

Love Hate 161

Chapter 161

After venting, Jodie did not want to face Raina anymore, nor did she want to argue. Hence, she simply rushed out the door despite the rain outside.

The raindrops dripped coldly against her face, and her clothes were soaked through in no time.

She found a roof to take shelter from the rain before calling Margaret. "Meg, I'm sorry. I don't have any money... I should've expected that my mother would definitely keep an eye on the money in my hands. She secretly spent the money. I had so much money before, but the amount remaining isn't enough to hire someone to help you find Mr. Xenos. I'm so sick of this! There's no hope of buying a house... There's no hope for anything. I feel like I'm being crushed by reality. I don't have anything left..."

Margaret looked at the rain outside through the kitchen's glass window. At this time, she could feel Jodie's mood as well. They were both people at the end of their ropes.

"Jo, where are you? I'm coming to you now." Margaret stopped her work and looked for an umbrella to go outside.

"I'm in front of the convenience store below my apartment. I only brought my phone out, and I didn't wear my coat. I'm freezing... I don't want to go back and see my mom now. I get angry just looking at her." Jodie's voice choked.

Margaret had already walked to the gate outside when she heard that Jodie was not wearing a coat. Thus, she quickly doubled back. "Stay there for now. I'll bring you a coat. Just stay there and don't move!"

Right as she finished speaking, her foot slipped on the step, and she fell to the ground. Her belly collided harshly against the steps, and her umbrella fell to the side.

She climbed up in pain, took the coat, and rushed out again. The wind howled outside, and it was raining heavily. Even with an umbrella, the lower half of her clothes got soaked, and her shoes were full of water.

There was not much traffic in this area. Therefore, she only managed to hail a cab when she reached the intersection.

The moment she got into the car, she felt an obvious gush of heat flowing out between her legs, accompanied by pain in her lower abdomen. Since it had not been long since her miscarriage, she did not think much of it and thought that it was a

normal occurrence. The pain was also barely tolerable.

Arriving at the entrance of the convenience store, she got out of the car and handed the coat to Jodie. "It's too cold. Don't tell me you plan to stay out here all night instead of going home?"

Jodie's eyes were red-rimmed. "I just want someone to talk to right now. I'll... still have to go back later. My mom will starve to death without me. She's always like this... I hate that I can't do anything about it!"

Margaret's face was a little pale. She bent over and squatted down in order to relieve the pain. "I'm here. Don't be angry. If the money is gone, we can earn more. Now that you're really out of money, your mother can't splurge carelessly anymore."

At the Lewis residence, a thunderstorm cut through the night sky. The hurricane winds howled eerily through the windows.

When Elizabeth could not find Margaret or get through her phone, she asked the bodyguard at the door, only to learn that Margaret had gone out. She could not help but be worried when she looked at the storm outside. Hence, she hurried upstairs to find Christopher. "Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis went out after taking a phone call, but the rain and winds outside are so strong. Should we go look for her?"

Christopher sat in front of the floor-to-ceiling window and looked at the rain outside, frowning slightly. "Leave her be."

Elizabeth hesitated. Just as she turned to leave, he spoke again. "Don't go looking for her!"

The woman agreed and went back to the housekeeper's room, sighing.

Outside the convenience store, Margaret could not bear it anymore as the pain in her lower abdomen intensified. "Jo... I'll send you home, okay? It's so cold outside..."

Jodie saw that there was something off with Margaret and acquiesced. "All right, let's go to my place first. Why do you look so pale? Are you feeling uncomfortable?"

Margaret straightened up and slowly walked forward with Jodie's help. "It's okay... I just fell at the door when I rushed out to find you. It's all right, so don't worry. I'll be fine after resting for a while."

Chapter 162

Jodie glanced at Margaret's body and asked, "Did you hurt yourself--"

Before she finished her words, she noticed the pool of blood-stained rainwater underneath Margaret's feet while fresh blood continued dripping down from the latter's pants. Jodie exclaimed, "Meg, why are you bleeding so much?"

Margaret looked down too, but her vision went blurry. She couldn't even hear the sounds around her anymore.

During Margaret's trance-like state, she sensed that Jodie had hailed a taxi to send her to the hospital. She then saw the anxious expressions of a few nurses who pushed her into the emergency room.

Darkness soon consumed her as she lay on the operating table. She didn't feel any pain, and she could no longer talk.

Jodie was pacing outside the emergency room anxiously. Soon, a nurse came out of the room and asked, "Are you the patient's family member? The patient is exhausted after the miscarriage, and the trauma has caused heavy bleeding. She needs surgery right away. If you're her family member, please sign over here!"

Jodie was so startled that she could mutter, "I-I am her friend, not her family member."

The nurse quickly responded, "Get her family over as soon as possible then! Someone needs to sign the document before we can start the surgery! It's urgent!"

Trembling, Jodie took out Margaret's phone, trying to call Christopher but soon realized the phone was out of battery. She had no choice but to place Margaret's SIM card into her phone and try to contact Christopher. However, the call got declined. Jodie tried to call again, but the same thing happened.

She started crying as she sent a text message to Christopher: Meg is going to die soon if you don't answer my call! She's in the hospital now, bleeding profusely. A family member needs to sign the document before she can undergo surgery. Pick up your phone now!

The moment she sent that text, Christopher returned her call. She answered it instantly, "Come over now! Meg is dying soon. She has lost so much blood..."

Booming thunder and rain sounded from the other end of the line. Seconds passed before Christopher's worried voice spoke. "Pass the phone to the doctor now."

Obediently, Jodie quickly handed the phone to the chief surgeon and said, "The patient's family is on the phone."

Before the doctor could say anything, Christopher stated, "This is Christopher Lewis. The patient is my wife. It may take a while before I can reach the hospital. Please go ahead to save my wife right now! I'll sign the document when I get there. I promise I won't create any problems for the hospital if the surgery goes wrong. Please save her now! I'm on my way over!"

Under ordinary circumstances, the doctor would not risk conducting an operation without getting a family member's signature and consent. However, the doctor agreed when he heard Christopher's name and received the latter's promise. Hence, he replied, "All right, Mr. Lewis. We'll try our best to save Mrs. Lewis."

The doctor returned to the operating theatre after the call ended. Jodie was shedding tears, sitting on the bench outside. She felt guilty for asking Margaret out at such a late hour. If she had not done so, the latter would not fall, and none of this would happen.

The time went by slowly. About twenty minutes later, Christopher showed up at the end of the corridor.

Jodie didn't expect him to reach the hospital so soon. Moreover, it shocked her to see him in his loungewear. She exclaimed, "You sure move fast! Don't you need at least an hour to get here from your house? Oh, whatever. Hurry up and sign the document!"

Christopher remained silent. His chest was heaving as if he had done some intense exercises.

He took the documents from the nurse and began signing his name multiple times. His writing was a little crooked as his hand was trembling.

"How is she now?" he asked.

"We're still in the midst of resuscitating her. Mrs. Lewis profusely bled and was in critical condition when she arrived here. However, don't worry, Mr. Lewis. She'll be fine"

The nurse spoke cautiously. After all, she was not talking to an ordinary man.

“How did this happen?” Christopher’s confused voice asked.

The nurse’s face turned pale, feeling petrified as she explained, “I-I’m not sure about that. The doctor’s initial diagnosis is that she got too exhausted from her miscarriage and experienced some trauma later on. Hence, her heavy blood loss. Although, didn’t the doctor advise her to get some rest after her miscarriage? How could this have happened...”

Christopher suddenly plopped onto the bench as he pleaded, “S-Save her, please. I can do anything as long as she stays alive.”

I only wanted her to yield. Why did she insist on torturing herself like that?

Jodie sensed something was wrong with the conversation. Thus, she asked, “What? She got too exhausted? Meg did work a few days after getting discharged from the hospital, but she only did office work, nothing intense. How can she get exhausted from that? As for the trauma, she accidentally fell when she came to meet me earlier.”

The nurse dared not say anything as she had no idea what was going on. Naturally, Christopher kept quiet as well out of guilt.

Suddenly, a few ferocious-looking men came forward. They surrounded Christopher and barked, “Hey, how dare you run away just like that after hitting our car? Were you rushing to the hospital to visit a dead relative or something?”

Although Jodie was not fond of Christopher, she didn’t want to see her best friend’s husband getting scolded by strangers. Hence, she retorted, “What nonsense do you think you’re spouting? Do you want me to punch the living daylight out of you? All this guy did was hit your car. How much do you want? We can pay you, so don’t start a ruckus here!”

Christopher’s expression turned ice-cold. He had rushed out of the house earlier and did not even get changed. Naturally, he left his phone and wallet at home in his haste. All he had was his car keys at the moment.

Unbothered by those men, he snatched the phone from Jodie and dialed a number before curtly saying, “Send money to Wellness Hospital now.”

Upon seeing Christopher’s aloof demeanor, the men started teasing, “Hah! How

arrogant of you to ask someone to send money over now! What business are you doing? Since you’re so rich, you can pay for the total cost of my new Audi. Luckily I followed you here, or I’d have to suffer a significant loss! You’ve wrecked my new car and frightened us badly, so you have to compensate for the psychological trauma experienced too!”

Christopher lifted his head to glare sharply at the man who was speaking. He snarled, “Shut up. Lower your voice so that we don’t disturb those in the operating theatre. However, I will compensate you once the money gets here, so you can ask for anything you want.”

That startled the man. His voice softened to a mere squeak as he spoke. “I-I would’ve beaten you up if we weren’t in the hospital now. Fine! I’ll wait here and see if anyone actually sends money to save you!”

Jodie rolled her eyes. In her perspective, those men were out of their minds. Not only did they have no idea about Christopher's affluent identity, but they also kept testing his limits.

It was not long before Noah rushed to the hospital with a few bodyguards. The ferocious-looking men began feeling petrified upon seeing the newly arrived group.

Noah had been working for Christopher for many years; All it took was one word from the latter, and Noah would immediately know what to do.

Christopher took an unfilled check from Noah and threw it to those men. "Write down whatever figure you want."

Those men were initially petrified. However, after listening to Christopher's words, they assumed that he was a coward who didn't want any problems. Hence, they smugly wrote a figure that seemed absurd enough in their eyes. They even boldly stated, "By the way, dude, we're not cheating your money. After paying for the damages to my car, the rest is compensation to the emotional damage you caused us. It's a reasonable figure."

Chapter 164

Christopher smirked coldly. "You can write a larger number if you wish. Also, you may include any medical expenses you'd like me to compensate after this."

Before the men could make sense of his words, the bodyguards dragged them away.

Noah then placed the coat on Christopher's shoulders and said, "Mr. Lewis, I've called someone to tow your damaged car to a workshop for repair. I've driven another one here for you."

Christopher nodded. "I may have ran quite a few red lights. Deal with it at once."

Noah glanced at the emergency room before asking, "Then, will you be all right staying here alone?"

Christopher waved to motion that he was fine. Thus, Noah turned around and quickly left to handle his newly-assigned task.

At that moment, a sigh came from Jodie. "I used to think you were too harsh on Meg. However, it seems like you still have some conscience. You cut the journey short by thirty minutes after learning she was in an accident. Then, you not only crashed your car but also ran several red lights to get here quickly. I don't like how you handle things, but at least I know you care enough about Meg. The child Meg lost was yours. Ever since Jenson returned, Meg kept her distance from him and told him that she's now a married woman. Meg has been nothing but loyal to you. Also, has Meg's car accident gotten resolved? It was her half-sister, Megan, who caused her miscarriage. Is that bitch in jail yet? You're Meg's husband, so you can't let Megan off

easy."

A frown crept up Christopher's face, but he did not say anything.

Jodie wisely kept her mouth shut upon seeing that. Little did she know that the Jenkins family's driver had taken the blame, and Christopher had helped the Jenkins family instead of investigating Megan's crimes. If Jodie had known, she would have undoubtedly beat Christopher to death.

More than two hours passed before the operation ended. The doctor exited the emergency room and said, "Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis' condition is now stable. We will transfer her to a general ward. However, she needs to remain hospitalized for observation during the next few days. There are some precautions she will need to know. Please follow me to my office. I will explain it to you in detail."

Jodie hurriedly urged, "Go on with the doctor. I'll take care of Meg."

At that, Christopher nodded before heading to the doctor's office.

Once there, the doctor explained, "You should know that Mrs. Lewis' physical condition is relatively weak. Hence, she will need adequate rest after getting discharged. She can't get overly exhausted, especially since she almost lost her life this time. Although we managed to keep her uterus intact, her chances of getting pregnant are low. She lost her first child and got into an accident, so getting pregnant again will not be easy. Also, she can't engage in intimate activities for the next two months. Since you're her husband, please pay more attention to her feelings, Mr. Lewis."

That was the first time Christopher had paid so much attention to someone's words. He nodded solemnly and asked, "Is there anything else I need to know?"

The doctor thought for a moment. "That's all for now. Although, Mrs. Lewis needs a caregiver. Please make the necessary arrangements."

When Christopher returned to the general ward, Jodie instantly volunteered to stay and take care of Margaret. However, Christopher pondered momentarily before declining, "No need. I'll stay tonight."

Jodie did not object as she had enough on her plate anyway; She needed to look after her mother, work during the day, and do part-time jobs at night. She was desperately short of time. After staying in the ward for a while, she bid goodbye and left.

Margaret woke up the next day. She felt someone standing beside the bed before she even opened her eyes. Fortunately, Margaret recalled that she had gotten hospitalized the night before. She assumed that Elizabeth was standing next to her and asked, "Elizabeth, please help me call the company to ask for a leave. I doubt I can go to work for a while."

When there was no response, she slowly opened her eyes and saw Christopher's slightly haggard face. Her heart skipped a few beats when she saw his pajamas and messy hair,

She did not know what had happened during the surgery. It was a shock to see Christopher, who usually paid attention to his image, appear at the hospital in such a disheveled state.

Chapter 165

"What? Are you happy now? You won." Christopher muttered coldly, but Margaret did not understand why he said those things.

"What are you talking about?" She was puzzled and felt that he was trying to start an argument again.

Yet, Christopher remained silent. He put on his coat and headed to the door. "Elizabeth will be here shortly. Stay put in the hospital. I'll be back after work."

Margaret frowned and replied hoarsely, "There's no need. Go ahead and do your thing. I don't need too many people here with me." I don't need you here.

When Christopher heard her hoarse voice, he turned back and poured a glass of water for her. He seemed as arrogant as ever, but he did not say anything.

Margaret did not want his help, but she was so thirsty that it felt like her throat was burning

Her hand reached out shakily from the blanket to hold the glass. However, Christopher stepped forward and placed it near her lips instead. Margaret could not be bothered to argue with him at that point. Hence, she took two sips to alleviate her thirst but was too embarrassed to drink more.

After that, Christopher left without looking back.

Fatigue overwhelmed Margaret. She felt so weak, hungry, and thirsty that even moving a muscle was difficult.

When Elizabeth finally arrived, Margaret immediately exclaimed, "Water! Get me some water!"

Elizabeth put away the thermal flask she brought and carefully fed Margaret a glass of water. Seeing how fast the latter was gulping, she reminded, "Meg, don't drink too much. I brought some oatmeal porridge, which can hydrate you too. If you drink too much, you'll need to go to the restroom often. I'm not worried that it'll be

troublesome, but I'm afraid that you'll be in too much pain to move."

Margaret refused to listen. She only stopped drinking after her thirst got quenched.

Then, Margaret ate a bowl of oatmeal porridge before feeling energized, Feeling curious about what had happened last night, she asked, "Elizabeth, why was Christopher here at the hospital? Did he stay the whole night?"

Elizabeth nodded. "When Mr. Lewis got the call, he rushed over without changing his clothes. Mr. Lewis didn't even bring his phone or wallet. All he had were his car keys. I heard he also ran some red lights and crashed into some guy's Audi. Noah had to bring some money over to resolve the conflict. He even told me that Mr. Lewis probably stayed overnight to look after you. It seems like Mr. Lewis cherishes you quite a lot."

She added, "How strange. Mr. Lewis seems to get along with everyone except for you. It's like you guys are enemies. You can't get along but can't leave each other either. I hear Mr. Lewis always had a good temper, even as a child. Hmm. I wonder why he's always so mean to you..."

Margaret did not say anything, but there was a strange feeling in her heart. Why does everyone make it sound like Christopher cares about me? It seems so different from how he's acting toward me, though.

Her mind pictured Christopher as a polite gentleman who only behaved like the devil toward her. He was a scary, strict, and unpredictable being in her eyes.

Elizabeth smiled at Margaret's silence. She then said, "You're still young. Plus, you've always been by Mr. Lewis' side since you were a child, so you haven't experienced much yet. Once you meet more men, you will understand that Mr. Lewis is quite the gem. He may not be an outstanding gentleman, but he's

undoubtedly decent and knows how to treat women well. I can tell that he has a special relationship with Megan. However, if Megan got hospitalized, he wouldn't have rushed to the hospital recklessly nor stayed the entire night to look after her."

Margaret did not want to talk about this anymore, so she changed the topic. "Elizabeth, did you get someone to help me look after Tabby? It was raining heavily and windy last night. It must have been scared."

Elizabeth slapped her thigh. "Oh, no! I forgot! When you got hospitalized last night, I was worried about you and didn't sleep well. I felt like I'd forgotten something. I wouldn't have remembered if you didn't tell me now. I'm getting more forgetful with age. I can't believe I completely forgot about Tabby! I'll call Fredrick and ask him to look after Tabby right now!"

Chapter 166

Hearing that, Margaret also grew anxious. Putting Tabby in the yard in such bad weather? Wouldn't it be the same as when it was still a stray cat?

Elizabeth immediately called the Lewis residence again and purposefully put the phone on the loudspeaker so that Margaret could listen to the conversation.

No one answered the phone for a long time. Just when they thought no one had heard it, someone picked up the call.

Hence, Elizabeth hurriedly said, "Mrs. Lewis asked to check how Tabby was doing. The weather was so bad last night. It must have been frightened. Hurry up and ask someone to check on it. Take good care of Tabby. Make sure that it's not sick. Cats are weak."

After a brief moment of silence on the other end of the line, Christopher's voice could be heard. "Got it." Immediately afterward, he hung up the phone.

Margaret and Elizabeth exchanged glances because they did not expect Christopher to pick up the phone. Worried, Margaret uttered, "He won't care about it. You should call Fredrick's private phone." |

However, Elizabeth disagreed with her. "Don't worry. Even if Mr. Lewis doesn't care about it, he'll definitely ask Fredrick to do it. Even if he doesn't give the instructions, there are so many servants in the Lewis residence. I'm sure someone will take care of Tabby for you. Maybe someone had already looked after it when I came out. You can count on them."

Meanwhile, at the Lewis residence, Christopher was about to head out after taking a shower when he received the call. Although he was reluctant, he still went to the backyard.

He scanned around the surroundings, but Tabby was nowhere to be found, Frowning, he ordered, "Come out."

Of course, Tabby was not so obedient. He searched patiently for a while but could not find the cat. Anxious, he summoned the bodyguards stationed at the gate and instructed, "Go find the cat!"

After a while, one of the bodyguards found Tabby in the gaps between the flo stands. "Mr. Lewis, the cat is here!"

Christopher strode forward quickly. His expression turned grim when he saw the cat.

He had never seen such a foolish cat. The weather was awful the previous night. Not only did it not find a way to get into the house, but it got itself stuck in between the flower stands. Its body was dirty, and its fur was damp, not to mention that its hind legs were wounded as well. Its blue eyes were full of terror and fear. One could imagine how helpless and desperate it was the previous night.

“Send it to the veterinary clinic for a comprehensive check-up. Examine its legs carefully and tidy up before Margaret returns. Don’t let her find out about this.” In the end, he could not bear to leave the cat in such a condition. If Margaret saw how Tabby looked at that moment, she would probably get angry at him.

“Yes, Mr. Lewis!” responded the bodyguard. Since Tabby was too dirty, he grabbed it by the neck. The cat growled in pain, and Christopher immediately reprimanded, “Carry it properly!”

The bodyguard was startled and quickly hugged Tabby in his arms like a baby. “Y Yes.”

After what had happened to Margaret the previous night, Jodie had a bad night’s sleep and yawned at work during the day.

She was the first to pack things up when it was time to get off work because she had to rush to the hospital to visit Margaret before returning home to prepare dinner.

As soon as she walked to the elevator entrance, she felt a sense of oppression behind her. Turning around, she saw Steven, who was much taller than her.

“You looked so apathetic at work, and you were the first to get off work. I heard from your supervisor that you made a mistake on a crucial document today. Since he has reported it to me, what do you think I should do?” A half-smile tugged on Steven’s lips.

“I-I didn’t sleep well last night. Didn’t I immediately fix my mistake after that? I’ve learned from my mistake. Can’t you forgive me?” Jodie did not dare to talk back to him. Since it was the truth, she had to admit her mistake

Chapter 167

“Didn’t I mention that young people shouldn’t stay up late? Why can’t you change that habit of yours? You’re saying that you have learned from your mistake? Don’t you feel embarrassed when saying that?” teased Steven when he saw that she did not. lose her temper.

“Fine. You’re the boss. Everything you say is right. If you want to give a lecture, please be here early tomorrow. I’m off work today, and I have to go to the hospital to visit Meg,” Jodie piped up patiently, for she was worried that she would blow up and get mad at him.

“I have heard of what happened last night. I’ll pay her a visit as well. Let’s go together,” suggested Steven as he wore a solemn expression.

“Okay.” Jodie did not reject him since she could get a free ride.

The two of them drove to the hospital together. When they arrived, Christopher was parking his car in the hospital’s car park.

Seeing Christopher's car, Steven honked his horn before parking his car. "Christopher."

Christopher traveled his gaze between him and Jodie and nodded slightly in response.

Then, the three of them entered the elevator together. Suddenly, Steven asked, "What's going on? Why do I feel like something bad is always happening to Margaret? Can't you even take good care of your own woman?"

Nevertheless, Christopher remained silent and only stared at the continually changing floor numbers. As soon as the elevator stopped, he stepped out of it. "Can't I even ask? Look at your complexion. Judging from the dark circles, I'm guessing that you must have not slept at all last night," grumbled Steven.

In fact, Jodie had also noticed that Christopher's complexion was not very good, which was clearly due to exhaustion.

When they walked into the ward, Margaret was awake, Coincidentally, Elizabeth had returned to the mansion to prepare dinner, so Margaret was alone in the ward. Dissatisfied, Christopher inquired, "Where's Elizabeth?"

The woman on the bed answered, "She went back to prepare food for me. Why did the three of you come together?"

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Jodie replied, "We happened to meet downstairs, so we came up together. How are you doing today? Are you feeling better? I was so terrified last night. I've never cried so much in my life as I did last night. If something happened to you, I would never forgive myself for the rest of my life."

However, Margaret only smiled and did not answer. In actuality, she was a little flustered. Christopher had gone through a lot the previous night because of what happened to her. If he found out that it was because of Jodie asking her out that caused her to fall and bleed profusely, he probably would be unhappy about it, so it was better to not mention it. –

After a while, she queried, "How's Tabby?"

TA

"It's doing fine," Christopher said casually, without looking her in the eyes.

Breathing a sigh of relief, she stated, "That's good. The weather forecast mentioned that it would be rainy for the next few days. Can you allow Tabby to stay in the house? I think it's quite dull-witted and doesn't know how to hide from the rain."

The man cast a brief look at her. "It's indeed quite dull. I don't mind it entering the house as long as it doesn't get close to me."

Margaret was relieved that his attitude had changed dramatically. At the very least, Tabby would not need to suffer anymore. Since she had decided to raise it, she had to be responsible for it. It was a good sign.

In the meantime, Steven stood at the side and watched silently. Just then, a nurse came in and performed a basic checkup on Margaret. After taking Margaret's temperature, the nurse noticed Steven and Jodie standing together and smiled. "Mr. Jones, I was wondering why you were so generous. It turns out that it was to win a woman's heart."

Raising his brows, Steven responded ambiguously, "Stop making fun of me. Hurry up and complete your job."

Jodie was not a fool and noticed that something was amiss.

The hospital was where her father passed away back then, and she was somewhat familiar with the nurses at the nurse station, so she could not help but ask, "What do you mean by that?"

In response, the nurse beamed and explained, "Since your father has passed away for quite some time, it should be fine for me to tell you this. Actually, his surgery fee and medical bills were paid by Mr. Jones. Didn't you ask me at that time? I didn't tell you the truth because Mr. Jones asked me to keep it a secret. Now that the two of you are together, it should be fine for you to know, right? The deceased are gone, but the living must continue to live properly. We need to look ahead."

TU.

Chapter 168

and found that it was packed with words. The mere sight of it gave her a headache.

Soon, Elizabeth arrived. Margaret heaved a sigh of relief and summoned her. "I need to go to the restroom," she whispered.

Elizabeth burst out laughing upon hearing her request. "Mr. Lewis is right here. Why didn't you ask for his help? You're a married couple, so there's no need to fear him. Why did you insist on waiting until I arrived? Can you really hold your pee in?"

Margaret could feel her head throbbing. She dared not meet Christopher's gaze. I had already lowered my voice. Why did Elizabeth not understand my intention and yell that I needed to go to the restroom out loud?

Christopher parted his lips and said, "I'm going on a business trip tomorrow. Elizabeth, stay here for the night. I'll take my leave now." It was likely that he was sparing her the embarrassment.

After the door shut behind him, Margaret breathed in relief and grumbled, "Elizabeth, can't you lower your voice when you're speaking?"

Elizabeth couldn't understand it. "Why should I lower my voice? There's no one else around. I might be old, but I'm more open-minded than you. Young lady, why are you so conservative? You and Mr. Lewis share the same bed. There's no need to feel shy to ask for his help to go to the restroom."

Margaret didn't bother explaining to her. After all, Elizabeth didn't understand her relationship with Christopher. But I really will feel awkward...

After spending a week in the hospital, the doctor finally allowed her to get discharged. During that one week, Christopher didn't show up as he was still on his business trip.

No one would want to remain in the hospital. Margaret was delighted to learn that she could leave soon. She couldn't wait to get home and return to Tabby.

Chapter 169

On the way home, Noah was focused on driving, but Elizabeth seemed worried. Margaret asked, "What's wrong, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth glanced at her and replied sheepishly, "Tabby has suffered from a bone fracture the night you got into trouble. The next day, Mr. Lewis sent it to the vet. It's fine and currently recuperating well. There's someone taking care of it to make sure it eats and drinks well every day. No one took notice of Tabby that night. Don't be upset, Meg..."

Suddenly, Margaret recalled how Christopher called Tabby a fool in the ward. Comprehension dawned, and she said, "It's fine. I'm glad Tabby is still alive. It was my fault for not taking care of it. I'm an irresponsible owner. I couldn't protect myself, let alone Tabby."

Elizabeth was relieved to hear her words. Soon, the car came to a stop before the Lewis residence. Margaret spotted a red sports car parked by the side of the road when she got off the car. As she wasn't familiar with cars, she didn't know the brand of the sports car. However, it seemed expensive. It was the first time a car attracted

Thus, she halted in her tracks to gaze at the car. Right then, a young lady clad in red skintight leather dress and leather jacket stepped out of the sports car. Her red heels matched her outfit, and there were even a few red streaks in her hair. It was a

color that people could rarely pull off, but the young lady had managed to look striking in the color with her curvaceous body,

The lady strode toward her and came to a stop before Margaret. Taking off her shades, she said, "Hello, my name is Nina Moore. I need to lodge at the Lewis residence for some time. Christopher doesn't seem to be around. May I know who you are?"

Finding the name familiar, Margaret studied Nina's heavily made-up face for some time before coming to a realization. "Oh, you're Mr. Moore's daughter."

That was right. This young lady was none other than Charles' daughter, Nina Moore. Margaret happened to join Christopher on a business trip once and heard Charles mention her name during dinner.

Charles was well acquainted with the Lewis family. Therefore, he was well respected by Christopher, who treated him as an elderly figure.

Nina flashed a wide grin. "I'm glad you know who I am. The bodyguard refused to let me in, so I had to wait outside. Christopher didn't answer his phone either. I figured he's busy."

Margaret told the bodyguard to open the door, and Nina went to drag a huge suitcase out of her trunk. As she didn't ask for help, Margaret had a great impression of her. *Nina could be a model with her great proportions and height. She's even taller than me!*

After entering the house, Nina placed her suitcase aside and plopped onto the couch. "Oh, how tiring. The plane ride was over ten hours, and I didn't manage to rest until now. Hey, you haven't introduced yourself to me. How should I address you?"

Elizabeth answered on Margaret's behalf. "She's the lady of the house and Mr. Lewis' wife. Her name is Margaret Sullivan. You can address her in any way you deem as polite. Ms. Moore, do you want to take a shower? I'll clear the guest room for you. We

know about it later.

Sensing the displeasure in Elizabeth's voice, Margaret couldn't help but wonder why she seemed to dislike Nina.

Nina didn't seem to realize anything. "Oh, all right. That sounds great. Where is the bathroom?"

Elizabeth pointed at a bathroom downstairs. "There it is. There are two bathrooms downstairs. We have many employees here, and they usually shower in the bathrooms."

Nina frowned at her answer. "It is shared by the employees? Where is Christopher's room? I'll go shower in his room. He is a clean freak, so he must have a private bathroom that he uses solely."

Elizabeth immediately said, "Yes, Mr. Lewis is a clean freak. Mrs. Lewis doesn't even use his bathroom that often, so why would you get to use it? Besides, it isn't appropriate. Just use the one downstairs."

Chapter 170

Ignoring her words, Nina grabbed her suitcase and dragged it upstairs. She even managed to find Christopher's room.

Elizabeth's expression changed drastically. "Mrs. Lewis, why didn't you say anything? How can a random young lady use Mr. Lewis bathroom?"

Hearing that, Margaret felt a little triggered. However, she recalled that Charles was a nice man and that she should respect him. Thus, she tamped her irritation down and said, "It's fine. She's Mr. Moore's daughter, after all. She can do anything as long as she doesn't sleep in Christopher's room."

Elizabeth went to the kitchen grumpily to prepare lunch, and Tabby limped in after her as its hind leg was bandaged. Soon, Elizabeth's voice rang out from the kitchen. "It's annoying how someone could move into the house as she wished. Didn't you see how arrogant and greedy she was? Ugh, that was annoying. Don't you think so,

Tabby?"

Tabby let out a meow in response.

"Good cat. Here's a slice of fish for you."

Margaret let out a resigned chuckle and shook her head. Her body was still weak, so she wanted to head back to her room to get some rest. However, Nina was taking a shower inside, and it wasn't appropriate for her to head straight to bed. Hence, she had to wait in the living room.

By lunchtime, Nina was still upstairs. Elizabeth went upstairs to find out what was going on. Soon, she returned wearing a furious expression. "Meg, is Nina here to steal your husband from you? Never mind if she showered in your bathroom. After taking a shower, she wrapped herself in a towel and slept in your bed! That's too much! I've

shameless as her! That towel belongs to Mr. Lewis! That was seriously disgusting. I shall throw all the towels away!"

Margaret's brows furrowed upon hearing that. She'd be lying if she claimed that she wasn't bothered by Nina's actions. Even if that weren't Christopher's bedroom, she would still be bothered if a stranger were to use her bathroom and bed. Especially when the stranger was clad in nothing but a towel. An image of Christopher with a towel wrapped around him popped up in her brain, and her displeasure intensified. *Christopher has used that towel before. Even if it had been washed, that's too...*

"Elizabeth, wake Nina up for lunch. You have to wake her up no matter what. After lunch, tell her to sleep in the guest room. Clean the master bedroom and change all the bedsheets and covers. I don't want Christopher to fly into a rage when he realizes someone had entered the room."

After saying that, Margaret had a strange feeling. *I only don't want Christopher to get mad. I'm not getting worked up about other stuff. //*

Elizabeth went upstairs to carry out her order and woke Nina up rudely.

Nina paid no heed to the stares and came downstairs. Her hair was messy, and she was wearing a skimpy nightgown. Without waiting for Margaret, she began devouring the food.

Margaret sat across from her with Tabby in her arms. "Don't you feel chilly?" she asked in surprise.

Nina didn't bother looking up. "No, I don't feel chilly. I hope you don't mind. I've been living overseas for too long and have gotten used to it. I'm more open-minded. Oh, I'm exhausted. After lunch, I shall go back to bed."

Margaret flashed a smile and said nothing else. After lunch, she returned to her room. Before she could lie down, Nina jumped into her bed. "Ah, how comfortable. This bed is softer than the bed I had overseas."

At the door, Elizabeth wore a dark expression as she said, "Ms. Moore, this room belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. Can you please move to the guest room? Mrs. Lewis had just been discharged from the hospital. She's weak, so please don't disrupt her rest,"

Nina rolled over and beamed, "Christopher isn't back, so we can share the bed. I promise I won't disturb you. Oh, I'm tired, Good night!"

Margaret and Elizabeth shared a look. That was the first time they saw someone like Nina, so they had no idea how to react.

Of course, Margaret didn't share the bed with Nina. As she couldn't sleep beside a stranger, she had no choice but to head to the guest room.