

An Impossible Marriage Chapter 10

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Chapter 10

Margaret immediately felt a flutter of uneasiness in the pit of her stomach. Didn't he say he was out of town? Why is he back now? A skitter of fear ran down her spine. Fortunately, I didn't go ice skating with Jodie. But my bicycle chain just had to break down today! She rose and padded to the bathroom to take a shower. Her chest was tight with trepidation as she stood under the warm cascade of water. He will come looking for me. As Margaret came out of the shower and was walking past the living room, she noticed a figure seated on the couch out of the corner of her eye. Christopher wore light gray casual clothes, seeming more laid-back and less aloof than he did in his suits. However, when his eyes connected with hers, they were still cold. "Come here." She approached him with her head bowed and stood ramrod straight beside him. "You're back." "Are you cold?" The bloody cracks on her hand caught his attention, and the barrage of questions he had for her dissolved into three words. Margaret jolted in surprise and didn't dare meet his keen gaze. "Yeah, a little." Christopher picked up the steaming mug of tea from the coffee table and handed it to her, his expression was impassive. "Don't come home late next time." Her hands remained at her side. This is the first time he didn't express his displeasure at my late arrival. He didn't even ask why I was late. When she didn't accept the mug, he slowly raised his head and leveled a piercing gaze on her. Margaret quickly grabbed it and finished the tea a little too fast, scalding the tip of her tongue. Only after she had finished the entire mug that she realized it was his tea. "Uh... I'll rinse it out for you." Without waiting for a response, she dashed into the kitchen, her fingers clutching the still-warm mug. Christopher's eyes darkened, and his sculpted lips flattened into a thin line. Is she that afraid of me? Margaret scrubbed every inch of the mug so thoroughly that Elizabeth reached out to turn off the water, teasing, "Meg, you're going to wear the cup thin by rinsing it out so many times." She snapped out of her reverie and held the mug gingerly. "No... I'll return this to him now." "Go, go. Hurry up," urged Elizabeth. Every cell of Margaret's body was screaming against the idea of returning to Christopher. He would never use the mug again now that she had touched it. She was afraid of seeing the revulsion in his eyes. He studied her as she dragged her feet from the kitchen, and his brows furrowed at how her white sweater hugged her slim figure. Has she never had a square meal? Margaret stopped in front of him, and Christopher heard her ask in a timid voice that held a fine tremor, "W-Would you like more tea? I'll get another cup for you." His long fingers snatched the mug from her hands, and he filled it with fresh tea, his fair, smooth hand contrasting starkly against her pale, wounded one. "Fredrick will send you to school in the future. Don't embarrass the Lewis family any further." Before Margaret could feel joy from the first half of what he said, the following sentence doused any spark of happiness before it could be ignited. Mercifully, she knew him well and had mentally braced herself. Alas, he doesn't want me to embarrass him. "You're blocking my light source," Christopher stated abruptly as he flipped through a magazine with his head lowered. She glanced up at the light above her head. It's above us. How could I possibly be blocking it? I must be an eyesore to him, huh? Wordlessly, she turned to leave, but

he said, "I didn't say you could leave." She froze in her tracks and went to take a seat on the couch further from him. Christopher lifted the mug and took a small sip. His expression was relaxed, and he didn't seem repulsed by using the cup she had previously touched. The incident in his room from the night before flashed through her head, and heat rushed to Margaret's cheeks. "You're sleeping upstairs starting tonight," Christopher calmly stated. He clearly couldn't read her thoughts.