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Christopher's hand that was flipping through the pages of the document paused. However, he was quick to recover his repose and said, "This matter has ended, so there's no point bringing it up again. Besides, the perpetrator was caught. Do you understand me?"

Margaret froze and even stopped breathing for a moment. She could feel a deep gash forming in her heart.

It's not that he doesn't know the perpetrator is Megan. He doesn't want it to be her... In the end, he covered up the truth even when Megan had almost killed me and caused me to miscarry...

After a short period of silence, she stubbornly said, "What if I want to overturn the case? What if I still want to pursue the truth? I don't care if Megan is your lover or not. If you want to protect her, that's your problem. I'm the victim here, so I have the right to decide whether or not I want to keep pursuing the case!"

Only then did Christopher close the document and look up at her. He was expressionless as he said, "You said it's my problem if I want to protect her. So do you think there's any meaning to it if you pursue the case?"

She was speechless because he was right. He was Christopher, a prominent figure in the whole of Dellmoor. On the other hand, she was known as Mrs. Lewis, whom many women envied, but in reality, she was a worthless accessory to him. He could abandon her at any time. How can I win against the person that he wants to protect?

At the end of the day, the ten years' worth of feelings he had for her were nothing but piled up hatred. That was why their relationship was so fragile and why he could be so cruel.

A doleful smile tugged on her lips. "If that's the case... I don't owe you anything else. I got pregnant because you wanted a child, but the person you're protecting killed it. You two are the reason that the child couldn't be born. Let's end things here. Tell me, when are we going to sign the divorce papers?"

Fredrick, who was standing at the side, could not watch them any longer, so he interrupted the heated conversation. "Mr, Lewis, this matter is not Mrs. Lewis' fault. Please reconsider."

Christopher did not expect her to bring up the topic of divorce. Narrowing his eyes as he stared at her, he exuded a dangerous aura. Then, he ignored Fredrick and said to her, "I told you before. You can only leave after you give birth to a child. What

rights do you have to request a divorce when you didn't even fulfill our agreement? Besides, is that child even mine?"

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Tears formed in Margaret's reddened eyes, yet she continued smiling: "For the past thirteen years, I've lived my life in fear. You've underestimated my courage. In my eyes, there is nothing in this world that is scarier than you. With your intelligence, you should've done a paternity test the day I miscarried. You have two choices now. You either divorce me and let me leave, or I will make you regret it one day!"

It was the first time he had seen her like that. At the same time, it was also the first time he had heard her speak her mind. For some reason, he began to panic and had to play with the pen in his hand to stay calm. "I'll look forward to it then."

After getting his answer, Margaret did not stay for a second longer. When she left, she purposely took heavy steps to make a lot of noise. It was the first time in thirteen years that she could live with such carefree and do whatever she wanted.

Upon returning to the car, Fredrick asked, "Are we going back to the Lewis residence, Mrs. Lewis?"

Margaret's emotions were unstable from the earlier situation. Drained by all that had happened, she leaned against the seat and replied, "Yes, let's go back."

All of a sudden, Hannah's call that she had hung up earlier popped up in her mind, so she took out her phone and called her back. The call soon connected, and before Hannah could say anything, she asked directly, "You know that the person who crashed into me is Megan, don't you?"

On the other end of the line, Hannah sounded like she was sobbing. "Meg... I'm so sorry. I have no choice. She's also family. I also have my hardships... I'm sorry."

Margaret sneered. "Yes, you have your hardships, and I deserve to have a miscarriage and be almost killed. Didn't you say I should do you a favor because you gave birth to me? I owe you one life. Now... with my child's life, I no longer owe you anything."

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As soon as Margaret said those words, she hung up on Hannah and blocked the number in one go.

Once she did everything, she let out a long sigh.

As expected, Christopher did not return to the Lewis residence at night. On the next day, Margaret went to work as usual with gauze on her forehead. Although her body was still weak, she did not want to stay home. Only at the office could she feel that she was still alive.

Casper knew she had gotten in a car accident, so he felt a little worried upon seeing her at the office. "Do... Do you want to rest a few more days before coming back to work? You can take a month off. I will give you paid leaves."

Margaret flashed him a faint smile. "Mr. Flemmington, I'm fine. You should continue with your work."

Casper frowned. For some reason, he felt that she was acting a little different than usual, but he could not tell which part of her had changed.

While he was hesitating whether or not he should continue convincing her, a coquettish voice sounded. "Casper..."

Casper shuddered and even had goosebumps all over his body. He could tell it was Megan just by listening to the tone.

With her head lowered, Margaret continued with her work in silence. However, she was trying to suppress the anger in her heart.

“Why are you here? I’m working, so don’t disturb me and mind your own business.” Casper had never liked to deal with Megan and only interacted with her out of respect for Christopher.

“I’m on my way to send Christopher my homemade cookies, so I decided to come and give you and Margaret some along the way. Why do you sound so angry?” Megan put two boxes of cookies on Margaret’s desk.

Margaret was disgusted, so she pushed the cookies onto the ground.

With that, the entire office fell silent. Megan put on a pitiful expression as she raised her voice purposely. “Margaret, what are you doing? I’m just trying to be kind. Why

do you have to be so mean? Are you still angry with my driver because he accidentally hit you with his car and caused you to miscarry? Didn’t we agree to settle it in private? He didn’t do it on purpose... Besides, he’s merely a driver, and I’ve fired him. Why are you angry with me?”

After a moment, she continued, “By the way, I heard the driver crash into Jenson’s : car. Why were you in his car during office hours? Did you have something important to discuss with him? Speaking about that, you were really unlucky. If you had stayed in the office, that would never have happened...”

A deadly silence descended over the office once Megan finished her utterances.

Margaret was enraged but also found her words amusing. “Are you criticizing me for thinking ill of you and insinuating that I’m still entangled with Jenson when I’m Christopher’s wife?”

Megan pouted. “I didn’t say that. Don’t put words in my mouth... After all, when your indecent photos with Jenson were exposed three years ago, it caused quite an uproar. Anyway, you’re now married to Christopher. Don’t you think you should keep a distance from him? The baby you lost in the accident... Does it belong to Christopher? Can you tell me the truth?”

While speaking, she blinked her innocent, doe eyes as though she had said all of those unintentionally.

Margaret was unusually calm. “No. It’s not his child. Are you happy now? Can you take your stuff and get lost now?”

Those present in the office gasped. No one expected her to admit to cheating on Christopher in front of everyone.

Casper was also taken aback by her words. “Margaret, you can’t say whatever you want in a fit of temper! Let’s calm down and talk about that after work. Now, you should continue with your work first. Megan, didn’t you say that you were going to see Christopher? I’ll see you off!”

Megan nodded in agreement. Suddenly, she leaned toward Margaret’s ear and whispered, “I’m the one who hit you with the car. Do you have a problem with that? Mom knows it was my doing, yet she still helped me to settle all of this. You’re just a b*stard child that nobody wants. Christopher should keep a pet dog instead of keeping you as his wife, The b*stard inside your womb deserved to die!”

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Upon hearing that, Margaret exploded with anger. She picked up the stuff on her desk and threw them at Megan as if she had lost her mind. “You’re the one who deserves to die!”

Casper did not know what triggered her outburst, but he instinctively dragged Megan to the side. Files, a pencil case, and a pot of tiny cactus fell hard on his back.

At the sight of their superior getting hurt, the rest of the employees could not stand by anymore. They swarmed forward to stop Margaret. "Calm down!"

Margaret was pinned to the desk. When her abdomen was accidentally knocked against the corner of her office desk, pain flared up her body. Moreover, the wound she sustained from the car accident was throbbing. Nevertheless, she was unbothered by them as those were nothing compared to her broken heart.

Hannah had abandoned her again after so many years. Everything she had done that time around was far crueler than how she left her when she was young.

Back then, Margaret thought her mother left her because she was not obedient enough. It was then she finally realized that the woman would only leave more and more scars on her heart. Megan is right. Nobody wants me!

"That's enough! Let go of her!" Casper panicked as soon as he came back to his senses.

"Casper, are you okay? Your face is bleeding.." Looking distressed, Megan took out a piece of tissue to wipe his wound.

However, he turned his head away with a grim expression. "It's fine. Hurry up and leave. Stop causing any more trouble in my office!"

Since Megan had achieved her goal, naturally, she did not want to stay there any longer either. The sight of Margaret going berserk pleased her greatly.

Casper asked Margaret to follow him into his office. After closing the door, they gradually calmed down. "What did Megan tell you just now?" he asked, breaking the silence.

She replied expressionlessly, "Is that important? I've always wanted to do that since the moment she appeared. You deserved it."

His lips twitched slightly. "Yes. I deserved it. Women are so scary when they fight. Anyway, I think both your physical and mental conditions are poor now. Seriously, you should go back and take more rest. I'm not the kind of boss who exploits his employees. You... You've just experienced a miscarriage, so you need to rest for at least half a month."

That time around, Margaret made no further objections and walked out of the office swiftly.

After leaving the company, she did not head back to the Lewis residence. Instead, she sent a message to Jenson: Are you okay? I was the target of the car accident. I'm sorry for dragging you into this.

Jenson quickly gave her a call. "I'm fine. It's just a scratch. What about you? Are... Are you okay? You said that you were the target of the car accident. What do you mean?"

Margaret did not want to tell him that nauseating story. Hence, she decided to keep it to herself. "I'm fine. Please don't ask about it anymore. Everything's fine as long as you're okay. I'll hang up now. Goodbye."

Then, she ended the call before he could say anything.

Jodie was still working, so she did not want to disturb her. With nowhere to go, she decided to take a seat at a random coffee shop. After ordering a cup of latte, she sat by the window and gradually relaxed while staring at the bustling streets.

Suddenly, she noticed a dirty stray cat walking over to the window. Although its body was covered with dirt, its fur was white. It scrutinized Margeret with a pair of blue, curious eyes as if it had found something fascinating.

A smile appeared on her face unconsciously. She reached out an arm and pressed her palm against the window. Surprisingly, that stray cat lifted its paw and pressed it against her palm through the glass. Right then, she made a decision to take it in.

After bringing the stray cat to a vet for a bath and treatment for deworming, she went back to the Lewis residence with it. At the sight of the cat, Elizabeth was so alarmed that her face paled, "Meg, where did you find this cat? I think Mr. Lewis is allergic to cat fur, so he doesn't allow anyone to keep a pet at home..."

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Allergy? He doesn't allow anyone to keep a pet at home? I don't care!

"Elizabeth, I'm the lady of the house, right? This is my house too. I don't have to get his approval for everything I do in this house. It's none of my business that he doesn't like pets, and there's nothing wrong with me doing what I like. Am I right? If he can't accept it, we'll sleep in separate rooms. I will take care of my cat in my room. It won't bother him then."

After saying those words, Margaret hugged the cat and went upstairs while wearing a smile. However, she hesitated at the bedroom doorway and ended up placing the cat in the art room instead of bringing it into Christopher's room. It would be fatal if he had a severe allergy to cat fur, and she was not so reckless as to disregard such a fact.

Elizabeth thought that what the young woman did was merely digging her own grave. At the same time, she could not fathom why Margaret, who had always been cautious, suddenly became so daring. She's clearly going against Mr. Lewis.

In order to hide the cat's existence from Christopher, Elizabeth ordered all the servants in the Lewis residence not to reveal it and even locked the art room without Margaret's knowledge.

To her dismay, her worries came true. That night, Christopher returned to the residence all of a sudden. Elizabeth cautioned Margaret nervously, "Meg, please do not let Mr. Lewis know you have a cat in the house. He's not always around, anyway. It'd be best to keep it a secret from him as long as possible."

The latter had a nonchalant attitude. "Why should I hide it from him? It's not something shameful. I can't hide if he wishes to know. It's similar like he knows everything about me, such as who I meet and what I do when I go out. He might have already known that I have found and brought a cat home."

Elizabeth heaved a long sigh of disapproval before hurrying downstairs to prepare dinner.

Margaret no longer avoided Christopher and followed her downstairs. Although she still felt wretched at the mere sight of him, she had no intention to hide from him anymore. It was pointless to live in fear.

Just as she arrived at the landing, Fredrick walked up to her and uttered, "Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Lewis is looking for you."

Hearing his words, she took a glance at the living room and saw Christopher sitting on the couch. After striding over, she asked, "Why are you looking for me? Did Megan complain that I tried to kill her today?"

A deep frown was seen between the man's eyebrows as he raised his gaze. "Did you not see the news?"

Margaret steadily fished out her phone and searched the trending headline: Margaret Sullivan Admitted That The Miscarried Baby Was Not Christopher Lewis!

It was equivalent to telling the public that Christopher was cuckolded by his wife. With that, everyone would know that she cheated on him.

Once she was done reading the content, she stuffed her phone back into her pocket and queried calmly, "I have seen the news now. So?"

Christopher's face darkened, and his gaze was so menacing, like a beast threatening to devour her. With an icy voice, he repeated, "So?"

Margaret shrugged. "So? You asked me to read the news, and I did. What's next? You said that the child wasn't yours, and now the whole world knows about it. Isn't that good for you?"

Elizabeth was carrying the dishes out of the kitchen when she heard those words. That shocked her so much that she failed to grab onto the plate firmly. Following the abrupt sound of porcelain shattering, Christopher leaped to his feet and grabbed Margaret's shoulders. "I dare you to repeat it!"

Margaret stared at the man before her with a countenance colder than ever. At that moment, she did not doubt that he would hit her because she knew she had successfully infuriated him.

Instead of feeling afraid, she was at ease. So this is how it feels when I no longer need to live and do anything with extra caution.

Seeing that, Elizabeth instantly stepped forward and yanked Christopher's arm. "Why are you resorting to violence instead of talking things through? Mr. Lewis, you've never laid a finger on Meg before. Can you truly bring yourself to hit her? She is just saying this in a fit of anger. Don't take it seriously!"

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Christopher tidied his collar with his slender fingers as though he was trying his best to suppress his anger. "Margaret, I really underestimated you. You are trying to go against me, aren't you? Very well, then. Show me what you are capable of!"

The tension in the atmosphere became more palpable at once. Suddenly, the meow of a cat broke the silence.

Elizabeth was terrified as she had an ominous feeling. Although the door of the art room was locked, she did not close the window. It was very likely for the cat to escape through the window.

Christopher's expression changed, and he looked in the direction of the sound, only to find a fat, white cat ambling toward Margaret from the front door. It then nuzzled against her leg before approaching him.

As he did not know where the cat came from, he stood rooted to the spot and did not react until it started rubbing its body against his pant leg.

With an awkward smile, Elizabeth remarked, "This cat recognizes its master. Look, it seems to know who the master is. How endearing..."

Tears started welling up in Margaret's eyes as she watched the cat fawning over Christopher. She felt that the cat was pathetic, just like how she was in the past, trying her best to please him no matter how much he hated her or how disgusted he was with her.

Before Christopher could lose his temper, Margaret carried the cat in her arms. "Tabby, let's go and eat."

With that, she brought the cat upstairs, paying no heed to Christopher's grim expression.

After setting down the cat in the art room, Margaret made sure the door and window were locked before returning to the dining table. By then, the dishes were fully served, but a few housekeepers were busy cleaning the floor in the living room. She observed that Christopher had changed his clothes, so she knew he abhorred cats. Nevertheless, she pretended not to see it, still maintaining a nonchalant attitude.

"Get rid of that stuff!" Christopher ordered coldly after sitting in front of her.

"It's not stuff. It's my pet, and it has a name. It's Tabby." Margaret concentrated on eating the food and did not raise her gaze while replying to him.

"I don't care what it is. Get rid of it! I don't want to see it again in the morning. If you don't do it yourself, I'll ask someone to throw it away!" His tone brooked no room for negotiation.

"You hate me more than Tabby. Why didn't you get rid of me? Why did you keep me by your side and let me ruin your mood? I won't abandon Tabby. What's wrong with me taking care of a cat when you have another woman outside. I bet it's not just Megan," she answered fearlessly.

"Margaret Sullivan!" Christopher blew his top again, rising to his feet abruptly and smacking the table.

However, Margaret ignored him completely. She slowly chewed on the food in her mouth and swallowed it before she replied, "Don't roar at me. I'm not deaf. Since you don't like to be at home, what's wrong with having a small cat accompany me in such a big house?"

The housekeepers in the Lewis residence were so petrified that they held their breath while witnessing the scene. Just as they thought a great war would erupt that night, Christopher admitted "defeat" and left the house with a dour countenance. He did not even eat the food

Elizabeth only dared to walk forward and talk with Margaret after his departure. “Meg, what are you doing? You upset Mr. Lewis. Now that you’re keeping a cat in the house, he’s going to come back home even lesser than before. The Lewis family has so many properties. What if he stays in another house with his mistress? At the end of the day, you’ll be the one who feels miserable. Why do you have to provoke him over a cat? Let’s send the cat away. I’ll help you find a responsible person to take care of it.”

However, the young woman was firm with her decision. “I don’t care if he comes back or not. I’m not sending the cat away. Besides, the cat touched him just now, but he didn’t have an allergy reaction.”

Seeing that she could not persuade her, Elizabeth had no choice but to give up.

Chapter 146

Christopher was sitting at his desk in the CEO’s office at Lewis Corporation. The ashtray next to him was almost filled up.

When Steven pushed the door open and walked in, he almost suffocated from the smoke. “What the heck are you doing? Why are you still in the office late at night? Didn’t you quit smoking some time ago? Why are you smoking again? Your wife didn’t allow you to smoke, and now you’re not even allowed to go home?”

Christopher stubbed out the cigarette in the ashtray forcefully. With a frightening expression on his face, he snarled, “Don’t bring her up!”

Raising his eyebrows, Steven asked, “Did you two quarrel? Is it because she found out what you did to the Swanson family? They signed the acquisition agreement themselves, so technically, you didn’t force them. Moreover, Jenson has to work under you now. If she’s upset about it, just let her throw tantrums. That’s just how women are. However... now everyone knows that she cheated on you with another man. What do you think about this? In my opinion, you deserve it. You knew it was Megan who hit her, but you still covered for her.”

Christopher ran his fingers through his hair irritably. “Can you stop talking about this? How’s the progress in the matter that I asked you to investigate?”

“The child must be yours. Although she and Jenson met a few times, there were always other people present, and they never met for very long. They rarely even see each other alone. I don’t get it. Just what the hell are you suspecting?” Steven responded grumpily.

Upon hearing that, Christopher fell silent. It was not that he did not trust her, but her attitude did not meet his expectations. She even openly admitted that the child was not his, and everyone knew about it.

Before he could respond, Steven tutted again. “I’ll settle the ‘cuckold’ incident for you. I don’t want our business partners to sign a contract with you out of sympathy. Our dear Christopher is a competent man!”

“Shut up!” Christopher glared at him.

"I think you'd better not irritate her. She used to be as docile as a bunny in front of you, and you could treat her however you like. I didn't expect her to be so scary during an outburst," Steven remarked, smirking.

"That's enough. You can scram now." Christopher waved his hand dismissively.

"Haha. Fine. It seems that our dear Christopher has to spend the night in the office. How pitiful. Well, I won't accompany you. I'm going out to have fun!"

The next day, Christopher had just gotten himself ready for work and walked out of the lounge when Emily entered the office. "Mr. Lewis, Mr. Swanson is here."

"Ask him to come in." Christopher straightened his tie and gave the instruction with a frown.

Emily nodded and turned to leave. Shortly afterward, Jenson walked into the office.

The injuries from the car accident were still visible on his face, and they were so conspicuous in Christopher's eyes at that moment. "The Swanson family's former company name will remain the same, and you'll run the company as the manager. I can ask someone else to replace you if you feel aggrieved. Anyhow, the percentage of stock you have now means nothing to me. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Jenson answered through gritted teeth.

After taking a sip of the coffee on his desk, Christopher said, "By the way, stay away from my wife. Otherwise, the Swanson family won't even have a chance to get back in the saddle again."

Jenson showed a doleful smile and responded, "While others cherish her, you treat her like she's a nobody and forbids others from getting close to her. I have to admit that you're one of the most talented people in business, but I don't think you're a good person. I acknowledge my family's defeat to you. However, I will tell you this even if my family can never get back on our feet, I'll still bring Meg away immediately as long as she agrees."

There seemed to be an emotional turmoil in Christopher's eyes, but he still maintained a smile as warm as the sun in winter. "That will never happen. I know her better than you."

Jenson found his words rather ridiculous. "Christopher, everyone, including me, thought you were the best person in the world. But now I realize we are all wrong."

Chapter 147

As the door closed, Christopher showed a stern face again. He had always hated the gentle persona, but it had long become a habit after so many years.

When he was young, his father said to him, "You're only a good person when others think you are; it doesn't matter if you're good or bad. Humans are visual animals who only perceive what you show them. This is the reality. The Lewis family can't tolerate criticism from others. We have different personas, and even we ourselves don't know which one is the real us."

Because of that, Christopher learned to be observant when he was a child. In the past, his father used tricks to stand out among the rest to inherit the family business. He once loathed the use of such schemes, but eventually, he became that kind of person.

The acquisition of Swanson Corporation by Lewis Corporation caused an uproar in the business sphere. In the Lewis residence, Margaret was scrolling through her phone while holding Tabby and was stunned when she read the news. Recalling the reactions of Casper and Jodie when she asked about Jenson, she realized that she was the only one who did not know about the matter.

Tabby seemed to sense her emotion and rubbed the back of her hand with its paw. Subsequently, Margaret put the cat down, got up, and walked to the window to call Christopher. However, she quickly hung up a second before the call was answered.

There's no point in calling him now. Personal grudges or not, it's still a business matter, so I have no right to question him.

She then called Jenson instead. "Why didn't you tell me Swanson Corporation was acquired by Christopher? That's why you came to me before, right? You must be dejected at that time."

He answered in a lukewarm manner, "The weak will always lose. My family is no match for the Lewis family, so it's not surprising that they acquired our company. I

should be glad that he didn't drive us into a corner and even let me manage my family's former business. The only difference is that I'm working for him. One day I'll get our things back. Meg, it really doesn't matter."

Margaret bit her lip and spoke. "I believe you can do it. Everything will be fine."

After pausing for a while, Jenson suddenly changed the topic. "I want to break off the engagement."

"Why? Isn't it worse for you to break off your engagement with the Gadway family at this juncture?" she asked, utterly bewildered.

He had a different opinion from her. "I don't like Waverly, to begin with. Now that such a matter had befallen my family, I shouldn't let the Gadway family carry the burden together. So, it's better for us to break off the engagement now. My family isn't so desperate that we need to rely on a woman. All right, I have to attend a meeting later. Let's talk some other time."

Margaret took a deep breath after the call was disconnected. Whether it was three years ago or then, she still could not save anyone from Christopher's clutches. However, unlike before, she would no longer compromise.

In the afternoon, Elizabeth rushed to the art room and said, "Meg, Mr. Lewis is coming back for dinner. You keep the cat... keep Tabby in this art room. Don't let it go out, or Mr. Lewis will get angry."

Margaret gave her an affirmative reply and filled up water and food for Tabby before leaving the room.

Christopher came back earlier that day, arriving home at half-past five. The kitchen staff prepared dinner at the exact time he returned. By the time he finished his shower and came downstairs, the dishes were all on the table.

Margaret had taken a seat and started to eat without waiting for him. She kept two pieces of salmon on an empty plate aside, planning to feed them to Tabby later.

Seeing her movements, Christopher frowned. "You haven't gotten rid of the cat?"

Margaret glanced at him and answered, "I'll get rid of Tabby if you're willing to do the same to your lover outside. Otherwise, there's no room for discussion. Anyway, you are the one who refused to get a divorce. Since you won't let me be happy, let's suffer together then."

Chapter 148

Christopher knew that Margaret did not care how many women he got involved with outside of their home; She just wanted to argue with him for no reason at the moment. Thus, he remarked, "You should look after the cat properly. Don't ever let it leave your sight. Else, who knows what might happen?"

Margaret stopped her actions and replied, "You can try kicking it out of the house if you have the guts to, Christopher. You wouldn't like what I'll do afterward, though."

The large dining room fell into complete silence as Christopher thought he had misheard her words. Wait. Is this still the same tame, young girl I took in all those years ago?

Nevertheless, Christopher was not upset at her sudden boldness. Instead, he felt a warmth spreading through his chest as it seemed like they were a couple.

When he came back to his senses, he realized how foreign that feeling was to him and asked coldly, "What would you do if I kicked that cat out?"

Margaret locked gazes with him before replying sternly, "I know Megan is important to you. Since you enjoy comparing her to my cat, I'm more than happy to treat Megan the same way you behave around my cat."

That made her seem like she had gone back to being a kid in Christopher's eyes, so he spoke calmly. "Oh. Be my guest then."

Margaret lost her appetite after that. She then went upstairs with a plate of salmon.

Tabby loved eating salmon. It wasted no time licking the plate clean before leaning against Margaret's leg and licking its round belly.

Margaret's mood instantly improved as she leaned down to pat Tabby's soft fur. "Tabby, you were clearly a stray cat before this... How are you so big compared to other cats?"

A loud snort abruptly sounded from outside the art room. Margaret turned and saw Christopher's figure flashing past. Then, she heard him slam the door of his study.

That did not faze her as she even mentally rolled her eyes. Sometimes, animals are so much better than humans. Just looking at Tabby makes me so happy.

Margaret later retired to her room for bed after playing with the cat. Since she felt bored staying at home all the time, she decided to return to work tomorrow.

Around midnight, Christopher finally felt tired from staring at the laptop screen for too long. He closed his eyes and massaged his temples. At first, Christopher wanted to sleep in the bedroom. However, he soon remembered Margaret's look of disapproval and decided against it.

It was then that he heard a sudden movement near the windowsill. Alert, he instantly got up to check but felt something soft and fluffy around his legs.

Christopher's entire body stiffened at once. He could feel goosebumps rising down his arms and a numbing feeling at the top of his head. As if someone had cast a spell on him, he could not move, not even to kick Tabby away!

"Eli-Elizabeth!" Christopher tried asking for his housekeeper's help, but there seemed to be no one downstairs. Moreover, the staff of the Lewis residence had likely gone to bed already.

He gritted his teeth and tried enduring it. After a while, Tabby lost all interest in rubbing against Christopher. The cat leapt atop the study table and took notice of the laptop screen before stepping on the keyboard. Christopher could only stand there and watch his hard work get ruined as Tabby continued adding random letters and numbers. He was close to exploding when he exclaimed, "No! Get down!"

Upon hearing that, Tabby halted and glanced at him. It then continued to step on the keys as if it would stop only when the keyboard snapped into half.

Christopher quickly grabbed the blanket on the couch and wrapped it around Tabby, turning it into a cat-proof burrito. Then, he picked Tabby up and went to the bedroom. "Margaret!"

His loud voice startled Margaret from her sleep. "Why? What happened?"

All she could register was Christopher throwing the blanket-covered cat on her bed. Before Christopher could tell her about what happened, Tabby Crawled out of the blanket burrito and curled up in a comfortable spot next to Margaret.

That was when he finally realized what he had just done. That's my bed! And the cat is on it?

"You... You best get rid of that beast. Put it in the backyard or something! If I ever see it again, don't blame me for taking strict measures!" Christopher could feel himself going insane. Ever since he was young, he had a constant resentment for small creatures. How dare that damned cat enter my study!

Chapter 149

After knowing what had happened, Margaret was a little fearful. She said to Christopher, "I got it. I'll put it in the backyard tomorrow and won't let it into the house. Will that do? As long as it's in the backyard, you can't do anything to it, okay? Deal?"

Christopher felt uncomfortable after the whole ordeal of touching the cat. He went toward the stairs and called for Elizabeth to change the bedsheets. After that, he went into the bathroom and slammed the door closed.

When Elizabeth went upstairs, she looked at Tabby and instantly understood what had transpired. She dared not utter a word but quickly changed Christopher's bedsheets. After that, Elizabeth picked up Tabby and placed it in the art room. Only after locking the windows and door of the art room did she finally relax.

After getting awakened by the incident, Margaret could not fall asleep again. The sound of running water coming from the bathroom was incomparably loud in the otherwise silent night. It was almost too

much for her ears to bear. Finally, the sound stopped after half an hour. Christopher then walked out with a gloomy expression and a towel around his waist.

Margaret could not be bothered with him at all. She pulled the blanket over her head and tried to sleep. Suddenly, she felt the bed space next to her dip. Does Christopher want to sleep here tonight? Wait... He came out of the bathroom in just a towel, didn't he?

She ended up getting another blanket. Subsequently, the two of them proceeded to sleep on the same bed under different blankets for the night.

The next day, Christopher was still asleep when Margaret woke up. His blanket had slid down to his chest, so she peeked at his well-sculpted upper body. Although she had seen his body plenty of times, the glorious sight was still too much for her to witness this early in the morning, so her cheeks turned red.

As soon as she recalled how he treated Tabby the night before, she instantly pulled Christopher's blanket over his head. As if it wasn't good enough, she even threw her blanket over his head. I'll let you have a taste of being suffocated like how you mistreated Tabby!

Margaret's mood improved after all of that. She then hopped downstairs to have her breakfast and told Elizabeth to switch Tabby's area from the art room to the backyard. She also asked Elizabeth not to let Tabby into the house no matter what. After settling Tabby down in the yard, she left for the office,

After an hour, Christopher stuck his head out from under the blankets. He found it strange when he noticed his entire body had gotten covered. Sweat had coated his body from the unbearable warmth at that point. It even caused him to have a nightmare as it felt a mountain had crushed him from above.

At Soaring Design, Casper just finished a meeting. He came out of the room and said, "This is a contract with Lewis Corporation. Who wants to get them to sign it? I won't be able to since I have another appointment this afternoon. Besides, I arranged for it to be a dinner meeting. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity that you won't come by again! I need two volunteers, so discuss it amongst yourselves. Once you've decided, report to Ms. Black."

Everyone jumped for joy upon hearing Casper's words. No one would willingly miss out on a chance to have dinner with Christopher. All the employees felt excited by the news, except Margaret, since she was sick and tired of being around Christopher.

It was an undeniable truth that Margaret was Christopher's wife. Even if other people were to disagree, they did not have the guts to say anything.

Someone then asked, "Is it necessary to discuss this? Let's just send Mrs. Lewis. She'll take one spot and bring whoever she wants as a plus-one."

Another person cut in, "Oh, stop it. Their relationship is rather tense now. You shouldn't make such a joke at this time."

It was then that Casper cleared his throat loudly. "I don't really care who you send. Just make a decision amongst yourselves."

With that, he returned to his office. As the saying went, out of sight, out of mind.

Margaret could tell that the two colleagues were mocking her. Everyone knew that she cheated on Christopher. The entire family might even be in turmoil because of that issue, yet the two made light of the situation. It was clear that they wanted to embarrass her.

Back then, Margaret would have ignored it. However, she was not as good-natured as before. "If you guys want to dine with him, go ahead. I'm already sick and tired of seeing him for dinner every night. Besides, you'll get a decent sum of money if you manage to sign the contract. I'll leave the opportunity to you guys then. You're welcome."

However, she knew the employees would not perceive her offer as generosity. Instead, they would think that she was showing off. Even though everyone kept quiet, Margaret knew what they were thinking deep inside their hearts.

Chapter 150

Eventually, Leila and an elite from the design department got assigned to attend the contract signing. The two departed to Lewis Corporation that afternoon. Once they left, a tattler could not help but blurt out, "Margaret, you're Christopher's lawful wife. Aren't you jealous that some other woman is having a meal with your husband?"

Margaret did not even raise her head. "Why should I be jealous? A dog will always be loyal to its owner."

What! I can't believe she's comparing Christopher to a dog! Hearing that, the gossipmonger felt taken aback and shut her mouth.

Casper, who was on his way out of the company, burst into laughter upon hearing Margaret's comment. He immediately called Christopher once he was out of the elevator to inform the latter about what he had heard.

On the other end of the call, Christopher's face darkened. "Quit it, Casper. If you keep giggling like some unhinged child, I won't sign the contract from your company. Let's see if you'll still be laughing then."

That instantly made Casper contain his laughter. "Ahem! But I didn't do anything except inform you about what I heard from Margaret."

Christopher's lips curled into a grin as he said, "Casper, get Margaret to meet with me later for the contract signing. Otherwise, I won't attend the dinner meeting. I refuse to see anyone else from your company except her. There's still half an hour to go before getting off work, so you have plenty of time to decide what to do."

At that, Casper immediately wiped the smile off his face. "Christopher, you've got to be joking. What do I do if Margaret says no? Fire her? She's your wife! What can I do? Besides, she made it loud and clear that she got tired of eating with you. She doesn't care about the commission from the contract as well. Don't you understand? She's trying to avoid you!"

Christopher scoffed, "That's all I have to say. Goodbye."

The call was then cut off. Casper immediately bolted back into the building while phoning to instruct Leila and the other employee to return to the company.

He soon arrived at the office and walked directly to Margaret's seat. "Margaret, I need your help with something urgent. Christopher has specially requested for you to attend the contract signing. I may be his friend, but there's no stopping him once he's

made his mind. As an employee of the company, please set aside your grudge against him and attend the contract signing? Just this once?"

"I'm not going."

Casper was about to lose his mind. "Can you two not involve me in your arguments? When you and Christopher decide to reconcile in the future, I'll still be in deep trouble because of your current tantrums! Don't you know I can at least earn ten million from this contract? Ten million!"

Margaret replied absentmindedly, "Tsk. As if your family is short of this small amount of money."

That caused Casper's countenance to darken as he spoke sternly. "My business has nothing to do with my family. They may not need the money, but I do."

At that, Margaret took a deep breath. "Call him now to see what he's up to."

Casper did as told and called Christopher, but the latter had not picked up. "I can't do anything now. He won't answer my calls. Why don't you attend with Leila? I have another urgent matter to deal with now. We'll discuss it later on. What's important is professionally troubleshooting the problem, so leave your emotions out of it."

Although reluctant, Margaret nodded.

Casper later explained the situation when Leila and the other employee returned. Although the sudden change did not bother Leila, the employee's face darkened as she snidely remarked, "I can't believe acts of pulling strings exist in this company."

Casper was a little annoyed. "It isn't an act of pulling strings. This arrangement is what the other party requested. Can you reject our wealthy clients? No. So, you should comply and go along with it, okay?"

He had said everything that was on Margaret's mind. Hence, the latter remained silent.

Not long passed before Leila and Margaret took the company's company car to Lewis Corporation. The latter held back the urge to curse throughout the drive. I'll go along with discussing the contract for now. Since it's a dinner meeting, I'm sure Christopher won't sign the contract in his office, Once he signs, I'm leaving straight away. There's no way I'm dining with him!