

An Impossible Marriage Chapter 11

An Impossible Marriage Novel

Chapter 11

To his surprise, Margaret's body tensed up as soon as she heard that. "It's fine even if I'm sleeping in the storeroom!" Christopher glanced at her, a hint of unfathomable emotion flickering in his cold, dark orbs. "I asked you to sleep upstairs, but not my room. Ask Elizabeth to clean up the room next to mine for you." Having her thoughts exposed there and then, Margaret felt a little embarrassed. It was then that the housekeeper brought the meals to the dining room. "Mr. Lewis, Ms. Sullivan, please enjoy your meal." Putting away the magazine, Christopher stood up and said, "Let's eat." He meant to invite her to eat with him. For how long she had not sat at the same table with him, she could not remember clearly. At the dining table, she lowered her head and ate the cuisines wordlessly. She only dared take the food nearest to her. Christopher relished slowly in proper etiquette without making any large movements. The spacious dining room was covered in pin-drop silence. Standing at the side was Fredrick, who was heaving a sigh softly. He then put some food on Margaret's plate. "You shouldn't eat only vegetables. It's your growth spurt now." "Thank you," Margaret thanked softly. During the meal, she ate everything Fredrick added to her plate. Thus, a dull pain struck her stomach, as she had consumed too much at once. After that, Elizabeth had already finished tidying up the room. "Meg, you can check the storeroom and see if I've missed something. I've carried most of your belongings upstairs." Margaret stole a glance guiltily at Christopher, who was sitting in the living room, before responding to Elizabeth, "Thanks, Elizabeth." It was only after he had gone back to his room that she went to the storeroom discreetly and took out the gift box hidden under the bed. She then crept up the stairs and headed back to her room. Unexpectedly, just as she arrived at the entrance, the adjacent door opened, and her eyes met the man's. Frightened, she stared at him with widened eyes. Her long lashes trembled vaguely as she instinctively hid the thing in her hand behind her back. "What's in your hand? Give it to me," ordered Christopher while looking at her loftily. Acting like a child who had done something wrong, she caved in under his gaze after two seconds and stretched out her hands. Christopher opened a gift box and glanced at the item inside. Then, he said, "Go to your bed now." She knew very well that he would not return it back to her, and she would not ask for it. In truth, she had seen it coming when she received the gift, and so his response did not surprise her. Entering her room, she closed the door and heaved a long sigh. When she recalled that the note from Jenson was still in the gift box, she crouched down slowly and murmured to herself, "I'm doomed." Just like any other parent, Christopher did not allow her to get into a relationship at a young age, albeit she was already an adult. He was not her biological parent. Perhaps, he could be considered a legal guardian. Christopher wanted to throw the gift away, just like what he used to do for ten years. Surprisingly, he did not throw it right away this time. As he recalled the terrorized look etched on Margaret's face, restlessness surged in his heart. He opened the intact gift box, and one thing drew his attention. It was not the exquisite bracelet but the slip of note instead. His handsome face immediately darkened when he saw the note that read: I desire to hold your hands until death do us part. He snorted.

Meanwhile, Margaret lay on her soft, comfortable bed, unable to sleep a wink. She prayed desperately that Christopher would not notice Jenson's note. Nevertheless, she could not help but wonder what would happen if he did discover it. As she was dithering, her phone rang out of a sudden. The phone was given to her by Christopher, and it only had Christopher's number saved in it. Without even giving it a glance, she had already known it was a message from him. As she imagined the consequences of ignoring his message, she gritted her teeth and unlocked her phone, only to see a short message that read: Come here. Her heart instantly dropped to her stomach. Putting on her jacket, she dragged her feet to the door to Christopher's room. After a moment of hesitation, she finally reached out to knock on the door. A cold voice came from within. "Come in." She pushed open the door to see Christopher sitting on the chair near the window, as he usually would. He held a cigarette in his hands, indicating that he was not in a good mood. Thus, she dared not get any closer and merely watched him from afar. "Come here." He parted his mouth again, his voice sounding colder. Although his words were exactly the same as the message, it was scarier when they were spoken aloud. Margaret had no choice but to bite the bullet. She walked toward him and stopped before him. In the end, she dared not even make a sound. Out of the blue, Christopher reached out to pull her into his arms, which caught her off guard and caused her to fall sitting on his lap.