

Married by Mistake – Chapter 1934 By eBooksCat

Presently, Jeremy did not exist in Madeline's memories, but Jeremy's words and behavior gave Madeline a familiar feeling, a feeling similar to how she felt about Carter. At this time, a maid came over. She said that Camille had asked them to go to the ancestral hall. Not wanting to waste any time, Carter took Madeline and went out. Before he left, he told his bodyguard to keep an eye on Jeremy.

In fact, in the beginning, he had deliberately allowed Jeremy to enter the manor to see Madeline so that Jeremy would feel uncomfortable.

However, instead of achieving his goal, Jeremy now had the upper hand.

Nonetheless, Carter did not take it very seriously either. He glanced at Madeline who was by his side, and a corner of his mouth lifted into a smile.

Jeremy went upstairs but his eyes continued to follow Madeline. Even after Madeline had gotten in the car and left, Jeremy still did not leave.

'Linnie, I'm the one you love. From the beginning to the future, our feelings for each other will never change.' Jeremy thought silently and steadied himself. He was also convinced that Madeline had the same feelings for him.

However, this time, he had to completely get rid of Carter. Never again would he make the same mistake. Never again would he let Madeline face danger.

After standing on the spot for some time, Jeremy began walking.

He noticed that someone was paying attention to his every move. Without much thought, he knew it was Carter's bodyguard.

Jeremy walked forward calmly, observing everything around him with deep and sharp eyes.

As for the bodyguard downstairs, he paid attention to Jeremy just like how Jeremy was observing his surroundings.

Jeremy continued to walk forward. When he passed the door to a certain room, he subconsciously glanced in, then raised his hand and gently pushed the door open.

"Sir." A maid rushed over from the other side of the corridor to stop him. "Sir, who are you? Why are you standing there? Someone is resting there. Please don't go in and disturb them."

Jeremy slowly lowered his hand and turned around when he heard that. His resolute and handsome face stunned the young maid in front of him, making her blushed. Her tone and attitude then greatly softened.

"Sir, who are you? Are you looking for someone?"

"I am Carter's guest. He has specially invited me here. He said that he had arranged a room for me, and I was just looking for my room, that's all."

The maid was stunned for two seconds after hearing the words. She then innmediately came back to her senses. "I see, you are a guest of Mr. Carter. Please wait a moment. I will arrange the guest room for you immediately," the maid said with a blush, then immediately went to prepare a guest room for Jeremy without any suspicion.

Jeremy had not expected his face to have such use. This was a vain world after all.

He thought to himself. He was about to walk forward, mainly to observe the layout and structure of this manor. However, when he put his foot forward, the door to the next room suddenly opened.

“Jeremy, you’re finally here.”

Jeremy stopped in his tracks and turned around to see Shirley slowly coming out of the room in her wheelchair.

It seemed that it was Shirley’s room.

“Let’s talk inside.” Shirley looked at Jeremy and pushed the door of her room open.

Jeremy looked at both sides of the corridor, and through the corner of his eye, he saw the bodyguard watching him from downstairs. However, he walked into Shirley’s room, unconcerned.

When the bodyguard saw this, he immediately sent Carter a message.

When Carter saw the bodyguard’s message in the car, he immediately gave an order...

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In the bedroom on the second floor.

Shirley operated the wheelchair all the way to the balcony, and Jeremy followed behind her until she stopped.

If this were in the past, Jeremy would never be alone with Shirley at all, let alone listen to her. At the present, he had let go of his prejudice against her, and he had a little more trust in her.

"I knew you'd come, but I didn't expect you to come directly into Gray Manor like this." Shirley sighed. She raised her eyes, tinged with envy, and looked at Jeremy.

"Eveline is so lucky to have you to care for her, to concern her."

When Jeremy heard those words, he felt an ache in his heart. He regretted that he had not been able to give Madeline complete happiness and love since the beginning.

Jeremy could see that Shirley no longer had the sharp edge about her, but he did not want to waste time on idle chit-chat.

"I don't think this is what you want to talk about with me now that you've brought me in here." Jeremy went straight to the point. "You can tell me what you know."

Shirley understood that Jeremy was not in the mood to talk about anything else, she therefore immediately explained Madeline's current situation.

"Carter has hypnotized Eveline very deeply. I met Eveline after she's been hypnotized. She now regards Carter as the man she loved this whole time."

Hiss.

Hearing this, Jeremy felt a small yet intense pain in his heart. He had indeed met Madeline, and he had no choice but to face her who now "loved" Carter, but he could not accept such a setup no matter what.

Was this how Carter intended to retaliate against him?

Jeremy sneered silently. The man's methods were truly shameless.

"In fact, from a certain perspective, the person Eveline loves in her heart is still you. Carter has just put a false veil on her heart. Although this veil is very thin, it is not so easily unveiled."

Shirley's charming eyebrows furrowed in distress as she spoke.

"One more thing..." She paused. "I don't know if you've heard of it"

Jeremy noticed an abnormality in Shirley's tone.

"What's the matter? Just tell me."

Shirley looked at Jeremy's stern face and pressed her lips together lightly. She then said, "Carter will be bringing Madeline to register their marriage tomorrow."

Upon hearing this, Jeremy's face suddenly changed. His heart was fraught with apprehension, making his heartbeat turbulent, but he still stabilized his emotions. Last time, Carter had tried to marry Madeline and registered their marriage.

This time, he wanted to do it again.

"He really knows how to exact his vengeance on me." Jeremy laughed softly and a faint light overflowed from the depths of his charming eyes.

"No, it's not just for revenge."

Shirley's answer confused Jeremy.

He looked at Shirley, and Shirley quickly gave him the answer.

"While I don't know what value Eveline has, Carter wants to register his marriage with Eveline so that he can use Eveline, allowing him to successfully obtain the royal inheritance."

Use her.

These two words sounded especially harsh when they fell into Jeremy's ears.

Carter wanted to use his Linnie to kill two birds with one stone.

This man was truly calculative.

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However, Jeremy still could not understand how Carter could smoothly obtain the royal inheritance after his marriage registration with Madeline.

Did Madeline have anything to do with the royal family of St. Piaf?

"The previous wedding between him and Eveline was disrupted by your appearance. I believe that this time, he won't give you the opportunity to ruin it again."

Shirley's words contained a reminder, and she said it with a hint of helplessness in her eyes.

"I know him too well. He would really do anything to get the desired result. Those harmful poisons are the best evidence for that.

"Jeremy, I know that, in your heart, you still find me nauseating, but I hope you can remember what I said. Don't face Carter head on at any given time. You have to remember that Eveline needs you."

It was rare for Jeremy to see the sincerity in Shirley's eyes. At this moment, he was convinced that she was being sincere. When he was about to speak, however, the door was pushed open rudely.

Carter's bodyguard strode towards Jeremy with a dark expression.

Shirley quickly operated her wheelchair before Jeremy to shield him.

"Who let you into my room? Get out." Shirley sternly drove the bodyguard away.

The bodyguard stopped abruptly. Despite his displeasure, he did not dare to provoke Shirley.

"Miss Brown, I'm here for Mr. Whitman as per Mr. Carter's intention. I hope you won't make things hard for me."

"I'm making things hard for you?" Shirley asked. "If I told him that you suddenly came in and disturbed my rest, do you think Carter wouldn't immediately ask someone to throw you out of the manor?"

"..."

The bodyguard's face froze, evidently afraid of what Shirley said.

"Forget it, I'll go out with him. You should rest well." Jeremy stepped forward carefreely.

Shirley still wanted to persuade him, but after thinking about it, it would be meaningless anyway. As she looked at Jeremy's back figure, she could not help but warn him again.

"Jeremy, remember the last two sentences I said."

Jeremy paused briefly, then looked back at Shirley.

He did not speak, but his gentle eyes already expressed his gratitude.

Shirley stayed in place. She felt touched. She had not expected that one day, Jeremy would forgive her and thank her.

She smiled, part self deprecating, part relieved. This might be life, her life as Shirley Brown.

Jeremy followed the bodyguard to the back garden of Gray Manor, but as soon as he reached the center of the back garden, Jeremy felt that something was not right behind him.

He looked back and saw tall and burly bodyguards in black had quickly surrounded him.

Jeremy understood instantly.

"Mr. Whitman, I heard that you are very good with your fists. My boys would like to witness it and learn from you, but of course, we'll stop when it gets too much."

The bodyguard in lead took off his jacket as he spoke.

Jeremy could see the triumphant expression on the bodyguard's face, as well as the gleeful faces of the bodyguards watching this scene unfold. He knew that they would not stop if it got too much. Furthermore, they were not learning from him these people might even take his life.

"Mr. Whitman, are you ready?" The bodyguard seemed to be itching to get on with it. "Apart from me, my boys are also waiting in line to learn from you."

Jeremy smiled slightly when he heard the words. He raised his deep cold eyes and glanced at them lightly. "Don't wait, then. All of you, come at me."

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Jeremy was not trying to boast when he said that. He knew his own ability. He did not deny that Carter's bodyguards must also be of some skill, but he was more convinced that none of these people were a match for him.

Upon hearing what Jeremy said, the bodyguards felt extremely insulted.

Did he want them to fight him all at once?

He was clearly looking down on them!

They wanted to see how strong the young master of Glendale's most powerful family was to be able to say speak so shamelessly.

"Go!"

The leading bodyguard ordered, and several other bodyguards immediately rushed forward.

Before making a move, they were very confident that Jeremy was definitely not their match. Even if Jeremy truly had this ability, there was strength in numbers, after all.

However, after making a move, they found that they had been wrong and that they had been overthinking it. Jeremy was not only agile and quick, but the speed of his attacks far exceeds theirs.

After a few rounds, they had already lost one half of their people.

Jeremy, however, was still unscathed. They could not even harm a corner of his shirt. This man was definitely not someone they could take down easily!

At this time, the leading bodyguard raised his hand and wiped away the blood from the corner of his mouth. As he looked at Jeremy, who still looked noble and elegant, various emotions of reluctance and discomfort were kept surging in the bodyguard's heart.

They had said they would stop when it got too much, but they did actually intend to kill Jeremy this whole time.

If Jeremy were dead, so many troubles could be solved. Jeremy did not understand what these people were thinking, but he glanced at the weak men in front of him indifferently and then set his gaze, as calm as water, on the face of the embarrassed bodyguard.

"Do you still want to continue? If you still want to continue, I can accompany you."

The bodyguard gritted his blood stained teeth, and his gaze darkened. "It's too soon for you to be feeling proud, Jeremy Whitman."

"Heh."

Jeremy chuckled disapprovingly.

"Proud? You people are the ones who seemed pleased with yourself. Ever since I entered this manor, I've always been passive. Carter has left the manor temporarily, yet he asked you lackeys to keep an eye on me, isn't that right?"

"W-What did you say? We are all elite bodyguards of Gray Manor. How dare you call us lackeys?!"

"Aren't you?" Jeremy lightly shifted his gaze and he gently parted his thin lips. "Fortunately, you're all dogs sincere to your master. Carter didn't raise you in vain."

"Jeremy Whitman, you..."

The bodyguard in lead was immediately enraged. He raised his fist and swung at Jeremy with all his strength, but before his fist could reach Jeremy, it was grabbed by Jeremy's strong palm.

Furious, the bodyguard wanted to break free using brute force and continue attacking Jeremy, but he was unsuccessful as Jeremy pushed him far away.

The bodyguard staggered several steps back, nearly losing his footing.

He then steadied his center of gravity and attacked Jeremy again.

Jeremy, who could no longer be bothered with him, pulled the bodyguard's outstretched and simply gave him a shoulder throw.

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The bodyguard's sturdy body fell heavily on the grass with a thud.

"Argh!" The bodyguard let out a pained scream.

Jeremy looked down upon the man with a condescending glance like a king, then he turned to look at the other bodyguards.

However, the other bodyguards were palpably afraid of Jeremy. Convinced that Jeremy could not be defeated with their skill alone, they decided that they had to play dirty this time.

The bodyguard who suffered the shoulder throw looked at Jeremy's carefree back figure and quietly took out a pistol from the inner pocket of his suit. He pointed the gun at Jeremy's calf and pulled the trigger when Jeremy was off his guard.

Nevertheless, Jeremy's observation skills were so keen that when the bodyguard pulled the trigger, he deftly avoided it, swift and flexible.

The bullet flew past Jeremy and in the next second, it penetrated the calf of another bodyguard standing in front of Jeremy.

"Ahhh!"

The bodyguard who was shot yelled out in pain, and the outcome surprised the man who pulled the trigger.

Jeremy turned sideways and turned his head back to look at the man, a faint cold light emanating from the depths of Jeremy's thin eyes.

"Carter's lackeys are really different. Not only do they have high self esteem, but they also know how to sneak up on people. Is this how your master taught you to treat guests?"

"To be precise, you are not my guest, Jeremy, but my enemy." Carter's voice suddenly came from one side. Upon hearing that voice, Jeremy turned his head and saw the cold-looking, poker-faced Carter walking toward him.

Jeremy lifted his eyes and looked behind Carter, trying to find Madeline, but he saw that Madeline was not with Carter at the moment. Carter came alone.

Carter could see through Jeremy, and Carter's lips seemingly twitched.

"Are you looking for Linnie?" Carter asked with a slight smile, knowing how much Jeremy cares about Madeline. He looked at Jeremy's back figure like he knew what he was doing. "Your Linnie is behind you."

As Carter's voice fell, Jeremy did not look back immediately.

It was because he realized that Carter's eyes seemed off. It seemed more like a trap.

Just when Jeremy doubted him, however, Madeline's voice came from behind him. "Jeremy."

Jeremy, unable to ignore Madeline, turned around almost without hesitation and looked at the source of the sound. However, he did not see anything after turning around.

His pupils could not identify Madeline's figure anywhere. Moreover, the weird thing was that Madeline's voice was calling out his name from a certain position in front of him.

Jeremy realized that Madeline was not speaking at the present at all. It was a recording.

At this moment, Carter's triumphant chuckle could be heard. "Women are indeed useful."

Woosh...

A bullet whizzed out from the muzzle equipped with a silencer, and the moment Jeremy turned his head, it penetrated his calf.

Bright-red blood instantly flowed out from his wound, soaking the back part of Jeremy's dark-blue pants with a deep-ink color.

Jeremy's handsome and sharp eyebrows furrowed.

Carter looked at Jeremy's bleeding calf, and a happy smile blossomed on his handsome and gentle face. "Tomorrow, Eveline and I will sign the marriage certificate. I originally wanted you to watch your favorite woman walking by my side, but based on your performance just now, I have to change my mind."

Carter spoke each word in a very helpless tone.

"If I were to let you appear in my line of sight, you'd only become a hidden danger for me, so..."

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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! "

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Carter was a little frustrated the expression on his face seemed much more irritable. As soon as he finished speaking, he walked away angrily.

Although the bodyguard beside him was a little reluctant, he still had to take Jeremy back to the room for treatment as per Carter's orders.

Jeremy did not want to worsen his condition, so he followed the bodyguard to the guest room.

Soon after, Carter's family doctor arrived, and Shirley followed him into the room.

At this moment, Jeremy's face had become extremely pale. Weakened by the blood loss, he had passed out in bed.

Extremely worried, Shirley looked by the side. "Dr. Lane, how is it? Is his injury serious?"

Dr. Lane answered Shirley's question while treating Jeremy's wound.

"Miss Brown, there's no need to worry too much. His injury won't put his life in danger."

Of course, Shirley knew that this would not endanger Jeremy's life, but she was still worried.

"How long will it take for him to get better? Will it affect his ability to walk normally?"

"It certainly will, " Dr. Lane replied frankly. "After all, this is a gunshot wound. If it's not handled properly, it may cause some complications. It may be difficult for him to walk normally for ten days to half a month, perhaps."

Shirley's expression grew more solemn upon hearing this answer.

If he could not walk for ten days to half a month, it would mean that Jeremy would be unable to successfully bring Eveline away.

Even if Eveline's hypnosis were broken, there was no way to leave St. Piaf smoothly.

"You seem worried about him." Carter's leisure voice drifted from above at this moment.

Shirley only then noticed that Carter was here.

Even with a change of clothes, he still looked elegant and handsome, but the coldness exuding from his presence was completely unfriendly and devoid of warmth.

Shirley did not answer him and merely stared ahead calmly.

Displeased, Carter glanced at Jeremy who was temporarily unconscious. He then raised his hands and pushed Shirley's wheelchair out of the room.

Shirley did not want to be pushed away by Carter, but she was unable to stop him.

"I won't do anything to you. You don't need to be so scared of me," Carter said mockingly. "Tomorrow, I will be registering my marriage with Eveline, but rest assured that she and I are only husband and wife in formality. She won't have any value once I've successfully obtained the right to rule."

Carter spoke in an extremely calm tone, completely indifferent about using Madeline.

Shirley was puzzled. Why on earth was Carter using Madeline, and how was Madeline related to his fight for the royal inheritance?

"So, when you had married Eveline publicly back then, was it also for the right to rule?" Shirley asked in confusion.

Carter did not nod, but he did not deny either. He merely smiled.

Knowing that she would not get the answer, Shirley stopped talking and allowed Carter to push her forward.

In the guest room.

After treating Jeremy's wound, the doctor left, and only then did Jeremy slowly open his eyes.

He had not actually passed out, he merely did not want to further waste his remaining energy.

When Carter had come in and talked to Shirley, Jeremy could sense that Carter was jealous.

One could observe that Carter did have romantic feelings for Shirley.

Jeremy sorted out these relationships in his mind before sitting up slowly. However, halfway through, he saw that the door was suddenly pushed open slightly. Jeremy, uninterested in socializing with unnecessary people any further, wanted to lie back down and pretend to be unconscious. However, once the door was ajar, from the corner of his eyes, he caught a glimpse of the person wanted to see in his.

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“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.

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