

# An Impossible Marriage Chapter 16

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He pinched her jaw and said in a cold yet authoritative tone, "You can only return to campus after you've rested enough and recovered. Don't you dare try to win over their pity by showing everyone your sick face!"

Margaret hurriedly propped her body up. "I can't."

He remained silent and looked down at her, giving off a cold and arrogant aura.

She pursed her lips, and her voice trembled out of anxiety when she said, "I will study hard and repay you all the money I owe you. I'm grateful for you taking me in ten years ago, and I'll move out as soon as possible once I start my internship."

Margaret did not plan to rely on him for the rest of her life, for she knew she had owed him a lot, and she could not keep depending on him.

Christopher suddenly chuckled. His chuckle was cold and distant, making people feel that he was unapproachable. "I'll make it clear for you right now. You can never leave my side for the rest of your life!"

Margaret's heart sank. She stared at him. For the first time, she did not dodge his gaze. "Won't you be reminded of your parents whenever you look at me? Why are you keeping me by your side? Even if it takes forever, I will do everything I can to repay you whatever I owe you, and I will repay you in my own way."

Christopher held his breath, and his gaze darkened.

She had always been obedient to him, and she had never once dared to go against his demands. However, he was careless not to notice that she would grow up someday and change her mind. He should have known earlier that the stubbornness deep in her bones would sooner or later cause her to put up her guard against him, and she might even start resisting him.

They gazed at each other for a long while. Then, Christopher yanked his necktie away and threw his coat on the carpet. "You can never repay everything you owe me. I have been too kind to you all this while."

As soon as Margaret realized what he was about to do, her immediate response was to run away from this room.

As soon as she tried to leave, he pinned her down on the bed again with his body on top of hers.

His scent surrounded her and made her mind go blank. She reached out to press her palms against his chest as she pleaded in a trembling voice, "Please don't do this."

He was unmoved as he pinned her hands above her head and tied them up with his necktie.

Christopher's expression was grim when he got reminded of how she insisted on cutting ties with him. He dipped his head and sealed her lips with his.

His kiss was aggressive, trying to swallow all of her stubbornness and dominate her.

Feeling the cold sensation on her body, Margaret struggled in panic. Every spot he touched would ignite the flames within her. Finally, after failing her attempts at struggling, she stopped resisting, gazed lifelessly into the distance, and let him have his way with her.

Noticing the changes in her attitude, Christopher paused. He looked at her as if he was trying to read through her. Then, upon seeing the deadly gloom in her eyes, he got up and roared, "Get lost!"

Margaret's soulless eyes slowly regained their focus. Before she could figure out what he was thinking, she had already grabbed her clothes and ran out of his bedroom.

Right after she closed the door behind her, she could hear the smashing sounds from inside. She shuddered a little and returned to her room.

There were no movements in the room next to her for the entire afternoon. At around seven o'clock in the evening, Christopher's car left the Lewis residence.

Although Christopher did not state that she was grounded, he still asked Fredrick to pass the message that she had to spend the next few days resting at home.

Margaret had no choice but to go with that, since she dared not get under his skin.

Fortunately, Christopher did not appear in the next few days, and she could finally cope with the uneasiness in her since that incident.