

# An Impossible Marriage Chapter 6

An Impossible Marriage Novel

Chapter 6

At that moment, Margaret felt as if she could see Jenson standing right in front of her. The confession was simple and unexaggerated, but it moved Margaret's heart. She opened her mouth slightly, yet was speechless. Frantically, Margaret hung up the call out of instinct and looked at Jodie helplessly. Jodie chortled and patted Margaret on her head, then comforted the latter smilingly. "I knew you would do that. Don't worry. Jenson is well-prepared. You can just call him whenever you have an answer." At the end of her sentence, she waved her hand at Margaret and bid her goodbye. "Make sure you get home safely. I'll see you again tomorrow!" After Jodie got into her car and left, Margaret stood there for a long while as Jenson's confession replayed in her head. It was already eight o'clock at night when Margaret finally returned to the Lewis residence. She unboxed the presents carefully. Jodie gifted her a necklace, whereas Jenson gifted her a bracelet. There was a handwritten note in the gift box: "I'll be with you forever." Her face turned red, and she quickly hid the gifts in the cardboard box under her bed. She didn't dare place them in plain sight because Christopher wouldn't allow it. Abruptly, Elizabeth's voice sounded from behind her. "Did you just come home, Meg? I'll cook a plate of spaghetti for you." Margaret immediately stood up and said, "It's okay, Elizabeth. I've already eaten outside. Please have an early rest." "Mr. Lewis rushed home in the middle of his business trip. I think he wants to celebrate your birthday with you. I saw him bringing back a gift for you as well, but he got upset after realizing you weren't home. He hasn't even had his dinner yet. Why did you come home so late?" Elizabeth spoke hesitantly as she rubbed her chilly hands together. Upon hearing Elizabeth's statements, Margaret froze as fear flashed across her pale face. Christopher had always prohibited her from playing outdoors in her leisure time. However, she accepted Jodie's invitation because she had never expected Christopher to return home suddenly. What frightened her the most was Elizabeth's description. It's impossible for him to come home deliberately just to celebrate my birthday, not to mention him preparing a gift for me. Seeing how scared she was, Elizabeth held her hand. "Don't be so scared. Mr. Lewis won't bite. I'll prepare his meal for him, and you can bring them to his room. It's your birthday today, after all. I'm sure he won't be too harsh on you after you say a few nice things to him." Margaret nodded and waited for Elizabeth to prepare the meal, then she took the food upstairs and knocked on Christopher's door. "Are you in there?" There was no movement in the room, yet Margaret was already used to it. Christopher was always quiet, especially when he was angry. Thus, it was normal for him to ignore everyone when he was in a bad mood. Margaret gritted her teeth before pushing the door open. As soon as she entered the room, she was startled by the scene of Christopher smoking in front of the window. The room was filled with a layer of smoke. How much did you smoke? I remember you seldom smoke this much. Christopher's silhouette looked dreamy amid the smokey environment. He was still dressed in his suit, and his hair was tidy and immaculate. Margaret regained her composure and put down the food, then opened the window next to him to let some fresh air into the room. "Where have you been?" Christopher asked. Instantaneously,

Margaret's body stiffened. She felt the icy breeze blowing on her face as the same coldness crept into her heart. "M-My friend invited me out. I didn't know that you'll come home." She was soft-spoken, and she couldn't tell if Christopher could hear her properly amidst the roaring wind. However, it turned out that his listening skill was good. "You don't know that I'll come home? Does that mean you can do anything willfully when I'm not home?" Margaret felt a stinging chill down her spine and she shut the windows. "I didn't mean that. I'm sorry, and I promise I won't make the same mistakes again." She didn't say much, and she didn't want to mention that it was her eighteenth birthday today. It didn't matter anyway. All she had to do was admit her mistakes whenever he was irate. Christopher snorted as his lips curled into a wintry smile. He put off the cigarette in his hand and poured himself a glass of wine. Just when he took a sip, Margaret reminded him timidly, "Please eat something before you drink." Christopher glanced at the wine glass briefly before walking toward Margaret. "It's your birthday today." Margaret merely stared at the wine glass handed to her by Christopher and didn't dare accept it. She didn't know how to drink, and she also didn't dare touch his wine glass, as he was a germaphobe. "I don't know how to drink wine." Upon seeing Margaret's reaction, Christopher furrowed his brows and grabbed her by the chin, then forcefully poured half of the wine into her mouth. Immediately, Margaret felt a burning sensation in her throat, causing her to cough violently. Cough! Cough! Before Margaret could calm herself down, Christopher pulled her into his arms and kissed her on her lips.

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