

An Impossible Marriage Chapter 19

An Impossible Marriage Novel

Chapter 19

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The sky was dark when Margaret regained her consciousness. She could see the neon lights and snow outside her window from her VIP ward. The massive contrast between the warmth in her room and the coldness from the outdoors gave her the illusion that there were two different isolated worlds.

She suddenly heard some noise in the room and slowly turned to the source. A man was working on his laptop as he sat on the couch. He was typing on the laptop lightly, and his focused face made him look more amicable than usual. However, there was still a hint of coldness coming from him due to his tightly pursed lips.

“You’re awake?” The man shut his laptop as he looked at her.

“Yes...” She tried to get up but felt pain in her left shoulder. Instantly, she remembered what had happened.

Christopher walked over to her and inspected her wound. “Don’t move.”

Margaret immediately stopped moving upon hearing his words, but she felt embarrassed as she had the urge to urinate. She wanted to go to the bathroom, but she was not able to move. There was only Christopher in the room. Plus, whenever she moved a little, she felt a painful sensation on her wound.

Christopher sensed her discomfort and asked, “Do you want to go to the bathroom?”

Margaret’s cheeks flushed. “Yes...”

Christopher did not say anything but carefully supported her. His actions were gentle, and he was being tender, unlike his usual self. However, Margaret was still in pain from the minimal movement, and she broke out in a cold sweat. The bandages on her wound slowly turned red.

He was almost carrying her as they made their way to the bathroom. When Christopher’s hands moved toward her pants, she quickly said, “Let me do it myself!”

He stopped moving and looked at her unblinkingly. Margaret was extremely embarrassed. “C—Can you leave for a moment?”

Christopher's so-called leaving was him turning around so that his back was facing her.

Knowing that he was not going to leave the bathroom, Margaret struggled internally for a moment. She tried to use her right hand to unzip her pants. However, every single movement caused her wound to open up. It was almost impossible to complete a simple movement such as bending her back. The blood from her wound had stained her hospital clothes.

After not hearing any movement from behind him for some time, Christopher turned around to see Margaret's blood-stained hospital clothes. Frowning his brows, he pulled her pants down without allowing her to say anything. Then, he turned around so that his back was facing her again.

Margaret sat on the toilet seat in embarrassment. Although she was very urgent, she was not able to relieve herself. At this moment, she would give anything to vanish from the spot.

After twenty minutes, she no longer cared about being embarrassed.

After returning to her bed, she buried her face in the blankets. As if nothing had happened, Christopher went to call the doctor to treat her wound that split opened again.

At around seven o'clock in the evening, two bodyguards brought food over. Christopher picked up the bowl of oatmeal porridge and brought it to her bedside. He placed the bowl of oatmeal porridge on the bedside table and supported her so that she was sitting on the bed. Then, he picked up the bowl of oatmeal porridge again to feed her.

Margaret did not dare to reject him and took a small bite. The lightly seasoned oatmeal porridge was full of the herbal taste. Despite that, the oatmeal porridge tasted good. She could tell that it was made by Elizabeth.

She felt uncomfortable with his sudden gentleness and did not know how to react. "I can do it myself..."

Christopher's expression turned cold slightly, which caused Margaret to lower her gaze. Her long eyelashes cast a shadow beneath her eyes.

"Why?" His voice rang out from beside her ear.

Margaret raised her head. "What?"

“That time... Why did you push me aside?” Christopher’s deep gaze fell on her as if he wanted to see through her.

She understood his question. He was asking why she had taken the stab for him.

An Impossible Marriage Chapter 20

An Impossible Marriage Novel
Chapter 20

Chapter 20

At that time, she had reacted on the spur of the moment. She had instinctively tried to protect him from danger.

I’m probably atoning for my sins. After all, my father caused his parents to lose their lives.

After a long moment, she opened her mouth and replied, “Paying my debts.”

It was not wrong of her to say that. However, Christopher suddenly stood up. His expression was darker than before, and he quickly left the room.

Margaret was confused, and her eyes widened. Did I infuriate him again?

However, Christopher returned quickly with some toiletries in his hands.

Soon, Margaret understood his intentions. She stayed in the hospital for a few days, and Christopher accompanied her by her side the entire time. Although he was still strict and cold at times, she felt that something had changed between them.

When she finally returned to the Lewis residence, she let out a relieved sigh. At least he won’t need to feed me or guard me while I’m in the bathroom...

She was grounded at home so that she could recuperate. As she was unable to go back to school, she could only apply to take the make-up exams.

On the night of New Year’s eve, Christopher returned home early. The bodyguard held an umbrella to prevent snow from falling onto Christopher. When they entered the residence, the whiff of snowfall on him quickly dissipated due to the warm air indoors.

Margaret was coming down the stairs at that moment. They made eye contact and shifted their gazes immediately.

Dinner had already been served in the dining hall when Christopher came down the stairs after taking a shower. Margaret was seated at the dining table, immersing herself in deep thought. They had been getting along peacefully these days. She had been trying to guard this peace subconsciously and had been particularly careful in every move she made. When she thought about what had happened at the school carnival, she felt glad for the stabbing incident, as she would have ended up in a different situation otherwise.

There were many nutritious dishes on the dining table, and such a situation had gone on for quite a while now. Although Margaret was slightly sick of the dishes, she could not deny that her health condition had gotten better. Since she had not been outside for quite a long while, her skin looked fairer and smoother. There was finally a ruddy complexion on her usually pale face, making her look prettier and healthier.

However, she did not know that Christopher was observing her while she was focused on eating her dinner. When he noticed that she was no longer frail-looking and had become even more alluring than before, his lips curled into a smile unknowingly.

Christopher finished his meal first and stood up to return to his room. "Come to my room after you're done."

Margaret's hand holding the spoon trembled, and she glanced down at her half-eaten soup. She hesitated for a while before saying, "Elizabeth, can you give me some more pasta?"

Elizabeth understood her intentions and said softly, "Why are you so scared of Mr. Lewis? He doesn't bite."

After Margaret finished her dinner and waited for Elizabeth to clean up, she slowly went up the stairs.

The door of the master bedroom was left ajar. She still knocked before entering.

Christopher was sitting before the window wall, reading the documents. There was a cigarette between his fingers and a half-full glass of wine on the table.

Margaret could not help but cough from the smoke. He stubbed the cigarette naturally. "Come here."

She walked toward him and asked, "W-What's the matter?"

Christopher put down his documents and pulled her into his embrace. "I'm going on a business trip tomorrow. Let's go together."

She was sitting on his lap, and her heart was already palpitating. After hearing Christopher's words, she immediately became nervous. "If you're going on a business trip, there's no need for me to follow..."

For the past ten years, she did not have much contact with the outside world, and she only navigated between school and home, leading to her having a mild social anxiety disorder. Leaving an environment that she was familiar with for a new, unfamiliar environment would give her anxiety. Also, she could not imagine anything good

coming from going on a trip with him.

"Are you sure you don't want to go?" Christopher said. His hot breath landed on her side profile, creating an intimate ambiance. Margaret was put in a tight spot.

Margaret was afraid of upsetting him. However, she really did not want to go. She replied meekly, "I'll just wait for you at home."

It seemed that he really liked it when she spoke to him with that tone. He held her chin lightly and kissed her.