

Married by Mistake –

Chapter 1939

Carter paused, and the corner of his lips lifted into an intrigued smile.

“Jeremy, it seems that this time, you won’t be returning to Glendale after coming to St. Piaf.” Carter loaded the gun again and pointed it at Jeremy’s heart. He glanced at Jeremy’s bleeding calf again and laughed suddenly.

“It hurts, doesn’t it? But this kind of pain will soon disappear because you will lose all of your senses very soon.”

As he spoke, his eyes narrowed, and then his fingers pulled back.

“Jeremy, go to hell and atone for my son.”

“Stop...!”

Just when Carter was about to shoot Jeremy in such a grandiose way and when Jeremy intended to dodge, an anxious voice came from above to stop him.

Carter’s fingers stiffened suddenly. He raised his eyes to see Shirley in a wheelchair by the balcony on the second floor.

Shirley was looking at the scene unfolding in the courtyard downstairs nervously and worriedly.

“Carter, if you dare kill Jeremy, I’ll jump down from here.” Carter could hear Shirley’s words clearly.

Carter frowned, visibly very displeased, but he did not pull the trigger again.

“You’re like a stranger to me now,” Shirley said with a touch of sarcasm. “I no longer commit those vile acts, so why do you have to step up and commit these acts that go against your conscience?”

“Is this against my conscience?” Carter sneered and raised his eyes to meet Shirley’s gaze. “Shirley, do you really care about our dead child?”

Carter’s question pained Shirley’s heart. How could her heart not ache?

However, she truly had no choice. None at all. That child could not have been born.

Moreover, she had indirectly caused Adam and Cathy’s deaths, and she had no intention to live, so she wanted to leave the world with her child.

She knew that she had been selfish in doing this, but she also knew clearly that, since the beginning, the child had been destined to not be born.

Shirley took a deep breath and held back her tears. “Carter, don’t make excuses for your desire to fight for the right to rule. You’re not making a move against Jeremy for our child. You are doing this for yourself. All this time, you don’t love anyone. You only love yourself.”

“...”

After hearing Shirley’s words, Carter slowly lowered the gun he was holding.

She had said that he loved no one, only himself.

Only himself...

“Heh.” A self deprecating smile appeared at the corner of Carter’s mouth.

He slowly turned his face to look at Jeremy. “Your woman still loves you subconsciously, and my woman is here to beg for mercy for you. Jeremy, sometimes you really make me envious.”

Carter put the gun away.

“Send Mr. Whitman back to the guest room, then call Dr. Lane over to give Mr. Whitman a proper treatment. He is our honorable guest. If he were to be hurt again, I’d have you pay back twice.”

Carter ordered his bodyguards and then raised his eyes to Shirley again.

“Are you satisfied now?”

Shirley clenched her fists and pursed her lips.

“Carter, you don’t have to put on an act for me. I know what you want to do.”

“Yes, you do. You know everything about me. So don’t you think about escaping from my sight!”