

An Impossible Marriage Chapter 101

Margaret was dumbfounded. “Noah, why did you bring me to see a gynecologist? I have an upset stomach, so bring me to the gastroenterology department first for a gastroscopy or something.” It was too awkward to have a guy accompany her to see a gynecologist for her irregular menstruation.

Noah replied seriously, “I did what was told by Mr. Lewis.”

Christopher asked him to do that? Is he trying to check if I’m pregnant?

She did not say anything else and followed Noah to the gynecology department obediently.

Since it was a private hospital, and it was nighttime, there were not many patients around. She entered the consulting room and breathed a sigh of relief when she saw the doctor was a middle-aged woman. Initially, she was worried that it would be a male doctor..

“Tell me your symptoms,” the doctor said professionally.

“Um... My period is late for a month,” Margaret answered.

“Do you experience any symptoms such as swollen breasts, nausea, or drowsiness?” the doctor asked again.

Margaret panicked when she heard that, as she had all these symptoms mentioned by the doctor. “Yes. What does it mean if I have all these symptoms?”

“Well, there is a high chance that you’re pregnant. But I can’t confirm after diagnosis. Are you married? How old are you?” the doctor adjusted her glasses and asked.

Hearing those questions, Margaret felt a strong urge to leave right away. Nonetheless, she glanced at Noah, who was standing by the door and answered, “Yes, I’m married. I’m twenty-one years old.”

“Okay, let’s run some tests first. Come back to see me again after the results are out.” The doctor then prescribed some tests for her.

However, as soon as Margaret walked out of the consultation room, she felt anxious. Out of fear of knowing the results, she said, “I think I’m fine, Noah. I don’t want to do the tests. Let’s go back.”

Noah thought she was afraid of needles, so he tried to comfort her, "Don't worry. You'll be fine. It's just a blood test. You'll get pricked by a needle, that's all."

Margaret was rendered speechless. Left with no choice, she went to the phlebotomy department in the end. She stared at the nurse, who injected the needle into her blood vessel, drawing two test tubes of bright red blood.

Seeing how calm Margaret was, Noah was confused. She doesn't look like she's afraid at all. Why is she freaking out just now?

The test results came out in a short while. Nonetheless, Margaret could not understand the data that was written on it. On the way back to the gynecology department, Noah's phone rang. "Mrs. Lewis, please excuse me. I need to take a call," he said before leaving.

Margaret returned to the consultation room and handed her report to the doctor, who took a look and said, "You're pregnant."

"Are you sure?" Margaret felt her hands and feet turn cold at that instant.

The doctor noticed the look on her face and asked indifferently, "If you're not ready to have a child, you should have taken preventive measures."

Margaret remained silent for a while before saying, "No, it's not that I'm not ready. I'm happy as long as the baby is healthy."

It's exactly what I hoped for! Christopher said as long as I can bear him a child, he will let me go. But, why am I not feeling happy when I can regain freedom soon?

Right then, Noah came in after taking the call. "So how's the result?"

The doctor showed him the report and was about to speak when Margaret interrupted, "I'm not pregnant. It's getting late now, so I'll go to the gastroenterology department to get my stomach checked tomorrow."

The doctor was a little taken aback. However, as soon as she saw Margaret's pleading eyes, she paused for a while before saying, "When you get back, be careful about what you eat and don't starve yourself. Most importantly, don't take medicine indiscriminately."

Hearing that, Margaret breathed a sigh of relief. She understood what the doctor was trying to say, "Thank you. I understand."

She did not know why she wanted to keep her pregnancy a secret, either. That was

just a subconscious act. To others, the birth of a new life was a blessing that would bring happiness to the family. However, to her, it was a heavy burden.

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Hannah abandoned me because I was too much of a burden, wasn't it? I'm just the same as my baby. We are both unwanted by the people we love.

When Margaret arrived back at the Lewis residence with Noah, Christopher was waiting for her. It was like he was waiting for the results.

When Noah informed him that Margaret was, in fact, not pregnant, Christopher stood up with a blank expression and walked to the door. He said, "There's no need to give me a lift. I'll drive myself."

Margaret watched him leave. If I give birth to this baby, our relationship will end. This man who had been around in my life for over ten years will be gone from my life. He will vanish, and I will be leaving this place, too.

The next day, Margaret woke up early in the morning when her phone rang.

She accepted the call groggily. Casper asked through the phone, "You haven't woken up yet? I heard that you have been looking for a job recently. Do you want to come back to my company?"

Margaret's drowsiness was gone in an instant. "How do you know that?"

Casper laughed gloatingly. "Everyone in the industry knows that you, Christopher Lewis' wife, are currently looking for a job. From the rumors I heard, they seem to think that Christopher mistreated you by not giving you any money. It's awkward, isn't it? If you need money, you can come back to my company! I mean, who else would want to hire you?"

Margaret was shocked to know that her act of looking for a job had unintentionally ruined Christopher's reputation. She mumbled, "Um... Let me think about it."

"What is there to think about? If you come back and work for me, I'll pretend you had never left this company in the first place. I'll assume you were on paid leave. What do you think? Oh, and let me be clear with you. I'm not trying to spy on you on behalf of Christopher. I'm doing this out of pure appreciation of your talent. My company needs gifted designers like you!"

Margaret hesitated. After all, Casper's offer was too hard to resist. She was short of money at the moment, so it was great news to her that she could get paid even though

she had not been working lately. However, Margaret had a feeling that Casper was up to no good.

She understood her own capability the most. It simply was not possible for Casper's company to lack designers like her. Hence, she questioned, "Come on. Be honest with me. Do you have an ulterior motive for doing this?"

Casper was taken aback by her question. "What ulterior motive? What could I possibly achieve from this? I've been best friends with Christopher for so many years. I would never be interested in his wife. I asked because I noticed you couldn't get a job. If you are unwilling to come back and work for me, I can't force you, right?"

Margaret pondered for a moment before replying, "All right... Thank you. I'll head to the company today."

She hung up and got out of bed to get herself ready. Before she headed out, she put on some light makeup to bring some color to her pale face. Before she headed out, Elizabeth asked, "Meg, where are you headed?"

"I'm going to Casper's company for work," she responded.

Elizabeth was concerned about Margaret's condition. "But recently, you haven't been feeling well. Are you sure you want to head to work now? If you really need money, why don't you use the card that Mr. Lewis gave you?"

Margaret remained quiet for a moment before she spoke. "I borrowed that money from him. I'll need to pay him back in the future. I don't feel like spending his money."

Elizabeth was confused. "What do you mean? He is your husband. It's normal for you to use his money. Those women out there are more than happy to spend his money. You're basically saving up the money for them if you don't spend it. Are you silly?"

Margaret smiled faintly. "Nope. I'm not silly. I just don't want to owe him anything. Anyway, I'm leaving now. Just tell Christopher where I am if he asks."

When she arrived at the office, Leila led her to the desk that she had previously used. "We didn't clean your desk, so you can still work here."

Margaret expressed her gratitude before Leila passed her a file. "Take a look at the project you are in charge of this month. It should be no problem for you, right?"

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Margaret flipped through the document. "I'll do my best."

Leila patted her shoulder. "Great. Work hard!"

After Leila left, Margaret let out a long sigh. She did not expect to return to Soaring Design once again after she had resigned. It was pathetic, as she had wanted to leave in the first place to chase after her dream. Yet, things did not turn out the way she expected. Life was indeed harsh.

During lunchtime, Margaret had no appetite to eat anything, so she ordered a glass of lemonade before continuing her work. She was aware that she had to take care of herself now that she was pregnant. It was best if she did not work overtime.

As for her pregnancy, she had no idea how to tell Christopher about it.

Casper noticed that Margaret skipped lunch and asked curiously, "What's wrong? Does the food at the cafeteria suck?"

Margaret shook her head. "No. I just don't have the appetite to eat."

Casper peered at the lemonade in Margaret's hand and frowned. "Isn't that a bit too sour?"

Margaret smiled without replying. I don't know how to explain this. I've been craving weird foods lately.

When she arrived home after work, she called Jodie, but the latter did not answer the call.

Suspecting that Jodie might be busy, she did not overthink it.

At that moment, Fredrick's voice came from downstairs, signaling to Margaret that Christopher was back.

It seemed like Christopher had no plans to head out that night. He went straight to take a bath and changed into a set of casual clothes. After that, both of them sat down at the dining table without speaking to each other. The atmosphere was quite tense.

Elizabeth served the remaining dishes before advising, "Mrs. Lewis, you have been feeling unwell lately, so I have made a healthy soup for you, It has a fishy smell to it, but it's good for your health, so please drink some."

Margaret feared that she would vomit again, so she quickly covered her nose. "I'm not going to drink it... Elizabeth, I've told you not to make anything that smells fishy. I can't stand it."

Elizabeth handed a small bowl of soup to Margaret. "I've spent the whole afternoon preparing this soup for you. Pinch your nose and gulp it down. It's going to be all right."

Hearing this, Margaret was unwilling to see Elizabeth's effort go to waste. Hence, she pinched her nose and picked up the bowl of gooey soup before her. Even though she had prepared herself, the fishy smell still made her stomach churn. She then dashed into the restroom and threw up the food that she had eaten.

Worried, Elizabeth turned to Christopher as she knew Margaret would not listen to her. "Mr. Lewis, what should we do to help Mrs. Lewis? She had always suffered from gastric problems. Look at her now. What if it is something serious? She is still so young"

Christopher frowned. Picking up food with his fork stiffly, he replied, "She isn't a kid anymore. I don't have to worry about her."

Elizabeth pouted. "But the least you can do is show some concern, right?"

Christopher placed his fork back on the table. Then, he gracefully wiped his mouth and asked emotionlessly, "Are you telling me what to do?"

Elizabeth lowered her head and returned to the kitchen with tears in her eyes. She felt sorry for Margaret.

When Margaret returned to the dining table, Christopher was still sitting there. He stopped eating and was obviously waiting for her.

"What happened to you? I gave you money to see a doctor, and yet you're still in this state. What are you putting on an act for?" Hurtful words came out of Christopher's mouth right away,

"I'm okay. I guess it's just gastritis. I'll be okay after taking some medicine." Margaret ignored the sadness in her heart and returned Christopher the card. "Here. I'll pay you back after I get my salary."

Christopher did not even look at the card she placed on the table, His expression darkened as he clenched his fists and said, "Get lost."

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As Margaret had no appetite, she turned to head upstairs. The sound of plates breaking rang from behind. She stopped in her tracks and turned to see a mess on the floor when Christopher walked past her and went up the stairs. He then changed and left the house.

Elizabeth, who heard the commotion, ran out of the kitchen and uttered, "Mrs. Lewis..."

Flashing her a smile, Margaret assured, "It's all right, Elizabeth. I made him angry. Have someone to help clean up the mess."

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Jodie sat on the cold floor. The doctors who walked past her merely stole glances at her, sighed, and continued on their way.

The door to the operating room was still open behind her. Raina's sorrowful wails rang out inside, piercing Jodie's heart.

Zachary died during the surgery. At first, Jodie thought she could finally relax after the surgery fees were paid. As long as Zachary was alive, she believed things would take a turn for the better. However, she did not expect more bad news to come, not even giving her a chance to catch her breath.

After a while, Raina came out with reddened eyes. "Jo, you should go in and say your last goodbye."

Still in a daze, Jodie shook her head. "I don't want to. Mom, I'll arrange the funeral tomorrow. You should head back and get some rest."

Raina stood motionlessly as her sobs grew louder. Her skinny body swayed from left to right, as if she would collapse at any second.

The thought of having to return to that eerie and terrifying rental house gave her the chills. After all, she used to be a rich lady in a wealthy family. Never had she been this miserable,

After a moment of impasse, Jodie rose to her feet and said, "Mom, let me send you home."

Grabbing her daughter's hands, Raina said, "It's okay, Jo. I know it's been hard for you lately. I haven't been able to help much, and I know I've been a burden. Please handle the remaining issues. I can go back myself."

Like an emotionless puppet, Jodie nodded without a word.

After taking one last look at the operating room, Raina left with tears—rolling down her cheeks. Her affluent days were now gone for good. She had no choice but to face the reality of living in a messy rental house in the future.

Jodie did not shed a single tear at all. It was not that she was not upset, but it was as if her soul had left her body. She felt so numb and weak that she had no energy to even cry.

Holding the death certificate in her hands, she exited the hospital and saw the rain pouring down heavily. A bitter smile stretched across her pale face as she watched the pedestrians rushing to take shelter.

Lost in her thoughts, she walked into the rain. The huge raindrops pattered on her body, but she did not feel pain. Instead, the coldness penetrated her bones.

Suddenly, someone yanked her to the side, where there was an awning to block her from the rain. "Are you crazy? What are you doing standing in the rain?"

She turned around to see Steven before she said emotionlessly, "My dad died during the surgery. Why are we so unfortunate?"

Furrowing his brows, Steven asked, "When did it happen?"

Jodie did not respond. She extended her arms to catch the raindrops, hoping the coldness could snap her out of her trance.

A middle-aged woman who was dressed opulently was sitting in a black Maybach at a distance. She was Steven's mother, Amelia Fuchs, and she was quite taken aback when she saw Steven interacting with Jodie. That was the first time in years she ever saw her son care for a woman. Should I be happy for him?

After a long while, the driver asked, "Mrs. Jones, should we wait for Mr. Jones?"

Amelia coughed and leaned against the seat weakly before saying, "It's okay. Let's go."

The car drove away and disappeared into the rain. Steven was quite confused upon seeing that. His mother had left him behind countless times since he was a child. She doesn't even care about what kind of situation I'm in, and she just leaves like that every time! Am I her biological son, or not?

"Deepest condolences, Your father may have left, but you still have to live your life. You have to stay strong," consoled Steven with a hint of annoyance in his tone after

he was left behind.

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"Steven, I bet you have never lost a family member before," uttered Jodie as she rolled her eyes at him before walking into the rain.

Steven heaved a sigh of relief when he saw her snapping back at him, which meant she had calmed down.

As she did not want to return home with negative emotions, she went straight to Jack's place. Currently, what she needed the most was consolation from the person she loved.

When she reached Jack's place, the latter was taking a shower. She sneezed and looked for a towel to dry her wet hair when Jack's phone lit up on the bed and caught her attention. The moment she picked it up to have a look, she froze, and she felt her blood go cold. At the same time, the roaring thunder and flash of lightning outside seemed to complement her shock.

Ten minutes later, Jack stepped out of the shower and was slightly taken back when he saw Jodie. Snatching the phone from her, he immediately shouted, "Why are you looking at my phone?"

Staring intently back at him, Jodie snapped, "If you have nothing to hide, you wouldn't be worried about me checking your phone."

Wearing a cold expression, Jack changed the subject and questioned, "Why are you here?"

Feeling pathetic and ridiculous, Jodie scoffed, "Why can't I be here? I rented this house just for you. Do you have any idea where my mom and I are staying now? We're staying in a slum with all kinds of weird people around! We are always in fear whenever we return. And this is how you treat me? My family paid for the fees while you studied abroad. Besides, my dad helped you to land a good job when you returned. I didn't even dare to burden you with my family's problems, and this is how you treat me?"

Ruffling his hair in frustration, Jack snapped, "It's not what you think it is. If you're willing to hear me out, then listen carefully. If not, the door is just right there. As for the money your family has given me for my studies and the rent, I'll pay you back as soon as possible. Does that satisfy you?"

Jodie's entire body was shivering in cold and anger. The man in front of her seemed like a stranger to her now. Finding it hard to believe and accept the reality, she

bellowed, "Explain yourself then. I would like to see how you're going to defend yourself!"

Jack deleted all the messages on his phone before saying placidly, "Sasha and I are just friends. We work in the same company. That's all. If you insist on thinking I'm having an affair with her, then so be it. I don't have anything else to say."

Jodie sneered. "Sasha? You make it sound like the two of you are close. How do you expect me to believe that nothing is going on between you guys? I saw you two calling each other 'darling' and greeting each other good morning and good night. Do you think

I'm a fool? Do you know what about you that disgusts me, Jack? You should've told me right away when you don't love me anymore. Why do you have to humiliate me like this? Is money the problem between us? What do you mean you'll pay back the money? Are you planning to cut ties after doing so? Let me ask you one more time. Are you the one who donated the two hundred thousand for my dad's surgery?"

Hanging his head, Jack simply replied, "No. I have nothing to do with that."

At that moment, Jodie's heart shattered into pieces, and her last trace of hope was gone. "Jack, I want to know, from the beginning, what did you want from me? I have a feeling that you never liked me, and I can't see any affection and passion for me in your eyes."

Only then did Jack look her in the eyes and mutter in a calm tone, "I wanted a better future for myself. You're right. I never liked or loved you, and I couldn't. I have many important things to do, so I don't have the time to love and date someone. I don't care how you think of me. One thing for sure is that I'll pay back the money that I owe your family twofold or more. That's all I have to say."

Tears welled up in Jodie's eyes, but she tried her best to hold them back. "I understand now. I bet Sasha is just like me, a stepping stone. I should feel sorry for her instead of getting mad at her. The look in your eyes is so cold, even from the beginning. I was a fool to believe you. You don't have to pay back the money. Since I spent it on you willingly, I'm not hoping for you to return it. Thank you for teaching me a valuable life lesson, and for making me suffer more during the worst times of my life."

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After saying that, she turned around and left. The tears she had been holding back finally began rolling down her cheeks.

She already understood everything when Jack stepped out of the bathroom. He was not concerned about her being drenching wet, but he was more concerned about the secret on his phone. She had had enough disappointment in him, and she would no longer try to deceive herself.

Her mind was muddled as she returned to her rented house. It was an old residential building that was only five stories high. No one managed the building. There were more than ten units on each floor, and the residents were made up of different groups of people. She could hear angry grumbles from the drunk men in other units. The corridor was dark at night, and it was terrifying for anyone to walk through the corridor alone.

Jodie stood in front of her unit and adjusted her emotions before taking out her keys. Suddenly, her gaze fell on the door lock. They had changed the door lock after moving in, but now, there were scratches on the door lock, and it seemed damaged.

Her palms began to sweat due to her anxiety. She found a metal rod in the corner, and she picked it up before pushing the door open. After turning the lights on, she saw a complete mess inside. The place that was spick and span before this had become an unpleasant sight. Her mother, Raina, was lying unconscious on the floor.

“Mom! Mom, what happened to you?” She rushed forward and held Raina as she cried like a child. All these events had taken a huge toll on Jodie, and she could no longer continue putting up a strong front.

Raina’s lips were pale, and she was unconscious. Jodie panicked and called Margaret’s number.

Margaret had fallen asleep when she received the call. “Hello? Jo, what’s wrong?”

Jodie sobbed, “Someone broke into my house, and I don’t know what happened to my mom. I just can’t seem to wake her up. What should I do? Meg, you have to help me. Please...”

Margaret was shocked. She hurriedly got out of bed. Due to her huge movements, she felt the pain in her abdomen again, and she grimaced. Despite the unbearable pain, she still said over the phone, “Jo, don’t panic. Send me your location, and I’ll be there with some bodyguards. Don’t worry, li will be okay. You have to make sure that

you’re safe until we arrive, do you understand?”

Jodie was never the kind of girl that would cry and beg for help unless things were out of her control. Knowing this, Margaret was anxious. She endured the pain in her stomach and went downstairs to get Fredrick and two bodyguards before heading to Jodie’s place.

After arriving at the creepy old residential building, Margaret felt like crying. She had never been to Jodie’s place ever since Jodie moved, and she had no idea that the latter ended up living in such a terrible place.

It was a chaotic building and was filled with all kinds of people. Thus, the area was difficult to manage.

When they arrived upstairs, Jodie was crying sorrowfully.

Margaret called the police and sent Raina to the hospital. Fortunately, Raina only passed out due to extreme shock, and her life was not at risk.

Jodie cried for two whole hours in Margaret's arms in the hospital's corridor. She told Margaret everything. Margaret was frustrated and sad for Jodie, but the pain in her stomach was so torturous that she could not even say something to console her friend. She began sweating due to the pain, and her vision went blurry too.

Fredrick noticed that and asked, "Mrs. Lewis, are you feeling unwell?"

Margaret covered her stomach and endured the pain. "I'm fine. You guys can go back now. I'll stay here with Jo. If Christopher asks about me, you can tell him what happened."

Fredrick nodded in response and left the hospital with the bodyguards. Margaret then slumped down in her chair and said, "Jo... My stomach hurts..."

Jodie wiped away her tears and called for the doctor. After running tests on Margaret, the doctor concluded by saying, "Your pregnancy is unstable due to exhaustion. You should get more rest for the time being. We can only determine your situation after a week because your current condition is too poor."

Jodie was shocked to hear that. "Are you pregnant? Whose baby is it?"

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Margaret was rendered speechless. "Who else do you think?"

Jodie asked softly, "C—Could it be... Jenson's?"

Margaret sighed. "Jo, that is something I will never do. The baby is Christopher's. Please keep my pregnancy a secret. Christopher doesn't know about it yet."

"What? He doesn't know? Why didn't you tell him? Perhaps he will treat you better after knowing this! You have to fight for yourself, and don't end up like me, giving my everything to an ungrateful man!" Jodie was frustrated.

"I didn't give him anything. In fact, I even owe him a lot. I don't want to get anything from him. Jo, you don't understand how it feels when you can't repay someone enough for what you owe them. It will make you feel breathless and exhausted." The meaning behind Margaret's words was too deep for Jodie to grasp, and they did not continue with that topic.

The next morning, Raina finally regained her consciousness. Margaret wanted to find them a new place, but she had no money. She could not help but regret returning the card to Christopher last night. Why is it always like this? I always end up owing him more when I don't want to owe him again.

After that incident, Jodie knew they had to move out. “Meg, don’t worry. I still have enough money to rent us a place in the suburbs. I will get myself a job to at least be financially stable for my mom and me, and I’ll try my best to save enough money to pay off the debt.”

Margaret nodded as she pondered on other ways to help Jodie.

She applied for a one-day leave from Casper when she was on her way back in a cab. In her opinion, it was not necessary to get a whole week’s rest. One day of rest was sufficient

Margaret noticed two pairs of women’s shoes by the door upon returning home. There were a pair of black heels and another pair of red heels, She had never liked wearing high heels, so that would mean some other women were at home.

Elizabeth came up to her with a long face and whispered, “It’s someone from the Jenkins family. They’re here to look for Mr. Lewis.”

Margaret nodded and went straight up the stairs. Just when she reached the stairs,

Hannah called out to her, “Margaret.”

Margaret stopped in her tracks and turned to look at Hannah with a neutral expression. Hannah panicked as she realized that Margaret actually resembled Christopher a little when she put on a solemn expression.

Megan asked, “Margaret, where did you go last night? Why won’t you greet us when you saw us?”

Margaret replied coldly, “How should I greet you guys? Should I call her ‘mom’ and address you as my sister?”

Megan was furious when she heard that, but she had to keep her manners in front of Christopher. Hence, she plastered a smile. “It seems like you’re not in a good mood today, Margaret. Are you guilty because you sneaked off to see someone you shouldn’t be seeing and spent the whole night with them?”

Margaret glanced at Christopher, who was sitting on the couch with an inexplicable expression. Then, she walked up the stairs without bothering to explain herself.

She had noticed the documents on the coffee table. With Hannah here, she knew they were here to talk about business. Even so, she still refused to see the two women she hated.

After getting in bed, Margaret tossed and turned around, unable to fall asleep because she felt unwell. Moments later, Elizabeth asked her to go downstairs for a meal. When she got up to check the time, it was already noon.

Margaret was cautious when she lifted her legs to get out of bed, for fear of harming her baby.

She called Jodie after getting out of bed and found out that Jodie and Raina had already found a new place to stay. The police were yet to find the culprit who broke into their house last night. Cases like this were quite common in that area, and most cases ended up being left unsettled. They did not lose much from the break-in, and it amounted to around a couple hundred. Hence, this case would most likely close just like that.

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Margaret heard Megan's laughter on her way downstairs and knew instantly that Hannah and the latter were still around. As a sense of reluctance swept across her, she stopped mid stairs and called out instead, "Elizabeth, can you send the lunch to my room?"

Yet, as soon as Elizabeth acknowledged her request, Christopher uttered coldly from downstairs, "Either you come down to eat, or you don't eat."

Margaret chose the latter without hesitation. "Elizabeth, I'm not hungry, so don't mind me."

Troubled, Elizabeth felt increasingly annoyed at Hannah and Megan. She even pulled a long face when she served the dishes.

Megan, who noticed that, said in a strange tone, "Christopher, your housekeeper is quite temperamental. I feel like she isn't pleased with our presence here."

Her accusation made Christopher steal a quick look at Elizabeth wordlessly.

Unable to stand the mother and daughter duo, Elizabeth turned and left furiously, letting another housekeeper serve the rest of the dishes. After that, while Christopher was not paying attention to her, she took the opportunity to sneak some food into Margaret's room. "Meg, eat up quickly. Don't hold a grudge against Mr. Lewis."

However, Margaret shook her head. "Don't do this, Elizabeth. If he finds out about this, you'll lose your pay this month. It's hard to make money, so don't risk it for me. I won't die of hunger just because I skip one meal. Moreover, I'm not hungry now." Contrary to her words, she was actually starving to the point that she could swallow an entire cow.

Being pregnant was quite a fascinating sensation. She would throw up continuously sometimes but become as hungry as a wolf another time.

Failing to convince her, Elizabeth could only take the dishes away. Unfortunately, Megan caught her red-handed on her way to the kitchen. "Elizabeth, right? Did you send the food to Margaret just now?"

Christopher's face fell instantaneously, "Elizabeth."

Left with no choice, Elizabeth bit the bullet and replied stiffly, "Mrs. Lewis couldn't skip meals, as she isn't in good health lately. Just because she dislikes having strangers in the house doesn't mean that we shall let her starve. Not to mention she didn't even have a bite."

Hearing that, Christopher put down the fork in his hand and said in an icy voice, "Get her to come downstairs."

Irritated upon seeing the smirk on Megan's face, Elizabeth stormed upstairs in a huff. "Meg, Mr. Lewis asked you to go downstairs. That woman spotted me when I took the food down just now."

Resignedly, Margaret sighed. "It's fine. I'll go down. Go back to your work, Elizabeth. Don't mind them, or you'll get yourself in trouble."

Elizabeth grunted lividly, "I'm fine, but I feel sorry for you! How could Mr. Lewis treat you like this in front of them? How frustrating! That Megan keeps calling you by your name, acting like she's close to you when all she does is make mischief. One look at her and I immediately know she is up to no good!"

Remaining silent, Margaret walked down the stairs cautiously and arrived at the dining room soon after. Upon sensing her presence, Christopher looked at her coldly. "Can't you come downstairs yourself if you want to eat? Did I not teach you manners before?"

Ignoring Christopher, she sat down and began eating, as she had been starving for some time. Besides, she was sure that he would not do anything to her in front of Hannah. After all, he had to make sure his personality was always perfect and impeccable in others' eyes. Putting on a grim expression was the only thing he could do to express dissatisfaction when outsiders were around.

Meanwhile, Hannah was gazing at Margaret with her eyes filled with maternal love. "Christopher, thank you for taking care of Meg all this time. I'm not a good mother. So I'm grateful that she has you to look after her."

Exasperated, Megan interrupted before Christopher could say something, "You're so kind, Christopher! I can't believe you're willing to take in your enemy's daughter. Not to mention you even took care of her for more than ten years."

Hannah's face instantly darkened in dissatisfaction, but she kept her composure. "Shut up," she warned.

Yet, Megan looked at her mother with feigned innocence. "Don't you agree with me? Mom, Margaret is so lucky!"

Margaret froze with the food still in her mouth. She was so disgusted by Megan's words that she could not even bring herself to swallow the food, She always picks the perfect timing to disgust me!

Christopher shut his eyes momentarily to hide his raging fury before standing up in the next second, saying, "Enjoy your meal. We'll discuss business later in the study."

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Hannah stood up and flashed him an elegant smile. All right. Thank you."

Although Christopher headed upstairs without a word, one could tell how annoyed he was at Margaret through his heavy footsteps.

Now that Christopher had left, Margaret could finally have her meal at ease. Megan, on the other hand, showed her disdain toward Margaret. "Looks like Christopher merely gave you a place to stay. He didn't pamper you like a princess. Anybody can tell how undignified you are by the way you stuff food down your throat like a starving dog. No wonder Christopher dislikes you and gets annoyed whenever he sees you. Someone like you is not worthy of him."

Hannah scolded in a low voice, "Shut up! I've warned you multiple times earlier, don't..."

Before Hannah could finish her sentence, Margaret interrupted with a half-smile, "That's why you're able to stay beside him, isn't that right, Megan? If I, as his lawful wife, am flawless, a mistress like you won't have any chance to exist."

After being reproached by Hannah and mocked by Margaret, Megan was so furious that she stomped upstairs to find Christopher in the study.

Now that only Hannah and Margaret remained in the dining room, Hannah stared intently at Margaret with affection in her eyes. Unable to bear it or face it, Margaret put down her cutlery in disgust and said, "Mrs. Jenkins, please help yourself."

"Meg... The way Margaret addressed Hannah pierced the latter's heart.

Nevertheless, Margaret ignored Hannah, as she was so tired of the latter's insincere affection. I don't need a belated motherly love. If her love can only be used to make up for the mistakes she made, I'm better off without it.

It was over three in the afternoon when Megan and Hannah were finally getting ready to leave.

While listening to the noise outside, Margaret felt restless for some reason. All of a sudden, Hannah's voice rang out. "I'll go and bid goodbye to Margaret. I think she's unwell, as she looked pale just now."

Margaret frowned and held her breath subconsciously. As expected, someone knocked on her door in the next second, She turned with her back facing the door,

pretending she did not hear it. Yet, the door was still pushed open.

Hannah said cautiously, "Margaret, I'm leaving. Please see a doctor if you don't feel well."

Unable to suppress the disgust in her heart, Margaret replied coldly, "Mrs. Jenkins, I don't need you to care for me. Instead of wasting your time on me, why don't you worry about the Jenkins family instead?"

Hannah's body stiffened for a moment as she felt awkward. Megan then tugged at Hannah's arm. "Mom, can you stop trying to butter her up? I know you think of her as your daughter, but I don't think she thinks of you as her mother."

After taking a deep breath, Hannah went downstairs and left in silence. Megan, on the other hand, felt bitter. Before Margaret's sudden appearance, Hannah had always doted solely on Megan. However, with Margaret in the picture, she not only snatched Hannah's attention away from Megan but also took the man she loved. The mere thought of that was enough to throw Megan into a fit of rage.

Moments later, when it was finally quiet outside, Margaret finally got out of bed and went downstairs to find something to eat.

The moment she stepped out of her room, she came face to face with Christopher, who was also coming out of the study. Christopher's face darkened when their eyes met. Then, he averted his gaze, hurriedly rushed downstairs, and walked toward the door. It was as if he was so disgusted that he did not want to take another glance at her.

Margaret watched him leave with her lips pursed silently. Indeed, there was nothing she could do besides remaining silent. When will such a life come to an end? It's as though I'm in the middle of a thick mist. No matter how hard I try, I can't see the lights.

There was a message from Jenson when she returned to her room after eating. It read: Are you free to talk over the phone now?

She called him right away, and the call got connected within seconds. Jenson's excited voice rang out in her ears instantly. "Meg, how are you recently?"

Margaret's mood lifted almost instantly. She then walked over to the window and pulled open the curtains to take in the fresh air after the rain. "Not bad," she answered.

In the next moment, Jenson changed the topic. "I heard that Jo's dad has passed away. Her mother, as you know, is not in the right state of mind to handle the funeral. Why

don't we help her to take care of it? We're the only ones she can count on right now. If you're okay with it, let's meet up at the hospital later.

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Margaret thought about it for a moment and agreed. She could not leave Jodie alone at a time like this. Since she had nothing to do and her stomach was feeling a lot better after resting for the whole morning, she agreed to Jenson's suggestion.

After she went out, the bodyguard at the door looked in the direction she left and dialed a number. "Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis has left."

The call ended shortly after. Christopher opened his phone and checked the location, confirming Margaret's final destination. His eyes darkened as he stubbed out the cigarette in his hand, took his jacket, and left the company.

At the hospital, Jodie and Jenson had finished taking care of the procedures. After that, Zachary's body was sent to the funeral home to prepare for cremation.

When Margaret came, Jodie glanced at Jenson with a displeased expression. "Did you ask Meg to come here? She's not feeling well, so I didn't plan to have her help out."

Worried that Jodie would accidentally spill the beans, Margaret quickly said, "I'm all right. I won't be at ease if I don't lend you a helping hand."

Jenson chuckled and said, "Wait for me. I need to go to the restroom."

After Jenson left, Jodie gripped Margaret's hand. "Your hand feels cold. The doctor advised you to rest in bed for a week yesterday, so you shouldn't be running around. Jenson's here to help me, so I'll be fine. Why don't you go back?"

Since Margaret was already there, she was not going to leave just like that. “Stop. Don’t talk nonsense in front of Jenson. I’m fine.”

When Jenson walked out of the restroom, he stopped in his tracks as he met a pair of cold eyes. After a short moment of silence, he said, “Don’t tell me that you followed Meg here.”

Christopher’s expression grew colder. “Meg? It seems like you have a close relationship with my wife.”

When Jenson heard Christopher call Margaret his wife, he felt a pain in his chest. “Christopher, I don’t care what tricks you pulled to make Meg marry you, but you better treat her well, Or else, someone else will replace you.”

The corners of Christopher’s mouth twitched up into a mocking smile. “What gives you the right to talk to me like this? Are you telling me these as her ex–boyfriend, or as the person who will replace me? No matter how I treat her, it has nothing to do with you. All you have to do is completely disappear from her life. I didn’t allow you to return so that you could rekindle your old relationship with her.”

Jenson clenched his fists. For the first time in his life, he felt the urge to lunge forward and swing his fist at this condescending man. “Are you threatening me? Yes, it’s easy for you to destroy the Swanson family, but you’re pathetic because you act like you have everything under control when deep down, you’re still afraid. If you don’t love her, please let her go. I can tell that you’ve always been torturing her! Otherwise, you wouldn’t have let her go to my engagement party and you wouldn’t have let Waverly wear the wedding dress she designed! You even arranged for her to give a speech during the party!”

Christopher’s eyes narrowed slightly as he emitted a dangerous aura. It was true that he had ordered someone to recommend the wedding dress designed by Margaret to Waverly. He also made sure that Waverly would choose that wedding dress. Furthermore, he had deliberately brought Margaret to the engagement party and even arranged for someone to ask her to give a speech.

“I’ve given the Swanson family a chance, but you didn’t cherish it. Furthermore, Margaret’s well–being is none of your business. You’re not worthy of her. So what if you slept with her three years ago? Doesn’t it feel painful to love someone that you can never have? Why don’t you make a choice between the Swanson family and the person whom you’ll never own?”

When Christopher finished talking, he turned and left with a terrifying cold smile on his face. His custom–made leather shoes clicked against the cold hard floor and made a depressing sound. The sound hammered Jenson’s heart.

