

# Married by Mistake –

## Chapter 1912

He said meaningfully, but the two bodyguards could not understand at all.

Carter, not intending to explain, turned and walked out of the study and went to Shirley's bedroom.

At this moment, the maid was preparing to wipe Shirley's body. When she saw that Carter was here, the maid put down the towel in her hand and walked out knowingly.

Shirley glanced at Carter, then, like always, avoided the sight of him with disgust.

Carter did not mind. He started to walk to the bed, took the towel that the maid had just put down, soaked it in the basin with warm water, and wrung it dry.

Presently, she just wanted to be alone in silence. Every time she saw Carter, she would think about the tragic deaths of Adam and Cathy.

This was something that she could never get over. However, Carter seemed to turn a deaf ear, minding his business, as he continued to wipe Shirley's cheeks, then held her palm gently to wipe her arm.

Shirley frowned. "Carter, when would you stop tormenting me? Don't you think I am miserable enough?"

The moment she finished saying that, Carter's movements also stopped.

"Back then, we were always fine. I don't know since when you and I became strangers."

He suddenly spoke as if to himself as he continued to wipe Shirley's body.

"Say, if you hadn't left back then, do you think we would already have a son and a daughter, living a simple and comfortable life?"

"Carter, stop deceiving yourself. Even if I hadn't left back then, we wouldn't have children, let alone live a normal life like ordinary people," Shirley bluntly repudiated Carter's imagined scenario.

Carter's movement paused again. He raised his deep eyes and looked fixedly into Shirley's calm gaze.

"You're not willing to live an ordinary life at all. What you want is a higher position of power."

Shirley exposed Carter's inner desires.

"Carter, don't use my dead child as an excuse to make a move against Jeremy. You don't love this child at all, and you don't care much about me. You love yourself the most."

As he listened to Shirley denying what he had said, Carter's fingers tightened one by one, and the towel in his hand had long been misshapen.

"I will prove to you what I care about," Carter said his last words and left angrily.

Shirley turned to look at Carter's angry and vicious back figure, then she leaned back.

'Carter, don't keep on making mistakes. Because we caused this from the start. We can't blame anyone else.'

The next day, Jeremy got up early in the morning and made breakfast for Jackson before sending his son to school.

Madeline, who had a rare chance to sleep in, saw a note from Jeremy on the nightstand.

The sight of his smooth yet strong penmanship and his gentle words sweetened Madeline's heart. Madeline only got up lazily after reading it a few times.

When Eloise, who was downstairs at the present, saw that Madeline was up, she personally made breakfast and delivered it to Madeline.

Madeline looked at the breakfast in front of her, feeling slightly bemused.

"Eveline, I've never taken care of you properly since you're small. This is also the first time I've made breakfast for you. Try it and see if you like it."