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Jenson clenched his fists tightly and his heart blazed with the passionate memories from three years ago. He wanted to leave everything behind and take Margaret away to a place where no one could find them. As long as she agreed, he would do it for her.

However, that was not possible. The pressure from his family reminded him at every waking moment to take the big picture into consideration. For his whole life, he could only listen to his parents and follow their rules. If he violated the rules, the entire family would be ruined and the Swanson family's foundation would be destroyed. He would be a sinner if that happened.

His warm blood was slowly turning cold when he was forced to face a woman whom he did not love. It was only when he was with Margaret did he start to feel warm again.

Margaret, Jodie, and Jenson left together after they settled everything at the hospital. When they reached the hospital's exit, Jodie jokingly said, "What's the matter with you two? My dad's the one who is dead. Why are the two of you looking so gloomy? Meg's usually like this, but what's gotten into you, Jenson?"

Jenson looked at Margaret and did not say anything about meeting Christopher. "I'm fine. It's getting late. Jo, why don't you go back and take care of your mother?"

Jodie sighed and said, "You guys know what my mom is like. With Dad gone, she'll need a few years to recover."

Margaret nodded. "I'll be leaving first. Call me if you need anything."

After she finished speaking, she noticed the black Rolls-Royce parked not too far away. Looking at the familiar license plate number, she knew it was Christopher's car.

Before she regained her senses, Noah got out of the car and took her handbag. "Mrs. Lewis, let's go."

Margaret did not expect Christopher to be here. Stealing a glance at Jenson and Jodie wordlessly, she followed Noah and got into the car,

Christopher, who was sitting in the car, had an unreadable expression. She asked, "Why are you here?"

He looked out at the buildings and skyscrapers before replying in a cold voice, "Why can't I be here?"

Margaret was speechless for a moment. After a moment of silence, she said, "Jo's father passed away. I came to the hospital to help her settle some procedures."

She expected Christopher to press on for answers, but the latter changed the topic suddenly. "Since Zachary is dead, there is no need to return the money."

Margaret was stunned and was unsure what he meant by that. After a while of pondering, she said, "Jo will definitely pay you back. A large part of the debt is also under her mother's name, and it's their shared responsibility. Now that her father is dead, her mother will still repay the debts."

Christopher turned to look at her and said, "I said that there is no need to return it. Don't even think of finding more reasons to meet up with Jenson. There are enough scandals flying around. Don't make me repeat this."

Only then did Margaret realize why Christopher was being so kind. She said bitterly, "I didn't plan to meet up with Jenson on purpose. I also didn't mean to embarrass you..."

However, Christopher was not interested in listening to her explanation. He snorted coldly in response and leaned back against the car seat without saying another word.

Knowing that Christopher was a man of his words, Margaret was relieved that Jodie would not have to pay back the debts. She did not care what was really going on in Christopher's mind. At least she could finally stop worrying about Jodie's situation.

The car stopped at the Lewis residence and Christopher got off. He walked straight to the door while Margaret moved slowly. As she walked, she subconsciously protected her belly. Her cautious behavior caught Noah's attention.

Noah asked, "Mrs. Lewis, is your stomach feeling uncomfortable?"

Margaret quickly put her hand down and said, "No. Everything's fine."

The sky had darkened, and the lights in the Lewis residence were exceptionally bright,

Upon seeing Margaret return with Christopher, Elizabeth was ecstatic. "Mrs. Lewis, I prepared your favorite shrimp and salmon for dinner. You loved to eat these when you were young. Don't worry, They were just shipped over by air and are fresh. I've also put a lot of spices to cover up the fishy smell. Co wash your hands and we can have dinner right away

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Margaret swallowed her saliva involuntarily. When she was young, she loved eating seafood. It had been a long time since she had them. Now that she was pregnant, she started craving them again.

Christopher had not come down when she sat down in the dining room. She did not dare to start eating first and could only drool at the prawns before her. Elizabeth observed her impatience and dotingly peeled a large prawn for her. "Try some. Mr. Lewis specially requested someone to purchase these yesterday. He must have thought that you'll like them."

Margaret lowered her gaze and did not reply.

How could Christopher have remembered what I like to eat? If he requested them yesterday, it must be because Hannah and Megan were coming today. They must have been specifically prepared for Megan. Unfortunately, they arrived late, and Megan did not stay for dinner. I'm just picking up the leftovers.

Such good quality prawns were not commonly found in Dellmoor during this season. Christopher must have gone through the extra effort of having them flown over.

Christopher arrived in the dining room right after she put the prawn in her mouth, and half of it was still sticking out. She saw that he looked displeased and thought it was because she had started eating first

without him. Just as she was deliberating whether she should take out the prawn from her mouth, he pushed the whole plate of prawns before her and uttered, "You look disgraceful when you eat."

Margaret suddenly remembered that Christopher never liked prawns. It seemed that she was destined to have the plate of prawns before her all to herself.

Although his tone was unkind, she decided to take up his offer. In no time, there was a pile of prawn shells before her.

Christopher was shocked to see that she had almost finished the whole plate of palm sized prawns and did not seem to have any intention of stopping. *She usually doesn't eat this much. Usually, she eats like a bird. Have I been mistreating her?*

He pushed the salmon toward her with a puzzled frown. She glanced at the plate and pushed it back to the center of the dining table. "I can't eat raw food now..."

Christopher narrowed his eyes and asked, "Why?"

A chill ran down Margaret's spine as she realized that she might have said something wrong. She quickly explained, "My stomach hasn't been feeling too well... You can have them..."

He sat up straight and stared at the woman's mouth that was chewing non-stop. Curious, he wanted to know how long she could keep going.

In the next half an hour, Margaret finished the plate of prawns, a bowl of pasta, and some salad. Her appetite was exceptionally well today, and she did not feel any urge to vomit.

She shuddered when she suddenly realized that Christopher had been staring at her. Hence, she slowed down and wondered why he kept watching her eat.

As she could not think of any good reason for his odd behavior, she scooped some salad onto his plate. "Have some too..!"

Christopher still did not touch his fork. Ten minutes later, Margaret put down her utensils awkwardly under his watchful gaze. "I'll go back upstairs to rest..."

Christopher opened her mouth and wanted to say something, but he kept silent in the end.

After she left, Christopher called Fredrick over. "Let her take a walk in the garden and eat some digestive tablets to help digest the food."

Fredrick was slightly alarmed when he saw the pile of prawn shells and an almost empty salad bowl. *Mrs. Lewis' appetite has increased recently. Her tastes have been quite peculiar as well. She leaves the food that she does not want to eat untouched. As for the food she likes, she finishes everything.*

As an experienced butler in the Lewis residence, he dutifully relayed what Christopher had said to Margaret. However, he did not mention that it was Christopher's instructions.

After the meal, Margaret did not want to move at all. She did not feel that she had overeaten. In fact, she had a craving for lemonade. "I'm fine. I don't feel too full. Fredrick, could you get Elizabeth to make me a glass of lemonade?"

Fredrick's mouth twitched, "Are you sure?"

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Margaret nodded seriously. "Yes, I'm sure."

Christopher did not head out that night. Around ten o'clock, he left the study and returned to the room. He sat at his usual seat before the window, poured himself half a glass of wine, and took out his box of cigars..

Seeing that he was about to smoke, Margaret got down from the bed and wanted to go rest in the guest room. She did not want to interrupt him and decided that this was the best solution. Before she even reached the door, he called out, "Where are you going?"

It had been some time since they last had a meal or spent time together in the same room. He had not bothered to find out what she had been up to in the past few days, Upon hearing his words, Margaret stopped in her steps. "I don't really like the smell of smoke. It's okay. You go ahead. I'll go sleep in the guest room."

Confusion flashed in Christopher's eyes. In the past, Margaret had never said that she did not like the smell of smoke. After a moment, he chucked the box of cigars into the waste paper basket, walked toward the bed, and announced, "Let's sleep."

Margaret was taken aback. She could not comprehend his actions. *Did he just throw away the box of cigars because of what I just said? It's impossible that he did it because he actually cares about how I feel. He must have thrown them because he's angry.*

She was dumbfounded for a moment. After she regained her senses, she went to pick up the box of cigars. The waste paper basket in the room was always clean as she only used the room for sleeping. "I didn't mean anything by what I said... I'm sorry."

Christopher took off his watch and put it on the bedside table without looking at her. With a slightly deep voice, he said, "Just say it if you don't like it. Haven't I always been telling you to do this?"

She remained silent. This time, it was not because she was used to being reticent. It was because she genuinely did not know what to say. Indeed, he had said something like this before, but she could not recall when he had done so. However, she never took his words at face value, so she dared not say whatever was on her mind. *It seems that he'll actually take into account how I feel if I share what's on my mind...*

It felt surreal when she lay down by Christopher's side. He was so cold and distant just some time ago.

Now that she thought about it, they only slept on the same bed on a handful of occasions during their three-year marriage. She was still not used to this.

Suddenly, Christopher turned over to face her. He pulled her into his embrace, and his hand touched her bosom.

When she realized what was happening, she instinctively pushed him away. "No. No, we can't. I—I have some issues."

His gaze darkened at her reaction as he thought about how she had a few clandestine meetings with Jenson. He grabbed her wrist and declared, "This is your duty as a wife!"

He wasted no time and carried on. She could feel his anger, and her whole body stiffened in fright. "Christopher... please don't do this... I beg you..."

Her pleas did not have any effect on him. Ever since she found out that she was pregnant, she did some reading. Her current condition did not allow her to be intimate. Just thinking that she might miscarry caused her to tremble in fear. With a teary voice, she choked out, "Christopher, I'm preg.."

Without waiting for her to finish her sentence, Christopher froze and suddenly walked into the bathroom and slammed the door.

She was afraid. So much as that she trembled. She was scared of me touching her.

The ice-cold water could not douse the rage he felt. When he came out of the shower, he did not even look at the woman on the bed. He walked straight to the study, crafted an email, and pressed the "send" button. He calmed down a little after he turned off his laptop. *Does Jenson have to lose all his reputation before she's willing to stay by my side?*

Naturally, the already icy atmosphere between them only intensified after that night.

The two of them left the house together the next morning. However, they avoided each other's gazes and did not speak to each other.

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Jodie called just as Margaret arrived at the office. "Meg, did you say something to Christopher? I don't have to repay that huge sum of money anymore? I can't believe it!"

Margaret did not think that Christopher would act so quickly. She had only just mentioned it yesterday, and he had already taken action. "It wasn't me. He made the decision himself. No matter what, it's a good thing. Jo, live well from now on. Things will get better."

At the other end of the line, Jack came to Jodie's mind when she heard what Margaret said. She did not tell Margaret about it, but her voice became slightly strained. "Yeah... It will. Things will get better for us both!"

Hanging up, Margaret buried her head into work again. After a busy morning, it was time for her lunch break. She decided to go to a nearby vegetarian restaurant as she felt like eating something light today.

She ordered two of her favorite dishes at the restaurant and enjoyed them thoroughly. As she prepared to leave, she realized that it was raining. Margaret supposed the weather was unpredictable like that, just like Christopher.

The rain was heavy and showed no signs of stopping. As time passed, she found herself trapped there. Although it was not far from the office, she could not go back. The restaurant was fronted by an empty area for cars to park in, so she was unable to flag a cab as she was nowhere near the road.

If it was in the past, she would have walked out in the rain without hesitation. Now, she had to be careful of the baby she was carrying. It was crucial to avoid catching a cold and having to take medication for the first three months of pregnancy.

Not long later, a white Cadillac stopped at the empty area in front of the restaurant. She recognized the car – it was Jack's.

She knew that Jack's financial situation would not have allowed him to afford such a car, so it must have something to do with Jodie. It also ironically reflected the former glory of the Clark family, which was a stark contrast to their current situation.

Jack saw Margaret hiding from the rain under the roof when he alighted from the car. He made his way through the pouring rain and greeted her with the air of an old friend, "What are you doing here?"

Margaret's train of thought was cut off abruptly, and she replied with a hint of awkwardness, "It's raining, so I can't leave. You're here to have a meal?"

Jack scanned her expression and found nothing out of the ordinary. Only then did he answer, "Yeah, my work ended a little late. Where are you heading to? I'll give you a .. lift and have lunch after. As I'm already late for lunch, a few more minutes won't matter."

Margaret was about to decline but realized that her break would be over soon. She hesitated for a while before finally agreeing. "I'll trouble you then. I'm really sorry about it.."

Jack did not say more but merely raised his arms to shield her from the rain when she was about to leave the shelter. They walked extremely close to each other, and she could smell the cologne on him. For an instant, she felt uneasy, but the feeling went away once they separated. He was her best friend's boyfriend, and she need not overthink.

Once inside the car, Jack asked, "Where are you heading to?"

"Back to my office. My lunch break will soon be over, and I need to get back to work," Margaret responded without hesitation.

Jack paused for a while and harbored a guess, "Don't tell me you were trapped there for such a long time because of this little bit of rain?"

Margaret never hid anything from Jodie and naturally thought that Jack was aware of her condition as well. "I'm pregnant, so I don't want to risk catching a cold."

Shock flitted through Jack's eyes, but he quickly recovered. "Congrats! But in that case, why didn't Christopher send someone over to fetch you? He sure is irresponsible as the father of the child."

Margaret swept a lock of hair behind her ear and replied quietly, "He doesn't know that I'm pregnant. I haven't thought of how to tell him yet."

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Jack was slightly perplexed. "Can't you just tell him directly? What are you afraid of? Don't tell me the child isn't his?"

Margaret found herself at a loss for words. "You're the same as Jo, suspecting this and that. We're here. It's fine to stop at the side."

When the car came to a stop, she thanked him and went off hurriedly.

Jack looked at her retreating figure with darkened eyes. *So Jodie has not told her of our breakup yet...*

As the workday drew to a close, Jodie found herself complaining to Margaret through text: *It's so hard finding a job! It was even raining so heavily today. How annoying!*

By this time, Margaret was also nearly done with work, so she replied: *Don't worry. You still have Jack. In the past, you supported him. Now, it's his turn to help you in return. He has a good job and also drives an expensive car. It should be enough to give both of you a good life. You can take your time to find a job."*

After she sent the message, Jodie did not reply for some time, and Margaret found it odd. It took a long time before Jodie's message finally came: *I've broken up with Jack. Now that I think about it, that car was my birthday gift to him. When my family was in trouble, he didn't even think about selling it to help me. I should have realized his true colors then and lost all feelings for him.*

Margaret fell silent upon reading the message. Jodie had been through so much recently. Someone with less resilience would have collapsed already.

She never would have thought that Jack had already broken up with Jodie. He acted as per normal when he was dropping her off at work earlier, and she was completely blindsided.

Margaret could not find the right words to comfort Jodie, and in the interval that passed, it was Jodie who reassured her instead: *I'm okay, Meg. I still have you and Jenson. Men are jerks and worth nothing. Friends are the real deal. I'll treat you to a meal when I get a job. Okay, I have to go prepare dinner now. Talk again.*

In the end, Margaret could only type "Okay" in reply. There were many things that were hard to express through words.

The rain had not stopped even when it was time to go home. It was pouring ceaselessly as if to wash away all traces of the haze from the sky and leave nothing behind.

Margaret had no choice but to stay in the office and wait for the rain to stop. There was a saying that fortunate people had an umbrella when it rained and light when it got dark. Never had she ever dared wish to be one of them.

Casper waited until most of the staff had left before strolling out of his office.

He found Margaret still there and asked, "Why are you still here? There's no need to work overtime these days."

Margaret stared at the papers in her hand and casually replied, "I want to do overtime. You don't have to pay me for it. Don't all bosses like this type of employee?"

Casper noticed the rain falling outside and fell into deep thought. He went downstairs and immediately called Christopher. "Send an umbrella over for your wife. She can't go home."

After half an hour, Margaret's phone rang. It was Fredrick calling from his personal phone.

She thought that something had happened at home and answered quickly, "Fredrick, did something happen? I'm working overtime in my office."

"Please come downstairs. I'm at the entrance. Mr. Lewis wanted me to pick you up from work." Fredrick cut off the call after he finished talking.

Margaret was somewhat surprised but went downstairs as told. Fredrick was standing beside the car holding an umbrella. His figure was still as tall and straight as a pine tree, as if the passing years had not affected him one bit.

In the car, Margaret asked, "He's home?"

Fredrick was concentrating on driving. "Yes, Mrs. Lewis."

She did not ask further questions. The car moved steadily along the wet roads, and Margaret was feeling sleepy. She decided to take a short nap, and when Fredrick woke her up again, they had reached the Lewis residence. !

Walking into the building, Margaret could smell the aroma of the food being prepared. She had to bear with her hunger as she took a bath first.

When she came out of the shower, Christopher was already seated at the table. He was dressed in light gray leisurewear, and his hair was slightly damp. His body smelled of the shower gel he used. No matter the occasion, he was always conscious of his mannerisms and posture and was unable to relax for even a moment.

Chapter 116 Not knowing what to say, Margaret decided to keep quiet.

There were two plates of grilled prawns for dinner. Elizabeth even intentionally placed the prawns in front of Margaret as she served all the dishes on the dining table. Then Margaret began her feast by peeling off the shells one by one while Christopher elegantly sipped some hot soup from a small bowl.

By the look of her, he could barely tell that she was suffering from gastritis since her appetite was remarkably good. In fact, he started to wonder if she had other sicknesses.

Sensing his intense gaze, Margaret summoned her courage and asked, "What's the matter?"

Christopher shifted his gaze elsewhere, ignoring her question.

Since she did not get any response, she lowered her head and continued to peel the prawns. Shortly after, she finished off those two plates of prawns all by herself and concluded her dinner with a small bowl of soup. She did not touch the pasta at all.

When she was fully satisfied, only then did she realize that Christopher was still there. He had put down his cutlery a while ago and had been staring at her the whole time.

A strange feeling of uneasiness filled Margaret. She licked the corner of her lips and asked, "Did I eat too much?"

At that point, Christopher stood and strode upstairs, saying, "Glad you know that. Let the kitchen staff know whatever you want to eat. Don't go around looking like I've been starving you."

Margaret was stunned when she noticed the mountain of prawn shells piled before her. While she accepted the fact that she had consumed more than usual, she thought she could shovel down another half plate of prawns if there was more. Well, I know this appetite of mine can be a little crazy now that it is a few times bigger, but this is not something I can control.

She sauntered into the living room. When she saw that Christopher would not come out of his study anytime soon, she quickly grabbed a half glass of warm water and dashed into the room to swallow the folic acid tablets she had hidden. It had been scientifically proven that taking folic acid in the first trimester of pregnancy could

reduce the risks of neural tube defects.

"Elizabeth, get me a cup of black tea." All of a sudden, Christopher's voice came from the study

It gave Margaret such a fright that her hands jerked, and she swiftly kept the bottle of folic acid away

After a few moments, it was completely quiet downstairs, possibly because Elizabeth had not heard what Christopher said.

Hence, Margaret went downstairs to make a cup of black tea and sent it to the study. When Christopher saw her, he seemed displeased as he furrowed his brows. "Do you enjoy doing what a housekeeper does so much?"

"Elizabeth is caught up with something else. Since I'm free, I don't mind helping her. Have a good rest." Speaking with an unwavering tone, she placed the black tea by his side.

After saying that, she returned to the room as she started feeling sleepy with a full stomach.

She was fast asleep when she felt a slight pressure on the other side of the bed. Still feeling groggy, she peered at Christopher in the dark, knowing that he had come to rest after completing his work.

"You have a man. I can do anything you ask me to, so you don't have to ask someone else," he abruptly said.

Margaret could hear him clearly, but she had no idea what that meant. Her mind was still muddled. The words seemed to stick in her throat because she was too sleepy and lazy to talk

Her silence made Christopher's blood boil for a while. Eventually, he ended up turning his back on her.

While she was sleeping in a daze, she felt cold between them and naturally pulled the blanket up for him as she moved closer to him. The night passed as she fell into a deep slumber,

On the next day, Christopher was no longer in the room when Margaret woke up. She thought he had left, but he came out of the study while she was getting ready for work. He was visibly annoyed even this early in the morning, as though someone had pissed him off somehow,

I thought he slept in the room last night? Why did he walk out of the study? By the looks of him, he clearly just woke up not long ago. I guess he moved to the study when it was past midnight?

Margaret was aware that she would not be able to comprehend the reason behind what Christopher did. As a firm believer in staying out of trouble, she immediately gave breakfast a pass and rushed out of the house.

Just then, Elizabeth came out of the kitchen with a bowl of oatmeal porridge. She looked for Margaret but to no avail. "Where did she go?" she asked.

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As soon as Elizabeth finished speaking, she saw Christopher coming down the stairs. She instantly fell silent when she noticed his grim expression.

On the other hand, Margaret could not stay focused at work the whole morning. She never expected herself to be so weak that she felt dizzy and almost threw up after skipping her breakfast. Her morning sickness had worsened due to her hungry state.

Finally, she managed to make it through the morning when Jodie called, "Meg, I'm at your office lobby now. I'm treating you to lunch! Come quickly!"

Margaret remembered Jodie saying that she would treat her to a meal if she landed a job. "Did you manage to find a job?" asked Margaret.

"I'll tell you over our meal!" Jodie replied secretly.

Margaret was the first one to leave the office once it was lunchtime. She met up with Jodie at the lobby, and the two strode off together to a nearby restaurant. Jodie was all dolled up. It was clear she had put a lot of effort into searching for a job.

When they finished placing their orders, Jodie spoke with a mysterious tone. "Do you know which company I'm in now? I will reward you if you guess it correctly!"

However, Margaret was too hungry to take a guess. "I don't have a clue, but I'm guessing the salary and the benefits must be quite good for you? Otherwise, you wouldn't have bothered applying. After all, you studied overseas. Though you may not have working experience, that alone will give you an advantage over others. I'm sure a lot of people will gladly offer you a position."

Jodie's eyes were filled with glistening hope, and her expression was bright and carefree again like she used to be. She had lost her smile ever since her family hit rock bottom. "You're right! It's a high-paying job with pretty good benefits. All my hard work paid off! I'm so grateful that I can have a roof over my head now. My only wish is to start afresh and buy a house myself so that I can live the rest of my days peacefully with my mom."

Jodie's smile cheered Margaret up as well. "Oh, thank God, Jo! I'm so glad that you didn't admit defeat. Your wish will definitely come to pass! Everything is going to be all right."

Suddenly, Jodie heaved a sigh. "You don't get what I meant, do you? I said it is a 'wish' because that's not easy to achieve. My mom is so used to squandering money that it's

become a habit that she can't change. I'm afraid that my one-month salary won't be enough for her. I, for one, only want to live a peaceful life. However, we have to be realistic, don't we?"

Margaret thought it was not a big deal. She grinned and said, “Your mom is just used. to the good times back then. It’s normal for her to take some time to change. She will eventually get there, so don’t be sulky! Your situation is far better than mine.”

She paused and stopped talking because she did not want to recall what Hannah had done.

Jodie also remained silent as she knew that they were about the same. There was no need to wallow in sorrow anymore.

At that moment, Jodie thought of something and instantly pulled out an envelope from her bag: “Meg, this is a letter for you. I don’t know why it was mailed to me, and I find it weird because people nowadays prefer phones to letters. Who is this anyway? How did this person get my address or even know that we’re friends?”

Margaret was equally curious. As she opened the envelope, there were only a few lines of crooked handwriting on the letter. Barely able to grasp every word, she felt a bout of lightheadedness assault her. Margaret was utterly shocked and did not notice Jodie calling her.

“Meg? Meg? What is it about?” Jodie hurriedly asked as she was getting more curious now, especially when Margaret was left completely stunned.

Margaret came to her senses and put the letter back into the envelope. Taking a few deep breaths, she got her voice back. “It is about my dad’s past. I don’t know who wrote this letter as the person didn’t reveal himself, but the sender’s name and address are on the envelope. It’s from someone called ‘Mr. Xenos, and he said that my dad had nothing to do with the plane crash back then. My dad was innocent, and he was merely one of the victims.” Her voice quavered at the end.

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Jodie asked in shock, “When did this happen? Who’s the person who secretly sent the letter? Did that person mention anything else?”

Shaking her head, Margaret replied, “No.”

“Seriously, that person should just tell us everything clearly. Why leave us hanging and make us guess?” Jodie complained.

Just then, the waiter served the dishes, and the famished Margaret immediately dug in. However, she was still thinking about the contents of the letter.

I’ve never believed that Dad was the cause of the plane crash. Back then, I was still young and dumb, so I went along with what the others said. As time went by, I believed their words and never thought about uncovering the truth myself. I also didn’t know where to start. Now, this case has resurfaced. I want to find out the truth and seek justice for Dad! Moreover, I won’t need to continue staying by Christopher’s side as a sinner! I don’t want to live in guilt forever!

Noticing that Margaret was wolfing down the food, Jodie declared, “Meg, how can you still eat at this time? This matter is regarding your father! If the contents of the letter are true, that means we can investigate and find out the truth about that case. In my opinion, Christopher is treating you this way because he thinks your father killed his parents. After all, that case caused an uproar in the city back

then. He probably resents you deeply. If we manage to overturn the case, then you don't owe him . anything anymore. Although he raised you, he also tortured you for all these years! You two are even!"

Suddenly, Margaret remembered she was pregnant, and she froze. We're even? Even if we reveal the truth about the case and we're even, what about the baby in my stomach? What should I do about my baby?

Jodie also remembered Margaret's pregnancy, and she fell silent. After a long pause, she asked, "Do you love Christopher? Does he love you? Are you planning to spend your whole life with him? If you haven't thought about these questions, you shouldn't decide what to do with the baby just yet. I'm not trying to be cruel, but I feel it's crueler to have the baby if your answer to my above questions are both no."

As Margaret's mind was a mess, she had no reply to Jodie's questions. At that moment, she wanted to focus on uncovering the truth of the case first. "Let's not think about those things yet. I have to investigate my dad's case first. I will take a closer look at this letter later tonight after I get off work, and I'll try to find the sender this weekend. Maybe everything will become clear then."

Jodie nodded. "Sure. Let's find out what happened during that plane crash and not think about anything else for now. You're pregnant, and the address is not from this city, so it's unsafe for you to go alone. I'll go with you."

After finishing lunch, Margaret went back to work, but she could not concentrate.. Her mind was filled with thoughts about the letter. I want to know what exactly happened right now! Who's this Mr. Xenos who sent me the letter? Why does he know what happened back then?

Soon, it was time to get off work, and Margaret returned home, engrossed in her thoughts. Christopher was not home yet, and he might not be coming back today, but she suddenly had the urge to see him. If I really discover that the plane crash has nothing to do with my father, then there's no basis for hatred between us anymore. What will happen afterward? Will he let me go?

"Elizabeth, did Christopher mention if he's coming home today?" she asked.

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"He didn't. But since he didn't call to say he's not coming back for dinner, I believe he's coming home. What's wrong, Meg? Do you need something from him?" As Margaret rarely asked about Christopher, Elizabeth was confused.

"No, I'm just asking." Margaret then grabbed her pajamas and went to the bathroom. After getting pregnant, she was stricter with the length of her shower, as the poor ventilation in the bathroom was not good for the baby's health.

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Christopher arrived home just as she finished bathing. She paused in her tracks for a moment before subconsciously walking over to help him retrieve his slippers from the cabinet.

"Spit it out if you have something to say," Christopher ordered impassively as he stared down at her.

Straightening, Margaret stared into his cold eyes. This handsome man in a suit was her husband, but she had never dared to look him in the eyes before due to her guilt. However, she suddenly had the guts to

do so today. "There's nothing. Put down your things, and let's eat dinner. Oh, and I am going out this weekend."

She did not sound as if she was asking him for permission. Rather, it was as if she was making an offhand comment.

Noticing the difference in her tone of voice, Christopher furrowed his eyebrows. "Whatever," he declared shortly before sitting down on the couch.

Elizabeth chimed in to diffuse the tension, "Dinner will be ready soon. You both must have had a tiring day. Why don't you rest for a while?"

Margaret nodded and followed Elizabeth into the kitchen to make herself a cup of

lemon juice. Since she was already there, she decided to make Christopher a cup of black tea as well.

Smiling, Elizabeth remarked, "Meg, Mr. Lewis probably thinks you like to eat seafood, as he had someone buy a sea crab. The crab looks strange, but it's huge, so it must have lots of meat. It also looks expensive. He was probably afraid that you would grow tired of eating prawns, so he bought a crab to let you have a change in taste. You both should not always have such dark expressions on your faces. Let bygones be bygones. Otherwise, it will be you two who suffer in the end."

"I understand, Elizabeth. I won't disturb you any longer," replied Margaret, smiling back.

Then, she brought the drinks out and placed the tea on the table before Christopher. She opened her mouth to say something, but she realized there was nothing she wanted to say to him. After all, they had a ten-year gap in their ages.

After sitting down on a couch opposite him, Margaret searched whether she could eat crabs during pregnancy on her phone. According to rumors, one would suffer a

miscarriage after eating crabs. However, she never believed in rumors, only science.

After confirming that she could still eat crabs, only in smaller amounts, she breathed a sigh of relief, as she was indeed craving seafood recently.

During dinner, Margaret only ate two crab legs before she stopped and ate other dishes.

Upon noticing that, Elizabeth asked, "Mrs. Lewis, is the crab not to your taste?"

Margaret shook her head. "No, it's delicious."

Frowning, Elizabeth commented, "Based on the number of prawns you ate last time, this one crab should not have been enough for you. Why don't you eat more?" As Christopher did not eat seafood, Elizabeth would have to throw the crab away if Margaret did not eat more. Being frugal, Elizabeth could not bear to waste food.

Glancing at Christopher, Margaret explained uncomfortably, "I'm not very hungry today."

As this was the only excuse she could think of on the spot, she could not help herself to a second serving. Thus, she was only half full by the end of the meal.

After dinner, Christopher sat on the couch and played with his phone. It seemed like he was waiting for someone's call. Margaret knew that he was going out tonight, but she did not care who he was meeting or what he was going to do.

Half an hour later, she poured a cup of water and went back to her room to retrieve the folic acid tablets she had kept hidden. Recalling how she had almost revealed that she was pregnant, Margaret shuddered in fear. Before discovering the truth behind the case, she did not want Christopher to know about her pregnancy.

Just when she was unscrewing the cap, the door suddenly opened, and in her shock, she dropped the bottle of folic acid. The loose cap rolled toward the bed, and the tablets scattered all over the floor.

She stared at Christopher nervously. He was standing at the entrance with a suspicious glint in his eyes. Feeling guilty, she dared not pick up the tablets. After a moment of silence, Christopher asked, "What's that?"

Chapter 120 She was startled and muttered, "It's medicine for my gastritis."

Christopher stepped forward and bent over to pick up the pill bottle, but Margaret snatched it up before he could. She remarked, "Let me do it. You're heading out later, right? Come home early, and don't overwork yourself."

She met Christopher's eyes and forced a smile, willing it to look natural.

Christopher narrowed his eyes in suspicion. Knowing her for so many years, he could read her every expression. He knew that she was hiding something from him but temporarily chose not to call her out.

Margaret watched him take a document and leave before finally releasing the breath she'd been holding. It was only then she realized that she had broken out in a cold sweat. After spilling the folic acid, there was not much left in the bottle. Looks like I have to make another trip to the hospital.

Shortly after taking the folic acid, Margaret felt a little hungry. However, she was worried that if she headed downstairs now, Elizabeth would bombard her with questions. Hence, she waited till it was late at night before carefully making her way downstairs. She then proceeded to cook a bowl of scrumptious-looking pasta.

As she held the bowl of pasta and headed to the dining room, she realized that it seemed a lot brighter than before. She was a little baffled by that. I only turned on one lamp when I came downstairs, so why is it so bright?

Just as she was feeling puzzled, Christopher's voice rang out from the living room. "You're still hungry?"

His sudden voice made Margaret jump in shock, and she spilled a bit of the sauce. It was piping hot and scorched her finger. She hastily placed the bowl on the coffee table, which was nearer. As she did so, more of the sauce splattered onto the table. She knew that Christopher must be looking on in disdain.

Keeping her composure, she grabbed a few tissues and cleaned up the spill. While doing so, she asked, "You're back so soon?"

Christopher paused for a moment before he headed upstairs. As he walked past her, he replied, "It's already one a.m. in the morning."

Margaret bit her lip and stayed quiet as her burnt finger stung badly. From her perspective, one a.m. was still early. After all, she originally thought that he would not be back that night.

After finishing off her pasta and cleaning up, she waited for a bit before heading back to the room.

Christopher was in his pajamas and sitting before the window. There was a cigarette between his fingers, but it was not lighted.

Margaret stood at the door and suggested, "You can smoke if you want to. I... I won't. be sleeping that early. I just ate, so I'm feeling a little bloated."

Christopher threw a glance her way and placed the cigarette on a small table beside him. He suddenly asked, "Did Jenson approach you these few days?"

At the mention of Jenson, the atmosphere in the room became tense.

Margaret shook her head. "No, he didn't."

Christopher merely sneered in response.

Not getting a reply from him, Margaret felt a little flustered. However, since it involved Jenson, she did not dare to probe any further. She knew that if she pressed for details, it would most likely result in another argument between Christopher and her.

The next morning

Jodie sent an emoji to Margaret, implying that she would do her best. After which, she puffed up her chest in confidence and walked into Quantary Corporation. As long as she passed her probation, she would be able to get a steady flow of income every month.

Seeing that it was almost time for work, she squeezed into the crowded elevator. Unfortunately, just when she stepped into the elevator, a beeping sound was heard. The elevator was overloaded.

Jodie did not want to be late on her first day. Hence, she fought to maintain a nonchalant expression on her face as she waited for others to get out of the elevator.

There were murmurs of dissent around her, but she ignored them. After a short pause, someone from the rear of the elevator stepped out and commented, "I'll get out. It's fine if I'm late."

Hearing the familiar voice, Jodie turned in the direction of the speaker. Upon having a clear view of the man, the corners of her mouth-twitched uncontrollably while a crimson blush came over her face.

Steven stared at her with a steady gaze, a half-smile playing on his lips. Only when.. the elevator doors closed could she finally escape his intense stare. She heaved a sigh of relief. What bad luck! He is literally everywhere!