

Married by Mistake –

Chapter 1889

[Madeline](#) eyed the [letter](#) Jeremy took out from the bottom of the box. When she opened it, it was evident that it was from Shirley.

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

The signature was Shirley’s. Her handwriting was very beautiful, just like how she had looked. In reality, however, Shirley’s heart was not that vile and foul.

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

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

In the hospital.

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

She was not dead.

Shirley closed her eyes in disappointment, then moved gently. However, her [movement](#) shot an excruciating pain through her as if her body was in [pieces](#). She remembered what happened before she lost consciousness. She no longer had the will to live. She wanted to die. She missed her parents. She missed Adam. She also wanted to apologize to [Cathy](#).

She had rolled her wheelchair directly onto the stairs. She had thought that she could fall to her death, but she did not.

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

‘I’m sorry, my baby.’

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

Shirley closed her eyes and tears silently fell from the [corners](#) of her eyes.

“Is she still not awake?” Camille’s voice came from the door suddenly.

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

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

“I’ll stay here. You can go back.”

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

‘Paralyzed..?’

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

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

Camille neither forced nor [rejected](#) this. “You stay with her, then, I’ll head back.”

“Okay,” Carter answered, then shifted his attention to Shirley’s face.

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

Suddenly, however, she felt Carter gently [lifting](#) the blanket. He seemed to want to hold her hand.

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

“Shirley.”

Carter called out to Shirley in this manner.

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