

# Married by Mistake – Chapter 1959

Carter walked straight toward Madeline. He was in a well cut, dark blue suit that accentuated his perfect figure. He walked past Shirley indifferently and went up to Madeline's side.

He smiled at Madeline slightly, but his smile did not reach his eyes.

“Eveline, you are so beautiful today,” he complimented her, and he seemingly glanced at Shirley from the corners of his eyes. “Get ready. We'll go to St. Piaf's Royal Palace first.”

Madeline nodded. “Okay.”

She looked very cooperative. She then took the lead and walked toward the door.

The stylist outside the door hurried in and handed Madeline the bouquet

The people in the room dispersed one after another, and Shirley turned around too.

Carter walked behind her. “I think you'll look more beautiful in a wedding dress.”

“Heh, hehe.” Shirley laughed sarcastically. “A disfigured lame won't look good in anything. Carter, do you really think that I am still a seventeen or eighteen year old girl?”

“...”

Carter froze in place, he had nothing to say.

Shirley casually left. From her words and deeds, it could be seen that she no longer had any remaining feelings for Carter now.

'I didn't expect this woman to be so decisive.'

Carter sighed in his heart and then strode forward.

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At the Royal Palace of St. Piaf. The magnificent palace was already full of guests at this moment. Everyone was waiting for the ceremony to start and for the stars of the day to appear on stage. It was still early now. Everyone was just talking happily with each other and also enjoying a little wine and some snacks.

Since Jeremy's leg was injured, he could not move freely for the time being.

Carter asked someone to send Jeremy to the hall of the Royal Palace and asked the maid to follow Jeremy the whole time.

Jeremy knew that the maid was very fond of him, and he wanted to avoid her as much as possible, but the maid, like a bee that had seen honey, insisted on sticking by him.

"Mr. Whitman, you can tell me what you want to drink and eat. I'll get them for you." The maid smiled sweetly and approached very hospitably.

"I want you to stay away from me a little bit," Jeremy responded with an unfavorable answer.

The smile on the maid's face instantly froze, and then she looked at Jeremy in a dazed and disappointed manner.

"Why are you talking to me in that way? I know that you don't really hate me. You talked a lot to me yesterday."

"I did, but I was only trying to get more information from you," Jeremy simply stated his purpose.

The maid's jaw dropped, and her eyes widened in astonishment. It seemed that she could not accept Jeremy's statement.

After listening to these words, the maid bit her lip unwillingly and said a little angrily, "Mr. Whitman, you're only saying that because you don't want me to pester you, aren't you? I'm also a woman, and I also have a sixth sense. If you truly have only your wife in her heart, you wouldn't have flirted with Mr. Carter's fiancée Eveline yesterday!"

'Flirt..?'

Why did Jeremy feel that this word was very pleasant to the ear?

The corners of his thin lips curved up into a somewhat cheerful smile.

"Do you think that Eveline was flirting with me from the way she talked to me yesterday?"

"Yes, that's exactly what it was!" The maid's tone was firm. It sounded as if she was throwing a tantrum too.

Jeremy was really satisfied with this answer.