

Love Hate CHAPTER 2

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- Margaret dared not fight back. In the past, she had gone through the same situation endless times.
- “Mr. Lewis, the meal is ready.” Just then, the butler, Fredrick Conner’s voice resonated outside the door. It came as a lifesaver to Margaret. The timing was just perfect.
- Fredrick had been working for the Lewis family for decades. It could be said that Christopher was brought up under the watchful eyes of Fredrick. Therefore, he was someone important to Christopher.
- He pulled his hand away from Margaret’s chest and replied half-heartedly, “All right!”
- Margaret then opened the door and stormed out. His words kept echoing in the back of her mind.
- “You will be eighteen in two weeks, right?”
- She couldn’t stop thinking about what he said earlier. In fact, Margaret knew very well the hidden meaning behind “eighteen.”
- After eating, Christopher went out. Margaret finally heaved a sigh of relief and drifted off to sleep in the storeroom. She had been staying there for a decade. Technically speaking, the Lewis residence was her second home.
- That night, she didn’t sleep well. In the dream, she repeatedly asked her father, “What exactly happened? So what they said is true?” Other than a smile, there was no other response from her father before he boarded the plane.
- All seventeen people, including Christopher’s parents in the private jet of the Lewis family, died in the crash.
- The media reported that the accident was caused by the pilot’s error. There were also rumors saying that the pilot had consumed alcohol before taking off.
- Being the private jet pilot of the Lewis family, Nicholas was blamed for the accident even though he had also died in that crash.
- In the end, Christopher brought her home. Everyone couldn’t fathom why he kept the murderer’s daughter.
- At that time, Margaret was eight years old. Christopher held her hand and returned to his place. She thought it was Christopher’s act of kindness since the two of them had become orphans.
- However, the moment the door closed, he shook her hand off and shot a glare at her. His gaze was cold as ice. “Since your father is dead, you will be the one to atone for his sins.”
- He was eighteen that year. His intense hatred of her was so obvious that she could not help but feel a sense of suffocation. At that moment, she came to understand that he was there to make her pay for his loss.
- Her entire night was filled with nightmares. It was already morning by the time she woke up. Margaret reached out to her burning forehead. Staring at the falling snowflakes through the window of the storeroom, she smiled and mumbled, “It’s snowing.”
- “Meg, there will be snowfall today. It’s going to be freezing cold. Make sure you wear an extra layer of clothes. Be careful not to catch a cold,” uttered Elizabeth.
- As always, Elizabeth cared about Margaret. Regardless of the weather over the past ten years, Elizabeth would remind Margaret of certain things each time she woke up.

- Margaret grunted in reply and put on her only coat to keep her warm. When she stepped out, Elizabeth's face fell. "Meg... Why don't you ask Mr. Lewis for money and buy some clothes? You have been wearing this same coat for years. Look at you! Girls at your age spend money on their appearance, don't they?"
- Margaret adamantly shook her head and got on her rickety old bicycle in the snow.
- Christopher had never allowed anyone to offer Margaret anything, including money. If anything, it could only come from him.
- From the age of eight, she had to try her best to please him in order to get the things she wanted. He only allowed her to call him by his first name. Hence, she had been calling him "Christopher" all this while. As time went by, it had become a deep-rooted habit.
- Suddenly, a honk rang out behind her. She slowed down and rode as close to the side of the road as possible. A black Rolls-Royce drove past her. Through the half-open car window, her eyes briefly met Christopher's gaze before the car drove away.
- Suddenly, the car pulled over. She instinctively stopped. Placing one foot on the ground, she held her bicycle with both hands and waited in silence.