

Love Hate 151

## Chapter 151

When Leila and Margaret arrived at the forty-sixth floor of Lewis Corporation, Christopher's secretary, Emily, placed two pairs of slippers in front of them. "Please wear these."

Leila obediently put them on while Margaret did not. Nevertheless, Margaret still knocked and waited for Christopher's permission before entering the office. After all, she was there for the contract signing, not to argue with Christopher.

"Mr. Lewis, this is the draft contract for your perusal. You can read through it slowly as we aren't in a hurry. We can also have a meal later for you to make up your mind," Margaret said in a formal tone.

She stood upright, wearing a smile on her face. Margaret looked professional from top to bottom, save for the part where she did not wear any indoor slippers.

Leaning against his chair, Christopher scanned the document thoroughly. His serious look caught Margaret by surprise. Initially, she thought that he would deliberately make things difficult for her. Yet, Christopher impressed her by keeping their private matters separate from their work. Hence, she felt confused why Christopher insisted on her attending the contract signing.

Moments passed before he put the document aside. "There's nothing major. Let's discuss the rest during our meal."

He then stood up to put on his coat. Seeing that, Emily naturally took it as her cue to fix his collar as if she was his wife.

Margaret swiveled round to look in the other direction, as it was an unbearable sight for her.

Witnessing the incident, Leila secretly scrutinized Emily. That secretary is pretty and has a nice body. However, isn't it a tad inappropriate to tidy a guy's clothes in front of his wife?

On the way to the restaurant, Leila and Margaret walked together while Christopher walked alongside Emily, whom he had asked to join him.

Leila could not help but ask in a quiet voice, "Don't you think that something's odd between that secretary and Mr. Lewis? I'm not trying to gossip, but I think you should be careful as he is still your husband."

Margaret shrugged. "That's none of my business. I don't want to know what's going on between them."

Her sentence carried the weight of tremendous helplessness and frustration. Margaret had no idea how many women he was friendly or intimate with when he was not at home. Megan's presence around Christopher was enough to drive Margaret crazy, but there was nothing she could do.

Leila decided not to dwell on the matter but suddenly felt pity for Margaret.

Seeing through Leila's thoughts, Margaret smiled. "Don't worry. There's nothing pitiful about my situation. I can easily acquire things that many others can't, so why would I need pitying?"

At that, Leila smiled too. "That's true. It isn't weird for a man like Mr. Lewis to cheat on you. However, legally speaking, you're still his wife. Even though your words previously caused a commotion in the company, you're still standing firm in your position as Mrs. Lewis now. Indeed, you aren't pitiful at all. Although, everyone was curious about why Christopher married you despite your background. The others were also wondering why he didn't divorce you, even though you previously cheated on him."

Margaret liked Leila's honesty. Hence, she asked in return, "Are you curious too?"

Leila nodded. "Yes."

A moment of silence passed before Margaret continued, "An arrogant man like Christopher would never acknowledge anyone lesser than him. Yet, he married me, someone without a wealthy background. Plus, I don't have an outstanding appearance or body. Sadly, I can't give you an answer, as I have no idea why he would marry me either."

Leila pondered for a moment. "I know you didn't cheat on him. As expected, your level is truly unreachable for ordinary people like us. If anyone else were in your position, they would have enjoyed their luxurious lives at home. Yet, here you are, still working to make a living."

A smile crept up Margaret's face upon hearing that. It was not long before their car arrived at the restaurant, so she and Leila put on professional smiles as they entered the building with Christopher.

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After they were seated in the private room, Leila took the menu from the waiter and passed it to Christopher. "Here, Mr. Lewis, you can order the dishes you like."

However, Christopher didn't accept the menu. He flashed a warm smile and said, "Have Margaret order the food. She knows my preferences."

Leila felt taken aback but soon pulled herself together. She passed the menu to Margaret and said, "Here you go."

Meanwhile, Margaret glanced cautiously at Christopher, feeling tempted to order everything he disliked. Sadly, because they were there for negotiations, she decided against doing something reckless like that. Therefore, she racked her brain and ordered all the dishes and alcohol she thought he liked.

Once the dishes got served, the gentle smile on Christopher's face broadened.

Margaret was puzzled. What's wrong with him today? I know he's putting on an act in front of others, but something feels off.

After some observation, she noticed how he had never smiled with his eyes before. They were always as cold as ice and without any emotion. Yet, his eyes were brimming with joy right now.

For the rest of the entire meal, Christopher didn't cause any mishaps either. That made him more suspicious in Margaret's eyes. He even signed the contract without a hitch, and things seemed to be going on too smoothly.

It was already eight o'clock at night when they exited the restaurant. The night breeze brought a done-deep chill to their bones. Leila asked, "Margaret, are you going home with Mr. Lewis?".

Before Margaret could answer, Christopher instantly spoke up. "She's my wife. Of course, she's coming home with me. Ms. Black, would you mind giving Emily a ride home?"

Emily nodded and obediently followed Leila into the latter's company car.

Christopher behaved weirdly that day, so Margaret was naturally afraid to go home with him. After Leila and Emily departed, Margaret straightforwardly said, "That's enough. There's no one else here now. You don't have to act like a saint and be nice to me anymore."

Christopher looked over at Noah, who sat in the driver's seat, and asked, "Isn't he someone?"

That made Margaret speechless.

Meanwhile, Noah felt uncomfortable with being caught in the couple's crossfire. Wait. Did I hear that right? Did Christopher just make a joke?

In the car, Christopher closed his eyes to get some rest as he seemed exhausted.

Margaret gazed at the scenery outside. She felt at peace and was even missing

Tabby. I wonder if Tabby has eaten dinner? Is the backyard too cold now that it's nighttime?

A sudden phone call disrupted her thoughts. However, it did not come from her phone – It came from Christopher's.

He answered the call while his eyes remained shut. "Hello?"

Megan's honeyed voice instantly came from the speakers. "What are you doing now, Christopher? Today's my birthday. Did you forget? I'm at Zero Degrees Bar. Can you please come and accompany me? I told all my friends you would come. You'll show up, right?"

Out of reflex, Margaret pinched the edge of her clothes anxiously as she eavesdropped but failed to hear Christopher's answer.

She turned to look at him and caught him looking back at her.

They made eye contact for a few seconds before Christopher suddenly answered, "I'm tired, so I won't be going. I'll get you a gift some other time."

With that, he hung up and put his phone down calmly.

When they returned home to the Lewis residence, Margaret headed straight to the backyard to see Tabby before even entering the house. She asked Elizabeth whether the cat had been well-behaved that day.

Christopher stopped in his tracks to watch Margaret pick up Tabby. He knew Margaret adored the cat from the way her gaze softened, Some time passed, and he stepped into the house without her,

When the couple was about to sleep that night, they lay in the same bed, but neither wanted to interact. It seemed like they were strangers who happened to know everything about each other.

When Margaret was about to fall asleep, Christopher's voice abruptly sounded. "Does it still hurt?"

That instantly woke Margaret as she asked, "What are you referring to?"

He suddenly did not know what to say. After a short moment of silence, Margaret answered flatly, "My injuries from the car accident have all healed. The abortion was successful, and it stopped hurting a long time ago. Seeing as Megan is having the time of her life drinking with her friends in a bar, she must've gotten out of that car accident pretty much scot-free."

Chapter 153 Christopher kept quiet, and the conversation ended there.

Soon, he could hear Margaret's paced breaths, so he tucked her in and went to sleep.

The next day, Christopher awoke to the feeling of something stepping on him. He could distinctly tell that something heaving was near him. His eyes instantly opened as he realized that it was Tabby! Its white and fluffy body was pacing around on his body without a care in the world. Tabby even kneaded its paws on him.

Christopher didn't dare to breathe. He carefully reached into Margaret's blanket, wanting to wake her up and get her to deal with Tabby. However, Christopher had to move slowly and subtly, which drained all his energy. Even after a few nudges, Margaret remained sound asleep.

Thus, he slowly moved his hands upward to pat her cheek. When his hands grazed by her chest, his palm felt something soft. He immediately froze and held his breath.

Meow. Tabby's soft call woke Margaret up. She opened her eyes and saw Tabby kneading its paws on Christopher. Her brain ceased to function for a brief moment. When she came to her senses, she hurriedly pulled Tabby into her embrace.

Christopher instantly retracted his hand. Yet, the sensation from before still lingered in his palm.

Margaret didn't even notice that Christopher's hand was on her chest. She hugged

Tabby and resignedly nagged, "You little rascal. Do you have a death wish? That guy doesn't even like you. Why are you still clinging to him?"

After that question, she fell silent as she looked at Tabby. Animals' thoughts were simple; They tried their hardest to earn the affection of their owners. Only then would they be loved and be able to avoid being abandoned.

In the past, Margaret was as pitiful as Tabby. Even if Christopher hated her, she did everything possible to please Christopher. However, she no longer had to do that

now.

Sorrow suddenly welled in Margaret's chest as she said, "Tabby, don't get close to him. He won't like you. If you keep acting like this, he will kick you out. Do you know that? Just stay in the backyard, where it's spacious. It even has plants and a pool- Oh, stay away from the pool. If you fall in, you'll drown. Do you hear me?"

It was a Saturday, so she didn't need to go to work and could stay home with Tabby all day.

Since Tabby couldn't enter the house, Margaret sat on a chair in the backyard. She held Tabby in her arms as she read while sunbathing peacefully.

The weather was windy. Despite the sunshine, it was still a little cold.

Margaret had a thin blanket on her legs, but the cold wind would still blow onto her arms. Although she wanted to go into the house, she couldn't bear to leave Tabby alone outside.

She could bring Tabby into the house if Christopher weren't home, but he hadn't even come downstairs yet.

In the study, Christopher called for Elizabeth and said, "It hasn't even been a month since Margaret's abortion. What is she doing in the backyard when it's windy outside?"

Elizabeth parted her lips to say something but changed her mind. That slightly annoyed Christopher, who snapped, "Go on. I'm listening."

Finally, Elizabeth had the courage to speak up. "Mrs. Lewis adores that cat, but you forbid it from entering the house. Therefore, she has no other choice but to accompany it in the backyard. Usually, she's at work, so she hasn't had time to think about the cat being alone. Now that she gets to rest on the weekends, obviously, she can't bear to leave it alone..."

She didn't dare to speak too bluntly. Nevertheless, her words implied that Margaret wouldn't be out in the wind in the backyard if Christopher weren't around.

Her message was loud and clear to Christopher. He pursed his lips and said, "I'm heading out later, and I won't be back for lunch. I'll come home at around four o'clock in the afternoon."

Elizabeth quickly prepared the clothes Christopher was going to wear out. After that, she went to the backyard and said, "Meg, Mr. Lewis is heading out soon. He'll be back at four o'clock this afternoon, so please come inside. It hasn't even been one month since your surgery. There's no telling if your body will heal if you continue to stay out in the cold."

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Margaret lowered her voice and said, "I'll head inside then. Please help me bring Tabby in once he leaves."

Elizabeth nodded. She was delighted to see how much Christopher cared for Margaret. In the past, he would never tell the staff when he left the house, let alone inform them when he would be back. Most of the time, Christopher only called at the last minute to notify the staff. The unusualness in his attitude that day was because he wanted to give Margaret and Tabby some space.

After getting changed, Christopher was about to leave the house when he recalled that Margaret once took some pills behind his back. Because of that, he had mistaken her pregnancy for gastric and did not realize that she was lying to him.

Did she refuse to take the gastric medicine I gave her because of the baby? Does that mean she did care about the baby?

He opened the drawer where she placed her medicines. There were two bottles inside, one empty while the other was almost full. Both contained folic acid pills, but she didn't need them now.

Hearing that someone was walking up the stairs, he closed the drawer and pretended nothing had happened. Then, he turned around, closed the door, and walked down the stairs. However, when he brushed past Margaret, he slowed down.

Noticing that, Margaret slowed down too and stared at him curiously. She waited for him to start the conversation.

He said, "You... You can't let the cat inside."

"Okay." She had already expected him to say this.

After confirming that he had left the Lewis residence in his car, Elizabeth secretly let Tabby inside the house. Margaret quickly picked up Tabby, held it in her arms, and mentally rolled her eyes. The more Christopher stops me from letting the cat inside, the more I feel like doing it!

Her phone suddenly rang, so she put Tabby away and answered the call from Jodie. "Meg, what are you doing right now? Do you want to hang out with me?"

Margaret hesitated momentarily before saying, "I don't feel like heading out. Why don't you come to my place instead? Christopher won't be back until four in the

evening. I'll be home alone until then."

Thinking that it had not been a month since Margaret had a miscarriage, Jodie quickly agreed, saying, "Sure. It's best that you don't travel that much anyway. I'll be right over."

Forty minutes later, a cab arrived in front of the Lewis residence. Wealthy families occupied this residential area, so it was rare to see ordinary public vehicles here. The bodyguards at the entrance found it a little strange when the cab appeared.

Fortunately, Margaret had already informed the bodyguards about this. After Jodie got out of the cab, the bodyguards opened the door for her.

Margaret held Tabby and walked up to Jodie. "Jo, why did you want to see me today? Don't you have to cook for your mother at home?"

Jodie shook her head and sighed. "Let's go inside. I have so much to tell you, and speaking of my mom makes me feel angry."

They soon settled down in the living room while Elizabeth served them hot tea. "Ms. Clark, here are some refreshments."

Jodie smiled and nodded. Her gaze fell on Tabby, which lay in Margaret's arms. "Woah. Since when did you get a cat? Look at how chubby it is. Can you even carry it around?"

A snort came from Margaret before she explained, "It used to be a stray cat. Christopher was against the idea, but I insisted on adopting it. Because of this, we had several arguments. So, I'm keeping it in the yard now, and I'll only let it inside when Christopher is away."

Jodie gave her a thumbs-up. "Impressive! I didn't expect you to toughen up and go against Christopher."

Margaret did not want to continue on the topic, so she diverted it by asking, "Anyway, didn't you say you have a lot to tell me? Why are you angry with your mom?"

Upon hearing that, Jodie's expression grew sullen. "Living with my mom is irritating me to no end, it makes me feel hopeless about life. I'm now working at Steven's company, and I have a side job at night, but both salaries are still not enough to support my mother. Yet, she's so obsessed with luxury items and can't change her habit of lavish spending. Also, she loves playing poker. The amount she gambles each time is so insane that I can't settle her debts. Every time my mom and I start talking

about this, we get into arguments, so I've grown tired of nagging at her."

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Margaret had a rough idea about the situation. She could only console Jodie by saying, "She probably hasn't adapted to living an average-income lifestyle. Things will get better with time, so you don't have to worry much. You can only tell her that times are different now, and you can't afford to spend lavishly given your current financial status. As your mother, I'm sure she wouldn't want you to suffer much because of her either."

However, Jodie was not convinced about Raina's motherly love for her. "Forget it. If Mom genuinely feels concerned for me, she wouldn't need me to serve her meals daily. If my dad were still here, I'm confident that he won't like seeing her like this. I'm most worried that Mom will soon find out that there is still money left in the card Jack asked you to give me. She will undoubtedly spend all its money in less than a week. But I plan to use that money as a down payment for purchasing a house. I've browsed on some units and picked one that's to my liking. However, I still need a little more money for the down payment, so I'm working hard to earn it."

Margaret could sense Jodie's determination to make a living. She envied Jodie for that, as she wanted to live like an ordinary person too. Even if Margaret had to endure the difficulties of making a living, at least she would enjoy the freedom to do what she liked to do, and she would at least be able to set personal life goals.

Sadly, life had other plans for her; Margaret had become Christopher's wife, a title that many women sought after. Yet, her glamorous title meant nothing as she refused to change herself into becoming the perfect wife.

Noticing Margaret's silence, Jodie suddenly thought of something. She lowered her voice and asked, "Meg, has Christopher touched you lately?"

That instantly made Margaret's cheeks flush. "What are you talking about?"

Jodie explained solemnly, "It's not wise to have intimate exchanges within the first month of one's miscarriage. Since Christopher doesn't feel that way about you, you have to keep this in mind and don't let him touch you."

An awkward cough came from Margaret as she cleared her throat. "Don't worry. He won't touch me, especially when he has plenty of other women to entertain him."

Jodie frowned after hearing that. "Other women? Who? Christopher has never gotten himself into any dating rumors. Plus, I thought he was a gentleman. Are you saying that he's been keeping his affairs hidden? My goodness. How dare he? He's crossing the line!"

Realizing that she had nearly let it slip, Margaret got a little anxious. "I'm only rambling. There's no need to pay too much heed to my words. Even if Christopher does have another woman, I don't have any evidence to prove it. So, please don't make a huge fuss over this."

She did not dare tell Jodie about the relationship between Megan and Christopher, as she knew Jodie would undoubtedly start a fight with Christopher over it.

Jodie heaved a sigh of relief and stopped dwelling on the topic. Later in the afternoon, she left before Christopher returned home.

When Christopher's car pulled over in front of the house at four o'clock, Margaret had already placed Tabby back in the yard as she knew Christopher was a punctual man.

Tabby, which was supposed to be in the backyard, started walking toward Christopher after he got out of the car. That made Christopher frown. He hurriedly rushed into the house and up the stairs as if he would die if Tabby touched him.

Seeing the disgusted look on Christopher's face, Margaret felt annoyed, but she did not say anything. She knew it was not fair to force Christopher to like the cat. Thus, she merely hoped that he would allow her to continue keeping Tabby as a pet.

It confused her to know Christopher did not plan on heading out that evening. He was always away, yet lately, he had been spending his nights at home. His presence made her uneasy. Also, him being at home meant she would have lesser time to be with Tabby.

That night, after tucking herself to bed, Margaret suddenly thought of what Jodie had told her earlier that day. Her cheeks turned as red as beats.

Christopher was also on the bed with his back facing Margaret as he looked at his phone. There were endless texts on his screen that gave Margaret a headache. She could never understand how he managed to stare at such congested screens for so

long

It was then that Christopher's phone rang, jolting Margaret slightly. The caller ID on the screen showed that Megan was calling.

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Christopher did not bother getting up to answer the phone. His tone was slightly annoyed at being disturbed. "Hello?"

Megan's voice sounded on the other end of the line. "Christopher, thank you for helping my family. We would've gone bankrupt if it weren't for you. You're so nice. My parents said that they want to invite you to dinner. I think you must be tired of socializing outside too, so why don't you come to my place tomorrow? I'll cook for you personally, all right?"



Before he could respond, Margaret turned her back to him and covered her ears. It's already in the middle of the night, yet she still won't stop. How gross!

She did not expect that Christopher would not only indulge Megan but also easily agree to her previous conditions just to disgust Margaret. Although it was Margaret who suggested that he help the Jenkins family, his current acts obviously had nothing to do with her.

Christopher noticed the movement behind him, and the corners of his mouth curled up slightly. "All right, I'll come over tomorrow morning."

Even though the call ended, Margaret's heart still felt stuffy, so she naturally could not fall asleep.

Yet, the man seemed to have fallen asleep a short while later. She was so angry that she did not want to lie in the same bed with him, so she grabbed a quilt and went to the guest room.

Early the next morning, Christopher's phone rang incessantly. He had answered the calls and placed them on speaker mode so that even Margaret could hear Megan's mushy words from the guest room.

Having had poor sleep last night and waking up to this, Margaret was furious, Disregarding everything else, she went out barefooted to stand on the stairway, cursing, "Can you just stop for one second!"

After a brief silence, Christopher came out of the bedroom. He had changed into a suit and seemed ready to go out. When he saw her, his expression was indifferent as he walked past her down the stairs.

Margaret's hands clenched into fists. One day, I will no longer be able to endure this...

At approximately ten o'clock in the morning, Jodie suddenly called her. "Meg, come out for a bit. I need to talk to you. That Mr. Xenos sent another letter!"

Before even hanging up the call, Margaret began getting changed. "Find a place and wait for me. I'll be right over!"

Although she lived a rather frustrating life, there was finally good news. She initially thought that the truth was still far away, but unexpectedly, another letter from that man arrived again!

She only had one thought in her mind now-to hurry up and find out what happened back then. As long as her father was innocent, she could rightfully leave the Lewis family and Christopher! She did not want to live such a lowly life anymore, where she could not even refuse to kill her innocent child.

When Margaret arrived at the agreed cafe, Jodie took the letter out of her bag. The former hurriedly opened it. However, the contents disappointed her greatly, for it wrote: You don't have to look for me because you won't be able to find me. I can't give you any more clues either. I can only tell you that your father was innocent. I've been burdened by this secret for far too long. If I don't reveal this, I fear I won't die in peace.

Margaret's hands began to tremble after reading the letter. Why did this Mr. Xenos give me hope just to disappoint me again? So what if I know and believe that my father was innocent? Christopher won't believe it, nor would anyone else. Just a few lines in a letter aren't convincing at all. I need more than this! I want to overturn the conviction and clear my father's name!

Noticing Margaret's odd expression, Jodie asked, "What's wrong, Meg? What did the letter say?"

Margaret almost bit through her lip. “Nothing useful at all... Mr. Xenos said not to find him. He said that we won’t be able to find him, and he won’t give me any more clues. He can only tell me this much. He said that this secret has been bothering him for many years, and he revealed it because he would die with regrets if he didn’t. Does he mean that he can die without regrets now that he’s said it? What about me? He rekindled my hopes only to dash them again! What should I do, then?”

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Jodie took the envelope, examined it carefully, and was immediately discouraged. “The mailing address is the same as before. There’s no one living there at all. If this Mr. Xenos doesn’t want us to find him, we really won’t be able to find him. He’s just like a ghost...”

When Margaret thought of her current situation, she felt a little hopeless.

She had just a glimmer of hope for Christopher before, but there was nothing left now. All she wanted was to leave. She wanted to leave all this behind and live like a normal person, yet he insisted on torturing her, refusing to let her go.

“Forget it, Jo. There’s no need to care about this matter anymore. Just... pretend as though we’d never gotten letters from Mr. Xenos before. I’ve had enough.” Margaret was filled with negative emotions.

“Don’t give up, Meg. This has to do with your father. If he were wrongly accused, then you have an obligation to clear his name. How far are you now? Are you already discouraged? We just need to find Mr. Xenos, right? I’ll hire someone to find him for you. We shall not give up until we find that man!” Jodie did not approve of Margaret’s approach and knew that the latter was only saying this because she had suffered a setback.

“You’ll hire someone? Hah. There’s no need. I have money.” Margaret suddenly thought of something. Yes, I can’t give up. I just have to find a person, right? As long as he’s still alive in this world, I’ll definitely find him. If I can’t find him myself, I’ll hire someone to find him for me. Of course, I won’t use Jodie’s money. I’m Mrs. Lewis, after all. Why would I not spend the Lewis family’s money and torture myself instead?

It had taken her more than ten years to figure this out. In the past, she was an orphan taken in by Christopher. Hence, she always thought that she owed him and would never be able to repay him.

Now, she had become his wife, and the torture he inflicted on her had made her feel less guilty long ago. Once her father was proved innocent, she would no longer have to feel any guilt at all. By then, would there only be hatred left between Christopher and me?

After leaving the cafe, Margaret glanced at her phone and saw that it was almost time for lunch. Christopher must be having lunch happily with Megan and her family now, huh?

She deliberately did not avoid this time period and called him directly. When the call connected, she said bluntly, “Give me money. I’m going shopping with Jo.”

Christopher was stunned and could not react for a while. How could a person who never reached out to ask him for money before suddenly be so direct?

When Margaret did not hear his answer, she added, "What? You have money to mess around outside but no money to support your wife?"

An unknown gleam emerged in the man's eyes. "All right."

After hanging up the call, he directly transferred the money through his phone. The smile in his eyes spread to the corners of his lips.

Megan saw that he seemed to be in a good mood after taking a call and could not help but feel slightly upset. "Christopher, who was that? You look so happy after answering the phone...!!

The smile on his face faltered, and he said indifferently, "It's no one."

Seeing that, Hannah said in a low voice, "Megan, you're talking too much. Don't talk when you're eating"

Megan shut her mouth, still feeling a little dissatisfied. A woman's intuition was typically accurate. That phone call earlier was definitely not from an ordinary person.

Margaret felt slightly conflicted when she looked at the transaction information on her phone. She never imagined she could ask for money from Christopher so easily. Moreover, the amount he gave was not small either.

Jodie leaned over to take a peek and clicked her tongue. "How nice it must be to have a rich husband! Just one phone call and he gives you so much money. Well, are we going shopping now or are we going to hire someone to search for Mr. Xenos?"

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Margaret snapped back to her senses and answered, "We're going to hire someone to search for Mr. Xenos, of course. You're more proficient in this area, so you'll do it. I'll handle the money."

It was not until dinner time that Margaret returned to the Lewis residence. In order to keep Christopher from getting suspicious, she reluctantly went to the mall to buy some clothes and whatnot that did not cost that much money.

Christopher came back shortly after she did. She originally thought that he would either not come back tonight or come back very late. After all, he was with his lover. Why would he be willing to leave Megan and come back to face his "rubbish wife"?

None of them spoke at the dinner table. Margaret did not have much of an appetite. The food tasted like wax inside her mouth, so she put her fork down after only a few bites.

When she got up to leave, he suddenly uttered, "Finish eating before you go."

She glanced at the half-filled bowl and stated impassively, "I'm not hungry."

The man took her bowl expressionlessly and went up to her. "You're not allowed to leave the table until you finish the rest of the meal."

Then, he put down his utensils and went upstairs. Margaret did not want to listen to him, but his words were like a spell, tying her down like before.

The events of the past few days awakened the rebelliousness in her bones, and she wanted to go against him all the time. She even wanted to send the helve after the hatchet, but every time he used a commanding tone, she still subconsciously felt that she should do as he said. She really hated this damned feeling!

After sitting sullenly for a while, Margaret finally scarfed down the bowl of food and went to the backyard to play with the cat. Now, only playing with the cat could calm her fury.

A short while later, Elizabeth hurried to the backyard to find her, "Meg, Mr. Lewis is calling for you."

Margaret replied sullenly, "I'm not going. Doesn't he know to come to me if he wants to find me? Why should I go over to him? It's not me who wants to see him!"

Elizabeth's eyes widened. "Meg... Aren't you... a little too old to be having your rebellious phase? You're twenty-two this year, right?"

Margaret was momentarily speechless. So, in Elizabeth's eyes, I'm going through my rebellious phase now? I'm just exploding in silence, okay? I finally can no longer stand the humiliation after being oppressed for so many years and want to free myself, all right?

Elizabeth saw her stubborn look and could only inform Christopher of the situation. However, she soon returned to the backyard again, this time at a pace even more urgent than before. "Meg, Mr. Lewis said that if you don't listen, he won't allow you to keep the cat any more. He's a man of his word!"

He's a man of his word? Margaret felt both furious and amused. He's a man of his word, huh? He's always like this! He acts so overbearingly and high and mighty!

Taking a deep breath, she turned into the house and went upstairs. Christopher was sitting in front of the bedroom window as usual as he flipped through a book in his hand, making the stern aura around him seem a little more sophisticated. It was really pleasing to the eye. For a moment, she had the illusion of living peaceful and quiet days.

"In the future, can you stop bossing me around like I'm a subordinate? You're the one looking for me, not vice versa." Margaret stood straight, her eyes unflinching as she spoke to him.

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"What did you say?" he asked, closing the book to turn to look at her.

"I don't want to repeat myself even if you didn't hear me. Anyway, you just want to torture me, right? To me, it's the same if I submit meekly or act like this. Thus, why should I make myself so unhappy? If you don't like me, then make me leave your sights as soon as possible so I won't be in your way," she stated in a cold voice.

"Do you think I'll let you go if you do everything I hate? It's not that easy. You've always been hateful anyway," he said flatly, getting up to pour himself a glass of wine.

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Margaret bit her lip hard before loosening it again. "You've always been hateful too!"

Christopher's hand holding the glass suddenly tightened, clenching so hard it seemed like he was going to shatter the glass. His expression also turned colder. "It doesn't matter if you hate or like it. Who do you think you are?"

She laughed. "In the past, I was an orphan taken in by you and owed a dozen lives to the Lewis family. It was you who wanted me to be your wife, so you tell me. Who am I? I'm not the one calling the shots here."

He gritted his teeth and said, "If you have something you're dissatisfied with, spit it out. I'd like to hear it."

Since he had told her to speak her mind, she naturally would not be polite. "I've had enough of acting like a pathetic stray dog in front of you! You give a smile when you're happy and trample all over me when you're not. Even if it were my father who caused the plane crash that made you an orphan, am I guilty of it? I lost just as much as you did! I admit that I have to pay back my debt, but you make me feel like I'm not even living like a human being! I'd rather be a servant of the Lewis family for the rest of my life to repay you than be Mrs. Lewis and tortured half to death by your lover. Even if I'm guilty, even if my father were guilty, what was my child guilty of?"

Her body's strength seemed to be exhausted at the mention of her child, and she could no longer say anything else. It was extremely hard just holding back her tears.

The sore spot in Christopher's heart was touched again, and he viciously smashed the wine glass in his hand on the ground. "You like being a servant? Fine, I'll grant you your wish! From tomorrow onward, you'll do whatever the Lewis residence's servants do. Get out!"

Margaret turned and left without hesitation, taking the initiative to go to the servants' room where Elizabeth lived. Four housekeepers stayed in the same room, and there was no extra space for her, so she could only squeeze in with Elizabeth.

However, she did not regret provoking him. She would rather sleep in the servant's room than lie in the same bed as him. Whenever she saw him, she would remember what he did with Megan and Hannah!

They had joined forces to tear a hole in her heart that would never heal, reminding her of every moment with excruciating pain.

The next day, Margaret went to work at the office as usual. After work, she returned to the Lewis residence as a "moonlighting" maid.

Although Christopher had sent word to the servants not to be polite with her and let her do whatever she should, no one dared to order her around. After all, the couple . . . wasn't divorced yet, and the woman was still his wife.

Margaret swallowed down her anger and took over all of Elizabeth's duties. She went to help wherever needed help, doing everything from laundry, and cooking, to cleaning.

Previously, Christopher only tortured her and did not give her a clear way to atone for her sins. Now, at least, she had a clear path. She would rather atone for her sins in this way.

At the end of the day, as long as Mr. Xenos was not found, she would continue to owe Christopher. Even if they were both covered in bruises, her injuries were still so insignificant and inconsequential in his eyes!

In the evening, Margaret had dinner in the kitchen with the housekeepers. After dinner, she was busy for most of the night, and it was almost twelve o'clock when she was finally free.

Thinking about the money she had asked from Christopher, she did not know how her brain stalled for her to actually do that. She no longer wanted the money, so she made up for the amount she had spent and transferred it back to him.

Now, she could only let Jodie pay the expenses for finding Mr. Xenos and slowly pay her back. After all, she was employed and had an income now.

After doing all this, she lay down next to Elizabeth. She was so tired that she did not want to move anymore. In the past, no matter how Christopher had treated her, he never made her do any physical labor. Now, she was suddenly so exhausted that it was a little unbearable.

"Meg, just apologize to Mr. Lewis. I know you're aggrieved after the miscarriage, and even your temper changed. But no matter what, you're still husband and wife. What kind of married couple acts like this? Also, what am I supposed to do if you did all of my work for me? What if Mr. Lewis dismisses me because of that? You should just resume being his wife and stop torturing yourself," Elizabeth advised out of the blue.

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Margaret returned to her senses and answered, "Elizabeth, it's not as simple as you think. I just... I'm fed up with all this. I don't want to put up with it anymore. I'd rather he hates me and drive me away. Then, I'll be relieved and free. I don't want to .. be his wife anymore. Other people might be dying to do so, but I don't."

Elizabeth sighed. "Silly girl, you don't know how blessed you are. I don't know everything that happened between Mr. Lewis and you, but as far as I know, he's good to you. He doesn't treat you as an enemy and has never asked you to do any dirty work since you were young. You're just too stubborn in nature. Mr. Lewis still had a smile on his face when he came back yesterday. I was wondering why you two started fighting again when he was in one of his rare good moods. You also gave me a fright when you came back from work to help me. It hasn't even been a month since your miscarriage. How can you exhaust yourself like this? Listen to me and just submit to him."

Margaret pursed her lips wordlessly. As she was too tired, she fell asleep without realizing it.

When Elizabeth did not receive any response, she let out a breath and tucked Margaret in.

For some reason, perhaps to have a good laugh at Margaret, Christopher came home from work on time almost every day and stayed in the living room longer than usual.

In order not to meet him, Margaret hardly set foot in the living room and only worked in the kitchen and backyard. She only cleaned up the living room when he went upstairs. Everyone minded their own business and did not interact. It was pretty nice.

Concurrently, inside Jodie's rented apartment, she rummaged through her room with an anxious look on her face. "Mom! Have you seen my bank card?"

Raina was eating snacks in the living room and answered somewhat absent mindedly, "No. Find it yourself. Are you treating me like a thief?"

Jodie searched every corner of the house but could not find her bank card. No outsiders came into the house, so she could not think of anyone else besides her mother. "Mom, tell me the truth. Did you touch my bank card? What did you do with it? You don't even know my pin number! Hurry up and hand it over. I need the money for an emergency."

Raina hesitated before answering, "You told me you don't have money and cry to me every day saying you're poor. There must be a lot of money in that card, huh? What urgent matter do you need it for?"

Jodie frowned. "There's really an emergency! Give it to me!"

Raina saw that her daughter did not seem to be joking and slowly took the card out of her bag. "I... spent some of the money."

Jodie's eyelid twitched several times. She had a sense of foreboding. "You spent it? You don't even know my pin number! How did you spend my money?"

Raina said somewhat guiltily, "All your pin numbers are your birthday... I just guessed. It's only a little money. The card has almost two million, yet you're hiding it – all to yourself. You could clearly be living a better life, but you make your own mother live like a beggar instead. I've raised you in vain!"

Jodie did not have the mood to get angry with Raina, for she had promised Margaret to find someone to investigate Mr. Xenos. The fee was not a small sum, and the other party wanted her to pay the deposit first.

When she checked the balance, she exploded. "Raina Gray! You call this 'a little'?"

Raina was startled. "How dare you call my name directly? I'm your mother! Yes, I spent some, but so what? Do you know how much money I spent raising you? What's wrong with spending a little of your money? Why are you shouting like that? Are you trying to scare me to death?"

Jodie could not stand it anymore. "You haven't earned a single penny since you married my dad. How dare you talk about raising me? All the money I spent since childhood was money earned by my father, and it was the nanny who held me in her arms all day. What else have you done for me besides holding me in your belly for ten months and giving birth to me? Do you know where this money came from? It was the breakup fee from Jack! The breakup fee, understand? I was saving up to buy a house with it since housing prices are so expensive now. Do you want to spend the rest of your life renting an apartment? You're not Mrs. Clark anymore. You're nothing now that my father is dead, understand? I work two jobs every day to support you, yet you're still dissatisfied. If you continue to act like this, I won't give a d\*mn about you anymore!"