

# An Impossible Marriage Chapter 12

An Impossible Marriage Novel

Chapter 12

Margaret had encountered similar scenarios several times during childhood. For some reason, she started cringing at it at a certain age. At such a close distance, she could pick up the faint cigarette smell lingering on Christopher and an odor of alcohol. He is drinking again! "Jenson's gone, but there's a new one now. Who is it? Hold hands until death do us part? Tell me now. Who's this guy?" His voice sounded cold yet bewitching. Margaret did not dare to utter a word. He had already driven Jenson out of the country. If she were to admit that the gift was from Jenson, she could not imagine what would happen to him. In fact, she could not bring herself to imagine it. "I-I don't know." "You don't know? If that's the case, why were you deliberately hiding it from me? Meg, you're such a naughty girl." At first, he seemed to be placing his hand on her waist unintentionally. However, he tightened his grip slightly as he spoke. Panic-stricken, Margaret felt as if she was about to break down in tears at any time. "I really don't know." Christopher did not press on. Instead, he buried his face into her neck and sniffed her fragrant scent. "If it happens again, you know the consequences." Petrified, Margaret could feel her blood running cold. "I understand. I-It won't happen again." It was only after she made a promise that his overbearing aura diminished. Nonetheless, he had no intention of letting her go. He brushed his soft lips against her neck affectionately, rendering Margaret bewildered. According to her belief, such intimate actions would only occur between lovers. Why is he doing this, even though he hates me? Nonetheless, she could not summon her courage to push him away, thus standing stone-still there and tolerating his inappropriate behavior. When she thought that Christopher was about to take it further, he pushed her away suddenly, only to see him panting aggressively with a hint of repression. Margaret looked at him in puzzlement. More accurately speaking, she was waiting on her toes for his next course of action. To her surprise, Christopher merely passed the gift box to her. In an indifferent tone, he said, "Throw it away." She frowned in response. Is he ordering me to throw it away with my own hands? "Do you need me to repeat myself?" Christopher scowled, his eyes brimming with displeasure. Seeing that, Margaret dared not hesitate any longer. Thus, she hurriedly took it and threw it into the rubbish bin. She turned around and caught a glimpse of Christopher's smirk. With that, she was dumbfounded. The next day, Margaret woke up late, all thanks to Christopher. Fortunately, Christopher had not done anything else to her except for the strange intimacy. Besides, she was relieved that she had tossed away the gift. Otherwise, it would have brought a sheer disaster upon Jenson. Standing at the door, Fredrick said, "Ms. Sullivan, I'll be taking you to the school because Mr. Lewis has... thrown away your bicycle." Margaret did not complain at all. As the bicycle was quite old, it would wear out sooner or later. When they arrived at a road close to her school, she asked Fredrick to stop the car. "Fredrick, you can stop here. It's only a few hundred meters journey. I can walk to school from here." Pulling up the car at the roadside, Fredrick reminded, "Be careful. Call me after school. I'll come and fetch you." Margaret pondered for a moment before replying, "Then, you should wait for me here after school. Please don't go to the school entrance." She did not want

anyone to learn about her relationship with Christopher, as she reckoned that she was a disgrace to him. Fredrick knew what she was thinking. He eventually agreed to her request resignedly. After bidding goodbye to Fredrick, Margaret met Jodie at the school entrance. The latter was waiting for her, as usual. "Why are you so late today?" Margaret answered, "I woke up late." Jodie held Margaret's hand out of habit and proceeded to enter the school. "That's rare. I waited here for you, and now I'm running late as well." Right as Margaret was about to make an explanation, her stomach suddenly clenched in pain. Noticing her pained expression, Jodie inched closer and asked out of concern, "What's wrong with you?" Margaret shook her head. "I'm fine." "Are you sure? Do you want to head to the infirmary?" "There's no need for that. We're late. We should get going." Margaret waved her hand dismissively and pulled Jodie before trotting to the art classroom. When they arrived outside the classroom, she was already drenched in sweat due to the excruciating pain. To her dismay, the mentor merely glanced at her and chided, "You're late. Stand outside first."