was beaming while feeling pleased with herself. Then, she saw Shirley lifting her hand and shaking a bottle of anti-toxoid test reagent in front of her.

Madeline did not know if it was the poison or the devastatingly cold wind, but she even felt that her eyes were starting to hurt. Shirley's smile in front of her gradually became blurry.

"Eveline, in some ways, I'm pretty impressed by you. I feel so reluctant when I see you in so much pain, but the word 'easy' doesn't exist in the adult world, so..."

"Linnie!"

Jeremy's appearance interrupted what Shirley was about to say next.

He ran over to Madeline as fast as lightning. When he noticed the odd look on Madeline's face, he pulled her, who was shaking from the cold, into his embrace.

"Linnie, are you cold?" Jeremy's eyes were filled with worry. He was not in the mood to bother himself with Shirley.

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He quickly removed his coat and placed it over Madeline.

However, it did not seem that Madeline was becoming better at all.

“Linnie, what happened to you? Where does it hurt?”

“Jeremy, it’s useless no matter how many coats you give her. She’ll still feel cold, and she’ll still be in so much pain she won’t be able to breathe freely.”

Jeremy lifted his eyes suddenly. His frosty, cold eyes were stabbing straight at Shirley.

“What did you say? What do you mean?”

Shirley took a long drag of her cigarette. “Jeremy, you’re so smart and you still can’t tell what’s wrong with your wife?”

Jeremy’s pupils constricted, and he spotted the anti-toxoid test reagent in Shirley’s hand. “It’s indeed you. Shirley Brown, what are you trying to do?”

“Nothing. I just want to do an experiment.” Shirley chuckled lightly. “For your sake, just treat this as a gift for our acquaintance. Next time, you might not be so lucky.”

After Shirley said this, she threw the anti-toxoid test reagent in her hand to Jeremy.

Jeremy lifted his hand to catch it. Then, he took a look at the tiny bottle of anti-toxoid test reagent in his

hand. He wanted to stop Shirley to ask her a few questions but she had already left.

Madeline was in a bad shape right now and he did not have the mood to bother with Shirley. As such, he carried Madeline and ran back to the hotel.

He booked another room and carried Madeline who was shaking all over into the room.

However, even though the heater was on, Madeline was still shaking furiously.

Her face was initially pale with a pinkish blush, but now, her face was as pale as a white sheet of paper.

Jeremy held Madeline's hand and realized that her hands were very cold as well.

"Linnie."

"Jeremy, I'm so cold. This place hurts as well," Madeline used all of her energy to say with much difficulty.

"Linnie, don't be scared. You won't be in pain soon." Jeremy comforted softly. His heart was so anxious.

He immediately took out the anti-toxoid test reagent that Shirley had tossed at him earlier. After drawing the liquid into the syringe that came with it, Jeremy did not hesitate to inject the liquid in the glass syringe into Madeline's vein.

Madeline furrowed her eyebrows together and felt the bone-piercing coolness travel to every inch of

her body.

She had never felt so cold before. She was so cold she was suffocating and her breathing was labored. She felt so cold that she could not even take in a breath.

Looking at Madeline who was in so much pain, Jeremy held her while feeling his heart break. He lay down next to her and tried his best to give her the warmth she wanted.

Time passed slowly, and Madeline's body was not shaking as much as before. Then, she gradually fell asleep.

Jeremy felt more at ease when he saw that Madeline was not suffering as much anymore.

He kissed the space between Madeline's eyebrows, his eyes filled with heartache and doting. However, at the same time, there was also an intense and threatening rage brewing within him.

He grabbed his coat and picked up his phone to make a call. He got straight to the point and asked, "Where are you?"

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Jeremy asked coldly. After getting a reply from the person on the other end of the phone, he walked straight to the door. "Wait for me. I'll be there immediately!"

He spoke in a commanding tone but immediately changed his expression after ending the call.

Jeremy turned around and glanced gently at the sleeping Madeline before opening the door lightly to leave.

When he got out of the hotel, Jeremy realized that it was currently snowing.

Meanwhile, Shirley, dressed in a red coat, was standing and smoking conspicuously under a tree not far away from the entrance.

Jeremy hurriedly walked over. Shirley turned her head calmly when she heard the hurried footsteps behind her. "You sure are fast. Sure enough, Eveline holds an extraordinary position in your heart. This proves that I didn't choose the wrong target."

She smiled and walked toward Jeremy while smoking a cigarette, looking carefree.

The fluttering snow fell on the shoulders of her red coat. The clashing red and white formed an exceptionally strong contrast.

Looking at Jeremy's dark eyes, Shirley said leisurely, "You don't have to worry. Eveline won't die. She'll just suffer some pain at most."

Jeremy did not want to deal with her at all. "Don't tell me all this nonsense. Tell me, what is your purpose for doing this?"

Seeing Jeremy's straightforwardness, Shirley did not beat around the bush anymore. She shook the ashes from her cigarette and put her hand to her side. The cigarette between her slender fingertips was glowing and dimming.

"Jeremy, I know that you're a very important person in Glendale and you have the right to speak on many occasions. Almost all of those rich and famous in Glendale will respect you. It could be said that if you proclaim yourself as the number two young master in Glendale, no one would dare to call themselves the number one young master."

"So?" Jeremy asked impatiently.

“So...” Shirley laughed. Then, she continued, “Glendale is a good place and it’s an international metropolis. Other than that, it’s a city with great strength and potential. Glendale is also my hometown, so I like it a lot.”

After hearing this, Jeremy frowned. He did not want to waste any more time with Shirley. “You still haven’t gotten to the point, Shirley. Don’t go around in circles. What do you want?”

“Why are you in such a hurry? Are you worried that your darling wife will panic if she wakes up and can’t find you? Don’t worry, the anti-toxoid test reagent contains ingredients to make someone sleep peacefully. Anyone who takes the jab won’t wake up in another four or five hours.”

She smiled, obviously quite confident in what she had developed.

However, what Jeremy could not stand the most right now was the look of confidence on Shirley’s face. She was so pleased with herself after developing this harmful thing, and he could not stand this.

Shirley was not ignorant of Jeremy’s personality. However, she also expected that Jeremy would not do anything to women no matter how angry he was. As such, she was not worried.

“Jeremy, I want the right to speak in Glendale,” Shirley finally stated her purpose, “I know that there will be a major change in ZF in Glendale. I want you to arrange a position for me.”

“What position?”

“A position with the right to speak regarding the internal matters of ZF in Glendale,” Shirley added without hesitation, “As long as you can get it done, I won’t make Eveline suffer anymore. Also, I can help you get rid of the poison in your body as soon as possible.”

“I was wondering what request you’d have. Sure, I can help you arrange that,” Jeremy answered straightforwardly.

A glint appeared in Shirley's alluring eyes. She directly threw another bottle of anti-toxoid test reagent to Jeremy. "The poison in Eveline's body will flare up again in half a month. Keep this properly."

Jeremy held the glass bottle in his hand and felt as if he had been given alms. He lifted his eyes to see Shirley getting into a sports car on the side of the road before speeding away.

Jeremy noted down the car plate number and turned around. As he walked back to the hotel, he made a call.

Shirley drove the car to Gray Manor.

It had been so many years since she came back to this place.

She sat in the car and looked at the grand European-style building. Then, she could not help but start to feel nervous.

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She picked up the perfume and sprayed it all over her body before gargling with some mouthwash. She was worried that the lingering smell of cigarettes on her would leave a bad impression of her on the people inside the house.

After making these preparations, Shirley sat in the car for a while before getting out.

It was snowing heavier now, but she was not cold at all. Her racing heart and anxiety caused her entire body to feel hot.

She had just gotten to the door when the bodyguard standing guard at the door stopped her with a cool face.

“Ma’am, we can’t let anyone come in here. If you don’t have a reservation or an invitation card, please leave,” the bodyguard asked her to leave.

“I’m here for Mr. Carter. Please tell him that I’m Miss... Shirley.”

When she said the last word, she suddenly realized she did not have the right to call herself by her real name. She could only call herself by the code name given to her by Carter.

However, the bodyguard at the door did not take what Shirley said seriously at all. On the contrary, he scoffed and asked her to leave again, “There are too many women asking to see Mr. Carter. You? Tsk, go away, go away!”

When Shirley saw the bodyguard looking at her in disdain, her face fell.

She was not a soft and gentle woman. She would only exercise restraint when she was in front of Carter, removing her sharp edges.

She wanted to enter the doors of Gray Manor courteously, but now, she could not contain herself anymore.

However, when she was about to teach the two bodyguards in front of her a lesson, the butler coincidentally walked out of the house.

When the butler took a closer look and saw that it was Shirley, a look of joy appeared on his face.

“Miss Jenny?”

Miss Jenny?

The two bodyguards were confused. They looked at each other. Even though they did not know what was going on, they felt that Shirley might have a special position in this household.

“Miss Jenny, it really is you! Mr. Carter said you’re studying abroad so I thought I’d never be able to see you again.” The butler walked over and grabbed Shirley’s hands affectionately.

Shirley showed a rare true and sincere smile. She gently grabbed the hand of the old butler who was in his 50s. “Waterson, long time no see.”

“It’s been so many years. It’s cold outside, come in now.”

“Okay.” Shirley smiled and nodded. From the corners of her eyes, she could see that the two bodyguards did not even dare to look at her anymore, let alone stop her.

The old butler led Shirley into the house. After that, he asked the servants to make Shirley a cup of hot coffee. He also called someone to bring her some snacks.

“Miss Jenny has not been back for so many years. Sir and Madam will be so happy if they know, but Madam is not home now and Sir rarely comes back. Only Mr. Carter is in the study now.”

The old butler’s gaze changed subtly all of a sudden. “If Mr. Carter knows you’re back, he’d be happier than anyone in this house. I’ll go tell him now.”

“Waterson.” Shirley stopped the old butler and placed down the cup of coffee in her hand. “Actually, I’ve already contacted Carter so he knows I’m here. I’ll go see him myself.”

“Oh, I see.” The old butler nodded to show that he understood. “Miss Jenny, please help yourself, then.

This is your home. Do as you please.”

“Okay, thank you, Waterson.”

After Shirley thanked him, she went upstairs.

Two years ago, she had snuck back here in secret, so she was still pretty familiar with this place.

She wanted to go to the study directly to find Carter, but her feet unconsciously started leading her to the door of the bedroom she used to stay in.

What surprised Shirley was that the door was opened. Through the crack, an unexpected figure was reflected in her pupils...

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She could not believe that the figure in her eyes was real.

Shirley lifted her hand slowly to push the door open. The figure in her eyes became clearer, so she was sure that she was not seeing things.

In that instant, the snow on her shoulders started to become warmer.

Shirley closed the door gently, and when she was about to say something, the man standing in front of the French windows suddenly turned around.

It was dusk and snowing, so the room was dim, but Shirley felt that there was an abnormally beautiful light enveloping the man in front of her.

“Since you dare to come find me like this, it means that you’ve succeeded, right?” Carter asked in an icy tone. Moving his long legs, he walked to the desk. He then placed the photo frame in his hand on the table unconsciously.

Shirley walked straight to him. “It’s done. Jeremy has agreed to arrange for me to join ZF in Glendale.”

“Not bad,” Carter praised her unconsciously. “However, if your brother successfully develops an anti-toxoid test reagent that’s able to control this, the plan will be ruined. Do you understand me?”

“He won’t! Adam... Adam won’t be able to find a way to control this in such a short time. Even if he eventually does, our plan would have succeeded by then.”

“It’s not our plan,” Carter said, correcting her. His emotionless eyes scanned Shirley’s face.

He could see the loneliness in Shirley’s eyes. For some reason, he felt thrilled.

It was a thrill, right?

“Did you see Jeremy by yourself just now?” Carter asked coldly and walked toward the door.

Shirley followed him. “We talked in front of the entrance of the hotel.”

“You were talking amid the cold wind and falling snow. How romantic. I guess you haven’t forgotten about those beautiful times you spent with him in that half a year, right? You said you’re treating him like an experiment, but in your heart, you’re reluctant for him to get hurt. Am I right?”

After Carter said that, he walked out of the bedroom.

Shirley quickly chased after him. “Carter.” She followed behind him and walked next to him.

At that moment, it was as if she had recalled the time when they spent every day together.

There should be some feelings between the two of them after so many years, right?

Shirley thought about this in her heart, but perhaps some things, like feelings, would change with time.

She followed Carter into the study. She saw that aside from some renovation, the decorations were still the same as before.

The first thing she saw was the crystal ball the size of an apple that was placed on the desk.

She still remembered the story about the crystal ball.

Shirley’s eyes lit up with a spark of joy. She walked over to touch the crystal ball lightly. “Carter, you’re still keeping the crystal ball.”

Carter did not even look at it. “I’ve been wanting to throw it away for a very long time now, but this place lacks decorations, so that’s why I kept it.

“...”

The smile that finally appeared on Shirley’s face fell once again.

She looked at Carter. His stalwart heroic spirit, his perfect figure, and his face that carried no warmth were like an iceberg—there was only coldness.

“Carter, you weren’t like this before.”

“Yeah, I wasn’t like this back then. I don’t know when this started,” Carter said profoundly. Suddenly, his icy gaze oppressed Shirley’s gaze.

“Shirley, remember, stop minding my business. You’re just a chess piece to me now.” He warned, “The reason I took you in and raised you back then was so that I could use you today, do you understand?”

Shirley’s heart was aching when she listened to the man’s cruel words. However, she still smiled magnanimously.

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Just as she was about to answer Carter’s question, there came the sound of rapid footsteps outside of the study.

Immediately afterward, Camille came into the study with a hurried expression. Camille’s expression changed visibly when she saw Shirley, but it was quickly replaced with a smile.

“Jenny, you’re really back! I haven’t seen you for a long time. I have much to tell you. Come to my room first.”

Shirley glanced at Carter who nodded slowly in response. Then, she turned and followed Camille.

As soon as she entered Camille’s room, Camille ordered with a chilly tone.

“Close the door.” Shirley closed the door obediently.

As soon as the door closed, however, Camille's questioning voice came, filled with displeasure. "Shirley, it's really you. What are you doing back here?"

Shirley was stunned by the sudden change of attitude. She could recall that Camille was very fond of her. She even thought that she would miss her if they had not met in a few years. Camille's current attitude baffled her.

Regardless, Shirley still put on a smile. "Mom," she called out, her heart racing furiously.

"Don't you call me mother! I'm not your mother!" Camille interrupted, displeased. "What are you doing here? You're not welcome here. You should leave on your own later. Don't make me have to kick you out."

Camille was firm, treating Shirley like she was an enemy.

On the surface, Shirley seemed to be a strong and cold-blooded woman. Some might even say that she was vicious and merciless. Being here, in the presence of the Grays, however, she had no temper. She even seemed a little humble.

Since she had been in Gray Manor for all these years, she knew what Camille was like, of course. There must be a reason behind her treatment of Shirley.

"Shirley, the Grays have treated you pretty well, right? I've treated you well, yes? What about you though? Do you remember the day when you were determined to leave this family?"

The day when she was determined to leave this family...

A gloom gradually crept into Shirley's eyes. An emptiness instantly formed in her heart.

Amidst the silence, Camille waved her hand in annoyance. "Forget it. I don't want to say more. Hurry up and leave. Don't come to find Carter again. Your relationship with the Grays has already ended."

After Camille said that, she walked straight to the door and opened it without even looking at Shirley. "Leave."

Shirley moved toward the door with leaden steps. "I'm sorry," she said softly as she passed Camille.

Camille turned her face away, not wanting to hear her apology.

Shirley did not stay long. She walked into the yard, feeling depressed.

Seeing the door directly in front of her, she could not help but stop and look up, toward the location of Carter's study.

The snow fell heavily and silently. The snowflakes piled up on her body, the cold piercing her skin, yet she could barely notice any of it. Motionlessly, she stared in one direction.

Carter stood in front of the French window of the study. Although the sky had turned dark, he did not turn on the lights.

He was enjoying the warm air, a cup of tea, already cold, in his hands. Indifference in his eyes, he glimpsed at Shirley who was standing in the yard, willingly receiving the beating from the wind and snow.

'No matter how helpless or pitiful, Shirley, it's all because you owe me.'

Carter silently turned around, not sparing another look at Shirley.

As he was sitting at his desk, his gaze unconsciously fell onto the apple-sized crystal ball.

Memories flooded his mind, but he quickly put a halt to his recollection.

The memories that he desperately wanted to hypnotize himself into forgetting.

Thinking back, it had been almost eight years...

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Eight years.

This number meant a long torment to him.

In contrast to the eight years, he did not know why this moment made him feel anguish.

Carter's calm face betrayed subtle changes. He picked up his phone to make a call...

The wind and snow grew heavier, and the night gradually grew more obscure.

Despite that, Shirley remained standing at the same spot, her eyes staring at the study, which remained unlit this entire time.

Suddenly, she heard the creaking sounds of footsteps approaching her. It was the old butler. He held an umbrella as he stepped on the thin layer of accumulated snow to reach her side. Then, he held the umbrella over her head.

“Miss Jenny, the snow is getting heavier. Why don’t you go back?” advised the old butler, his eyes filled with pity.

Shirley shook her head, the snow on her hair drifted and fell away silently.

“I’m fine. I just want to stay here for a while longer... Achoo!”

Shirley could not help but sneeze mid-sentence as the cold pierced into her skin, making her shiver against her will.

She frowned, feeling her breath, as well as her cheeks, getting hotter.

Seeing that he could not change Shirley’s mind, the old butler handed the umbrella to her. However, Shirley shook her head, refusing his kindness.

“Waterson, you should go back first. I’ll... be leaving soon,” Shirley softly said, her desolate gaze shifted from the study as she finally turned around.

She recalled that, many years ago, she too was a member of this family.

The servants had respected her very much, and they had addressed her as Miss Jenny.

Camille had liked her very much too. She had thought that Shirley was smart and was quick to learn. Plus, she could also accompany Carter.

She had also thought that those moments could continue. However, it all ended abruptly on a certain day, a certain month, a certain year...

Carter returned to the French windows again. Despite being in the dark study room, he could clearly see Shirley turning and leaving.

The illumination from the yard streetlights was so bright that he could clearly see that Shirley's body and hair were covered with snow.

Frowning, Carter turned and stopped looking.

Just after he turned around, the sound of Shirley's footsteps toward the gates gradually died away. One second later, she collapsed on the cold snow-covered ground.

"Miss Jenny!" The old butler rushed over while calling for help. "Guards! Quickly!"

Carter silently sat on the sofa, alone, with the lights still off.

Suddenly, he heard a commotion downstairs.

He seldom cared about the trivial goings at home, but he felt a faint uneasiness in his heart this moment.

He got up and walked out. As soon as he reached the top of the stairs, he saw a bodyguard hastily enter, carrying a woman in his arms.

Without asking, he immediately recognized the woman in the bodyguard's arms.

Carter's eyes darkened, and his expression instantly became increasingly cold.

He strode downstairs, his every step seemed steady, neither fast nor slow.

When the old butler saw Carter descending the stairs, he walked over hurriedly, his face flustered, and pleaded humbly, "Mr. Carter, Miss Jenny had been standing outside for far too long. She might have caught a cold. I have already contacted Dr. Lane. I'm wondering if Miss Jenny could stay and rest here for the night?"

Carter pressed his thin lips together, displeased. "Since you've already acted on your own accord, why do you still seek my opinion?"

The old butler trembled. "Mr. Carter..."

Carter ignored him and faced the bodyguard who was carrying Shirley tightly. In a chilly tone, he asked, "Do you enjoy carrying her? Are you reluctant to put her down?"

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"..." The bodyguard was momentarily speechless, but he also did not know where to place Shirley.

The old butler immediately gestured. "Come with me, upstairs, to Miss Jenny's room."

The bodyguard nodded, carrying Shirley upstairs as per the old butler's orders.

"Stop." Carter stopped them in a cold voice. "Are you confused as to who is your master? If you are, you can leave immediately."

"..."

"..."

The bodyguard and the old butler were both taken aback.

The bodyguard figured that he might lose his job if he did not put Shirley down right now, so he walked to the sofa, ready to toss Shirley onto the sofa.

Just as he was about to, he saw Carter coming up to him.

“Mr. Carter, I’ll put this woman down now,” explained the bodyguard. He was a big man, almost 1.9m tall, but he seemed to tremble with trepidation in front of Carter.

Carter said nothing, only coldly looked askance at the bodyguard. Then, he spread his arms, taking Shirley from the bodyguard, and turned around, heading straight up the stairs.

The bodyguard and old butler shared a look. They were both confused by Carter’s action.

Carter took Shirley back to the bedroom where she used to stay. The bed was very soft and big, and it even smelled of sunshine, indicating that the maids had always been taking care of this room.

The maids came in to help as per the butler’s orders. However, as soon as they entered the bedroom, they saw Carter, his face as cold as an iceberg, removing all of Shirley’s coat and clothes, leaving only her underwear.

This degree of close contact seemed very ordinary to Carter, but the two of the maids blushed a little as this scene unfolded.

Carter’s family doctor, reserved solely for the royalty, soon arrived. After examining Shirley, he said that there was nothing serious, only that she had caught a cold and a fever, and her body temperature was a little high.

After the doctor had left, Carter asked the maids to make some ginger tea.

He glanced at sleeping Shirley, then walked back to the desk, picking up the photo frame again.

The boy and girl in the photo frame stood side by side, radiant and cheerful smiles on their faces.

“Hmph.” Carter laughed suddenly, then he glanced at Shirley. “Big sister?”

Carter sneered and roughly threw the photo frame.

Shirley, who was deep in slumber, woke up when she heard the noise.

She opened her eyes. Groggily, she saw Carter’s cold facial expressions as he walked toward her, his entire body radiating an aura colder than frost.

Shirley examined her surroundings and realized she was lying in bed, in her room when she had stayed in the Gray Manor.

She slowly sat up, her head feeling abnormally heavy. She remembered standing in the wind and snow, and she figured she might have caught a cold and a fever.

However, she was not at all worried about her body. She knew the art of healing, so this minor problem was nothing to her.

As she was about to sit up and get out of bed, Carter suddenly grasped the back of her neck.

Shirley's gorgeous eyes widened in surprise as she looked at Carter's expressionless face.

With Carter's palm on the back of her neck, she could feel that the unparalleled coldness penetrating her feverish skin, as though it instantly froze her body.

"Carter?"

Confused, Shirley looked at Carter, whose face grew increasingly cold. She quickly apologized to him.

"I can walk on my own. I won't bring you any trouble. Please don't get mad."

"You don't want to make me mad, huh? That sounds nice, but what have you done back then?"

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Back then.

It was back then again.

Those two words struck a chord in Shirley.

"Shirley, do you know how much I hate you now?" Carter practically spat his words out through gritted teeth, his grip tightening.

Shirley winced in pain, her brows knitted tightly together. Coupled with the fever, the intense pain all over her body made her feel like she might explode.

Even so, she did not feel that this pain was too bad. She had already suffered so much throughout these

years.

The most painful things to her were being abandoned by her parents and being hated by the man she loved.

“Let me say this, Shirley. You should’ve just stayed away after leaving back then. Since you have the guts to come back, then you should be prepared to be tormented by me!”

Carter’s face, which rarely showed any emotions, betrayed a furious expression.

He tossed Shirley, who had no strength to resist, onto the bed. When Shirley was least expecting it, he leaned over her.

Shirley was stunned. Despite her pain, she also felt joy.

This scene felt even more like a dream to her. In her dazed dream-like state, she could still hear the man’s clear yet cold voice. “Didn’t you say that you love me the most, and expressed a reluctance to part from me? This is the outcome you’ve been wanting the most, right?”

His low voice was laced with a hint of delight and disrespect, yet Shirley found it pleasurable.

She would accept it gladly, even if he was mocking her.

...

Outside the windows, the wind and snow continued to grow heavier, quietly covering every corner of the city with a layer of silver coating.

Inside the hotel room.

Jeremy had been staying by the bedside the entire time, waiting for Madeline to wake.

He looked at the time. It had almost been 6 hours since the injection, but Madeline still had not awakened.

Feeling a little worried, he took out the test reagent tube Shirley had given him. As he walked to the balcony, he took out his phone to call Adam.

After he explained the circumstances to Adam, Adam exclaimed in disbelief. "I didn't expect her to become like this."

"Can Linnie be saved?" Jeremy was anxious to know the answer. "I don't want her to experience the pain I've experienced."

"I think I need some time to research this. Currently, I have no clue as to what Shirley had done to Eveline."

"I'll take Linnie back to Glendale as soon as possible."

"Okay, bring her back as fast as you can. Keep the test reagent Shirley gave you properly," Adam urged again. Right before the call disconnected, he quickly stopped Jeremy. "Can you give me her contact number?"

Jeremy pondered for two seconds before asking, "Don't you have her contact number?"

"She wouldn't want to contact me. She hates me." Adam laughed bitterly.

Jeremy was confused. "You're brother and sister."

"Well, yes, we're brother and sister, but she always had something weighing heavily on her mind, so that's why she'd stray onto the wrong path." Adam sighed in regret. "Actually, she had been a good sister back then."

Hearing the helplessness in Adam's voice, Jeremy did not probe further.

After he hung up the phone, he sent Shirley's contact number to Adam. Then, he returned to the bedside to watch Madeline.

He gently held Madeline's hand and placed it next to his lips to kiss it.

'Linnie, I won't let you experience the same pain I've been through.'

'It felt so terrible.'

However, Jeremy kept feeling that something was amiss. 'What was the purpose behind Shirley's request and her actions?'

Why did he feel that someone was instructing Shirley behind the scenes?

After deliberating about this, Jeremy decided to contact Shirley once again.

He placed Madeline's hands down and walked back to the cold and windy balcony.

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Over at the other end, Shirley, against the will of her weak body, slipped away from Carter's tight embrace.

The phone in her coat started vibrating as she got up.

Sitting on the bed, she took a deep breath before picking up her coat.

The phone was still vibrating. Seeing the remark on the screen made her frown.

As she contemplated whether to answer Jeremy's call, an icy palm suddenly grasped her wrist, followed by an extremely cold voice that ambushed her from behind.

"You really did fall in love with Jeremy. You'd even want to answer his call at this time."

Carter's chilly voice, suffused with dissatisfaction, pierced into Shirley's ears.

Before she had time to explain, Carter snatched her phone away and threw it forcefully at the corner of the wall.

The phone immediately stopped vibrating; the screen shattered into pieces.

In low spirits, Shirley stared at the shattered phone, sitting at the same spot in a daze. A sense of endless loneliness invaded every cell in her body, causing her to feel cold all over.

Carter got up calmly. In a carefree demeanor, he wore back his shirt and other clothing that he had removed, one by one.

As if nothing had happened a moment ago, he remained as the noble and elegant prince in everyone's eyes.

With his unique and deep eyes, he looked askance at Shirley, towering over her.

"Enough with this pitiful expression. Didn't you use to seduce me like this? Heh." In the end, he let out a cold chuckle, brimming with endless derision and disdain.

After saying that, Carter turned around casually.

Shirley put on her coat as she walked to the corner of the wall, picking up the shattered phone.

As she had expected, the phone was shattered to the point where there was no way to turn it on, its cracked screen resembling a spider web.

However, her phone still contained a lot of important information, so she had no choice but to keep it for now.

Shirley dragged her heavy body upright. When she turned, heading to the bathroom for a shower, she saw the photo frame, tossed onto the desk.

She walked over and took it for a look. She immediately felt heat surging to the corners of her eyes.

If she had not made that decision back then, would Carter have turned out differently?

She remembered. During those years when she knew him, he would smile.

...

Back on this end, Jeremy, standing on the balcony, tried calling Shirley for the third time. He still had been able to get through on the first call, but now the phone seemed to be turned off. Jeremy figured that Shirley had turned off her phone, deliberately ignoring his calls.

He had no other options for now, so he could only go back to his room.

As he returned to the bedroom, much to his surprise, he saw Madeline slowly waking.

Jeremy quickly ran to the side of the bed. "Linnie, are you awake?"

Madeline moved her eyelids, opening her eyes.

When she saw the man in front of her, Madeline pressed her lips together into a small smile. "Jeremy..."

Her tone sounded extraordinarily weak, as if all of the energy in her body had been sucked dry.

"Linnie, I'm here. How do you feel now? Are you still feeling unwell?" Jeremy helped Madeline sit upright, letting her lean on his chest.

Madeline shook her head. "I'm fine now. I just feel exhausted all over."

Jeremy tightened his embrace, empathizing. "Linnie, let's head back to Glendale. Adam will think of a way to help you."

“Can we still leave today?” Madeline looked out the window. Initially, they were going to take the flight this afternoon, but it was already night now.

“I’ve already booked plane tickets for tomorrow afternoon. We’ll definitely go home tomorrow, Linnie.” Jeremy promised as he held her hand.

Madeline looked into Jeremy’s gaze, filled with concern and empathy, and lifted her hand to touch his cheeks. “Okay.”

However, the doorbell rang at this moment, which was followed by the sounds of hurried knocks on the door.

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