

An Impossible Marriage Chapter 51

Chapter 51

Initially, Margaret was startled. As soon as she confirmed that Christopher was not pretending to be drunk but rather acting in a subconscious manner, she breathed a sigh of relief and carefully approached him while asking, "What's the matter?"

All of a sudden, he pulled her into his arms. "Sleep with me."

Her face was completely buried in his chest, and he was holding her tightly. Sniffing the scent that was exclusively his, she blushed with shyness because his words were too suggestive.

Even if they had had a heated argument before he left the house, she would not act foolishly and take it out on a drunk man. Nestling herself in his arms, she adjusted her body to a comfortable position.

However, he started to move his hand and caressed her cheek with his thumb for a while. Then, his hand began to move downward, brushing her soft neck and stopping on her delicate collarbone.

It was as if his hand possessed magical powers. Her body began to heat up wherever his palm touched. In an instant, her heart started racing, and she subconsciously slowed her breathing.

Nevertheless, he did not stop there. Soon, his hand continued to descend and rest on her chest.

Margaret instinctively wanted to dodge, but she was afraid that he would get mad, so she simply gritted her teeth and remained motionless, praying that he would fall asleep soon.

Unfortunately, the more she looked forward to something, the more it went against her wishes. As if thinking that the clothes were in his way, not only did he not stop, but he also slipped his hand into her shirt through the collar.

Immediately, she held her breath, and her face was scorching hot as if it were about to burn. Finally, she could not help but say, "Christopher."

The man heard her voice and responded, "Yes?"

"You should rest early. Go to sleep." She did not dare to say anything else. Even her tone sounded cautious,

Leaning closer, he looked at her with his bleary eyes. "Don't you want to leave? I'll give you a chance."

With that said, he rolled over and got on top of her, ripping off her pajamas with both hands.

Her chest shivered as a significant section of her skin was abruptly exposed to the air.

For a moment, she looked like a stranded fish, wanting to gasp for air desperately.

Christopher did not forget to turn off the light in the room. As darkness enveloped her, she stared at the figure on top of her in horror.

His body reeked of alcohol, and his increasingly forceful hands made her want to escape. Instinctively, she reached out to push him away and rapidly escaped from under him. Standing beside the bed, she tightened her pajamas. "You're drunk! Get some sleep."

Gradually, his eyes regained focus in the darkness, and his expression turned grim. "Were you disgusted when Jenson touched you?"

Margaret froze upon hearing that. She could not recall the memory of that night

three years ago and was not sure how she would react when facing Jenson. Yet, one thing was obvious. Christopher could not get over it in his heart.

Even if he had touched her and even if she was willing to spend the rest of her life with him, that incident would haunt them forever.

After a moment of silence, he vented his anger. Then, he went to the study, leaving the mess behind.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Margaret said nothing. At the same time, Elizabeth sighed as she cleaned up. "Meg, as a servant, we shouldn't care about your affairs with Mr. Lewis, but things will only get worse if this continues. You should speak up and not keep your feelings to yourself."

With reddened eyes, Margaret shook her head. "I'm fine."

Christopher did not return home for several days.

Margaret was concerned, as Jodie's family's situation had worsened, but Christopher refused to see her.

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Chapter 52

As the person in charge of the project between Soaring Design and Lewis Corporation, Margaret sent the draft to Lewis Corporation after it was completed, knowing that it was her only chance to meet Christopher.

His secretary was there this time, and as expected, her figure was comparable to that of a supermodel. Not only did she have a curvy figure, but she also had a beautiful face and could pull off conventional office attire so well that no one could take their gaze away from her.

Seeing Margaret, she uttered with a blank face, "Just pass it to me. Mr. Lewis usually doesn't meet anyone."

Before Margaret could answer, the secretary took the draft from her and sent it to Christopher's office. While Margaret was still contemplating whether she should barge into his office, the secretary had already come out. "Mr. Lewis said that your work is rubbish. It's exactly what he said."

Obviously, Margaret had not anticipated that. Casper was the owner of Soaring Design, and the majority of the designers in the entire design department were experienced designers. No matter what, there was little likelihood of their work being completely rejected.

Noticing the doubts in her eyes, the secretary shrugged resignedly. "Mr. Lewis has personally checked the draft. Time is running out, so you should try to come up with a better draft as soon as possible. Mr. Lewis won't make an exception, even if your boss is Casper Flemmington. This is serious business."

The next moment, Margaret mustered up her courage and charged right past the secretary into Christopher's office. "Christopher, I need to talk to you!"

The secretary immediately followed behind. "Mr. Lewis, I'm sorry. She broke in when I wasn't paying attention."

Shortly afterward, the man behind the desk piped up coldly, "Forget it. You go out first."

His secretary hummed in response and shot Margaret a complicated look before leaving

After pondering for a moment, Margaret put on a brave countenance and started, "I know you don't want to see me, but it's been a few days, and the police haven't solved

the case yet. The debt collectors must be driving Jo's family insane."

Upon hearing that, Christopher capped the pen in his hand and folded his arms across his chest while leaning against the chair and looking indifferent. "What does it have to do with me?"

"Only you can save her." She had swallowed her pride and would immediately kneel if he ordered her to.

"Margaret, who do you think you are? Why should I listen to you and help her? Stop wasting my time!" He sounded firm, and there was no room for negotiation.

For a brief moment, Margaret was in a trance and began to suspect that the drunk man who had nuzzled up against her neck and called her Meg was not the man in

front of her. Actually, she had never understood him.

Subsequently, she came to a realization as she was biting her lip. She did not have any bargaining chips. How could she negotiate with him?

Soon, he started to get impatient and ordered coldly, "You can leave now."

Nevertheless, she remained stationary stubbornly. For a moment, a terrible thought crossed her mind. Since he has such an intense hatred toward me, would it bring peace for the rest of his life if I jumped from here and died? Would that stop him from resenting me?

"Christopher, will the hatred in your heart dissipate if I'm dead? Since you're so friendly to everyone but me, you can actually help Jo, right? But because she's my friend, you refuse to help. Am I right? I've never thought that you're obligated to be kind to everyone. You're a good person. It's all my fault. I've tainted your world."

While she was speaking, Christopher loosened his hands in front of his chest and placed them on the chair's armrest. "What are you talking about?"

"If you want me to die, I will not hesitate to comply. Please help Jo," she enunciated as she raised the corner of her lips slightly.

Moments later, he got up and walked toward her. There was fury in the depth of his eyes. "Are you threatening me with your life? Do you think that your life is valuable in my

eyes?"

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Chapter 53

Margaret shook her head bitterly in disagreement. "I have never felt that I mean anything at all to you... But I always suppose that the most extreme way to hate someone is merely wishing for that person to die..."

Christopher pinched her chin. Even with very little force of grip from his slender fingers, he could already notice Margaret frowning with pain.

Words coming out from his mouth at the next moment sounded like a death sentence to Margaret. "You are utterly wrong! Dying means you can finally free yourself from suffering, and it seems too easy for you! I would rather see you live so that I can witness how miserable your life turns out! You better keep the desire to die out of your mind from now on!"

Stunned on the spot, Margaret stared at Christopher in disbelief. She knew that he loathed her all along, but his hatred had somehow reached an extent that she had

never expected!

Intrigued by Christopher's reaction, Margaret swore to get to the root of the plane crash that year. Margaret's impression of her father had always been favorable, for the latter had been a responsible person, both as a pilot and as a parent. She strongly stood her ground that a dependable pilot like her father would never commit a mistake as severe as flying a plane under the influence of alcohol.

Suddenly, the unbearable tension between Christopher and Margaret was somehow eased by the voice of the secretary who was standing outside of the office. "Mr. Lewis, a man who claims to know you insists on meeting you immediately. The security guard has demanded him to leave, but he is still making a scene at our main entrance."

Margaret recognized the man. He was Jodie's father, Zachary Clark.

Margaret begged piteously, "Christopher, please... Just meet him for this time... Do me this favor..."

Hearing this, Christopher released his grasp on Margaret's chin and answered coldly through his griuled teeth, "Let him in!"

However, before Margaret could breathe a sigh of relief, the words that he spoke at the next instant plunged her into the cold sea again. Sneering at Margaret, Christopher said, "Don't get me wrong! I agreed to meet him, but I didn't agree to help him. Who knows, even his last hope would be destroyed after seeing me?"

Margaret could not help but feel terrified, as Christopher never showed this daunting side of him in the past. This period was crucial. Vanishing the last hope of someone who was on the brink of bankruptcy would signify a dead end. All of a sudden, stories of people who took their own lives due to bankruptcy and debts sprang into her head and took her last bit of energy away. Lethargically, Margaret held his arm and pleaded again, "Please... Don't be so cruel."

Christopher remained silent without making any response, yet this moment of silence was enough to make Margaret tense up.

Not long after, they could see Zachary rushing toward the office.

When Zachary arrived at Christopher's office, Margaret was impressed because Zachary still managed to present himself in a polite manner, even when he was - struggling desperately through this difficult crisis. While he looked extremely anxious and appeared haggard, he did not forget to knock on the door and wait for permission before entering. Walking into the office at a firm and steady pace, Zachary greeted Christopher, "Mr. Lewis, thank you for offering me the chance to meet you. I am aware that you must be reluctant to see me, but I would really appreciate it if you could grace me with an extension of time for the missing materials until the police finish their investigation. I understand that even if we manage to trace the missing materials, it remains impossible for us to work together anymore, as the delay in work progress has definitely caused you to suffer from huge losses well beyond my imagination. However, I can promise that I will compensate you for everything that I need to even if it requires sacrificing the last bit of myself. So, can you please kindly have mercy on me this time, Mr. Lewis?"

After Zachary had done talking, Christopher did not express any attitude instantly. Instead, he moved over to the couch, sat down, and seemed to be pondering on something

Upon seeing this situation, Margaret immediately brought two glasses of water. She put one in front of Christopher and handed another one to Zachary.

Zachary carefully took the glass from her and forced a smile. "Thank you."

Margaret could not help but feel grieved and heartbroken for Zachary, especially when she unintentionally laid her eyes on his gray hair. She tried to control herself from tearing up, yet her voice started to tremble as she said, "No, it is nothing... Jo is my best friend. She treated me well and took me as her sister!."

While they had never encountered each other in the past, Zachary already figured out who the lady in front of him might be. In fact, Margaret was the reason why Christopher had pressurized him into sending Jodie overseas back then.

Zachary smiled but said nothing. He then walked toward Christopher and stood still in front of him before he started to persuade Christopher again, “Mr. Lewis, the factory contains all of my efforts throughout my entire life. If you cannot spare me your mercy on this matter, my whole life will be doomed! I give you my word! As long as you can go easy on me this time, I can do anything that you ask of me! Anything and whatever it takes! I will risk my life to make it up to you! I’ll do anything that you can ever think of! I mean anything!”

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Amid the tense atmosphere, Margaret noticed that Christopher was frowning at the glass of water that she put on the table just now. She immediately realized that it was not to his liking and promptly rushed to the pantry to look for some black tea instead.

When Margaret returned from the pantry with a cup of Christopher’s favorite black tea, she overheard Christopher saying to Zachary, “Considering that your daughter treated Margaret fairly well in the past, I can make an exception in your case this time. To me, the compensatory damages for contract breach are unnecessary. As for the losses resulting from the delay in work progress, I can choose not to look into them too, but on the condition that you manage to restore the missing materials. However, forget about collaborating with me anymore in the future, because I neither make the same mistake twice nor trust the same person who once disappointed me. Well, I believe that I have agreed on issues much better than what you could wish for. As for the rest, it all lies in your hands. This being said, if you end up incapable of returning all of the materials, I will still hold you accountable for the compensation.”

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Zachary was so grateful that he even wanted to kneel before him. “Mr. Lewis, thank you... Thank you... I will do my best to get back the materials. It’s just a matter of time!”

A strange feeling surged in Margaret. Actually, Christopher isn’t that heartless, is he? She walked inside and put the cup of black tea in front of Christopher. “I just made it. Be careful. It is still hot.”

Christopher didn’t look at her. He held the cup of black tea and took a sip.

Zachary said to Margaret, “Mrs. Lewis, Jo’s lucky to have befriended you, and so is our family. I’ll take my leave now. Thank you.”

Margaret walked him to the door. She watched Zachary until he disappeared from her sight before she headed back to the office.

Before she could recompose herself, Christopher said, "Take back those crappy drafts and have Casper redraw them."

The corner of Margaret's lips twitched. What a temperamental man.

"Is it... that crappy?" She was still a bit doubtful.

Christopher shot her a glance. "Of course. I have no time to deliberately make things hard for you."

She was feeling a bit discouraged. "In three more days, it will be the New Year's holidays. Even if the whole department worked overtime together until the wee hours of the morning, we still couldn't make it..."

Christopher said casually, "That's your business."

She did not dare to ask for something more. He promised to let the Clark family go, and she was already satisfied with it. She didn't dare to go against him again. "Then, I'll be leaving now. Don't be angry and go back home if you want. Anyway, I will be working overtime for the next few days. You won't have to see me, as you'll have been asleep by the time I'm home. Out of sight, out of mind."

He frowned. Sensing that things were not right, Margaret took the drafts and left.

Back to Soaring Design, Margaret put the drafts on Casper's office desk. "Christopher said that the drafts were very crappy, and he wanted us to redraw it."

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Casper was drinking water, and the whole mouthful of water spurted out onto his computer. His heart ached for his computer, and he hurriedly took a piece of tissue paper to wipe it. "What the hell? The drafts were crappy? He didn't even go through them thoroughly because he was angry with you, right? My dear Margaret, how many days did he not come back home? Don't you have any idea about it? Do you know you are getting us into trouble? I am innocent!"

Margaret had doubted this, but it seemed that it was not what they thought of. "I have asked, and he said that he had no time making things hard for me. It was just the problem of the drafts."

As Casper flipped through the drafts, he gradually fell into a grim mood. "These drafts are okay, but if they are for Christopher, they are not good enough. Let's have a meeting first and we start working overtime today. After this, every draft must be checked by me first before being sent out, especially the ones for Christopher!"

The design department only got off work when it was twelve at midnight.

Margaret walked to the entrance and stretched her body. The cold wind caused her to shiver.

Everyone else left the company together while discussing where to have their supper. Only Margaret was alone. Luckily, she was already used to it.

Suddenly, a car approached her and stopped right in front of her. Noah wound down the window. "Mrs. Lewis, please get in the car. Mr. Lewis asked me to fetch you back."

Margaret was slightly dumbfounded. Before this, even if she worked until late at night, she always went back home by herself. Christopher never cared about me. What's wrong with him today?

After she got in the car, she smelled Christopher's scent. It was fresh and made her feel at ease.

It was his private car, and he usually used this car when he went out.

Margaret composed herself and asked, "Is Christopher home?"

Noah answered, "Yes, he went to bed already."

She gave a grunt and didn't say a word. As long as he was willing to go home, it meant that he wasn't so angry.

Noah looked at her through the rearview mirror. She and Christopher had lived together for a long time. Their expressions sometimes seemed alike, especially the tone and look when she grunted just now. Even she didn't realize that, and only Noah, as a bystander, could tell it. |

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Chapter 55

When they returned to the Lewis residence, Margaret crept into the house and had her shower downstairs. When she got out, Elizabeth had already made some noodles for her, and she said, "Meg, come and have some food. You must be very tired after your overtime."

Margaret was touched, and she replied, "Elizabeth, I've been working overtime lately, and you're always waiting for me to come home. Please go to sleep early and don't wait for me anymore. I'm really not hungry."

Elizabeth gave Margaret a warm smile and said, "This is Mr. Lewis' order. But what he said was not exactly what you want to hear, so I'll not be telling you his original words. Anyway, he's just worried about you, so go have the food. Once you're done, go to bed early."

Without even spending a second, Margaret had already figured out what Christopher had said. He was probably worrying about the need to spend money if she fell sick and that people would be accusing him of abusing her.

After she finished her meal, Margaret sneaked into the room upstairs like a thief. She did not dare to switch on the lights in fear of waking up Christopher, but when she snuck herself onto the bed, Christopher moved a little. This had her stayed still for quite a good couple of minutes, and she finally lay down carefully after making sure that she didn't wake him up.

With her posture adjusted, Margaret quickly fell asleep. After handling that much of a workload for the day, she was already exhausted.

Meanwhile, Christopher's eyes opened up slowly in the dark. A few strands of Margaret's soft hair were touching the tip of his nose. Whenever he breathed, he could smell the alluring scent of Margaret's body.

The women outside all used different perfumes, and he never liked any single one of them. This woman, however, had the most unique and exceptional scent.

On the second day, Margaret woke up half an hour earlier. Having seen Christopher still asleep, courage surged in her, and she bravely changed her clothes beside the bed while thinking of arriving at the office earlier.

She was a little embarrassed while removing her clothes, so she had her back facing the bed, but when she turned around, she realized that Christopher's eyes were wide open! Aside from that, his eyes were a little red. He seems to have had a good sleep yesterday. Better than mine, at least.

When their eyes met, the panicked Margaret averted her eyes. Pretending as if nothing had happened, she put on her clothes and said, "I got to go... Remember to take your breakfast."

Without waiting for his response, Margaret hurriedly ran away, and her face was incredibly red.

Elizabeth chased after Margaret and stuffed some waffles into Margaret's hand before saying, "It doesn't matter how busy you are, you mustn't skip your meal! Why is your face so red? Are you sick?"

"No, I'm not sick. I'm just feeling a little hot!" mumbled Margaret.

Elizabeth watched as Margaret walked further away while mumbling, "Strange... It's cold recently, and it's morning now. Why would she feel hot?"

When it was already ten o'clock in the morning, Elizabeth felt curious as to why Christopher wasn't awake yet, and she kept talking about this with Fredrick. "What's wrong with Mr. Lewis today? He would always be up early, but he's still sleeping now? Those two are acting strangely today. Margaret said that it's hot during the winter, and Mr. Lewis who is extremely self-disciplined is still sleeping now."

Hearing this, the butler rolled his eyes and said, "You should be ashamed of yourself. You are already at this age, and yet you still can't figure it out?"

"Oh, I get it now. Silly me. The young ones sure are energetic and healthy! They did it in the morning, and they had probably kept it up for the entire night. I'll go make something nutritious for Meg and Mr Lewis. I certainly hope that they will be having a baby soon."

Christopher, who was walking down the stairs, happened to hear Elizabeth's words. His expression was a little gloomy, and Elizabeth immediately stopped talking upon seeing his grim look.

In Soaring Design, Margaret was burying herself in her work. Casper suddenly approached her and placed his phone in front of her. "Are you aware of this?"

Margaret glanced at the phone, and she was stunned upon seeing the news headline shown on the screen. The title of the headline read: Lewis Corporation's CEO, Christopher Lewis announced that he had secretly married a woman three years ago, and his wife was the orphan he took in years ago.

There was no offensive content in the news article, and there wasn't even a single person who dared to bring up the accident caused by her father back then. The news was entirely focused on the marriage between Margaret and Christopher, and there was even a photo of them on the marriage certificate. The photo was, of course, photoshopped. After all, she had never been to the City Hall with Christopher. She : did not involve herself in the procedure, as it was single-handedly handled by . Christopher, so the photo must have been photoshopped. The news was obviously manipulated by someone, and from the looks of it, it was definitely the doing of

Christopher

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Chapter 56

Margaret was confused. Three years ago, she had married Christopher, and she had been neglected since then. No one could figure out the reason why he finally announced their marriage to the public. Christopher always takes me as a disgrace to him, doesn't he? So, why did he do that? Well, he's an unfathomable man... I never manage to figure out what he's up to...

"What? How come you don't know about this?" Casper stared at her in disbelief.

"Well, now I know about this... Oh, Mr. Flemmington, I can see that you have plenty of free time. Since you learned design too, shall we work overtime together?" Margaret replied.

Casper immediately rejected, his face full of reluctance. "No, thanks! You go ahead with your things. I have something else to attend to. Remember what I told you during the meeting. I've given you the sample. Follow the sample and come up with a design that matches Christopher's taste. Don't mess up again!"

After Casper left, Margaret still couldn't get rid of her uneasiness about the news. Based on her understanding, Christopher was not the type to act without a good reason. Why did he do that?

Just as she was thinking about the matter, her phone rang. She headed to the pantry and answered the call. "Hello?"

It was Jodie. Her voice was choked with tears as she said, "Meg, thank you so much! My dad told me that he went to Christopher and you were there too! I know

Christopher agreed to help my dad all because of you!"

"All right. Everything is going to be okay. Don't lose contact with me again in the future, okay?" Margaret gently consoled her.

Jodie started weeping. "I was just afraid that I would get you into trouble! How was I supposed to speak up to you on such a serious matter? Besides, I couldn't afford to make you plead with Christopher. It seemed to me that you were not on good terms with Christopher, so I didn't want to trouble you."

Margaret unconsciously avoided talking about Christopher. "Jack came to me secretly to seek my help. I can tell that he cares a lot about you. He requested that I help you out and told me not to tell you about it. But now that the problem has been solved, I guess it's fine to let you learn of it. You have to stop overthinking. All right. I need to go get busy now. Talk to you later."

Right after she ended the call, someone shouted outside the pantry, “Margaret, someone’s looking for you!”

Margaret went out with a glass of water in her hand. Her expression instantly darkened when she saw Hannah standing in front of her. “What do you want?” She stared at Hannah with disdain. So she’s anxious after knowing that I am Mrs. Lewis, huh?

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A glint of despair flashed across Hannah’s eyes. “Meg, please don’t treat me this way. I was just passing by and wanted to pay you a visit.”

Margaret felt disgusted and accused, “Do not call me Meg! It will only make me think that you’re calling out to your precious daughter, Megan! I’m curious as to why you would name her after my nickname. Did you feel guilty? Did you name her that way to remind you of me whenever you call out to her?”

Hearing that, Hannah drew in a deep breath with an unreadable expression spread over her good-looking face. “All right. I shall leave now. I hope you’ll live a good life.”

Though Margaret was a little baffled by Hannah’s words, she decided to ignore her and returned to her desk. However, it pissed her off when she noticed that Hannah was still around. Margaret was distracted and couldn’t focus on work.

After all the chaos, she still did not manage to come up with one wedding gown design draft. She had no choice but to go around searching for ideas at night. Her mind was occupied with the marriage announcement that Christopher had made earlier. She realized that her colleagues stared weirdly at her after the news broke out. At least they will no longer mess with me.

Suddenly, a question flashed through her mind. What kind of wedding dress would Christopher prefer? I guess I will have to design it according to his liking. After all, he will be the one to make the decision.

When it was time to get off work, she was still stuck at the same point, racking her brain, yet she could not figure out the design that Christopher would like.

Christopher had fallen asleep when Margaret arrived home.

She lay in bed after washing up. However, she was unable to fall asleep with countless thoughts occupying her mind,

After she tossed and turned for quite a while, Christopher’s voice came out of nowhere. “Tell me if there’s anything bothering you.”

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Margaret became as stiff as a board, and even her breathing stopped all of a sudden. Although she did not sense anger in his tone, she dared not move a bit..

Two seconds later, she returned to her senses. Grabbing her chance, she asked, "What do you think the perfect wedding dress looks like?"

Christopher did not reply immediately. Just as she assumed he would not answer, he said, "The youth of a girl, the shyness of being a wife for the first time, the courage to give herself to a man, and the hope for a better future. These can be expressed not only by a person but also in a piece of clothing and a wedding dress."

While ruminating on his words, Margaret began to feel sleepy before she knew it. As soon as she closed her eyelids, she fell into a deep slumber.

When she awoke the following day, Christopher was still fast asleep.

Thinking back on the past two days, she realized he had been waking up late despite going to bed quite early. As it was not in line with his previous lifestyle, she could not help but wonder if he was sick. After much hesitation, she reached out and touched his forehead.

The temperature that she felt through her palm did not exceed the normal range. At that realization, Margaret breathed a sigh of relief subconsciously. Just as she was about to withdraw her hand, Christopher suddenly opened his eyes. When their gazes met, she became nervous and stuttered, "I-I thought you had a cold... I'm leaving first!"

Seeing her running away in a hurry, Christopher was stunned but soon closed his eyes again. He simply did not have enough sleep.

When Margaret arrived at the office, she combined the points that Christopher talked about the previous night into the wedding dress design. Although she used her own understanding, she was still hoping to get his approval. After all, they needed his clearance for the order to be completed.

The entire department worked overtime for three consecutive days, and the sketches were finally completed. That time around, Casper was wary. Instead of letting Margaret send them, he had Leila do it.

When the sketches were sent away, the entire design department started to worry instead of feeling relieved. If the designs were to be rejected again, they would not have the chance to take a vacation.

At Lewis Corporation, Christopher looked at the new designs sent by Leila and remarked in a seemingly casual tone, "It wasn't you who came to send the designs last time."

She smiled and answered, "Yes, Mr. Flemmington is looking forward to our cooperation with you, Mr. Lewis. He's apprehensive that something might go wrong, so he requested me to send the designs instead."

Soon, Christopher stopped flipping through the drawings, and his gaze landed on the sketch of a wedding dress design. His intuition told him that it was prepared by Margaret.

"These are good to go," he said flatly as he placed the sketches aside.

Leila inclined her head in acknowledgment. "If everything's all right, I'll be taking my leave now."

As soon as she returned to the office, everyone from the design department gathered around her, asking, "How did it go, Ms. Black? Were the designs approved?"

Instead of answering them, Leila went straight into the CEO's office. "The designs were approved, Mr. Flemmington," she said upon seeing Casper.

Not feeling surprised, Casper instructed, "All right, let the cleaners clean up the office. Everyone can go on their vacation in advance. There's no need to wait until after working hours."

The moment the news reached the design department, all the employees cheered, except for Margaret, who chose to sit alone instead of being a part of it.

After packing up her things silently, she went to the restroom, where she touched up her lipstick in front of the mirror to cover up her pale lips so that Christopher would not be annoyed when he saw her later.

Suddenly, a voice came from one of the cubicles. "I think Margaret forced Christopher to announce the marriage, didn't she? Christopher has never shown signs of intimacy with her from the beginning to the end. Even when she went over to send the designs, they were rejected. I seriously doubt it was her fault, not the designs. Otherwise, why were the sketches approved when Ms. Black was sent this time instead of her? Who knows what tactics she used to make Christopher marry her..."

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Another person replied, "I am curious about that too! When I first learned about her relationship with Christopher, I was perplexed. But after looking it up online, it cleared my speculation. Christopher took care of her all these years, and they live under the same roof every day. She's in an advantageous position! With some tricks and pressure, Christopher will definitely give in to her. He's such a nice person, after all. Besides, she even had a one-night stand with the Swanson family's son. So, it makes sense that Christopher doesn't treat her well. She deserves it!"

"Exactly! How can she be married to Christopher? It's absurd. She's certainly not the one for him!"

"The higher they fly, the harder they fall. We'll just have to wait and see. People like her will not have a good ending! We are all worn out from working overtime, all thanks to her. If we weren't on vacation now, I would've taught her a lesson. Who would have thought she's so cunning when she looks so taciturn?"

Margaret had no interest in finding out who they were, so she left the restroom before the two of them.

On the way back home, she bought a cup of mocha latte with extra pumps of chocolate sauce. The warm sensation emanating from the cup dispelled some of the chilliness in the winter.

I don't know from whom I heard this, but they say if you're depressed, having a cup of mocha latte will cheer you up.

Margaret had just taken a few steps out of the coffee shop when she was halted by a Rolls-Royce that headed straight toward her. Instead of getting out of the way, she stood still because she knew only Noah would drive in such a reckless way. On top of that, it must be under Christopher's instruction. Since it was not the first occurrence, she was not the least bit afraid.

Upon getting into the back seat, she greeted, "You're off work early today as well?"

Christopher did not respond to her, keeping his eyes closed while his slender fingers rested on his lap. That posture made him seem less overbearing.

Margaret was unfazed by the cold shoulder. At the very least, she did not have to take a cab back home.

As the mocha latte slid down her throat, its sweet scent wafted into the air through her parted lips.

Noah, who was in the driver's seat, was anxious. He wanted to remind Margaret not to drink in the car since Christopher loathed having lingering scent in the vehicle, but strangely, the man did not utter a single word till then.

After a while, Christopher caught a whiff of the scent and frowned. "What is that?"

Margaret looked at him with an innocent expression as she replied, "It's a mocha latte."

The man did not respond, merely staring at her impassively.

A thought came to her out of nowhere, and she brought the straw close to his lips. "Do... Do you want some?"

Christopher was stunned for a moment. Before he knew it, he leaned forward and took a sip. The instant the sweetness spread in his mouth, the pucker between his eyebrows deepened. Truth be told, it was torturous for him since he despised sweet foods from a young age.

All of a sudden, Margaret became aware of what she had just done. Did I share the latte that I've drunk with Christopher? And he drank it?

Staring at the residue of her lipstick on the straw, she shuddered and retracted her arm. With both hands keeping a tight grip on the cup, she looked out the window, pretending that the earlier incident had never happened. On the surface, she seemed calm, but in reality, she was panicking inwardly. Should I or should I not drink the rest of the latte?

Christopher had no idea what was on her mind but was amused to see her holding the cup so firmly. I merely took a small sip. Does she have to feel so sad?

When they were almost reaching the Lewis residence, his phone rang suddenly.

After taking a glance at the caller ID, he rejected the call straight away.

Margaret spoke feebly. "You can pick up the call. Just act as if I'm not here."

The man offered no response, only shooting her a glance that seemed to say it had nothing to do with her presence. He solely did not want her to listen to the call.

Feeling awkward, she shut her mouth. After they arrived at the Lewis residence, she got out of the car and habitually headed for the back entrance. At that sight,

Christopher stopped in his tracks and said coldly, "Not used to the main entrance?"

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With that, Margaret retraced her steps with her head lowered. When she entered the house through the main entrance, the bodyguard standing guard there greeted her respectfully, "Mrs. Lewis."

Hanging her head even lower, she ran into the kitchen to look for Elizabeth. Only when she was with her could she feel at ease.

Elizabeth, who was washing the vegetables, smiled upon spotting her. "Why are you back so early today?"

Margaret put down her latte and smoothly rolled up her sleeves. "My vacation started, so I got off work early. I bumped into Christopher afterward and came home with him."

Elizabeth moved the vegetables aside and said, "Then why are you in the kitchen instead of accompanying Mr. Lewis? Go now! You guys don't usually have that much time to spend together, to begin with, so hurry up!"

Margaret was rendered speechless. If I got along with Christopher well, I wouldn't have run to hide in the kitchen right after returning home.

Seeing that she stood there motionlessly, Elizabeth pushed her out by force. "Hurry up and do what you are supposed to do. I don't need help here!"

Margaret walked up the stairs with a dejected droop of her shoulders, planning to pick up a fresh set of clothes for a shower. Just as she entered the room, she caught sight of Christopher sitting by the window while engaged in a phone call. Subconsciously, she took lighter steps and went downstairs right after taking her clothes.

Having taken a shower, she lounged about reading magazines in the living room. Days of piled-up fatigue instantly caught up to her, and before she knew it, she was fast asleep.

That was the scene Elizabeth saw upon walking out of the kitchen to inform them that dinner was ready. However, she deliberately ignored it and went upstairs to call Christopher. "Mr. Lewis, it's time to eat."

Christopher had not showered and changed, which meant he was planning to go out again. When he came down and saw the person sleeping on the couch, he simply grabbed a folded blanket from the side and covered her with it. His action was not

gentle and probably even a bit rough, but Elizabeth smiled meaningfully at that sight.

"Mr. Lewis, should we wake Mrs. Lewis up?" she inquired.

“No need,” Christopher replied emotionlessly.

Elizabeth’s smile widened when she realized he did care for Margaret.

About an hour after dinner, Christopher looked at the watch on his wrist and walked toward the door. “Elizabeth, I have something to do, so I am heading out now.”

Elizabeth went up to him, took out his shoes, and put them before him. “Don’t worry. I will wake Mrs. Lewis up and remind her to have her meal”

Pressing his thin lips together, he remained silent. As his car left the Lewis residence, Margaret woke up gradually. “Elizabeth... Why didn’t you wake me up?” she asked anxiously after taking out her phone to look at the time.

With a bright smile on her face, Elizabeth came forward and said, “Mr. Lewis did not let me do it. He wanted to let you sleep more because you’ve been too tired for the past few days. I kept the dishes warm for you; I will bring them over now. No matter how tired you are, you should eat first before continuing to sleep. Oh, by the way, Mr. Lewis just went out.”

Margaret was still in a daze, so she merely grunted an acknowledgment and went straight to the dining table. Upon glimpsing Christopher’s phone that he left on the table, she planned to ignore it, but coincidentally, a phone call came in, and the caller’s name was Megan.

Elizabeth exchanged glances with her and said, “Mrs. Lewis, you should answer it on behalf of Mr. Lewis.”

Margaret shook her head and replied, “Forget it. Once he realizes he forgot his phone, he will return for it.”

As though she was disappointed with the young woman, Elizabeth sighed and picked up the phone suddenly. “Hello? May I know who is speaking?” she said after accepting the call.

At the other end of the line, Megan replied in a hostile tone, “Who are you? Why is Christopher’s phone with you?”

Margaret gestured for Elizabeth to hang up, but the latter refused to comply. “I am the housekeeper at the Lewis residence. Mr. Lewis is taking a bath with his wife, so if there’s anything, please wait until he’s out of the bathroom.”

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Margaret's eyes widened in shock. She was having a hard time processing the rest information, and so was Megan. "What did you just say? T-They... are taking a bath together? How is that possible? Christopher clearly told me he was leaving soon!" the latter exclaimed.

Elizabeth replied in an annoyed tone, "It's up to you whether you want to believe it or not." After saying that, she hung up.

"Elizabeth... I know you are doing this for my sake, but... Christopher will be upset when he finds out." Margaret said worriedly.

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Elizabeth pursed her lips. "It doesn't matter to me. I have been working for the Lewis family for decades, so it's fine for me to retire now. However, Meg, I'm most worried about your marriage life with Mr. Lewis. You have to do something about the women out there. Those women desire a man like Mr. Lewis!"

Margaret fell silent. There was nothing she could do about the women Christopher had outside, nor did she have the right to do anything either.

Shortly after, Christopher returned.

Margaret handed the phone over to him. "Megan called, and I picked it up for you."

He glanced at her and took over his phone before leaving. "Don't touch my phone next time," was all he said.

A trace of loneliness flashed across her eyes, but she soon recovered her poise.

Around ten at night, her phone rang while she was dozing off. It was a call from Jack.

Worried that something had happened to Jodie again, she hurriedly picked up the phone. "Hello?"

Jack's tone was calm. "Margaret, I need to ask you for a favor. Are you free to come out and talk about it?"

Judging from how composed he sounded, she reckoned nothing serious had happened. After she looked at the time, she replied, "Let's talk about this tomorrow. It's too late, and I'm already in bed."

His voice was filled with hesitation. "I would like to propose to Jo, and I need your help. The case pertaining to her family has yet to be solved, and she looks miserable every day. I don't want to see her in such a state, so I wish to propose to her earlier, lest she overthinks. I'm in a hurry... Moreover, I don't have time tomorrow as I promised to go out with her."

Margaret no longer rejected him as soon as she heard it was related to Jodie. "Where are you waiting for me? It's quite hard to take a cab here, so I may arrive late—"

Jack said immediately, "I'll pick you up. Send me your address, and I'll be there soon."

Half an hour later, his car pulled up outside the entrance of the Lewis residence.

Margaret clutched her coat and promptly got into the vehicle as the weather at night was too chilly.

The bodyguard on night duty remembered the plate number vigilantly when he realized it was not Christopher's car that picked her up.

Margaret did not want to go too far from home, so she asked Jack to stop the car in front of the junction. "We can just discuss it inside the car. It's really too late for today."

Jack seemed fatigued. "I'm dead beat today, so let's go to the hotel I'm staying at, and I will call a taxi for you after we finish the discussion. We need to go through lots of details, as I don't want to grope in the dark at that time. You are Jo's only best friend, and I'm unsure who else I can ask for help. Just this once, please?"

Margaret could not bring herself to reject him again, so she followed him back to the hotel.

The takeout he ordered in advance was delivered after they entered the hotel room. "Do you want to have some food?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Nope, why are you only having dinner this late?"

Jack replied in between bites, "I was helping Jo to investigate the whereabouts of the thief who stole the jewelry materials. I haven't been sleeping well for a couple of days. I'm so sorry for troubling you to come over—" His sentence was cut short when he knocked over the soup carelessly, leaving a stain on his shirt.

"Wait for me here while I take a shower." He frowned, seemingly in a terrible mood.

Margaret tried her best to comfort him. "It's okay. Go ahead; I'll be waiting right here."

Jack nodded, got up, and went to the bathroom, which had an odd design. With the translucent glass wall and door, everything inside was clear as day once the steam arose. Margaret turned around anxiously the moment she realized that problem.

She wanted to wait outside of the room, but the bathroom was located to the left of the entrance, so she would have to pass by it no matter what. After a brief hesitation, she kept her eyes shut and slowly groped her way to the door! However, someone suddenly opened the door from outside before she even touched the door handle. As soon as she opened her eyes, she was greeted by the sight of Jodie's shocked expression.

"Jo?" Margaret was dumbfounded and had no words to explain the situation at once.

Jodie was about to speak when she spotted Christopher striding over from the corner of the corridor. His expression was grim and frosty, and two bodyguards followed behind him