

An Impossible Marriage Chapter 9

An Impossible Marriage Novel

Chapter 9

The tutor peered at her submission and let out a scoff. "Is that Christopher Lewis? You were always so taciturn, yet it seems you're just like any other girls your age. Some of them submitted drawings of him as well. Yours, on the other hand, looks the best, though. Do you have a reference picture? Why don't you share it with me?" The tutor was a woman fast approaching thirty who was still unwedded and had the personality of a shrew. Furthermore, she had an obsession with Christopher and would gossip about him with the students daily. Margaret shook her head. "No, I don't have any pictures." The tutor's face fell. "You drew so well from imagination without using a reference picture? So have you ever met him? Don't be such a bummer and show us his picture. The background of the drawing appears to depict him at home. A private picture like this doesn't exist on the internet. Where did you get it?" Jodie couldn't stay silent any longer. "What are you doing? She said she doesn't have a picture, and she's always been a talented artist. You didn't know that about your own student?" When it came to students from affluent backgrounds, the tutor was a little more vigilant. "Fine, fine. I know she's your close friend. I'm not going to press the issue anymore, okay?" Then, she gathered all the artwork and left in a huff. Jodie sidled closer to Margaret and said in a low, conspiratorial voice, "How did you manage to do it without meeting Christopher? I've only seen him once at a reception. I thought you were different, but you're also secretly pining for the most eligible bachelor in this country, right?" Margaret was silent as usual. She didn't harbor any fantasies about Christopher. They lived under the same roof every day, so what was there to fantasize about? She was able to produce that quality of work because of their deep-rooted relationship. Will our lives be forever intertwined? "I heard that Christopher will show up at our school carnival this year. Well, I suppose it's normal for the school to invite him after all he's done." Jodie kept up the one-sided conversation at Margaret's continued silence. The school would host a school carnival comprised of programs and lectures before the students broke up for summer and winter vacations. There were twenty-one days before the next school carnival. Christopher would have returned from his trip by then. "Meg, since we don't have classes later, let's hang out in the afternoon. Shall we go ice skating? I know a newly opened rink. The ski resort is too far. We'll go during our holidays instead," Jodie suggested after seeing Margaret packing her belongings, signaling that she was leaving. Margaret knitted her brows, afraid that Christopher would go home without warning, and realized she wasn't home. It would be difficult for her to lie her way out of that situation. "So? Are you in?" Jodie held onto her shoulder and lightly shook it, her voice taking on a plaintive whine. Margaret gave a rueful shake of her head. "I'll take a rain check on it. Sorry, but I'm going home." Jodie tugged on her hand stubbornly. "Why are you always rushing to go home? Is your family so strict? Is your brother going to eat you?" Margaret's lips twitched in humor. "Yeah." Oh, Christopher would definitely devour me. Jodie was at a loss for words, her curiosity about Margaret's brother piqued. However, gazing at Margaret's serious expression, Jodie decided not to put her in a tough spot and released her hand. After Margaret left school, the chain came off her

bicycle not even halfway through the journey. She didn't know how to fix it, so she got off and walked the rest of the way, pushing the bicycle beside her. Tiny white flakes began to fall from the sky shortly after. Both of her hands were freezing and they were cracking from the biting cold. The freezing wind whipped her hair against her face until her cheeks turned red. Long after the sun had set, and the Lewis residence was shrouded in the misty darkness of evening, did she reach home. Christopher preferred peace and quiet, thus his residence was a distance away from Hegbert College of Art. She would be in trouble without a bicycle. Once inside, Elizabeth immediately yanked her into the housekeeper's room and blasted the heater. "What were you thinking coming home so late? You're like a walking block of ice. I know you wouldn't talk to Mr. Lewis. Let me look for him. You're not even wearing a sweater!" Margaret rubbed her numb hands together and replied unemotionally, "He gave me money, but I didn't use them." It wouldn't be appropriate if I spent it. Elizabeth brought her fingers against Margaret's forehead to check her temperature. "Stubborn girl. Why wouldn't you use the money? That incident happened so many years ago, and Mr. Lewis has been nothing but courteous to you. Yet you still can't accept his gesture of goodwill. Mr. Lewis came home today, and you showed up so late. You're in for a tongue-lashing this time!"

Christopher is back?

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