

An Impossible Marriage Chapter 7

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Margaret widened her eyes in panic. It was not until then that she realized he had been drinking a lot before this. The pungent smell of alcohol on him was most unlikely caused by the small sip he had just now. Christopher's kiss was overbearing and carried a hint of predatory. She slowly got out of breath. Then, just when she was about to go breathless, he finally backed off a little, but his hands started roaming over her body. "The dishes are getting cold!" Margaret exclaimed anxiously. Christopher was a different man when he was drunk. He would show his true nature, bit by bit. In contrast, everyone knew how sweet and caring he could be when he was sober. Margaret knew this very well. Her whole body was still trembling in fear. She could only think of what Jenson had told her before, "I like you. Just wait for me to return, please." Christopher pushed her toward the bed behind them. He started unbuttoning her shirt swiftly. "There are two more hours left. It would be a waste to use that time on eating." His back was facing the light, and she could not see his face clearly from that angle. Countless women were lusting over this face, yet she did not dare to look him in the eyes. Moreover, she could vaguely sense his anger. Margaret grabbed his hands. "Don't do this! You're my brother!" She was pleading, but she did not know her pitiful look would only ignite his lust. Christopher moved his hand to caress her face. He outlined her features with his hand and said, "Your eyes are seducing me, always. Why do you keep staring at me if you don't want me to do this to you? Also, don't call me your brother!" His husky low voice was a fatal seduction. Margaret choked out, "Christopher, my... my period is here..." He narrowed his eyes and moved his hand toward her private part. She held her breath. Before coming upstairs, she had already made the preparations for this. He would not notice a thing if he did not force her to show it to him. However, to Margaret's despair, Christopher did not let her get away with this. He buried his face in her neck, and his jaw was grazing against her neck with a slightly painful sensation. She was terrified and uneasy, but she did not dare resist him, for she knew he was never a man with patience. "Help me," he said in a commanding tone as he dragged her hand downward. As soon as she touched that, Margaret froze on the spot. She wanted to retract her arm, but his grip around her wrist was too strong for her to do so. At the very least, the wine from earlier had reduced much of her discomfort. Her head was still in a daze, and she did not know what she was doing. After an indeterminate amount of time, Christopher finally let go of her and went to the bathroom. It didn't take him long to leave the house in a hurry. The next morning, Margaret woke up from her dream, and she was taken aback upon realizing that she had fallen asleep in Christopher's bed. After becoming part of the Lewis family for these many years, she had entered his room countless times, but she had never slept in his bed before. At the thought of what happened last night, a blush crept onto her face. She endured her headache and got dressed. They had done everything except for the final step last night. Although she had already expected this, she still felt upset. The dishes from last night were still placed on the coffee table. She took the tray with her and went down the stairs. Elizabeth seemed to be in a great mood when she took over the tray from Margaret. She even gave

Margaret a waffle and said, "Eat some waffles. I know you like them. Mr. Lewis is really sweet to you. He only had a couple of hours of free time, but he still rushed back to celebrate your birthday. You should have seen how he left the house in a hurry."

Margaret remained silent. Should I be grateful that he purposely made time to come home and do that to me? Before leaving the house, Elizabeth gave her a self-knitted scarf and said, "You shouldn't let anyone see that thing on your neck."

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