

Sinner Wife 1661

Chapter 1661

When Madeline saw Shirley in front of her, she realized that it was not a coincidence she had run into her. It was all done

intentionally.

A cold gust of wind blew over without a warning and Madeline immediately felt her body freezing over. Not only that, but her

heart also started to ache vaguely.

When Shirley saw Madeline frowning, she curled the corner of her red lips slightly.

"I'm naming it AXT69. This is my latest mysterious anti-toxoid test reagent. I added some ingredients that can make people

suffer even more on top of the original ingredients."

While she said that, she walked closer in front of Madeline.

"Just like right now, you're feeling excruciating pain in your heart. Apart from having breathing difficulties, you'll also feel as

though your entire body is being submerged in ice water. Every inch of your skin is enduring a coldness that feels as if you're

being sliced open by knives."

After hearing what Shirley said, Madeline understood completely.

She did not need to confirm it anymore. Now, she was completely sure that she had been poisoned by that mysterious and

terrifying thing unbeknownst to her.

However, Madeline had no idea how she got into contact with that thing in the first place.

Madeline clenched her fists and tried her best to compose herself. "Shirley, why are you doing this?"

"Heh." Shirley did not answer Madeline. She laughed and asked, "Do you know why Jeremy's condition flared up yesterday?"

Even though Madeline did not know the details, she could probably guess that this had something to do with Shirley.

Indeed, Shirley admitted confidently. "I deliberately induced it."

Madeline was getting more and more confused. However, she was still calm and composed. "Why did you do that? Didn't you

save him before?"

"Saved him? No, I never wanted to save him. He's just an experiment. Do you understand what an experiment is?" Shirley said

and took a cigarette from her bag before lighting it up. After taking an enjoyable drag, her smile became even more radiant.

"You're feeling mad and terrible, right?" Shirley laughed and looked at Madeline from head to toe. "You should also get a taste of

what Jeremy feels when he's being tortured by the poison. Since you're such a loving couple, then you should experience his

pain as well."

Shirley said and took another drag of her cigarette. She was puffing out smoke with practiced ease.

"Don't put too much hope on Adam. Even if he's capable, he won't be able to come up with an anti-toxoid test reagent that's able

to control the poison in such a short time. However, don't worry, you won't die. It'll just make you suffer."

After Shirley's complacent words, Madeline felt as if her heart was being gnawed on by a million insects.

"Hiss!"

She could not help but let out a sound of pain. Her long and lean fingers grasped the clothes that were in front of her chest.

Shirley watched her with a grin on her face. "I have an anti-toxoid test reagent that can help you alleviate the pain for the time

being. It has no side effects. As long as you're willing to listen to me, then I'll give it to you."

Madeline was breathing heavily with difficulty as she looked at Shirley who was beaming while feeling pleased with herself.

Then, she saw Shirley lifting her hand and shaking a bottle of anti-toxoid test reagent in front of her.

Madeline did not know if it was the poison or the devastatingly cold wind, but she even felt that her eyes were starting to hurt.

Shirley's smile in front of her gradually became blurry.

"Eveline, in some ways, I'm pretty impressed by you. I feel so reluctant when I see you in so much pain, but the word 'easy'

doesn't exist in the adult world, so..."

"Linnie!"

Jeremy's appearance interrupted what Shirley was about to say next.

He ran over to Madeline as fast as lightning. When he noticed the odd look on Madeline's face, he pulled her, who was shaking

from the cold, into his embrace.

"Linnie, are you cold?" Jeremy's eyes were filled with worry. He was not in the mood to bother himself with Shirley.

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He quickly removed his coat and placed it over Madeline.

However, it did not seem that Madeline was becoming better at all.

"Linnie, what happened to you? Where does it hurt?"

"Jeremy, it's useless no matter how many coats you give her. She'll still feel cold, and she'll still be in so much pain she won't be

able to breathe freely."

Jeremy lifted his eyes suddenly. His frosty, cold eyes were stabbing straight at Shirley.

"What did you say? What do you mean?"

Shirley took a long drag of her cigarette. "Jeremy, you're so smart and you still can't tell what's wrong with your wife?"

Jeremy's pupils constricted, and he spotted the anti-toxoid test reagent in Shirley's hand. "It's indeed you. Shirley Brown, what

are you trying to do?"

"Nothing. I just want to do an experiment." Shirley chuckled lightly. "For your sake, just treat this as a gift for our acquaintance.

Next time, you might not be so lucky."

After Shirley said this, she threw the anti-toxoid test reagent in her hand to Jeremy.

Jeremy lifted his hand to catch it. Then, he took a look at the tiny bottle of anti-toxoid test reagent in his hand. He wanted to stop

Shirley to ask her a few questions but she had already left.

Madeline was in a bad shape right now and he did not have the mood to bother with Shirley. As such, he carried Madeline and

ran back to the hotel.

He booked another room and carried Madeline who was shaking all over into the room.

However, even though the heater was on, Madeline was still shaking furiously.

Her face was initially pale with a pinkish blush, but now, her face was as pale as a white sheet of paper. Jeremy held Madeline's hand and realized that her hands were very cold as well.

"Linnie."

"Jeremy, I'm so cold. This place hurts as well," Madeline used all of her energy to say with much difficulty.

"Linnie, don't be scared. You won't be in pain soon." Jeremy comforted softly. His heart was so anxious.

He immediately took out the anti-toxoid test reagent that Shirley had tossed at him earlier. After drawing the liquid into the

syringe that came with it, Jeremy did not hesitate to inject the liquid in the glass syringe into Madeline's vein.

Madeline furrowed her eyebrows together and felt the bone-piercing coolness travel to every inch of her body.

She had never felt so cold before. She was so cold she was suffocating and her breathing was labored. She felt so cold that she

could not even take in a breath.

Looking at Madeline who was in so much pain, Jeremy held her while feeling his heart break. He lay down next to her and tried

his best to give her the warmth she wanted.

Time passed slowly, and Madeline's body was not shaking as much as before. Then, she gradually fell asleep.

Jeremy felt more at ease when he saw that Madeline was not suffering as much anymore.

He kissed the space between Madeline's eyebrows, his eyes filled with heartache and doting. However, at the same time, there

was also an intense and threatening rage brewing within him.

He grabbed his coat and picked up his phone to make a call. He got straight to the point and asked, "Where are you?"

Chapter 1663

Jeremy asked coldly. After getting a reply from the person on the other end of the phone, he walked straight to the door. "Wait for

me. I'll be there immediately!"

He spoke in a commanding tone but immediately changed his expression after ending the call.

Jeremy turned around and glanced gently at the sleeping Madeline before opening the door lightly to leave.

When he got out of the hotel, Jeremy realized that it was currently snowing.

Meanwhile, Shirley, dressed in a red coat, was standing and smoking conspicuously under a tree not far away from the entrance.

Jeremy hurriedly walked over. Shirley turned her head calmly when she heard the hurried footsteps behind her. "You sure are

fast. Sure enough, Eveline holds an extraordinary position in your heart. This proves that I didn't choose the wrong target."

She smiled and walked toward Jeremy while smoking a cigarette, looking carefree.

The fluttering snow fell on the shoulders of her red coat. The clashing red and white formed an exceptionally strong contrast.

Looking at Jeremy's dark eyes, Shirley said leisurely, "You don't have to worry. Eveline won't die. She'll just suffer some pain at

most."

Jeremy did not want to deal with her at all. "Don't tell me all this nonsense. Tell me, what is your purpose for doing this?"

Seeing Jeremy's straightforwardness, Shirley did not beat around the bush anymore. She shook the ashes from her cigarette

and put her hand to her side. The cigarette between her slender fingertips was glowing and dimming.

"Jeremy, I know that you're a very important person in Glendale and you have the right to speak on many occasions. Almost all

of those rich and famous in Glendale will respect you. It could be said that if you proclaim yourself as the number two young

master in Glendale, no one would dare to call themselves the number one young master."

"So?" Jeremy asked impatiently.

"So..." Shirley laughed. Then, she continued, "Glendale is a good place and it's an international metropolis. Other than that, it's a

city with great strength and potential. Glendale is also my hometown, so I like it a lot."

After hearing this, Jeremy frowned. He did not want to waste any more time with Shirley. "You still haven't gotten to the point,

Shirley. Don't go around in circles. What do you want?"

“Why are you in such a hurry? Are you worried that your darling wife will panic if she wakes up and can’t find you? Don’t worry,

the anti-toxoid test reagent contains ingredients to make someone sleep peacefully. Anyone who takes the jab won’t wake up in

another four or five hours.”

She smiled, obviously quite confident in what she had developed.

However, what Jeremy could not stand the most right now was the look of confidence on Shirley’s face. She was so pleased with

herself after developing this harmful thing, and he could not stand this.

Shirley was not ignorant of Jeremy’s personality. However, she also expected that Jeremy would not do anything to women no

matter how angry he was. As such, she was not worried.

“Jeremy, I want the right to speak in Glendale,” Shirley finally stated her purpose, “I know that there will be a major change in ZF

in Glendale. I want you to arrange a position for me.”

“What position?”

“A position with the right to speak regarding the internal matters of ZF in Glendale,” Shirley added without hesitation, “As long as

you can get it done, I won’t make Eveline suffer anymore. Also, I can help you get rid of the poison in your body as soon as

possible.”

“I was wondering what request you’d have. Sure, I can help you arrange that,” Jeremy answered straightforwardly.

A glint appeared in Shirley’s alluring eyes. She directly threw another bottle of anti-toxoid test reagent to Jeremy. “The poison in

Eveline’s body will flare up again in half a month. Keep this properly.”

Jeremy held the glass bottle in his hand and felt as if he had been given alms. He lifted his eyes to see Shirley getting into a

sports car on the side of the road before speeding away.

Jeremy noted down the car plate number and turned around. As he walked back to the hotel, he made a call.

Shirley drove the car to Gray Manor.

It had been so many years since she came back to this place.

She sat in the car and looked at the grand European-style building. Then, she could not help but start to feel nervous.

Chapter 1664

She picked up the perfume and sprayed it all over her body before gargling with some mouthwash. She was worried that the

lingering smell of cigarettes on her would leave a bad impression of her on the people inside the house.

After making these preparations, Shirley sat in the car for a while before getting out.

It was snowing heavier now, but she was not cold at all. Her racing heart and anxiety caused her entire body to feel hot.

She had just gotten to the door when the bodyguard standing guard at the door stopped her with a cool face.

“Ma’am, we can’t let anyone come in here. If you don’t have a reservation or an invitation card, please leave,” the bodyguard

asked her to leave.

“I’m here for Mr. Carter. Please tell him that I’m Miss... Shirley.”

When she said the last word, she suddenly realized she did not have the right to call herself by her real name. She could only

call herself by the code name given to her by Carter.

However, the bodyguard at the door did not take what Shirley said seriously at all. On the contrary, he scoffed and asked her to

leave again, “There are too many women asking to see Mr. Carter. You? Tsk, go away, go away!”

When Shirley saw the bodyguard looking at her in disdain, her face fell.

She was not a soft and gentle woman. She would only exercise restraint when she was in front of Carter, removing her sharp

edges.

She wanted to enter the doors of Gray Manor courteously, but now, she could not contain herself anymore.

However, when she was about to teach the two bodyguards in front of her a lesson, the butler coincidentally walked out of the

house.

When the butler took a closer look and saw that it was Shirley, a look of joy appeared on his face.

“Miss Jenny?”

Miss Jenny?

The two bodyguards were confused. They looked at each other. Even though they did not know what was going on, they felt that

Shirley might have a special position in this household.

“Miss Jenny, it really is you! Mr. Carter said you’re studying abroad so I thought I’d never be able to see you again.” The butler

walked over and grabbed Shirley’s hands affectionately.

Shirley showed a rare true and sincere smile. She gently grabbed the hand of the old butler who was in his 50s. “Waterson, long

time no see.”

“It’s been so many years. It’s cold outside, come in now.”

“Okay.” Shirley smiled and nodded. From the corners of her eyes, she could see that the two bodyguards did not even dare to

look at her anymore, let alone stop her.

The old butler led Shirley into the house. After that, he asked the servants to make Shirley a cup of hot coffee. He also called

someone to bring her some snacks.

“Miss Jenny has not been back for so many years. Sir and Madam will be so happy if they know, but Madam is not home now

and Sir rarely comes back. Only Mr. Carter is in the study now.”

The old butler’s gaze changed subtly all of a sudden. “If Mr. Carter knows you’re back, he’d be happier than anyone in this

house. I’ll go tell him now.”

“Waterson.” Shirley stopped the old butler and placed down the cup of coffee in her hand. “Actually, I’ve already contacted Carter

so he knows I’m here. I’ll go see him myself.”

“Oh, I see.” The old butler nodded to show that he understood. “Miss Jenny, please help yourself, then. This is your home. Do as

you please.”

“Okay, thank you, Waterson.”

After Shirley thanked him, she went upstairs.

Two years ago, she had snuck back here in secret, so she was still pretty familiar with this place.

She wanted to go to the study directly to find Carter, but her feet unconsciously started leading her to the door of the bedroom

she used to stay in.

What surprised Shirley was that the door was opened. Through the crack, an unexpected figure was reflected in her pupils...

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She could not believe that the figure in her eyes was real.

Shirley lifted her hand slowly to push the door open. The figure in her eyes became clearer, so she was sure that she was not

seeing things.

In that instant, the snow on her shoulders started to become warmer.

Shirley closed the door gently, and when she was about to say something, the man standing in front of the French windows

suddenly turned around.

It was dusk and snowing, so the room was dim, but Shirley felt that there was an abnormally beautiful light enveloping the man in

front of her.

“Since you dare to come find me like this, it means that you’ve succeeded, right?” Carter asked in an icy tone. Moving his long

legs, he walked to the desk. He then placed the photo frame in his hand on the table unconsciously.

Shirley walked straight to him. “It’s done. Jeremy has agreed to arrange for me to join ZF in Glendale.”

“Not bad,” Carter praised her unconsciously. “However, if your brother successfully develops an anti-toxoid test reagent that’s

able to control this, the plan will be ruined. Do you understand me?”

“He won’t! Adam... Adam won’t be able to find a way to control this in such a short time. Even if he eventually does, our plan

would have succeeded by then.”

“It’s not our plan,” Carter said, correcting her. His emotionless eyes scanned Shirley’s face.

He could see the loneliness in Shirley's eyes. For some reason, he felt thrilled.

It was a thrill, right?

"Did you see Jeremy by yourself just now?" Carter asked coldly and walked toward the door.

Shirley followed him. "We talked in front of the entrance of the hotel."

"You were talking amid the cold wind and falling snow. How romantic. I guess you haven't forgotten about those beautiful times

you spent with him in that half a year, right? You said you're treating him like an experiment, but in your heart, you're reluctant for

him to get hurt. Am I right?"

After Carter said that, he walked out of the bedroom.

Shirley quickly chased after him. "Carter." She followed behind him and walked next to him.

At that moment, it was as if she had recalled the time when they spent every day together.

There should be some feelings between the two of them after so many years, right?

Shirley thought about this in her heart, but perhaps some things, like feelings, would change with time.

She followed Carter into the study. She saw that aside from some renovation, the decorations were still the same as before.

The first thing she saw was the crystal ball the size of an apple that was placed on the desk.

She still remembered the story about the crystal ball.

Shirley's eyes lit up with a spark of joy. She walked over to touch the crystal ball lightly. "Carter, you're still keeping the crystal

ball."

Carter did not even look at it. "I've been wanting to throw it away for a very long time now, but this place lacks decorations, so

that's why I kept it.

"..."

The smile that finally appeared on Shirley's face fell once again.

She looked at Carter. His stalwart heroic spirit, his perfect figure, and his face that carried no warmth were like an iceberg—there

was only coldness.

"Carter, you weren't like this before."

"Yeah, I wasn't like this back then. I don't know when this started," Carter said profoundly. Suddenly, his icy gaze oppressed

Shirley's gaze.

"Shirley, remember, stop minding my business. You're just a chess piece to me now." He warned, "The reason I took you in and

raised you back then was so that I could use you today, do you understand?"

Shirley's heart was aching when she listened to the man's cruel words. However, she still smiled magnanimously.

Chapter 1666

Just as she was about to answer Carter's question, there came the sound of rapid footsteps outside of the study.

Immediately afterward, Camille came into the study with a hurried expression. Camille's expression changed visibly when she

saw Shirley, but it was quickly replaced with a smile.

"Jenny, you're really back! I haven't seen you for a long time. I have much to tell you. Come to my room first."

Shirley glanced at Carter who nodded slowly in response. Then, she turned and followed Camille.

As soon as she entered Camille's room, Camille ordered with a chilly tone.

"Close the door." Shirley closed the door obediently.

As soon as the door closed, however, Camille's questioning voice came, filled with displeasure. "Shirley, it's really you. What are

you doing back here?"

Shirley was stunned by the sudden change of attitude. She could recall that Camille was very fond of her. She even thought that

she would miss her if they had not met in a few years. Camille's current attitude baffled her.

Regardless, Shirley still put on a smile. "Mom," she called out, her heart racing furiously.

"Don't you call me mother! I'm not your mother!" Camille interrupted, displeased. "What are you doing here? You're not welcome

here. You should leave on your own later. Don't make me have to kick you out."

Camille was firm, treating Shirley like she was an enemy.

On the surface, Shirley seemed to be a strong and cold-blooded woman. Some might even say that she was vicious and

merciless. Being here, in the presence of the Grays, however, she had no temper. She even seemed a little humble.

Since she had been in Gray Manor for all these years, she knew what Camille was like, of course. There must be a reason

behind her treatment of Shirley.

"Shirley, the Grays have treated you pretty well, right? I've treated you well, yes? What about you though? Do you remember the

day when you were determined to leave this family?"

The day when she was determined to leave this family...

A gloom gradually crept into Shirley's eyes. An emptiness instantly formed in her heart.

Amidst the silence, Camille waved her hand in annoyance. "Forget it. I don't want to say more. Hurry up and leave. Don't come

to find Carter again. Your relationship with the Grays has already ended."

After Camille said that, she walked straight to the door and opened it without even looking at Shirley. "Leave."

Shirley moved toward the door with leaden steps. "I'm sorry," she said softly as she passed Camille.

Camille turned her face away, not wanting to hear her apology.

Shirley did not stay long. She walked into the yard, feeling depressed.

Seeing the door directly in front of her, she could not help but stop and look up, toward the location of Carter's study.

The snow fell heavily and silently. The snowflakes piled up on her body, the cold piercing her skin, yet she could barely notice

any of it. Motionlessly, she stared in one direction.

Carter stood in front of the French window of the study. Although the sky had turned dark, he did not turn on the lights.

He was enjoying the warm air, a cup of tea, already cold, in his hands. Indifference in his eyes, he glimpsed at Shirley who was

standing in the yard, willingly receiving the beating from the wind and snow.

'No matter how helpless or pitiful, Shirley, it's all because you owe me.'

Carter silently turned around, not sparing another look at Shirley.

As he was sitting at his desk, his gaze unconsciously fell onto the apple-sized crystal ball.

Memories flooded his mind, but he quickly put a halt to his recollection.

The memories that he desperately wanted to hypnotize himself into forgetting.

Thinking back, it had been almost eight years...

Chapter 1667

Eight years.

This number meant a long torment to him.

In contrast to the eight years, he did not know why this moment made him feel anguish.

Carter's calm face betrayed subtle changes. He picked up his phone to make a call...

The wind and snow grew heavier, and the night gradually grew more obscure.

Despite that, Shirley remained standing at the same spot, her eyes staring at the study, which remained unlit this entire time.

Suddenly, she heard the creaking sounds of footsteps approaching her. It was the old butler. He held an umbrella as he stepped

on the thin layer of accumulated snow to reach her side. Then, he held the umbrella over her head.

"Miss Jenny, the snow is getting heavier. Why don't you go back?" advised the old butler, his eyes filled with pity.

Shirley shook her head, the snow on her hair drifted and fell away silently.

"I'm fine. I just want to stay here for a while longer... Achoo!"

Shirley could not help but sneeze mid-sentence as the cold pierced into her skin, making her shiver against her will.

She frowned, feeling her breath, as well as her cheeks, getting hotter.

Seeing that he could not change Shirley's mind, the old butler handed the umbrella to her. However, Shirley shook her head,

refusing his kindness.

"Waterson, you should go back first. I'll... be leaving soon," Shirley softly said, her desolate gaze shifted from the study as she

finally turned around.

She recalled that, many years ago, she too was a member of this family.

The servants had respected her very much, and they had addressed her as Miss Jenny.

Camille had liked her very much too. She had thought that Shirley was smart and was quick to learn. Plus, she could also

accompany Carter.

She had also thought that those moments could continue. However, it all ended abruptly on a certain day, a certain month, a

certain year...

Carter returned to the French windows again. Despite being in the dark study room, he could clearly see Shirley turning and

leaving.

The illumination from the yard streetlights was so bright that he could clearly see that Shirley's body and hair were covered with

snow.

Frowning, Carter turned and stopped looking.

Just after he turned around, the sound of Shirley's footsteps toward the gates gradually died away. One second later, she

collapsed on the cold snow-covered ground.

"Miss Jenny!" The old butler rushed over while calling for help. "Guards! Quickly!"

Carter silently sat on the sofa, alone, with the lights still off.

Suddenly, he heard a commotion downstairs.

He seldom cared about the trivial goings at home, but he felt a faint uneasiness in his heart this moment.

He got up and walked out. As soon as he reached the top of the stairs, he saw a bodyguard hastily enter, carrying a woman in

his arms.

Without asking, he immediately recognized the woman in the bodyguard's arms.

Carter's eyes darkened, and his expression instantly became increasingly cold.

He strode downstairs, his every step seemed steady, neither fast nor slow.

When the old butler saw Carter descending the stairs, he walked over hurriedly, his face flustered, and pleaded humbly, "Mr.

Carter, Miss Jenny had been standing outside for far too long. She might have caught a cold. I have already contacted Dr. Lane.

I'm wondering if Miss Jenny could stay and rest here for the night?"

Carter pressed his thin lips together, displeased. "Since you've already acted on your own accord, why do you still seek my opinion?"

The old butler trembled. "Mr. Carter..."

Carter ignored him and faced the bodyguard who was carrying Shirley tightly. In a chilly tone, he asked, "Do you enjoy carrying her? Are you reluctant to put her down?"

Chapter 1668

"..." The bodyguard was momentarily speechless, but he also did not know where to place Shirley.

The old butler immediately gestured. "Come with me, upstairs, to Miss Jenny's room."

The bodyguard nodded, carrying Shirley upstairs as per the old butler's orders.

"Stop." Carter stopped them in a cold voice. "Are you confused as to who is your master? If you are, you can leave immediately."

"..."

"..."

The bodyguard and the old butler were both taken aback.

The bodyguard figured that he might lose his job if he did not put Shirley down right now, so he walked to the sofa, ready to toss

Shirley onto the sofa.

Just as he was about to, he saw Carter coming up to him.

"Mr. Carter, I'll put this woman down now," explained the bodyguard. He was a big man, almost 1.9m tall, but he seemed to

tremble with trepidation in front of Carter.

Carter said nothing, only coldly looked askance at the bodyguard. Then, he spread his arms, taking Shirley from the bodyguard,

and turned around, heading straight up the stairs.

The bodyguard and old butler shared a look. They were both confused by Carter's action.

Carter took Shirley back to the bedroom where she used to stay. The bed was very soft and big, and it even smelled of sunshine,

indicating that the maids had always been taking care of this room.

The maids came in to help as per the butler's orders. However, as soon as they entered the bedroom, they saw Carter, his face

as cold as an iceberg, removing all of Shirley's coat and clothes, leaving only her underwear.

This degree of close contact seemed very ordinary to Carter, but the two of the maids blushed a little as this scene unfolded.

Carter's family doctor, reserved solely for the royalty, soon arrived. After examining Shirley, he said that there was nothing

serious, only that she had caught a cold and a fever, and her body temperature was a little high.

After the doctor had left, Carter asked the maids to make some ginger tea.

He glanced at sleeping Shirley, then walked back to the desk, picking up the photo frame again.

The boy and girl in the photo frame stood side by side, radiant and cheerful smiles on their faces.

"Hmph." Carter laughed suddenly, then he glanced at Shirley. "Big sister?"

Carter sneered and roughly threw the photo frame.

Shirley, who was deep in slumber, woke up when she heard the noise.

She opened her eyes. Groggily, she saw Carter's cold facial expressions as he walked toward her, his entire body radiating an

aura colder than frost.

Shirley examined her surroundings and realized she was lying in bed, in her room when she had stayed in the Gray Manor.

She slowly sat up, her head feeling abnormally heavy. She remembered standing in the wind and snow, and she figured she

might have caught a cold and a fever.

However, she was not at all worried about her body. She knew the art of healing, so this minor problem was nothing to her.

As she was about to sit up and got out of bed, Carter suddenly grasped the back of her neck.

Shirley's gorgeous eyes widened in surprise as she looked at Carter's expressionless face.

With Carter's palm on the back of her neck, she could feel that the unparalleled coldness penetrating her feverish skin, as though

it instantly froze her body.

"Carter?"

Confused, Shirley looked at Carter, whose face grew increasingly cold. She quickly apologized to him.

"I can walk on my own. I won't bring you any trouble. Please don't get mad."

"You don't want to make me mad, huh? That sounds nice, but what have you done back then?"

Chapter 1669

Back then.

It was back then again.

Those two words struck a chord in Shirley.

"Shirley, do you know how much I hate you now?" Carter practically spat his words out through gritted teeth, his grip tightening.

Shirley winced in pain, her brows knitted tightly together. Coupled with the fever, the intense pain all over her body made her feel

like she might explode.

Even so, she did not feel that this pain was too bad. She had already suffered so much throughout these years.

The most painful things to her were being abandoned by her parents and being hated by the man she loved.

"Let me say this, Shirley. You should've just stayed away after leaving back then. Since you have the guts to come back, then

you should be prepared to be tormented by me!"

Carter's face, which rarely showed any emotions, betrayed a furious expression.

He tossed Shirley, who had no strength to resist, onto the bed. When Shirley was least expecting it, he leaned over her.

Shirley was stunned. Despite her pain, she also felt joy.

This scene felt even more like a dream to her. In her dazed dream-like state, she could still hear the man's clear yet cold voice.

"Didn't you say that you love me the most, and expressed a reluctance to part from me? This is the outcome you've been

wanting the most, right?"

His low voice was laced with a hint of delight and disrespect, yet Shirley found it pleasurable.

She would accept it gladly, even if he was mocking her.

...

Outside the windows, the wind and snow continued to grow heavier, quietly covering every corner of the city with a layer of silver

coating.

Inside the hotel room.

Jeremy had been staying by the bedside the entire time, waiting for Madeline to wake.

He looked at the time. It had almost been 6 hours since the injection, but Madeline still had not awakened.

Feeling a little worried, he took out the test reagent tube Shirley had given him. As he walked to the balcony, he took out his

phone to call Adam.

After he explained the circumstances to Adam, Adam exclaimed in disbelief. "I didn't expect her to become like this."

"Can Linnie be saved?" Jeremy was anxious to know the answer. "I don't want her to experience the pain I've experienced."

"I think I need some time to research this. Currently, I have no clue as to what Shirley had done to Eveline."

"I'll take Linnie back to Glendale as soon as possible."

"Okay, bring her back as fast as you can. Keep the test reagent Shirley gave you properly," Adam urged again. Right before the

call disconnected, he quickly stopped Jeremy. "Can you give me her contact number?"

Jeremy pondered for two seconds before asking, "Don't you have her contact number?"

"She wouldn't want to contact me. She hates me." Adam laughed bitterly.

Jeremy was confused. "You're brother and sister."

"Well, yes, we're brother and sister, but she always had something weighing heavily on her mind, so that's why she'd stray onto

the wrong path." Adam sighed in regret. "Actually, she had been a good sister back then."

Hearing the helplessness in Adam's voice, Jeremy did not probe further.

After he hung up the phone, he sent Shirley's contact number to Adam. Then, he returned to the bedside to watch Madeline.

He gently held Madeline's hand and placed it next to his lips to kiss it.

'Linnie, I won't let you experience the same pain I've been through.'

'It felt so terrible.'

However, Jeremy kept feeling that something was amiss. 'What was the purpose behind Shirley's request and her actions?'

Why did he feel that someone was instructing Shirley behind the scenes?

After deliberating about this, Jeremy decided to contact Shirley once again.

He placed Madeline's hands down and walked back to the cold and windy balcony.

Chapter 1670

Over at the other end, Shirley, against the will of her weak body, slipped away from Carter's tight embrace.

The phone in her coat started vibrating as she got up.

Sitting on the bed, she took a deep breath before picking up her coat.

The phone was still vibrating. Seeing the remark on the screen made her frown.

As she contemplated whether to answer Jeremy's call, an icy palm suddenly grasped her wrist, followed by an extremely cold

voice that ambushed her from behind.

"You really did fall in love with Jeremy. You'd even want to answer his call at this time."

Carter's chilly voice, suffused with dissatisfaction, pierced into Shirley's ears.

Before she had time to explain, Carter snatched her phone away and threw it forcefully at the corner of the wall.

The phone immediately stopped vibrating; the screen shattered into pieces.

In low spirits, Shirley stared at the shattered phone, sitting at the same spot in a daze. A sense of endless loneliness invaded

every cell in her body, causing her to feel cold all over.

Carter got up calmly. In a carefree demeanor, he wore back his shirt and other clothing that he had removed, one by one.

As if nothing had happened a moment ago, he remained as the noble and elegant prince in everyone's eyes.

With his unique and deep eyes, he looked askance at Shirley, towering over her.

"Enough with this pitiful expression. Didn't you use to seduce me like this? Heh." In the end, he let out a cold chuckle, brimming

with endless derision and disdain.

After saying that, Carter turned around casually.

Shirley put on her coat as she walked to the corner of the wall, picking up the shattered phone.

As she had expected, the phone was shattered to the point where there was no way to turn it on, its cracked screen resembling

a spider web.

However, her phone still contained a lot of important information, so she had no choice but to keep it for now.

Shirley dragged her heavy body upright. When she turned, heading to the bathroom for a shower, she saw the photo frame,

tossed onto the desk.

She walked over and took it for a look. She immediately felt heat surging to the corners of her eyes.

If she had not made that decision back then, would Carter have turned out differently?

She remembered. During those years when she knew him, he would smile.

...

Back on this end, Jeremy, standing on the balcony, tried calling Shirley for the third time. He still had been able to get through on

the first call, but now the phone seemed to be turned off. Jeremy figured that Shirley had turned off her phone, deliberately

ignoring his calls.

He had no other options for now, so he could only go back to his room.

As he returned to the bedroom, much to his surprise, he saw Madeline slowly waking.

Jeremy quickly ran to the side of the bed. "Linnie, are you awake?"

Madeline moved her eyelids, opening her eyes.

When she saw the man in front of her, Madeline pressed her lips together into a small smile. "Jeremy..."

Her tone sounded extraordinarily weak, as if all of the energy in her body had been sucked dry.

"Linnie, I'm here. How do you feel now? Are you still feeling unwell?" Jeremy helped Madeline sit upright, letting her lean on his

chest.

Madeline shook her head. "I'm fine now. I just feel exhausted all over."

Jeremy tightened his embrace, empathizing. "Linnie, let's head back to Glendale. Adam will think of a way to help you."

"Can we still leave today?" Madeline looked out the window. Initially, they were going to take the flight this afternoon, but it was

already night now.

"I've already booked plane tickets for tomorrow afternoon. We'll definitely go home tomorrow, Linnie." Jeremy promised as he

held her hand.

Madeline looked into Jeremy's gaze, filled with concern and empathy, and lifted her hand to touch his cheeks. "Okay."

However, the doorbell rang at this moment, which was followed by the sounds of hurried knocks on the door.