

Married by Mistake –

Chapter 1895

After [moving](#) the [pillow](#) away, Carter realized that it was a notebook. It was undoubtedly Shirley's notebook; he could recognize her handwriting at a glance.

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

However, the content inside depicted how she started developing the anti-toxoid test reagent for AXP69. She had recorded her experimental data every day. From this, he could tell that Shirley had been meticulous in developing the anti-toxoid test reagent.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I have my [limits](#), and I know what I'm doing."

After Carter said this, he walked past Camille and went downstairs.

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

Shirley laid on the [bed](#), alone, and groggily, she fell asleep. When she woke up, she was parched, and she wanted to [drink some water](#). She remembered that [Madeline](#) left some food and water on the nightstand before she left.

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

“Heh...”

She chuckled, laughing at herself.

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

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

However, Shirley did not give up. She reached out with her hand toward the water bottle, but she was still a little too far away. After a few attempts, Shirley, still unable to reach that water bottle, had exhausted all of her energy, and she was out of ideas to reach it.

She sighed softly and laid back down.

She recalled how she had been back then. She had been beautiful, and she had a nice figure, but now, her face was mutilated, and her legs were useless. She was paralyzed below the waist. She could not even eat and drink like normal, let alone take care of herself.

Shirley laughed at herself, and tears started to [roll](#) down from the [corners](#) of her eyes.

“Addy, I know I’ve made mistakes, but why isn’t God giving me a chance to change? I’m the one who should’ve died. Why did he take your life away...”

In agony, Shirley condemned herself.

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

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

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

The more Shirley thought about this, the more she felt that she should have been the one to die. Further, she no longer had the will to live. She opened her teary eyes and looked around her. The only thing she could kill herself with right now was a [nail clipper](#).