

An Impossible Marriage Chapter 191

Christopher called out to Margaret in the dining room. "Hurry up! Eat your breakfast. You'll leave with me later. I can send you over. Otherwise, you'll need to hail a taxi if you're moving too slow."

Just then, Tabby came to Margaret. The latter hugged the cat in her arms, then let it go unwillingly before taking her breakfast. Margaret was surprised when she saw Nina had gotten up early too.

Nina lost her appetite when she saw Margaret looking energetic. Before that, she had thought Margaret looked morbid and pale. Though Margaret was not ugly, she had not looked beautiful either. However, Nina finally understood why Christopher fell for Margaret after seeing the latter dolling herself up that day.

"Margaret, where do you work?" Nina asked so naturally as though nothing had happened between them.

"I work in Casper's company. We do fashion design." Margaret did not express any negative emotions on her face. After all, she could not put up a cold front when the – woman tried to be kind.

"You were sick earlier, so I dared not bring you out. How about I meet you after work, and we go shopping before dinner together? I don't have any friends since I came back here. It's getting boring," Nina suggested.

"Sure," Margaret agreed. Then, she finished up her bowl of oatmeal porridge in no time and turned to look at Christopher. "I'm done."

Christopher looked at his half bowl of oatmeal porridge and turned to look at Margaret's tiny mouth. He could not understand how she could finish hers in such a short time. As such, he hastened his speed in finishing his breakfast.

After breakfast, the duo left the house together. In the car, Christopher suddenly said to Margaret in a fatherly tone, "Call me if you don't feel well in the office. If I got too busy and didn't answer your call, you may ask Casper to send you home and get Fredrick to send a doctor to give you a checkup at home. Don't try to act tough. Your immunity is still weak. It's better not to go to the hospital. I don't want you to work because I'm afraid something might happen to you. You can do whatever you want as long as you take care of yourself."

Margaret looked at him as though he was an alien. "What's wrong with you today?"

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The man's expression darkened instantly. "What did you say?"

Margaret quickly corrected herself, "I'm just wondering why you start nagging now. I'm not a kid anymore. If I don't feel well, I'll ask for a day off. The reason I work is to earn money, not for fun. So, I won't force myself to continue working if I don't feel well. Don't worry about me."

Meanwhile, Noah was surprised by Christopher's words. Apparently, Margaret was not the only one who sensed that Christopher had changed, as Noah felt the same too. Since there was no one else in the car, Christopher did not need to fake himself to be gentle. Hence, everything he said earlier came from the bottom of his heart. To Noah, that was terrifying.

They arrived at Soaring Design shortly. Margaret could not wait to get out of the car. Christopher reminded her again, "Remember what I told you."

She turned around and gave him an assuring gesture. A smile crept onto her face as she let out a deep breath. If it weren't for those things that happened between us, perhaps we could get along with each other well. Even if it had nothing related to romantic love, there would also be a kinship between them.

The moment Margaret stepped into the office, Casper, who was chatting with a female staff, almost dropped his jaw. "I thought Christopher said that you won't come back to work for some time. Why are you..."

Margaret smiled as she replied, "Don't worry. He has approved it, and he even sent me here. No one will look for your trouble. I'm fine now, so I can start working."

Casper let out a sigh. "That's good. I thought you'd sneaked out here. If you don't feel well--"

Margaret cut him off before he could finish his words, "Stop! Please don't say the same things as Christopher, okay? He has repeated the same in the car earlier. My ears have gone numb hearing that. Are you guys worried that I won't feel well? Let me tell you, I'll be fine, and I'll be safe sitting here until I get off work. Tomorrow, I'll still come to work as usual."

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Casper was unconvinced. "How do you know what I was going to tell you? Are you sure Christopher has told you the same? Would he really tell you something like this, given

his personality? No. Don't get me wrong. I didn't mean that your relationship with him is bad. It's just that based on my understanding of him, he won't talk so much."

Margaret could not help rolling her eyes. "Truth is, he behaves exactly like what you said. I also thought that something is wrong with him today."

Her words piqued Casper's interest instantly, "Do you think he finally knows how to treat a woman he loves?"

Margaret rolled her eyes at him again as she responded, "Mr. Flemmington, are you so free? You're the most important asset of our company. Won't the company collapse if you keep yourself idle? Please get back to your work, and stop gossiping about your employee's personal affairs! Besides, he doesn't like me, and he'll never love me."

Casper chuckled as he returned to his office. "All right, all right. This important asset of the company is getting back to work now.?!"

As soon as Casper left, Leila called out to Margaret suddenly, "Margaret, someone's looking for you on the line."

Margaret was slightly perplexed. There was only one landline phone in the entire design department, and it was on Leila's work desk. Someone should not be calling the landline phone to look for her if it were about work. Feeling puzzled, she went over and picked up the call. "Hello? This is Soaring Design."

"Haha! It's me, Waverly."

Margaret felt even more confused when she heard the voice coming from the end of the line. "Waverly? Is there anything I can help you?"

"No big deal. I passed by your company earlier and saw Christopher sending you to work. You were smiling happily. Initially, I thought you liked Jenson, but you don't seem to be affected at all after what Christopher has done to the Swanson family. How heartless you are! But I understand your reasons. Anyone would feel happy becoming Mrs. Lewis. Given your family background, you must've done a lot of good deeds in your past life to be able to marry into the Lewis family."

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Margaret frowned after listening to her. "Anything else besides that?"

Waverly chuckled bitterly. “Jenson has called off our engagement, and he did that because of you. Don’t you know that? He said he couldn’t love another woman besides you. In the beginning, I thought his feelings during his university time would fade as time passed by and that he would fall in love with me eventually. Nonetheless, all of it had been nothing but my one-sided love. I admit that I feel resentful toward you. You’re Mrs. Lewis now, yet Jenson still keeps you in his heart. What angered me the most was that you had remained unfazed and joyful when he was at his low point. You didn’t even visit him when he had been admitted to the hospital. I feel sorry for him.”

“Waverly, I’m working now. Please don’t call my office to talk about personal matters anymore. Goodbye.” With that said, Margaret hung up the phone. She then turned around and saw Leila’s displeased expression

“Please don’t use the company resources for anything personal next time. You should know that.” Leila sat down after finished speaking.

Margaret replied in frustration, “Sure. I’ll go back to work.”

Despite looking calm, she had to admit that Waverly’s words had stirred up her emotions. They reminded her of what Jenson had told her earlier. She could feel his sincerity at that time, but she had always felt complicated deep inside. Perhaps it was the influence Christopher gave her ever since she was young. She had never loved someone freely nor done anything she liked. On top of that, she did not know what love was. Her feelings had been terminated during her university days before they even started. What was left behind now was only a heavy heart.

When it was almost lunch break, Elizabeth sent a nutritious meal over to Margaret’s office.

Margaret felt it was too troublesome for her. “Elizabeth, you don’t have to send me lunch. I can eat outside. Moreover, the food here is quite good too. Casper always eats here. I’ll take this today, but you don’t have to send it to me tomorrow. You may leave now. I’ll bring the food container back when I get off work later.”

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Elizabeth smiled and answered, “All right. Why are you so embarrassed that I have to bring your lunch? Are you afraid that the rest of the people at work might see you as a baby? Well, you’ll always be a baby in my eyes.”

Margaret could not deny that it indeed felt that way.

After Elizabeth left, Margaret took her time to enjoy her meal. Everyone had already left the office by now. Suddenly, Margaret sensed someone approaching. Hence, she raised her head only to see Megan before her.

"I've got to say, you're quite impressive, Margaret. I can't believe you forced Christopher to leave me." As usual, Megan was looking haughty as ever.

"Touché. Any woman would do the same. Considering all the things you've done to me, it's too bad I couldn't return the favor," Margaret said as she continued to eat.

"Bah! Christopher doesn't even like you. Otherwise, why would he still protect me even after he found out I was the one who knocked you over with my car and caused your miscarriage? You think you're all that? Please. The only reason he hasn't divorced you is because he wants to torture you slowly and get his revenge. Now that your father is dead, he has to settle his score with you. He doesn't love you. Stop getting in over your head." Megan gritted her teeth while talking. At that moment, she wanted nothing more than to rip Margaret to shreds.

"It doesn't matter if he loves me or not. I don't love him anyway. Since he doesn't want to divorce me, he can go ahead and torture me all he wants. However, I have the right to make things better for myself. Hence, it's only natural that I remove threats like you away from his side. Wouldn't you say so?" Margaret was completely disgusted by Megan's words, but she held it in. Right now, she had to put on a winning attitude, as she knew that whoever lost self-control first would lose.

Meanwhile, Christopher heard every word Margaret had said as he stood by the office door. His footsteps halted, and his face turned solemn. After a brief silence, he turned around to leave.

When he got into his car downstairs, Noah could not help but ask, "Mr. Lewis, didn't you go in and eat with Mrs. Lewis? Why are you down so quickly?"

With a sullen expression, Christopher ordered, "Just drive. We'll head back to the office!"

Noah had no idea what had happened, but he did not dare say more. He started the car and headed back to Lewis Corporation.

Back in the office, Megan was trying her best to suppress her emotions. However, when she saw Margaret's calm expression, she felt her anger rising uncontrollably. Christopher had already cut off contact with her. If she pissed Casper off, she would be done for. This was Casper's company, after all, so she did not want to cause a scene. Otherwise, she would definitely be throwing a fit of rage right now. "Fine. We'll see who

has the last laugh. You're just some nobody anyway. I hope you'll still be able to keep that smile on once Christopher has had his fun and kicks you out of the Lewis family!

It hurt Margaret to have salt rubbed into her wounds, but this was nothing compared to what she had been through thus far. She was already numb to it all. "Megan, is there anything else you want to say? If not, then leave. Otherwise, I'll have to invite security to escort you out. I know you're the high and mighty Ms. Sullivan, so I completely understand if you can't find the way out yourself."

Megan was absolutely fuming. She kicked the table in front of her and said huffily, "You just wait and see!"

Margaret felt much better as she watched Megan leave like a wounded dog. Sometimes, choosing to remain silent did nothing except forcing oneself into a corner. It paid to be a little mean sometimes, especially in this case, when Hannah and Megan were the ones who pissed her off first.

For the rest of the day, Margaret was absorbed in her thoughts about Waverly's phone call. Waverly was right. Margaret could not deny her involvement in how Jenson got to where he was that day. The cancellation of his engagement, the accident... Even though there was only one voice message as evidence, it was still highly likely that Christopher was behind all of it. She should have taken more responsibility. Even if she had to be Christopher's scapegoat, she still should have visited Jenson at the hospital.

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In order to not make Christopher suspicious, Margaret asked for a half-hour leave from Leila. The reason she chose not to tell Casper directly was because she was afraid he would pass the news on to Christopher.

After exiting the building, she bought some fruits and hailed a taxi to the hospital. She enquired into Jenson's room number and headed over. When she arrived at the ward, she stood outside the door, hesitating for a while before finally knocking. With that, Jenson's elegant voice sounded from inside. "Come in."

Margaret's heart calmed down considerably after hearing his voice. She smiled faintly and pushed the door open. "Hey, I got off work early. I thought I'd pay you a visit at the hospital. How are you feeling?"

Jenson was surprised to see Margaret. He never expected her to come here. However, it did not take him long to recover to his senses. His eyes lit in excitement as he greeted, "Oh, wow. I didn't think you'd come here. I'm fine. My leg is broken, but it's not that bad. Take a seat."

Margaret looked him over, and the weight of guilt in her heart intensified. Jenson had been a perfectly healthy man, but now he was lying in bed with a hospital gown. There was a cast on his leg, and his face was paler than ever. He looked as though someone had sucked the life out of him. "Hey. Um... I'm really sorry."

Jenson chuckled. "What for?"

She bit her lip. "About Lewis Corporation buying over Swanson Corporation. Since you've returned, so many things have happened. I don't even know what to say. I apologize on Christopher's behalf. Unfortunately, I can't stop him. That's why I'm sorry. I've always treated you as my best friend. We have such wonderful memories together. However, I think it's best if you keep your distance from me. So long as we cut off contact, the Swanson family will be fine, and so will you."

Jenson's smile froze on his face. "Why do you think Swanson Corporation was bought over? Why do you think I got engaged and then called it off? I have already reached the point of no return, yet you're asking me to stay away from you. Meg, you don't know me at all. I'm not that naive to think that I can be with you. However, as a friend, I refuse to distance myself from you. The way I see it, Christopher has some weird possessiveness over you because of his longing for revenge. I'm honestly worried that he might actually hurt you and throw you to the side one day. If that happens, and I'm not around, what are you going to do? I know what you want to say. We both know it in our hearts. Please, don't say it. I don't regret all that I've done."

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Now that things have reached this point, there's no turning back."

He paused before continuing, "I tried my best not to look for you. When you were admitted into the hospital for the second time due to your miscarriage, I knew. I didn't come to see you because I was afraid he would punish you for it. Christopher, that man... I can't understand him. He seems so perfect, but when it comes to you... Forget it. Let's not talk about him. I just want you to know that I'm not afraid of things getting worse. No matter what, I'll always be here. If I had to compare the two, I think distancing myself from you is worse."

Hearing all this, Margaret felt her eyes tear up. "I... I'm not worth all your effort. Even if you don't care about yourself, what about your parents? They worked so hard to build the business up. What will they think when they find out it's all gone? Honestly, Christopher isn't as bad as you think he is. He treats me pretty well."

She had to say that in front of Jenson. If she complained to him, it would only make things worse. Truthfully, she had no idea if one day Christopher would kick her out. It was more likely that he would keep her locked up in the Lewis residence forever. After all, she had personally agreed to it.

Jenson felt like she was being absolutely ridiculous. “He treats you well? How so?”

She took a deep breath. “Well, after I miscarried, I was really emotionally unstable. I said a lot of things I shouldn’t have said. The whole world found out I cheated on him, but he never held it against me. There’s more than that too. I honestly think he isn’t that bad. Look, Jenson. I really am doing fine. Most of my worries stem from the fact that I’m the daughter of a criminal and that I owe the Lewis family. To be honest, Christopher does fulfil my material needs. He’s my type too. It’s not just pure hatred between us. We have been together for more than ten years. The feelings we have – long surpassed love. We are like family. It can’t be that bad.”

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The light in Jenson’s eyes started to darken after hearing Margaret’s words. “Is that right? Well, that’s good to hear. I really hope for your sake that it’s true. Hopefully, he won’t disappoint you.”

At this point, Margaret could not stay on any longer. “Hey, I think I have to go. You rest up, okay?”

Jenson nodded. “All right...”

As she made her way to the door, he suddenly called out, “Meg!”

Her footsteps halted, but she did not turn around. At that moment, tears flowed down her face.

“Remember, no matter what happens, Jo and I will always be here. If one day, Christopher really does disappoint you, you still have us.”

She nodded her head frantically and ran out of the room as though she was escaping him. Margaret’s office was pretty far away from the hospital. Even though she had planned her time out perfectly, she had forgotten to factor in the fact that there were fewer taxis around during peak hours. By the time she got back to the Lewis residence, she was more than an hour late, and Christopher had long reached home, sitting in the living room and chatting to Nina. When Margaret saw the latter, she was suddenly reminded of something.

Nina looked over at her and said, "Margaret, didn't we agree to go shopping together after you got off work? Why did you get off half an hour early? I thought came home early because you were sick. I came back to look for you, but you weren't around either. Where have you been? We've already eaten. I assume you've eaten as well. Next time, you should give us a call if you're not planning to eat at home."

Meanwhile, Christopher had no reaction. He did not even bother to look at her.

Margaret went upstairs with her head lowered. "Yeah, I've eaten. I had some errands to run, and I forgot to tell you. I didn't know how to contact you. Sorry. I'll buy you a meal next time."

Nina could tell that something was off. She could not help but ask, "What's wrong with you? Why do you look so down? What on earth were you up to after work?"

Margaret felt a burning gaze turn in her direction. She could not help but look up

and just so happened to lock eyes with Christopher. Ultimately, she decided to tell the truth. "I went to the hospital to visit a friend. He got into an accident and broke his leg, but it's not that serious. Anyway, I'm exhausted, so I'll head up first."

Just as she reached the top of the staircase, she heard the sound of a mug being smashed coming from the living room. She took a deep breath and ignored it before heading into her room.

Margaret was too lazy to go downstairs to shower, so she used the bathroom in the room instead. After her shower, she was shocked to see Christopher had come in, sitting on the chair by the window. Staring at his cold side profile, she knew he was mad again. "I went to see him on your behalf. Please don't do something like this anymore. There's nothing going on between him and me. We're just friends and nothing more. Please stop hurting him and his family."

A cold smirk hung on Christopher's lips. "Friends? Please. What kind of friends sleep together?"

She held her breath. "Please don't say it like that. All that is in the past. There's no reason to hold on to those things. I've never said anything about you and Megan sleeping together."

Christopher laughed out loud. "Hah! How do you know if we slept together? Everyone knows about you and Jenson. If I really didn't want to let this go, you wouldn't be able to see him at all. You should be glad you had the chance to visit him at the hospital. Do you understand? Anyway, what does it matter who I slept with? You don't care anyway."

I don't care?

Margaret thought about what he said and asked herself whether she really did not care. When she heard him and Megan making intimate noises at the hotel, her first response was to run. Her heart had felt empty, and she had felt troubled for a long time. Did that mean that she cared?

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It was true that she did not love him, but it was still considered a betrayal. What person in their right mind would be able to accept this? Neither of them would.

“That was just a misunderstanding. It’s up to you to believe it or not.” Margaret’s voice was weak. She had already given her first time to Christopher. Had he not known it? I’d bet he’s slept with more women than just Megan. For someone who’s slept with countless other people, how can he not tell the difference?

“Sure. A misunderstanding! Are you telling me you weren’t lying in Jenson’s bed then? That you didn’t wear his clothes home the next day? What exactly am I misunderstanding? Don’t tell me you two laid down naked in bed and did nothing?”

Christopher stood up and flipped over a small table. The tableware and books on top came crashing down and caused a huge ruckus.

Margaret stood frozen to her spot, and her body stiffened as she quivered her lips. She said nothing. He had completely wiped out everything she wanted to say. She wished to explain that all she and Jenson had done that night was sleep together in the same bed. They had not taken off their clothes nor done anything else. The thought of it was ridiculous.

Seeing her keep quiet, the fire in Christopher’s eyes grew bigger. “Nothing more to say? You left work early to go see him just so I wouldn’t find out, right? Can you at least try to be a little smarter? The least you could do is hide it from me better!”

Margaret bit down hard on her lip until it almost bled. Her heart felt like it had been pierced through and stomped under his feet, and she struggled to breathe.

“It’s not like I wanted to hide it from you, but I knew you would lose your temper at me. We have the rest of our lives for you to torture me. You don’t have to keep harping on this same issue. It’s so odd. There are many other things you can take out on me. Why do you keep focusing on these tiny little details to try and prove that I’m cheating? It’s not at all like us. Anyway, it’s not like it matters to you. You’re just trying to find excuses, aren’t you?” Margaret simply could not understand why he was getting so triggered,

“Odd? Not like us? Then, tell me. How do you think we should be?” he asked coldly, “You don’t love me, and I don’t love you. If this is all for revenge, then it shouldn’t involve feelings. To me, you’re my only family. No matter how far you take things, I’ll always remember the good in you. I’ll never forget how you took me in for over ten years and gave me a home.” She poured her heart out to him honestly about how she viewed their relationship. To her surprise, this only seemed to anger him even more. He reached out and pinched her chin. With a mocking stare, he uttered, “I have never once treated you like family. Even as a child, I wanted to exact my revenge. Every time I saw you, I had the strongest urge to kill you. When we were teenagers, I realized you had grown up and that you were starting to become a woman. Do you see where I’m going with this? When you turned 18, I didn’t even get to have you before Jenson got to

you first. You are mine, but someone else has gotten their hands on you. What do you think my response would be to that?"

He scoffed and continued, "Why would you treat me as family? I'm nothing more than someone who owns you. I keep you for my entertainment. Do you now understand why I can't let you have any sort of relations with another man? Because you are mine. I don't like other people touching my things. Yes, it's true that I don't love you. I never will. I definitely don't care if you love me. So stop bringing up how I took care of you for ten years. It's meaningless."

Staring at the man in front of her, Margaret was in disbelief. Did he really just say all that? She always knew he was cold and distant. Sometimes, he could even be fierce. But now, she saw a darker side to him. His words shot through her like arrows. It turned out that the relationship she treasured with him was nothing more than a joke in his eyes. The man she had spent more than ten years with had treated her as a mere plaything.

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So, I really do have nothing...

She held back her tears and forced a smile. "Thank you for telling me. I didn't know that you thought of me like that. But now I do. I'm sorry that a toy like me was holding on to the title of Mrs. Lewis all this while when I don't even deserve it," she said.

Christopher loosened his hand from her chin and saw the pain in her eyes. He finally realized that she wasn't as indifferent as he thought she was when he was involved. So, there are times when she feels sad too...

She couldn't look in his eyes anymore, so she gently pushed him away and ran downstairs. Tabby's leg was almost healed, so it jumped into her arms almost immediately. Later, she carried Tabby with her and went to the backyard. As she sat on the swing and swung, her tears started to roll down her cheeks. "Tabby, you're the only one I have left. You have to stay healthy and well. What would I do if you were gone? What should I do?"

Tabby meowed lazily to her in response as if it could understand her.

Suddenly, she heard footsteps behind her, and the sound of the footsteps got closer and closer to her. She hurriedly wiped off her tears and pretended to look like nothing had happened. With how things were, she thought that only Elizabeth or Fredrick would come to talk to her, so she didn't want them to see her crying face. However, she was mistaken. The footsteps were Nina's.

Nina walked to the swing next to Margaret's as if it was the most natural thing to do and started swinging in synchronization with Margaret's pace. "I heard everything just now. What he said earlier... was a little too much," she said.

Margaret laughed mockingly at herself. "He's always like that when he's with me. Sometimes, I envy you guys because he's always gentle with you. I've been living with him for more than ten years, and it's like he's never.."

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However, Nina wasn't there to mock Margaret. Instead, she felt bad for the latter. "From what I know about him, I think he only said all those because he was too mad. I don't know what exactly happened between the two of you, but as a woman, I have a hunch that he was lying. In the past, I couldn't believe that he was in love with you. At one point, I even thought that you used all sorts of tricks like faking a pregnancy to get him to marry you. But now, I believe that he loves you. He's the one who wanted to marry you back then, am I right?" Nina asked.

"What do you mean? Do you still think that he his feelings for the even after heung what he sad" Margaretuskel in contusion

Nina was slent for a while as she littera ber headw look at the stars in the sky and thought about what she wanted to sy "Alter all those years that he took care of you? You can't possibly think that he married you because he wants to get his revenge on you by making you liis coy, do you llibal's really the case, heil surely to worsefur worse than you can ever imagine Besacles, why woull he spend the rest of lus life playing around with you. That slovesn't sound like something he woult do. I think that whatever he said at that noment was the opposite of what he really thought the yot angry after you said you don't love u, right? Look, what he wants is your love

is a lover, nor your familial alleenon."

After a pause, she continued. "You're really silly.clo you know that I love is what he wanice, based on his personality, there's no way lie il suo for urything else To be honest, I loved him before and even investigateul husle. But I coulent in any scandal about him. The only woman that he will associated with was a woman callcal Megan. Given his status, don't you think that he's too clean. Most chien out there have blocks of women around them. Moreover, isn't Megan your tepsister from the same mom? Do you really think that such coincident's really can I don't junk so. lusicad, Itunk that he doesn't have anything to do with Megan al all, and he only said that to make you angry because you kept thinking of lumas your brother or dad."

Margaret had never been on goud terms with Nin, especially after they fought Other than that, they could never see eye-to-eye. But.. why do I feel that she has a point there?

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At that time, Margaret had begun to doubt herself. Could it be that I've misunderstood everything? Elizabeth told me that Christopher was in love with me some time ago, but now Nina's saying it too? However, when she thought about how Christopher snapped at her earlier, she found her thought hilarious. Don't be stupid, Margaret. Everyone else's love story is sweet at the beginning, but didn't mine begin with suffering? Why is mine different? How ridiculous! I've never heard of a love story where the guy would show his affection to a woman through that method!

She was more certain that it was impossible the more she thought about it. "Nina, you don't have to try to make me feel better. I'm fine. I'm already used to it. I wouldn't be surprised if he did anything else. Our relationship's too complicated. I don't even get it, so how would outsiders like you know what's going on? There's no way he's in love with me, and I won't have that kind of feelings for him. It's too weird. I was eight when I first came to the Lewis family, and he was eighteen. I was still a child back then. You can say that he was the one who brought me up. He's like a brother and a father to me, yet you want me to fall in love with him? It's ridiculous!"

Nina had a shocked expression on her face when she heard that, "Did you think of him as your brother and dad when you had sex with him? Ew! Now that's weird! Margaret, the two of you are a married couple. Although they say that marriage is the end of love because the feelings you have for your spouse will eventually turn into familial affection, that affection begins from love. Since the two of you grew up together like a family, it was obvious that things would be the other way round for you guys. Your love for one another is just starting. If you don't believe me, try telling him that you love him instead of saying you don't love him when he's mad. I'm sure things would turn out differently."

Margaret was still confused, and she didn't want to continue talking about that anymore. Immediately, she changed the topic. "Aren't you in love with him? Why are you telling me this and giving me all these suggestions?"

Nina shrugged in response. "If I didn't hear what he said and saw how mad he got at you, there's no way I'll believe that he's in love with you. If he doesn't love you, I'll definitely do everything to make him fall in love with me. But things are different now. There's nothing I can do. Besides, I'm not interested in taking someone else's man. But I have to say, you're really something because you managed to force such a gentle and angelic person into a devil."

"Hey. Are you having a nice chai, ladies? Meg, Nina, have some fruits," Elizabeth said as she walked over to them suddenly. It appeared that she overheard what Nina had said earlier. Because of that, she didn't dislike Nina that much anymore.

Nina felt it, too, so she naturally accepted the offer from Elizabeth. "Okay. You can place it here," she said.

"Meg, Mr. Lewis is still angry. Why don't you... No, forget it. It's a waste of time to knock some sense into the two of you when both of you are so stubborn," Elizabeth uttered as she looked at Margaret after placing the plate down.

With her head lowered, Margaret didn't respond to Elizabeth. Suddenly, Nina stuffed a peach into Margaret's mouth, and the latter felt a little uncomfortable since she was not used to others feeding her. "Thank you," she responded with an awkward smile. However, Nina laughed out loud when she saw Margaret's expression. "Margaret, I was really ugly when I was little. I've been to kindergarten with Christopher: Back then, I was like the ugly duckling, and he was my prince. Can you imagine how far apart we were? He's someone that I've loved since I was a little girl. Don't break his heart anymore, okay? I can't bear to see him being hurt." Nina's voice trailed off.

At that moment, Margaret saw the tears in Nina's eyes.

At night, Christopher left again, and Nina didn't follow him this time. Because of that, no one knew where he went. When it was one o'clock in the morning, Nina shook Margaret and woke her up. "He's still not back yet. Aren't you worried at all?"

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Margaret mumbled groggily, "Why are you acting like Elizabeth? He's a grown man... He'll be fine... I can't control him.."