

Love Hate 17

Chapter 17

A couple of days later, Margaret could finally go to college again. Upon seeing her, Jodie took her arm and started talking incessantly, "You almost scared me to death that day! Are you okay now? Many people were jealous of you when they saw Christopher bringing you to the hospital in his arms. He's so kind and gentle. I think I can finally understand why he has so many admirers."

Jodie continued saying, "I have to say that he's so damn handsome! I'd love to spend a night with him even if I had to die right after that. Also, our mentor was fired because of that incident. I'm just so thrilled to think that we can see Christopher again at the school carnival!"

It wasn't until then that Margaret got reminded about the school carnival, and Christopher would also be attending the carnival. He had not returned home ever since that day, and she wondered what would happen when she finally got to see him again. She had mixed feelings at that thought. "Did... Did he say anything else that day?"

Jodie did not notice her expression and said, "Nothing. I was just complaining to him about your b*stard brother."

Margaret was rendered speechless. It was no wonder that Christopher was infuriated by her words that day, as it turned out that Christopher had been scolded in the face earlier.

Suddenly, there was a commotion downstairs. Jodie dragged Margaret down the stairs as she exclaimed excitedly, "Christopher is here! Let's go take a look!"

Margaret panicked a little as she was yet to come up with a way to deal with Christopher. "Jo, let go of me. You can go on your own. I'm not joining you."

"Meg, you have to thank him in person after what he has done to help you!" Jodie was unconvinced and continued to lead Margaret down the stairs.

Margaret was still thinking about running away, but she suddenly stopped in her tracks after seeing the group of people before her. Christopher was walking in their direction with students and teachers surrounding him. He wore a customized handmade suit in black, and the color only made his skin appear to be fairer. He was smiling gently, and as usual, he was the most dazzling one wherever he went.

While Margaret was still in a daze, Jodie tugged her arm and rushed up to the crowd. "Christopher, thank you for that day. Meg isn't good at expressing herself, so I'm

doing this on her behalf."

Margaret did not dare to look at his face. She clutched onto the hem of her shirt, and she looked anxious.

Christopher walked over to her and leaned closer to look at her. "You look much better today. It seems that you've recovered."

Noticing that she did not respond to that, Jodie nudged her with an elbow. "Christopher is talking to you."

“Thank you.” Margaret looked up and coincidentally met his gaze. She did not realize that her heartbeat was quickened in that split second.

“You’re welcome. I’ll see you later.” He patted her on the shoulder. It was an ordinary action, but Margaret felt extremely uneasy upon hearing what he said. She could almost picture what would happen to her after returning home.

Right when Christopher brushed past her, Margaret suddenly spotted a man, who was wearing a cap and holding a fruit knife, charging at Christopher from behind.

“Watch out!” she cried out in panic. At the same time, she instinctively pushed Christopher aside, and as a result, the fruit knife stabbed right into her shoulder.

Terrified screams broke out among the crowd, and it was mayhem all of a sudden.

The aggressor was clearly taken aback since he did not expect Margaret to block the attack. There was a strange, creepy smile on the man’s face in the next second.

Immediately after that, Christopher kicked the man away, exuding murderous aura.

He wrapped his arms around Margaret, his fingers trembling. His expression was filled with concern and fear. “Meg...

Margaret had never heard him calling her this way. Her eyelids felt incredibly heavy, but she was curious to see Christopher’s expression at that moment,

Thus, she forced her eyes to open, and all she could see was his pale face filled with *horror*. She also noticed the bloodstains on his face, and she wanted to raise her hand to help wipe the stains away. *His a clean freak, and he must feel terrible looking like this right now, See, he’s frowning.*

However, before her hand could reach his face, she completely lost consciousness.

“Meg!” She could vaguely hear Christopher calling out to her in a voice filled with fear and anxiety.