

# An Impossible Marriage Chapter 1

“As expected of the wealthy Christopher Lewis. As soon as he returned to the country, he made a large donation to various major art academics in Dellmoor.” “I heard that he graduated from our college too. It’s not surprising that he would donate. After all, he is from the richest family in Dellmoor. What matters most is that he is good-looking. My, he is no doubt the nation’s most beloved man. Not only is he handsome, he is also rich and friendly. It’s very rare to find someone like him who combines all of these qualities.” The entire Hegbert College of Art was raving about Christopher, but Margaret Sullivan seemed radically out of place. Ignoring her surroundings, Margaret sat on the stairs, eating a piece of stale bread along with a bottle of mineral water. She found it hard to swallow during winter. Christopher is back! It’s been three years! “Meg, why are you eating bread again? Let’s go! I will treat you to a sumptuous meal.” Jodie Clark strode over and sat next to Margaret. Margaret shook her head and stuffed the remaining bread into her mouth. Then, she got up, picked up her bag, and slung it over her shoulder. Her body seemed to be even thinner. “I don’t have time for that. All right, I need to go back now.” Jodie heaved a sigh and replied, “Fine. You win! Please don’t eat bread again tomorrow morning. I will bring you breakfast...” Her voice drifted off as Margaret moved away on her bicycle. Upon reaching her so-called home, Margaret carefully propped her bicycle against the wall and entered the house through the backdoor. When she got back to that tiny and damp storeroom, she swiftly put down her bag. Just when she was about to get changed, the housekeeper, Elizabeth Lauren walked through the door hastily. “Meg, you don’t have to help me with household chores today. Mr. Lewis is looking for you... Hmm... You have to be careful. Just stay silent whenever possible. Otherwise, he will get mad at you again.” Margaret nodded and went upstairs cautiously. Recalling that Christopher disliked sloppiness, she gently tugged at her faded jacket. The moment she knocked on his door, she subconsciously held her breath. Her fingers started trembling. Three years had passed, and she had also grown up. She wondered how much he had changed. “Come in.” His gentle voice echoed from inside. There was an imperceptible hint of coldness in it. Margaret’s heart sank. She pushed the door and walked inside, deliberately leaving the door open. Christopher was sitting on a chair facing the floor-to-ceiling window. There was a magazine in his hand. His well-tailored suit added a touch of gray to this wintertime. Even though he was sitting, she could tell that his legs were long. He flipped through the pages of the magazine with his slender fingers. His exquisite facial features became even more unrealistic under the light. In the end, Christopher was back. “You will be eighteen in two weeks, right?” His casual tone of voice smashed against the growing pressure inside Margaret. Before she could respond, he suddenly tossed the magazine on the coffee table and turned to look at her. A cold glint flashed across his eyes. Margaret instinctively stepped backward. Sure enough, he was gentle to anyone except for her. “Yes...” She looked like a deer caught in the headlights. The color drained from her face. Christopher rose to his feet and walked up to her. Margaret staggered backward in terror as he inched closer to her. When she retreated to the exit, she almost tripped over the half-open door. He immediately rushed over and shut the door, trapping her between him and the door. “Are you afraid of me?” he asked in a mocking tone. His voice carried a tinge of hatred. Margaret dared not to look up at him.

Christopher was a lot taller than her. The distance between them was so close that she could only see his chest. She felt his breath on her skin. It was so intimidating that she started holding her breath. The next second, he placed his hand on her chest. "Indeed, you have grown so much."