

An Impossible Marriage Chapter 121

After reporting to work, Jodie sat down at her desk. The company not only had a good environment, but it was also a renowned company in Dellmoor. Jodie was pleased that she was able to work there.

“Morning, Mr. Jones,” everyone greeted.

Everyone around her was looking in a particular direction. Jodie’s eyes lit up in excitement, and she eagerly followed their gazes to the entrance.

Since she was new, it was essential that she made a good first impression on her superior. However, seeing that it was Steven they were addressing, she wished that the ground would swallow her whole. Lowering her voice, she whispered to someone beside her, “Who is he?”

“He’s our boss’ son, the vice president of this company. The CEO has taken a hands off approach to the business, so Mr. Jones is in charge of the whole company. Quantary Corporation is the head company under the Jones family,” her colleague explained.

Her colleague went on, but Jodie was not listening any longer. Never did she expect that a day would come whereby she would be at Steven’s mercy. At first, she wanted to leave a good impression on her superior. However, judging from the current situation, she decided not to anymore. After all, they had gone through so much. She knew that Steven would already have a bad impression of her. There’s no way he’ll change his impression of me!

At that thought, her expression turned grim. Originally, she thought that Steven would jump at the opportunity to make things difficult for her. However, without sparing so much as a glance at her, Steven headed straight for his office.

Jodie took out her phone and sent another message to Margaret: This is seriously not my day! It’s my first day here, and I just found out that my boss is Steven! Looks like I’ll have to find another job.

Upon receiving her message, Margaret felt a little perplexed. She texted back a reply: Why do you need to find another job? I don’t think that’s necessary. Just focus on the tasks you have on hand. As for Steven, he’ll merely be your boss. You complain that smaller companies don’t offer as many benefits as you would like. Now that you have finally found a job, don’t be reckless!

Jodie understood where Margaret was coming from. Frankly speaking, there was no

deep animosity between her and Steven. I merely refused to compensate him after knocking into his car. As for our subsequent encounters... I always display a haughty attitude toward him and talk back at him, that's all...

When it was finally noon, Jodie arranged to meet Margaret at the restaurant they went to previously. She wanted to pour out her grievances to the latter.

However, as Margaret reached the company's lobby, she spotted Jack. He had parked his car at the roadside and was leaning against it. After knowing that Jodie had broken up with him, Margaret found it hard to be amiable to him.

That was especially so when she saw him all dressed up. This reminded her of just how terrible Jodie's situation had been, and her temper sparked.

She wanted to pretend that she did not see him, but it was impossible to tamp down her anger. Hence, she approached him and said, "Previously, I wasn't aware that you and Jo had already broken up. That was why I asked you for a lift. I apologize for

that."

Though she sounded polite, the underlying meaning of her words was anything but that. She was implying that if she had known that Jodie and Jack had already broken up, she would not have accepted his help no matter what.

Jack simply offered a faint smile. He knew that Margaret would come to know of it sooner or later. He informed, "I'm here today because I need your help."

Margaret coldly stated, "We don't have any ties at all. Seeing that you gave me a lift the previous time, as long as it's within my means, I'm willing to offer a helping hand. That way, I'll have repaid you for your help. I don't want to owe anyone anything, even though Jo was the one who gifted you the car!".

She emphasized the fact that Jodie had bought him the car. To be honest, she did not understand what Jack was thinking. How can a man dump a woman who loves him so whole-heartedly? Furthermore, he dumped her when she was at the lowest point in her life!

Jack's expression darkened. Taking out a bank card from his wallet, he said, "Pass this to Jodie for me, will you? The password is her birthday. You're right; she bought me the car. In addition, she also paid for all of my expenses while I was overseas. The money inside this card should be more than enough to repay her. As for our

relationship, it's difficult to explain what happened. I don't want to explain, either. After returning her the money, we don't owe each other anymore. That's the best outcome that anyone can hope for. I don't care how you see me."

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Margaret was not a reckless person, and she wouldn't lose her mind and yell. Hence, she only gritted her teeth and said, "Thank you for not letting her sacrifices for the past years go to waste!" With that said, she took the bank card, turned around, and left. Up till now, she could still remember every word Jodie told her about the relationship. Besides that, Margaret could also recall the helpless and sorrowful wordings Jodie used when sending Margaret a text to inform her about her breakup.

When Margaret arrived at the restaurant, she immediately saw Jodie sitting by the window. After calming her agitated emotions, Margaret slowly walked forward and took a seat.

Before Margaret could say a word, Jodie started blabbering, "Oh no! Initially, I thought I had secured a decent job. However, I can't believe my boss is Steven Jones! Previously, I accidentally hit his car and even confronted him a few times. I don't know anyone that will not hold a grudge! Hence, I'll definitely have a hard time if I continue to work in his company. Instead of waiting for him to fire me, I might as well pack my stuff and leave..

At the moment, Margaret couldn't concentrate as all she could think about was her encounter with Jack. If I pass the bank card to Jodie, it will undoubtedly mean that Jack is living a great life, as he could fork out millions effortlessly. I don't think anything else can crush a person's will more than telling the individual that the person's ex is living a better life than them.

As Jodie noticed that Margaret remained silent, she was anxious. "Meg, speak up. What should I do now?"

Coming back to her senses, Margaret said, "Jo, although I don't know Steven well, I know he is on good terms with Christopher. People like them are usually quite magnanimous. Hence, I don't think he will hold on to a grudge. In my opinion, you should continue working there and see how things go. I-I have something to tell you..."

Jodie rested her chin on her palms and stared at Margaret innocently. "Tell me about it."

"Jack came to my office to find me. He wants me to pass you something." After thinking through the situation, Margaret didn't think it was appropriate for her to keep the card. Based on Jodie's temperament, she might have already let go of him. The money could probably help cover some of her losses.

“W-What did he ask you to give me? Haha. I doubt it will be something good. Besides money, nothing can make me happy anymore. It was wise of him not to find me personally because I might have hit him if he had!” Jodie sounded as if she was joking. However, Margaret could see the sadness in her eyes.

“He gave you money. Quite a lot of it too. The password is your birthday.” Margaret took out the card.

“Oh, that’s great. It looks like the time I’ve wasted on him is somehow worth it. Meg, I’ve ordered your favorite dishes. As you’re pregnant, you have to eat more! Tomorrow is a Saturday. How about we find the person who sent the letter to you? I’m sure you will feel relieved once you get to the bottom of your dad’s matter.” Jodie kept the card and immediately changed the topic.

At those words, Margaret nodded and didn’t continue. Although she could see the emotions in Jodie’s eyes, as her best friend, she didn’t want to call her out. Moreover, she had no idea how to comfort her, and perhaps this was for the best. This way, Jodie could keep her last shred of dignity.

Opposite the restaurant parked a black Rolls-Royce. Noah looked at the rearview mirror as he cautiously said, “I don’t think Mrs. Lewis contacted Jack. It was Jack who came to meet her. As for the money he gave Mrs. Lewis, I’m unsure of the reason. At the moment, only Mrs. Lewis and Jodie are having a meal together. There’s no one else...”

The man sitting in the backseat exuded a cold and terrifying aura. He shut his eyes and said in a low voice, “Return to the company.”

After getting off work, Margaret returned to the Lewis residence. As she did not see Christopher, she asked Elizabeth about his whereabouts. Upon hearing that, Elizabeth reacted joyfully and said, “Mrs. Lewis, I’m glad you are starting to care about Mr. Lewis!”

Normally, Elizabeth would not address Margaret as Mrs. Lewis when Christopher was not around. Hence, it was apparent that Elizabeth was teasing her now.

Embarrassed, Margaret replied, “Elizabeth, I was just asking for fun. I don’t mean anything by it.”

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Elizabeth smiled meaningfully and replied, “Oh, you don’t mean anything by it, do you? Why do you look so shy then? Mr. Lewis called and said that he would not be eating at home today. You should wash up and get ready to eat.”

Margaret didn’t bother explaining herself. After showering, she obediently sat at the table. Staring at the dishes served, Margaret subconsciously landed her gaze on the vacant seat opposite her. That was Christopher’s seat.

After I meet Mr. Xenos tomorrow and find out what happened all those years ago, I might be able to finally sit down and have a proper meal with Christopher...

After finishing her meal, Margaret walked around the garden before returning to her room. As she was pregnant, she felt drowsy all the time. Thus, Margaret slept early that day. She was resting so soundly that she didn't even notice when Christopher came back and took a bath. It was only when she woke up in the middle of the night that she realized Christopher was sitting in front of the floor-to-ceiling window.

"You're home?" asked Margaret in a daze.

Christopher stayed silent. However, Margaret could not be bothered by his lack of reaction. All she wanted was to empty her full bladder and return to her sleep as soon as possible.

As she was walking toward the door, Christopher suddenly said in a cold voice, "Why did Jack give you money?"

Upon hearing that, Margaret stood still as she was startled. Feeling much more awake now, she demanded, "Were you investigating me?"

Margaret was shocked that Christopher had extra time to check on her. How could he know my every move?

Christopher didn't reply to her question. Hence, she took his silence as an admission of guilt. "It's for Jo. He wants to give it to her as compensation for their breakup. I'm just the middle person," explained Margaret.

After finishing her sentence, she went downstairs to use the bathroom there. Until now, they still used separate bathrooms. Under normal circumstances, she would not use the room's attached bathroom, especially when Christopher was at home.

When she returned to the room, Christopher was not there anymore. He must have gone to the study.

With that thought in mind, Margaret made some black tea and brought it to him. The whole time, the two didn't communicate with each other.

Early next morning, Margaret packed up and left to meet with Jodie at the train station.

Following the address on the letter, they bought two tickets. The journey there would take three hours.

On the way there, Margaret felt an indescribable feeling of excitement. I've waited for a long time to unravel the truth.

Jodie grew up living a comfortable life and had never been on a train before. Thus, she was excited as this was her first trip by train. "Meg, after we figure out everything about your dad's incident, let's use this weekend for a short getaway and relax."

At that moment, Margaret wasn't in the mood to think about a vacation. Instead, she lowered her head and looked at the letter in her hands. "Jo, I've never thought that my dad was the person who caused the deaths of so many people. I can't believe people criticized him for so many years. I bet he couldn't rest in peace even in his death. After figuring out the truth behind this incident, I want to let the world know that my dad was innocent."

Jodie held Margaret's hand and said, "Don't worry. We will get to the bottom of things. Can't you see that we are getting closer and closer to the truth? Look at the beautiful scenery outside. Why are you still submerging yourself in your sorrow? When you obtain the evidence, you can show it to Christopher. If you guys decide to continue living together, you must make him treat you better!"

When Jodie mentioned Christopher's name, Margaret felt better immediately. All this while, she had wanted to prove her innocence so she could stand before Christopher confidently and not retract her gaze whenever their eyes met.

A three-hour journey was neither long nor short. After the train stopped, Margaret immediately took her bag and hopped off the train excitedly. Jodie, who followed behind, shouted, "Oh my! Slow down! Don't forget you're pregnant!"

At noon, the two followed the address and arrived at a dilapidated town. When Margaret and Jodie reached the place, they noted how it seemed lifeless. Besides seeing elderly people strolling down the streets, there were hardly any energetic youths there.

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There was barely any economic development in this town, so most of the young people had relocated to the city to find a job. Hence, only the elders stayed behind.

Margaret and Jodie went around to ask for directions. Soon, they came to Mr. Xenos' house. However, they were dumbfounded when they saw the shabby two-story house. The door was left ajar, and the grass was growing wild right in front of it. It seemed like nobody had lived in the house for a long time.

Immediately, an ominous feeling arose within Margaret. The letter I received doesn't seem to be written recently. Could it be that the sender kept the letter with him and only posted it lately?

While Margaret was still deep in her thoughts, an elderly lady with white hair came out of the house next door. Jodie went forward and asked, "Hi, do you know if somebody who has the last name Xenos stays here? By here, I mean this two-story house..."

The lady pursed her lips and said, "I don't think he's staying there anymore. There hasn't been anyone living there for the past three years. I don't know whether the person there goes by the last name Xenos because he never talks to anyone. I heard from someone that he was diagnosed with an incurable disease, so I assume he must be dead by now. Previously, a couple with a kid stayed there. Sadly, the wife died, and I'm not sure where the child went after that. Thus, I don't think anyone is staying there."

At those words, Margaret's heart sank. "Ma'am, are you sure? Someone recently sent me a letter using this address..."

Frustrated, the elderly woman said, "I don't know. I don't know. Anyway, I've never seen anyone entering the house for many years."

The woman's words were definitely a nightmare to Margaret. Besides the letter in her hand, Margaret did not have any other clues. If she couldn't find something else, it would be impossible for her to learn the truth.

However, she was unwilling to give up just yet.

After a moment of hesitation, Margaret decided, "Jo, let's go in! We might be able to find some clues inside."

Jodie had never done something so outrageous before. Hence, she said hesitantly,

"Meg, does this count as breaking into private property? Although the door is not locked, I don't think we should go in without permission."

Margaret could not care less about that right now. In the next second, she pushed the door open and went in. Immediately, a musty smell permeated the air. The smell had Margaret choking and coughing for a while.

The furniture in the house was old and broken. Besides that, spider webs were everywhere. They were surprised when they found a bowl of unfinished pasta on the table. It was moldy and had clumped together. As for the other things in the house, they were still in place. Although the closet door in the bedroom was wide open, most of the

clothes were still in there with a thick layer of dust on them. It seems like the owner of the house left in a hurry.

The two searched the place. However, they could only find a water-stained photo and nothing else.

After getting out of the house, Jodie brought Margaret to a restaurant to have a meal. At the same time, Jodie booked their train tickets back. As they didn't get what they came here for, naturally, the two had no mood to go for a vacation.

Margaret stared at the photo they took from the house carefully. She could see a man, a woman, and a boy. However, she could not see their faces because water had damaged that area.

Even if I can recover the faces using modern technology, how can I find that person? Moreover, that person might be dead...

However, Margaret didn't want to believe that Mr. Xenos was dead. How can a dead man mail me a letter?

"Meg, you should stop overthinking. Let's take it easy. How about we go through the whole situation? I passed you the letter immediately after receiving it. The distance between Dellmoor and here is not too far. I'm sure he was still alive when he posted the letter. I think that he decided to use this address because he doesn't want you to know where he's currently residing. Ah, I don't know either! Either way, I'm sure Mr. Xenos is alive. Thus, you should not give up! Since he has sent you a letter, I assume he'll mail you another one soon. Let's wait and see! Although he doesn't want to see us personally, I don't think he will leave us hanging after telling us the beginning." Jolie tried her best to comfort Margaret.

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"Jo, don't worry about me. I'm fine. I've waited for so many years, haven't I? I can continue to do so. Trust me. I'm okay." Margaret kept the photo and forced a smile, as she didn't want Jodie to be as anxious as she was.

Margaret's initial plan was to find out the truth about the plane crash. If the incident had nothing to do with her father and he was also one of the victims, she could tell Christopher all the details. She would then finally be released from her sins and could clear her father's name. After doing all those, she could finally confess her pregnancy to Christopher. Of course, she dared not think further about the last matter.

Now that things didn't go as planned, she would have to start all over again. That would be her way forward until she couldn't hide her stomach from Christopher anymore. If

Christopher knew about her pregnancy, he would make her leave the Lewis residence after she delivered the baby. This was not the ending Margaret wanted!

When Margaret arrived at the Lewis residence, night had already fallen. Although the house was brightly lit, it was not that bright, which meant Christopher was not home yet.

As Margaret had been out the whole day, she was so tired she couldn't move. With heavy footsteps, she walked into the house. Then, Margaret took a bath and went to her room to lie down. At that moment, she didn't even have the appetite to eat.

Seeing this, Elizabeth was worried that Margaret's gastritis would act up again. Hence, she brought the food to Margaret's bed. "Meg, you have to eat something. Don't starve yourself. Mr. Lewis told me that he would not be coming back today. After you finish the food, get some rest."

Margaret sat up and started eating. Suddenly, she felt like throwing up. She immediately rushed to the bathroom and vomited everything out. When she was rinsing her mouth, she noticed that her face was abnormally pale.

Elizabeth was so worried at the scene that her brows furrowed, "Meg, why are you vomiting? I hope there is nothing serious going on with your body. Even if Mr. Lewis doesn't care about your health, you must look out for yourself more!"

Feeling weak, Margaret dragged her body back to the bed. "I'm fine. Elizabeth, please take the food away. I really don't feel like eating today."

Elizabeth let out a sigh as she left the room with the food. After much consideration, she secretly called Christopher. "Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis vomited again. Besides that, she hasn't had dinner, and her face is pale. I can't convince her to eat. If you may, please care for her as her body is already weak to begin with.."

At the other end of the phone, Christopher didn't say a word about the situation. Instead, he hung up immediately.

Heartbroken, Elizabeth wiped away her tears. After looking toward the stairs, she went back to her room resignedly.

Over at the CEO's office of Lewis Corporation, Christopher stared at his phone in a daze. After snapping out of it, he immediately stood up, grabbed his coat, and took the elevator downstairs.

Meanwhile, downstairs in the Rolls-Royce, Noah noticed Christopher exiting the building. He quickly got out of the car and opened the back door for Christopher. "Mr. Lewis."

"Go to the Lewis residence," said Christopher impatiently.

“Okay.” Noah could sense that Christopher was not in a good mood. Thus, he carefully drove toward the Lewis residence.

Along the way home, Noah drove past a pharmacy. Suddenly, Christopher ordered, “Stop the car.”

Upon hearing that, Noah hurriedly slammed on the brakes. Christopher got off the car and walked into the pharmacy. He then said to one of the employees, “I want some medicine that treats gastric problems.”

The employee asked, “Is the person having gastritis? Can you elaborate more on the symptoms? Is the individual an adult or a child?”

At that, Christopher frowned. After giving the employee’s questions a brief thought, he answered, “The person’s appetite varies from time to time. Besides that, she keeps vomiting and looks pale. She is an adult.”

After buying the medicine, Christopher returned to the car with an icy expression. Looking at that, Noah dared not speak another word. He floored the gas pedal and headed toward the Lewis residence. Shortly after, they arrived.

Christopher took the bag of medicine and walked straight to the bedroom. However, he didn’t look at the person on the bed. Instead, he threw the medication on the

bedside table and said, “Take your medicine.”

Margaret didn’t understand what Christopher was doing. She sat up and asked in confusion, “What’s that?”

Christopher didn’t answer her question. Instead, he pulled at his tie as he was starting to get impatient.

Margaret grabbed the medication and had a look at it. “I’m fine. I don’t need it.”

As there was nothing wrong with her stomach, she had no reason to eat the medicine. Besides that, most of the medications out there were not safe for pregnant women.

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It did not take Margaret long to figure out it was Elizabeth who informed Christopher about her condition. Otherwise, he would not have returned so suddenly and even brought her some medicine.

Looking at her icily, Christopher said, “I didn’t rush home from work just to see you throwing a tantrum at me. Take medicine if you feel sick!”

That made Margaret speechless. When was I even throwing a tantrum? I'm just feeling under the weather. "I'm not throwing a tantrum... I'm fine, really. I don't need to take any medication right now. You should go back to work if you're busy."

To her surprise, when those words fell from her lips, they did sound like she was sulking. At the same time, it seemed like she was blaming him for neglecting her because of work.

Both of them were at an impasse for a moment before Elizabeth brought a glass of water and knocked on the door, which was ajar. "You should listen to Mr. Lewis and take the medication. Mrs. Lewis. He's concerned about you."

The young woman could feel a headache coming her way. "I... I feel fine now. You two don't have to worry about me."

Elizabeth then placed the glass of water in her hand and passed her the pills. "Mrs. Lewis, you're not a child anymore. You should be responsible for your own health. Come on, take your medicine."

Margaret was a bundle of nerves under Christopher's and Elizabeth's watchful gazes. It felt like she had no other option but to take the medication instead. However, her current state forbade her from taking any. "I'm not having gastric pain, so I don't have to take any pills. He still has work to do at the office, Elizabeth. Why don't you send him out? I'll be fine after I get some rest."

Elizabeth was in a dilemma. "Mrs. Lewis, I..."

By then, Christopher had lost his patience. With a frosty countenance, he turned around to leave, "Never mind if she refuses to take the medication. Don't bother about her anymore. And please don't call me again for reasons like this. I don't have so much time to spare!"

The older woman shot Margaret a look of disapproval and hurriedly followed him downstairs. "Don't get mad, Mr. Lewis. Mrs. Lewis is just upset that you're always not around to keep her company. I suppose that's why she decided to throw a tantrum. That's how women are... You should know her very well since you watched her grow up."

Christopher slowed his pace but did not stop. "Can't she just say what's on her mind? Why does she need someone else to convey her thoughts?"

With that, Elizabeth could only remain silent. When Noah saw Christopher was ready to head out again, he rushed toward the garage to get the car, but the latter stopped him by saying, "I'll drive there myself."

"Understood" Noah replied as his palms turned sweaty. Christopher's expression was as black as thunder at that moment, and anyone who dared to offend him would be equivalent to seeking death.

"Noah, I want you to take Margaret to the hospital tomorrow morning and have her undergo a complete medical checkup. Bring me the medical report once it is ready." Christopher gave his orders to Noah and sped away into the night.

Upon hearing the sound of a car speeding away from the Lewis residence, Margaret got down from the bed and stood in front of the window. As she watched Christopher's car disappear from her sight, she felt regretful for her attitude toward him. After all, he had deliberately bought some medicine for her as soon as he knew she was unwell, yet the situation soured.

She took out her phone and texted Christopher: I'm sorry. I was just exhausted after coming home. I'm fine. Thanks for your concern.

Although her text message remained unanswered even after some time, her state of mind was different that time around because, for some reason, she looked forward to receiving his reply. Sadly, it was still the same as before-he did not respond to her.

After leaving the Lewis residence, Christopher did not return for the whole night. When Margaret awoke the next morning, Noah was already waiting for her downstairs. "Mrs. Lewis, I've been instructed by Mr. Lewis to bring you to the hospital for a medical checkup... And I have to give him the medical report once it's ready."

Her heart skipped a beat. "I... I have other matters to attend to, so I can't go to the hospital right now. I'll just go there by myself when I'm free.!"

With a troubled face, Noah replied, "Mrs. Lewis, please don't give me a hard time. I must carry out Mr. Lewis' instructions..."

Margaret knew that even though Christopher had a gentle and mild image in public, those close to him knew very well about his temperament. Thus, she did not want to put Noah in a tight spot.

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However, her pregnancy would definitely be exposed if she were to undergo a complete medical checkup. As Margaret had not figured out how to tell Christopher the truth, she needed to come up with a plan to get herself out of the sticky situation.' "I see. Since I'm heading out soon, I'll go to the hospital once I've attended to my matters, and I'll give

you the report once it's ready. It's inconvenient for you to follow me around while I carry out my errands, anyway. Would this be okay for you?"

When she noticed Noah's hesitation, she added, "Otherwise, you won't be able to report back to him. Anyhow, you will have the medical report. It'll lead to the same result."

Finally, he nodded. "All right, then. Please contact me once the medical report is ready, and I'll come and collect it."

Margaret nodded. After having her breakfast, she left the house.

In truth, she was not planning to go out that day. Unexpectedly, Christopher ordered Noah to bring her for a medical checkup. She wanted to contact Jodie and ask for her help, but the latter did not answer the phone.

Left with no choice, Margaret could only head to the hospital by herself.

Upon arriving at the hospital, she consulted the doctor regarding details for the medical checkup and avoided examinations that were not suitable for pregnant women. When she received the medical report, she repeatedly checked the results before handing it over to Noah and said, "The doctor told me that I'm just a bit anemic, that's all."

However, Noah was quite skeptical about her remarks. He was aware that Margaret's "gastric pain" had reached the point of chronic nausea. How is it possible that she's only suffering from anemia? In the end, he had another person review the medical report. Only when he ascertained there was nothing wrong with it did he give it to Christopher

Looking at the stack of papers on the table, Christopher did not seem the least bit annoyed. He then scrutinized each test result carefully and meticulously.

Noah stood aside and pointed out, "I've had someone review the medical report, and they confirmed that her anemic symptoms were slightly severe. Also, some tests were not carried out, but it shouldn't be a huge problem."

Christopher nodded, but his brows soon puckered in a frown. How can she be severely anemic again when she has been taking nourishing foods for quite some time now? He then called the Lewis residence and instructed Fredrick, who answered the call, "Tell the people in the kitchen to stock up on more iron-rich ingredients."

Once he received Fredrick's affirmative response, Christopher turned his attention to the pile of work documents on his table again.

Noah then said in a low voice, "I'll take my leave now."

Christopher nodded. All of a sudden, there was a knock on his office door. Noah went to open the door and frowned when he saw it was Megan standing outside the room. Even so, he left without saying anything.

Megan click-clacked into the office in her high heels. At that sound, Christopher furrowed his eyebrows and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Putting on an aggrieved expression, she said, "I know you're busy these days, so I didn't dare to bother you. But I really missed you! I came to visit you since I happened to pass by your office. I'm not going to bother you too much. Carry on with your work; I'll leave in a bit.

He glanced at her indifferently and replied, "If you have something to tell me, just say it now."

Since he had seen through her true intention, she did not beat around the bush. "Christopher, have you considered the partnership proposal we discussed with you at your house last time?"

"I've looked into it, and the current state of your company is not in my consideration at the moment," he said impassively.

Megan's face turned slightly pale. She assumed he was likely to accept their proposal since he had allowed her and Hannah to discuss the collaboration at his home. Never did she expect things to turn out that way. "Christopher, even though my family isn't as powerful as yours, we're still quite well-known in the industry. Perhaps you could try to form a partnership with us first, just for my sake."

Nevertheless, Christopher's stance was firm. "I've already made myself very clear. Furthermore, I hope you can be professional. If the Jenkins family is a viable business partner, I will consider it, regardless of anyone's sake. You should leave first as I'm quite busy right now."

Even though Megan was unwilling to give up, she dared not say anything else.

Suddenly, her gaze fell upon the medical report at the corner of the table. As soon as she noticed Margaret's name on it, she clenched her teeth tightly. Despite her anger, she affected a gentle expression and replied, "In that case... I'll take my leave then. Take care, and don't overwork yourself."

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When Christopher did not offer a reply, Megan turned and left with her heart full of resentment. Upon reaching the lobby, she took out her phone and called Hannah. "It's not that I didn't put my heart into it. The partnership isn't going to happen. You can only blame Margaret, that great daughter of yours!"

On the other end of the line, Hannah rubbed her temples. "Megan, don't drag Margaret into everything. I've long anticipated this outcome. The Jenkins family is facing a capital chain rupture. In such a circumstance, Christopher will refuse to cooperate once he looks into it. That's why I sent you to ask him for a favor. You've known him for such a long time, but your words hold no weight at all. You should do some self-reflection!"

Megan's chest heaved from an overwhelming feeling of rage. "Hah! In the end,

everything is my fault, isn't it? If Margaret didn't exist, Christopher would only have eyes for me! Why did you give birth to her? Christopher doesn't even want to see me now! I can't help the Jenkins family. Since you are so protective of Margaret, go and beg her to get Christopher to cooperate. Don't count on me anymore!"

Hannah hung up. At that moment, all she felt toward her stepdaughter was sheer disappointment.

However, she could not watch the Jenkins family fall apart. Margaret was her last hope.

In the afternoon, Margaret left the mall with an armful of bags and waited for the car to arrive. Recently, the temperature had dropped, the frequent gusts of cold wind making everyone shiver involuntarily.

Most of what she bought was underwear. It was because she suddenly felt that her previous underwear was a little tight, which made it difficult for her to breathe. Anyway, she would not be able to wear her old clothes soon, so she made use of her free time that day to buy more.

Suddenly, a red sports car stopped in front of her. The window rolled down to reveal Hannah's smiling face. In an instant, Margaret's mood soured, and she turned away without hesitation,

Hannah caught up to her and asked pleadingly, "Meg, I need to talk to you. Can you give me a few minutes?"

"Mrs. Jenkins, you can just talk to your husband and daughter. I have no reason to let you take up my time," Margaret replied in a low voice.

"Meg, don't be like that. I really need to talk to you. Just give me a few minutes, okay?" Hannah pleaded as tears welled up in her eyes.

Margaret pretended not to see it. Every time she thought about how the woman before her abandoned her and her father, she wanted to curse. She felt sick, especially when she saw Hannah driving an expensive sports car and wearing branded attire. Are

material goods that important? Wanting to leave as soon as possible, she quickened her pace.

However, Hannah slowed down all of a sudden. "Meg, I have cancer."

Margaret came to an abrupt halt. Her knuckles turned white as she gripped the shopping bags tightly. "What does that have to do with me? Are you thinking of making amends in your final moments? That's your problem. It has nothing to do with me. I don't need that meager maternal love of yours!"

Hannah took a deep breath. "Meg, please. Just give me a few minutes. I can't park my car here. Can we talk in the car? Just take it as doing me a favor for giving birth to you."

Margaret gritted her teeth. After a moment of hesitation, she turned around and headed to the car. At that sight, Hannah hurriedly opened the door for her and said, "Thank you."

In the car, Hannah spoke as she drove slowly. "I won't say much about the past since you don't want to hear it. Now that things have come to this point, I won't give any more excuses. I still remember the way you fell asleep in my arms when you were a child. Your skin is fair like mine, and your cheeks were always rosy when you slept. It was such an endearing sight."

Margaret frowned. "Get to the point. I don't have time to listen to you being sentimental. You sought me out because of the Jenkins family. Say it. What do you want me to do?"

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Margaret was not a fool. Hannah did not look for her often. Every time she did, it was because of the Jenkins family. There was not a single time was it purely for the meager and pitiful mother and daughter relationship between them.

With a doleful smile, Hannah said, "You're smart, just like your father. Yes, I came to ask for a favor. However, I wanted to see you too. I told you before that the Jenkins family is struggling, and Christopher has refused to collaborate with us. That leaves me no choice but to come to you. This partnership is very important to the Jenkins family. You might not know about this, but all enterprises in Dellmoor want to ingratiate themselves with the Lewis family. Whoever forms a connection with the Lewises will flourish. Not only does the Lewis family have strong financial resources, but working with Lewis Corporation means gaining both fame and fortune."

Margaret replied sarcastically, "I'm curious. Why come to me when you have Megan?" She did not forget how her birth mother had allowed Megan to be Christopher's mistress

despite knowing that he was her husband and even persuaded her to leave. It was simply disgusting.

The older woman seemed embarrassed when she spoke. "Meg, I know that you hate me. When Megan and Christopher were together, I wasn't aware that you and he were married. Yes, I asked something unreasonable of you, but I also stopped Megan from seeing Christopher. They have not been contacting each other as frequently. You noticed that, didn't you? As long as you help me, I promise you that Megan will never disrupt your life with Christopher again. I... I will also never appear in front of you ever again."

Margaret laughed in exasperation. "Are you trying to negotiate terms with me? As long as I help you, you will help me get rid of my husband's mistress and disappear from my life? Would you have done this for Dad and me? Is that man so important to you? So important that you abandoned your husband and child to live such a shameless life? Stop the car!"

Once Hannah pulled over by the roadside, Margaret opened the car door as she refused to stay any longer. When she got out of the car, the former said, "It doesn't matter what you think. I'm going to die soon, anyway. Perhaps you'd feel better once I'm dead."

Margaret bit her lip and walked away without turning back. Even though she was enraged at that moment, she could not stop herself from feeling sad at the thought of how the woman she had hated since childhood was about to die.

At the Jenkins residence, Hannah saw a pair of expensive men's leather shoes the moment she entered through the door.

Despite knowing that her husband, Justin Jenkins, was home, she did not feel much joy. Instead, she felt tired.

She ignored the cheerful chatters of the father and daughter duo in the living room and headed upstairs to the bedroom.

When she exited the bathroom, Justin was rummaging through her handbag. "What are you looking for?" she asked, frowning.

Her husband's expression was grim. "What is this?"

Hannah looked at the item in his hand, then snatched it and tore it. "It's just a fake medical report. I don't need it anymore."

Justin's countenance eased a little. "That scared me. I thought you've really got cancer. Why did you make this fake report? By the way, I heard from Megan that the partnership with Lewis Corporation did not happen. What happened? Didn't I tell you to

find Margaret? Why did it turn out like that? I sent you to talk business, not reconcile with Nicholas' daughter."

Hannah looked at the man in front of her and remained silent. Although Justin had reached middle age, his face still retained some of the handsomeness from his youth. Because of his good looks and the deep love they shared that year, she married into the Jenkins family without hesitation.

Justin's parents had looked down on her because she had given birth before, and it was her second marriage. After the two passed away due to illness, she had pulled through and felt that her life had not been in vain. Yet, in the face of the Jenkins family's crisis, her husband forced her to look for Margaret and even made insinuating remarks.

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After a long time, Hannah spoke up. "Justin, if you don't wish for me to be involved with Nicholas even the slightest bit or for me to reconcile with Margaret as her mother, then don't ask me to look for her!"

Justin instantly deflated, but there was obviously suppressed rage and dissatisfaction in his tone. "I only want results."

She took a deep breath and said, "There isn't any result yet, but there will be soon... Just wait."

For the sake of the Jenkins family, she deceived Margaret by claiming to be ill with cancer. In fact, she also said that it was all thanks to her that Christopher was giving Megan the cold shoulder so that Margaret would think it was her efforts that stopped Megan from remaining entangled with him.

As a mother, she felt unbelievably disgusted with herself and extremely disappointed with Justin, a man who was utterly useless other than possessing exceptional looks and a silver tongue. In the end, the survival of the Jenkins family solely depended on her, a woman.

The weather was slightly chilly that night.

Margaret stood in front of the window in the room, gazing at the night scenery outside. Her heart was all over the place. At some point, it began to drizzle.

When she saw the headlights of a car from a distance, she adjusted her clothes with her long, delicate fingers and turned to go downstairs.

A few minutes later, Christopher entered the house drenched. With a dry towel in hand, she walked up to him and remarked, "It's raining, so the weather's colder now. Don't catch a cold. You should hurry up and take a shower."

However, he did not accept the towel from her, nor did he even cast a glance at her. Instead, he walked past her and headed upstairs,

Without the slightest hint of awkwardness, she sat down on the couch and placed the towel on its armrest.

Not long after, Christopher came downstairs after his shower, Droplets of water came trickling down his short, black hair. As he passed by the couch, he casually picked up the towel to dry his hair. That little action of his gave Margaret the courage to

approach him once more.

"Why did you reject the collaboration with the Jenkins family?" she asked forthrightly.

The man replied flatly, "Because the cons outweigh the benefits. Why else?"

Margaret moved her lips, but she did not speak immediately. After a brief moment of deliberation, she inquired, "Is there still room for discussion?"

Christopher's arms that were drying his hair froze. He looked at her with a glint of mockery in his eyes. "Are you pleading on behalf of the Jenkins family?"

Nervously clenching her fists, the young woman remained calm as she uttered, "Hannah came looking for me. She promised me that if I could convince you to cooperate with the Jenkinses, she would not appear in front of me ever again. I'm merely doing this to repay her for giving birth to me. I don't want to get involved with her anymore."

When he lowered his gaze, a hint of disappointment seemed to flash across his eyes. "Is that all there is to it?"

Feeling somewhat guilty, she looked away from him. In the end, she decided to come clean. "And... she promised to get Megan to distance herself from you. Of course, I can't do anything if you want to be with Megan, but my actions are fully justified."

Christopher tapped his slender fingers slowly on the seat of the couch beside him as if he was deep in thought. "So... are you doing this to get Megan away from me... Or to draw a clear boundary with Hannah? Or... for both reasons?"

Margaret dared not read too much into his question, so she chose the vaguest option. "For both reasons.."

Instead of giving her an immediate reply, he stood up and walked to the side to answer a phone call.

At the dining table, Margaret was so anxious that she did not even dare to eat too fast. Seeing as Christopher ate slower than her, she could not resist the urge to place some extra food onto his plate. Her main concern was that there would not be any food left for him when she finished.

Even though there were multiple dishes laid out for them on the table based on their usual appetite, the portions were quite small. Moreover, her appetite had been increasing as of late.

Noticing her actions, he assumed that she was just eager to receive an answer from him. Thus, he stared at her coolly and said, "I'll give it some thought. You don't have to be in such a rush to please me."

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Margaret lowered her head in silence. I'll ask Elizabeth to prepare a couple more dishes tomorrow onward so that we can avoid the awkward situation of there not being enough food...