Married by Mistake –

Chapter 1941

"Linnie."

As Madeline entered, Jeremy softly called out to her, and his dim eyes turned bright again.

He immediately sat back up, but his movement was too large, and it affected his leg wound.

"Hiss."

He let out a muffled groan.

If it had been any other time, he would not even make a sound, but now that he saw Madeline, he instinctively yearned for her care and concern.

Madeline noticed Jeremy's action.

However, her expression was calm, and she did not react with any worry in response to Jeremy's discomfort.

It felt as if a bucket of ice water had been poured over Jeremy's eager and yearning heart. He felt very cold. Nevertheless, he had to comfort himself. If Madeline had not been hypnotized, and if she had not been instilled with some groundless ideas by Carter, she would have cared for him, and she would have cared very much.

When he saw Madeline walking toward him, Jeremy did not know how to break the silence that now enveloped them.

In his heart, he wanted to call her name again. He wanted to hold her hand, but he was afraid that she would be repelled by his reaction now that she was hypnotized.

He did not want her to reject him, to hate him.

Jeremy struggled in his heart and finally decided to let Madeline speak first.

However, Madeline's gaze did not seem to be on him. She looked around the room before turning her gaze on Jeremy.

"They told me Carter's here. Where is he?"

"…"

What Madeline said felt like a basin of cold water being poured into Jeremy's heart. His heart felt even colder than before.

It turned out that she had not come for him, let alone visit him out of concern for him.

She just came to find the man whom she now "loved" deeply.

Jeremy felt his heart aching. It was not a bone-etching pain, but it was even more distressing. He was distressed that she was being used by Carter like this.

"Mr. Gray just left," Jeremy said, parting his lips softly, as he endured the pain from the gunshot wound on his calf, propped up his hands, and sat down.

"So he's gone," Madeline said as if muttering to herself. After that, she turned her gaze on Jeremy again.

"You seem to be injured, Mr. Whitman. Then I won't interrupt your rest. You should recuperate properly."
Madeline turned around after speaking.

When Jeremy saw Madeline leaving, he could not think of any way to make her stay at this moment. From the corner of his eyes, he glimpsed a glass of water on the nightstand, so he raised his hand and knocked the glass to the floor.

Thud.

The glass dropped on the floor; water splashed everywhere but the glass did not break.

Madeline also stopped in her tracks, as per Jeremy's expectations.

Madeline turned around and saw Jeremy using all his might to bend down and lean against the edge of the bed, trying to pick up the glass that fell on the floor. Without much hesitation, she walked over to the edge of the bed and squatted.

She reached over to pick up the glass. It was unclear if this was a coincidence, but Jeremy also reached out at the same time and he happened to touch her hand. Madeline's movements paused, not knowing whether Jeremy had done this on purpose.

"Sorry," Jeremy apologized. He never thought that he could be so crafty as well.

However, he truly had no other way to get Madeline's attention.