

An Impossible Marriage Chapter 5

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Suddenly, Christopher wrapped his arms around Margaret and pulled her closer to him. Since Christopher had just gotten out of the shower, she could feel the dampness on his body and smell the fragrance of the shower gel. Margaret subconsciously pushed her hands against Christopher's chest as she shivered. Abruptly, the arms around her waist loosened up, and she heard him speak. "Get lost." For some unknown reason, Margaret noticed Christopher's voice had gotten deeper than usual. She was clueless about what made him mad. Thus, she fled frantically. As soon as she returned to the storeroom, she felt a wave of regret washing over her as she forgot to ask Christopher about Jenson. However, she lost the courage to approach Christopher again as soon as she recalled the episode in the room earlier. The next morning, Elizabeth entered the storeroom with a glass of water. "Here, Meg. Have some medicine." Margaret felt strange as she didn't tell Elizabeth about her cold. Moreover, Elizabeth wouldn't dare provide her with medicine without Christopher's permission. Elizabeth seemed to have noticed Margaret's doubts and sat down at the latter's bedside smilingly. "Mr. Lewis went on a business trip, and he'll possibly be gone for a month or so. He instructed me to give you this medicine before he left. You can take them." Upon hearing Elizabeth's explanation, Margaret felt complicated and relieved at the same time after learning that Christopher wouldn't be home so soon. After taking the medicine, she tidied up her room before rushing to school. When she arrived at the art room, the principal delivered the art supplies to her and asked, "Is there anything else you need, Margaret?" Margaret was startled and she stuttered, "N-No. What are these?" "That's good to hear." The principal didn't give her any further explanation. After the principal left, Margaret pondered while staring at the art supplies. These can't possibly be from Christopher, since he has never cared about how I'm doing at school. "I've heard that these art supplies were sponsored to you by someone anonymously, but I never expect the school to be so efficient at this! Look, these paints are way better than mine!" Jodie rummaged through the items and exclaimed. Margaret said nothing and kept her belongings quietly. "By the way, who's that person who came to fetch you after school yesterday? His driving skills are so crazy, and I swear he could've run over you and killed you." Regardless of Margaret's lack of responses, Jodie kept on talking as she was a chatty person. "That's my brother," Margaret answered casually. Jodie was stunned momentarily and continued, "What kind of brother is he? Why did he raise you in such a poor environment despite being so rich himself? I must meet him someday." Margaret chuckled. "Don't be so mean. He's actually quite nice, given that he isn't my biological brother and has no obligations to look after me. Yet, he still took care of me properly." That's right. Even if I'm a sinner, he still provides me shelter, and he took care of me for 10 years. Jodie pouted for a split second before excitedly speculating on the identity of the anonymous sponsor. "Who do you think is the sponsor? Do you think it's Jenson because he was sent overseas by his father and wouldn't be able to return for a few years? Something isn't adding up with the way you got financial aid after he left." Margaret froze upon hearing that. I'd rather believe it's Jenson who sponsored me

rather than Christopher. She felt her heart wrung at the thought of that kind-hearted man. It's my fault that Jenson had to leave the country... Throughout the days when Christopher wasn't home, Margaret felt greatly at ease. Her birthday fell on a weekend, so Jodie took her outdoors to celebrate. Knowing Margaret disliked being in a crowd, Jodie didn't invite anyone else. Before they went home, Jodie took out two small gift boxes as if she was performing a magic trick. "Here are the gifts Jenson and I prepared for you." Margaret didn't reach out to accept the presents because she knew she couldn't give them anything in return. Although she grew up poor, she spent many years with the Lewis family and she was not an unenlightened person. Hence, she could tell simply from the packaging that the gifts were expensive. "Thank you for spending the day with me. You don't have to give me any presents." Margaret inhaled deeply and felt snow in the breeze. Jodie forcefully pushed the gift boxes into Margaret's hands. "I won't ask for anything in return for treating you nicely. Jenson, on the other hand, might have a plan in mind." Margaret was dumbfounded and didn't understand what Jodie meant by that. She watched Jodie take out her phone to dial a number, then handed it to her. Margaret looked at the contact name displayed on the phone screen: "Jenson Swanson." She raised the phone to her ears and heard Jenson's doting voice. "It's me, Meg." Margaret was on the brink of tears when she remembered the warm-hearted gentleman, so she lowered her voice and answered, "Mm-hmm." "Happy birthday. Also..." Jenson paused before continuing nervously, "Meg, I like you. Just wait for me to return, please."

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