

Married by Mistake – Chapter 1884

Jeremy quickly grabbed Madeline's shoulder and pulled her into his arms, then lifted his long legs and mercilessly kicked Ada's stomach.



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“Ah!”

Ada shrieked in pain and fell onto the floor again. Her mouth crashed against the floor, and the taste of blood immediately filled her mouth.



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Find Ada Here!

“Eveline!” Ada clenched her fists in displeasure.

“How dare you frame me!”

“Frame you? I don't think you're even worth it. Half of the reason my little tricks could succeed is that you're stupid, the other half of the reason is that you have a guilty conscience. If you had never done that, you would have never ended up like this.”

“ ... ”

Ada laid on the ground as she furiously bit her bloodied lips. Her eyes seemed to be brimming with poison. She wanted so badly to drown Madeline in the poison.

“Eveline, you b*tch!”

“Bi'tch!”

“You've messed up my plans again and again! I will curse you! You will die a painful death!”

“Shut up! If curses work, a woman as evil as you would have already died ten thousand times!”

Jeremy could not bear this any further. Naturally, he stood up for Madeline.

“You had it coming. You don’t need to be cursed by anyone to be punished by the law.”

Ada did not have any words to retort to Jeremy’s scolding.

The police quickly lifted Ada and led her and her mother into the police car.

Shirley, seated in her wheelchair, was by the stairs of the first floor, watching the entire scene unfolding below. The corners of her lips curled up. In spite of her smile, tears began falling from her eyes silently without her realizing it.

When the maid by her side saw Shirley crying, the maid quickly took out a handkerchief and bent down to help Shirley wipe away her tears.

“Miss Brown, are you okay? Why are you crying?”

Shirley pressed her lips into a smile. “Do you believe that there’s karma in this world?”

“Um...” The maid did not know how to answer her. She thought about it for a while before changing the topic.

“Miss Brown, it’s almost time. Let me take you downstairs. We’ll go back to St. Piaf with Mr. Carter later.”

Shirley smiled faintly when she heard that. The perfect and flawless side of her face looked abnormally clean under the sunlight beaming in through the window.

“Do you know what makes someone feel the most blessed and happiest?”

After some thought, a sweet smile appeared on the maid’s young face. “I think it’s being together with the person you like.”

“Being together with the person you like?” Shirley smiled and repeated the sentence. She then parted her lips slowly. “True happiness is being united with your family.”

The maid nodded in agreement when she heard what Shirley had said.

Shirley lifted her alluring and beautiful eyes. There was happiness in her eyes, happiness that had been long absent. “I think I’ll be reunited with my family soon.”

Shirley spoke and gently steered her wheelchair to the edge of the stairs.

The maid was still contemplating Shirley's words when she heard a sudden crashing sound.

"Ah!"

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Carter was about to speak with Jeremy when he heard the sudden scream from the maid upstairs.



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Just as he turned around, he also heard a loud crash coming from the stairs as if something heavy was rolling down the stairs.

When he lifted his eyes to look closer, he saw that it was Shirley who was falling down the stairs with her wheelchair, and he was stunned.



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"Shirley!" Panicking, Carter rushed over to Shirley who had ttnbled down the stairs.

Camille hurried over as well.

Madeline and Jeremy were surprised too. Despite all of the despicable acts Shirley had committed, they did not look coldly from the sidelines.

The maid on the first floor stood as still as a statue as she watched Shirley fell the whole way down the stairs.

Carter had repeatedly told her to properly watch over Shirley, but now that Shirley had fallen down the stairs along with her wheelchair, the maid was worried that she, too, would soon suffer.

Shirley fell the entire way down to the ground floor. When she lost her balance, the wheelchair ran over her. She felt pain but she did not care anymore.

Carter ran to the bottom of the stairs and squatted down to carry Shirley.

The fall and stumble from the first floor had given Shirley some flesh wounds, but her head suffered the most grievous injury as it had crashed against the metal railing of the stairs.

Carter picked Shirley up, getting ready to run to the hospital.

When Shirley, whose eyes were half-closed from the pain, saw Carter's panicked countenance, crystal-clear tears rolled down from the corners of her eyes.

"You don't have to send me to the hospital," Shirley said with a smile.

Carter stopped abruptly in his tracks. He felt a hot, sticky liquid on the palm of his hand.

As he wondered what it was, Camille suddenly screamed, "Her lower body's bleeding! Send her to the hospital! Hurry!"

When Carter heard this, he felt as if his heart had stopped, suffocating him, for one second.

After spacing out for two seconds, he strode onward once again.

Sensing Carter's concern for her, the corners of Shirley's lips curled up against her volition, revealing a contented smile.

'It seems that you like me too, Carter.'

Shirley finally dared to confirm this, but it was too late.

"Carter, don't take me to the hospital..." Shirley spoke again, rejecting Carter's kindness.

"I'm deliberately seeking death." Her answer made Carter stop walking again.

Carter lowered his eyes and looked into Shirley's teary, red eyes in disbelief.

"What did you say? You're seeking death?"

“Yes, I am. I don’t want to see you again. I’m tired.”

The corners of Shirley’s lips tugged as an endless pain and despair could be seen in her smile.

“I truly felt thankful for meeting you back then. All those years we’ve spent together make me feel that I’m the luckiest person in the world.”

“In those earlier times, I had always been immersed in my selfish hatred. I hated my parents for only loving my brother, but after finding my father’s notebook, I realized that their love had never been biased. They had even cared for me a little more than they had for my brother.”

“They sent me to St. Piaf to further my studies, yet I thought that they wanted to abandon me. Believing myself infallible, I left school and wandered the streets. I was indifferent when I learned about their deaths, but I finally know how stupid I was. Hiss...”

As Shirley recounted her past, she frowned in pain, and more tears filled the corners of her eyes.

“Even though my stupid brother always seems to make life difficult for me and occasionally scolds me, I know he cares about me. Yet, his so-called sister’s stubbornness killed him and that kind girl in the end...”

As Shirley spoke, she turned her face toward Madeline and Jeremy who stood nearby.

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