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Jodie was frustrated as she thought of paying the bill. "Okay. Okay, We'll talk about it later. I'll hang up now. I haven't even started eating my food. I've spent my money on this, so I have to enjoy all the dishes well!"

Soon after, the waiter laid out all the delicious dishes on the table. There were also desserts for a portion of four. Jodie tried her best to finish the food. However, she was already full after eating one third of the dishes, so she asked the waiter for the bill. The moment she heard the figure, she was stunned. "Are you serious? T—This cost forty—six thousand?"

The waiter smiled politely. "Yes, Miss. We can keep the unfinished wine for you. So, you can still drink it when you visit us next time."

Jodie almost lost her mind. She did not have that much money with her. She only had eight thousand at that moment, as she assumed the food she ordered would cost less than ten thousand. *Damn it! I've miscalculated this time. That bald man has tricked me!*

She was dumbfounded at that instant. At last, she decided to buy herself some time. With a blushed face, she said, "Can I take away my unfinished food..."

She did not even touch some of the dishes. Hence, she thought it would be a pity for the food to go wasted. That was the first time she requested to take away her food at a high—end restaurant. Although she felt embarrassed, she had no better choices.

The waiter maintained his polite smile. "Okay, Miss. Please wait for a moment."

After he walked away, Jodie took out her phone to call Jenson. She prayed in her heart, hoping that he would pick up her call. *Please help me! This is really urgent.*

Unfortunately, her worries seemed to come true. Jenson did not answer her call. After making three calls, she had no choice but to give up.

Just then, the waiters were taking away her food for her swiftly. She wanted to ask Margaret for help, but she was aware of the latter's financial situation. Therefore, she found it hard to seek help from Margaret.

Suddenly, she saw Steven walking down the stairs. Usually, she would consider herself unlucky to bump into him. But now, her eyes lit up as if she had seen a glimmer of hope. "Steven!"

Steven diverted his attention in the direction of the voice, looking astonished. A gorgeous lady with a stunning body figure walked forward to hug his arm. "Steven, who is she?"

Jodie immediately regretted her decision. If she had known that Steven had come here with a woman, she would never have asked for his help.

"She's Jodie Clark, an employee in my company," Steven replied indifferently. Then, she turned around to look at Jodie. "What a coincidence! Are you here alone?"

Jodie looked a little awkward. “N–No. I came here with a friend, but he had left earlier.”

Steven smiled. “Remember to go back to the office in time. I’ll take my leave now.”

“Actually...” Jodie gritted her teeth in embarrassment. But then, no one else would help her if Steven left the restaurant now.

Steven paused in his tracks and asked, “Yes?”

She mustered up her courage to drag him to the side, “Can you borrow me some money? You can deduct the amount from my salary. I’ve forgotten to bring my money...” she said with a low voice.

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Steven found her amusing. He observed her calmly, asking, “How much do you need?”

“Forty–six thousand...” Jodie replied stiffly.

“Waiter, the bill for Table 8, please.” Steven did not look as awkward as her. He asked the waiter here and paid the bill by card.

After footing the bill, he left the restaurant with that woman. Jodie grabbed the food container and walked outside with her head hung low. *What a disastrous day.*

After arriving at the office, Raina called her as soon as she sat down.

Jodie was already in a bad mood, so she answered the call with a harsh tone, “What do you want?”

“How was it? Have you met the man Mrs. Lenheim introduced to you?” Raina asked excitedly.

“Haha! If she likes that man, she can try dating that toad herself. I’m not interested in him. If you dare to set me up more blind dates in the future, I won’t forgive you!” Jodie hung up the phone after saying that.

Chapter 182 However, Raina did not plan to give up. She continued to call Jodie, so Jodie decided to switch off her phone. In the afternoon, Steven returned to the company alone.

When she passed by the office area, Jodie lowered her head out of embarrassment. His face reminded her of what had happened during her lunchtime, and she had never been so embarrassed in her life. Moreover, she wondered what Steven would think of her upon knowing how much she spent. *I’m not a wealthy person now, but I’ve spent forty six thousand on lunch! Steven will think that I’m a woman who can’t stop spending lavishly. He’ll definitely make fun of me behind my back!*

As expected, Raina was infuriated when Jodie arrived home at night. She lay on the couch with a darkened expression while switching channels on the TV.

Jodie put the food containers on the dining table before going back to her room. It was a tiring day for her, so she was too lazy to argue with Raina. Raina could no longer hold the anger in her heart. She picked up the TV remote and threw it toward Jodie’s bedroom door. “You unappreciative woman!”

Jodie ignored her mother. She lay down on her bed and switched on her phone. Suddenly, a piece of news popped up on the homepage of her social media: “The third son of the Swanson family, Jensen

Swanson, announced to cancel the marriage with Waverly Gadway from the Gadway family this morning. He had a car accident around five o'clock in the afternoon. The details remain unknown."

She was not surprised by the fact that Jenson had canceled his marriage with Waverly. But then, she wondered why he would be caught in a car accident on the same day. *Could all of those be pure coincidence?* After all, Jenson had always driven his car safely. That was why she felt that things were not as easy as they seemed.

The first thing Jodie did was to give Margaret a call. Margaret was combing Tabby's fur when she received Jodie's call. Upon hearing what happened to Jensen, she was stunned. "What? Are you serious?"

Jodie immediately sent the news to her. "You can read it yourself. Everything I say is true. That had happened only an hour ago, but the news spread across the Internet so soon. I think the Gadway family is the mastermind behind the accident because they feel embarrassed after Jenson calls off the marriage. I find it hard to believe that this is just a coincidence!"

Margaret tried to calm herself down. A moment later, she said, "Jo, find out which hospital Jenson is staying in and how he is doing. Let's go and visit him together."

After hanging up the call, she received an email on her phone. Opening the mail, she noticed that the subject indicated that it was about Jenson. Besides that, there was a voice message attached in the mail. As soon as Margaret played the message, Christopher's voice sounded, "I've told you to do as I say. That'll be perfect for everyone. Otherwise, you'll have to bear the consequences on your own. You don't have the right to make any decision for your marriage with the Gadway family."

Instantly, Margaret's mind was blown. She replied to the mail, asking: "Who are you? What does the voice message mean?"

Nevertheless, she did not receive any replies. Suddenly, she felt a little scared. *Why would someone send me that voice message after everything happened to Jenson? Does that mean that Christopher has something to do with Jenson's accident?*

Everything Margaret thought fell into place. Back then, Christopher forced Jenson to engage with Waverly as a condition for Jenson to return to the country. Since Jenson had decided to cancel the marriage now, there was no way that Christopher wouldn't do anything about it.

Even though Christopher drove Margaret mad most of the time, she always thought that he was not a

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Margaret's face turned pale. Nevertheless, she curled her lips *into* a smile and said, "Only by boiling the prawns can we preserve their original taste. If you turn it into *something too savory*, we'll only be tasting the spices' flavor instead, and that's true wastage. So, please make *some* stew, Elizabeth."

Nina threw a glance over without uttering a word. Elizabeth *noded* and went to do her *chores* in the kitchen.

As usual, Christopher was making his way up the stairs to prepare for his bath. As he walked by Margaret, he asked, "How are you today?"

"I'm fine. Wait for me in the room after you finish your shower. I need to talk to you." She decided that she wanted him to spill the beans.

Tonight will be a catastrophic night.

"All right," Christopher agreed without any hesitation.

After he shut the door, Margaret walked to the living room and slumped on the couch. Nina was lying on the couch on the opposite side, as though it was her own house. She piped up, "Am I an eyesore for you, Margaret?"

Caressing Tabby on her lap, Margaret answered casually, "What makes you think so? You're Christopher's childhood friend. So, why would I even dislike you in any way?"

Nina pursed her lips and looked Margaret in the eye. "It's a woman's intuition."

Margaret smiled in silence. Deep inside her heart, she indeed despised Nina, but it was not because Margaret was fighting over anything. She just wished to prevent women around

Christopher from posing a threat to her.

After a while, Christopher's voice came from upstairs. "I'm done."

Leaving Tabby in the living room, Margaret got to her feet and went upstairs.

Once she entered the room, she closed the door and went straight to the point. "Jenson and Waverly called off their engagement. They even got into a car accident."

Suill in his bathrobe, Christopher was wiping his hair dry. Upon hearing her words, he became rather displeased, and he mocked, "Really? I didn't have time to watch the news, so I guess you were the first to know, then. Is it because Jenson is in trouble, so you're all enthusiastic about it?"

Margaret did not admit nor deny it. Instead, she interrogated, "Has it got anything to do with you? I mean the accident. Was it related to you?"

He stopped drying his hair and turned around to look at her. He was scrutinizing her. "Are you trying to say that I was the one who arranged for his accident?"

She did not answer him. They locked their gaze with each other, trying to figure out each other's minds.

After a brief standoff, Christopher's lips curled up into sarcasm. "If you say so."

Dissatisfied with his attitude, Margaret played a voice recording on her phone. Listening to the recording, Christopher turned sullen as he questioned, "Where did you get that from?"

Margaret hurriedly kept her phone away. "You don't need to know that. Just tell me. Is that voice yours?"

Christopher remained silent for a moment before blurting out, "Yes, that's my voice."

Not a tinge of emotion was in his eyes. He was not remorseful, yet not a sense of righteousness came from him. Disappointed, Margaret realized that she could no longer read him. She had never felt that way about him in the past.

With that, she did not wish to continue their conversation. Hence, she spun on her heel.

Just as she reached the stairs, Nina screamed all of a sudden. Margaret rushed to the living room, only to find that Tabby had squeezed its whole chubby body underneath the couch. On the other side, Nina was pressing the wound on her arm, seeming to have been scratched by Tabby. Her eyes filled with horror as she exclaimed, "I—I was only trying to carry that cat. Why is it so aggressive?"

Upon seeing that, Margaret knitted her brows. She knelt on the floor and bent over to coax Tabby, "Come out, Tabby. It's wrong to scratch people, okay? Come on out now."

Tabby looked like it was terrified to the core. Glaring daggers at Margaret, it refused to even budge an inch.

Infuriated, Nina thundered, "How can an animal understand you? It's your pet, not your son! I heard that this cat is a stray, so it's wild and aggressive. If it can scratch me today, then it might also scratch Christopher any other day. By then, he'll throw Tabby out the door!"

Margaret knew Tabby well enough. It would never simply hurt anyone, let alone scratch Christopher. She refuted, "Tabby will never scratch Christopher because it likes him. Maybe it's not familiar with your scent, and that's why it scratched you. Since you now know that Tabby doesn't like being close to a stranger, you should stay away from it next time." She quickly added, "Even though Tabby has already received a shot at the vet, you better go get your vaccination as well. I don't want you to come looking for me in case anything happens to you in the future."

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Nina's face paled to a ghastly white as she grumbled, "I'm staying in Christopher's house, yet I have to give in to your cat? Hey, I'm the human here. So, why do I have to tolerate a cat? *Why* can't you just put it in the yard? Letting it inside will only bring *germs*, and fur, along with its potential wild nature. All these are detrimental to us." She paused for a bit *before* adding, "Not *to* mention that your body is also weak now. If you were to get pregnant again, you would have to screen for parasite infection, for the baby might end up having birth defects or even becoming a stillborn baby!"

Straightening up her back, Margaret yelled through gritted teeth, "Why don't you just stop staying here, then? I'm the lady of this house, so I don't think I need approval from anyone before I rear my own pet, let alone from a guest like you!" She then went on, "Look. I know it's Tabby's fault to hurt you. But it would not scratch you for no reason, okay? I am so sorry. Why don't I pay for your vaccination? Will that be okay?"

Wearing a darkened countenance, Nina covered the wound on her arm and ran to the room upstairs. The sound of her slamming the door came clear as a bell downstairs.

Perhaps Christopher had overheard the women's conversation. He went into Nina's room, seemingly to be discussing something. Soon enough, Nina dragged her luggage out of the room and stormed downstairs while talking on the phone.

Judging by her tone, she was most likely on the line with her father, Charles.

Christopher grabbed her phone in an instant and said, "It's not that serious, Mr. Moore. Meg's just in a bad mood because of the miscarriage, and Nina merely got scratched by my cat. I'll bring Nina to the clinic later. Everything's fine, so don't worry."

Margaret, in turn, completely ignored them. *They can do whatever they want to. If worse comes to worst, let me be the scapegoat, then. It's no big deal.*

Nina, however, did not seem to have the intention to leave. As soon as she hung up the phone, she complained to Christopher with reddened eyes, "So, it's my fault to be scratched by the cat? Why did she have to talk like that? You heard that, too, right? She said she's the lady of this house, and she said that right to my face as if I'm fighting over it!" She continued to lament, "Back when we knew each other, she wasn't even there! If my father didn't ask me to stay here after coming back from abroad, I don't even want to come here! He already bought me a house, but I can't move in yet because of the renovation. Otherwise, I wouldn't have to be pushed around like this!"

Christopher was starting to lose his patience, but he had no idea who he needed to blame,

Without saying a word, he dragged Nina's luggage back to the room. In the end, Nina still followed him downstairs and sat by the dining table, getting ready for dinner,

At that juncture, Tabby was still hiding under the couch, refusing to come out, Margaret merely sat beside Tabby. She had to choke back her anger and live with it, but she did not want Tabby to

suffer the same fate.

"It's time for dinner, Margaret," Christopher called out to her.

Margaret mumbled, "I'm not eating."

Suppressing his emotion, Christopher approached her and pulled her up from the floor. "Are you still a kid? Come and have dinner!"

At that point, Margaret had had enough of his hypocritical acts. She flung his hands off and fumed, "If you can't hold back, you can just blow up. You know you can treat me the usual way. You don't have to pretend to be calm and collected, as I know you inside and out!"

Christopher's face finally turned icy-cold. "I know you're upset with me because of Jenson, but we can slowly talk things out after dinner. Right now, you have to take your bloody dinner. Don't make me repeat myself!"

Seeing Christopher's rage, Nina's pitiful visage instantly changed to shock. She had never seen that side of him. It was poles apart from his usual warm and gentle look.

Margaret began to smirk, but her eyes darkened to pitch-black. "Finally! That's the reaction I'm looking for. You listen up. I don't want to have my dinner, and I don't want to share the same dining table with

you. I just don't want to see your face! Now, if you're still unclear, I can repeat myself a million times over!"

Silence engulfed the atmosphere. Elizabeth then hurried over to stand between the couple. "Let's have dinner first, Mrs. Lewis. You can talk about anything after dinner. Please don't always provoke Mr. Lewis. Please be good."

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Tears started welling up in Margaret's eyes as she remained silent. Her feelings were incomprehensible at that moment. She was affirmative that it was Christopher who had put Jenson in this predicament. Margaret did not blame Christopher. Instead, she was genuinely disappointed in him.

The cat was the trigger for their arguments. Now, the way she threw a tantrum made her look like a kid. Before their marriage, she always acted like a kid in front of Christopher. Conversely, he would act like a **stern parent**.

"Elizabeth, forget about it. Bring her back to her room. If she is unwilling to go back, ask someone to throw her cat outside the house." Christopher returned to the dining table with a poker face.

Elizabeth could not help but force Margaret back to her room and persuade her, "Meg, how could you talk to Mr. Lewis that way? Didn't you see how he changed for you recently? Why can't both of you sit down and discuss the matter nicely? I know you have your grievances. I understand that Tabby is your precious pet, and you don't want anything bad to happen to it. Nina has her fault too. Why did she carry Tabby when she knew it didn't like her in the first place? Why did she make a scene when Tabby scratched her? Nina never acted like a guest when she was in someone's territory. It's so annoying. Please get *some* rest first. I'll get you something to eat in your *room* later."

Margaret lay on her bed and stayed silent. Her tears streamed down her cheeks and dropped to her blanket.

To her surprise, Christopher was the one who entered her room and put the food tray by her bedside, not Elizabeth. He stood quietly beside her while gazing at her attentively. There was dead silence in the room as if it was the calm before a storm.

After some time, Christopher started to speak. "The food will turn cold if you don't eat now."

Margaret buried her head in the blanket before he dragged her from bed. "I'm asking you to eat."

His tone was not cold, and he did not have a grim expression. Conversely, he sounded helpless.

When Margaret's attempt to break free from Christopher's grip was unsuccessful, she sat up and turned away. She did not want him to see her crying.

"Are you arguing with me because of Jenson? We are just starting to have peaceful days. Are you not used to it? Would you believe if I tell you I was not the one who harmed him?" Christopher was furious.

"What about the recording?" Margaret fixed her gaze on him while asking.

After falling into silence for a few seconds, Christopher let go of her, but he had never retracted his gaze. "So, you started the argument when you thought I was the one who did that? Okay, fine. It was me. It is useless for you to make a scene now. Before you give birth to the Lewis family's child, there's no way you can leave the family. It's even impossible for you to be with him. Don't ever let me know you are trying to meet him again. Otherwise, it will not be as simple as an accident in the future. I'll make him disappear from this world!"

Taken aback, she grabbed the pillow and flung it at him as if she had gone crazy. Christopher raised his hand to block his face, allowing her to vent her frustration. After changing his clothes, he left with a frosty expression.

Soon, Christopher left the Lewis residence in his car. Elizabeth shoved the door and entered the bedroom. "Meg, Mr. Lewis left in a huff. Nina went with him, so you don't have to hide in your room anymore. Tabby is still under the couch."

Hearing that, Margaret rose to her feet and went downstairs. After coaxing Tabby for a long time, it finally left the couch and allowed Margaret to carry.

Elizabeth sighed. "Tabby is not so fierce. It always trailed behind me. I've never seen it scratching anyone too. Why can it never get along well with Nina?"

That night, Christopher and Nina did not return to the Lewis residence. Meanwhile, Margaret had already gone to bed.

At midnight, Elizabeth could not tolerate it anymore. She entered Margaret's room and woke her up. "How do you still have the mood to sleep? Is it not enough to have Megan? Why do you still allow other women to have your man? Mr. Lewis is not back yet with Nina. Are you not worried?"

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Margaret grumbled, "I don't care. How can I get control of him?"

Elizabeth handed Margaret her phone. "Call him now. Tell him that you have difficulty falling asleep without his companion. You must win his heart as long as you are still his legal wife. It's for your good. Do you understand?"

After pondering for a while, she made a call to Christopher.

To her surprise, he answered the call instantly. Christopher replied, "Hello." His voice was so husky that Margaret was clueless about his mood at that moment.

She composed herself and asked, "When are you coming home?"

"I thought you don't want to see me," he answered.

"Do what you like. Elizabeth urged me to call you." With that said, she hung up the call.

Elizabeth became furious listening to her words. "You are such a silly girl! I don't want to care anymore!"

Margaret lay on her bed after the call. Meanwhile, Elizabeth left her room and went downstairs. Margaret's drowsiness dissipated at once. *Christopher went out with Nina. Are they still together? What are they doing at midnight when there are just two of them?*

Odd scenes started flashing in her mind. She shook her head, trying to drop the thoughts. She told herself that was not something she should care about. She had never liked Christopher, and she did not care which girl he wanted to sleep with.

After some time, Margaret woke up in a daze when the roaring of the vehicle disturbed her sleep. She knew that Christopher was back at that moment.

She pretended like she had fallen asleep at that time. When Christopher returned to his room, Margaret heard him talking with Nina. *They really are together.*

The first thing he did upon returning was to shower. Margaret was infuriated when she heard the sound of Christopher taking a shower.

After he came out of the bathroom, Margaret's head twitched as she asked, "It's late now. What were you doing with her?"

Margaret was shocked when she heard what she had asked. *Am I interrogating him? Who do I sound like a grumbling wife when her husband comes back late?"*

Christopher had gone up to the bed after putting on his pajamas. He answered calmly, "I was in the company. She insisted on following. I came back after my work."

Margaret's mind went blank. She had never questioned his whereabouts before. It was something she dared not try to do. Initially, she had expected Christopher to ignore or reply impolitely to her question. To her surprise, he had answered her question politely.

He showed his back to her and did not say anything. Meanwhile, Margaret followed suit and turned around. She could feel her heart racing rapidly at that instant.

The next day was a Saturday. Christopher woke up late as he had slept late the night before. He did not have any plans, so he started reading after waking up.

On the other hand, Margaret slept longer than him. She answered the call in a daze after a phone call woke her up. Jodie's voice traveled through the phone instantly. "Meg, I've discovered that Jenson is now in the hospital. He is fine, and he just suffered from a bone fracture on his leg. It will require about a hundred days to recover, and there won't be any sequelae after the injury. I'm free today. Do you want to visit him together?"

Margaret quickly got back to her senses when she heard someone flipping a book beside her. "I can't go out today. You know my health condition well. Please help me to send my regards when you visit him."

Jodie sounded disappointed. "Fine. I'll ask him in detail what happened to him. I wish to know more about the accident. If I find out the accident has something to do with the Gadway family, I'll never let them go easily."

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Margaret felt guilty on Christopher's behalf. "All right. You should get going first. I just woke up, so I'll hang up now."

After hanging up the phone, Margaret lay on her bed for a while before finally getting up. She then headed toward the restroom to wash up.

Lately, she had been lying in bed longer than usual, and her hair was so long it ended up getting tangled when she slept last night. No matter how hard she tried, she could not untangle the knots. Just as she was about to cut the hair off, a slender hand stopped her. "Pass me the comb."

Margaret was still in a daze, so she subconsciously passed the comb. She had not even realized that someone had appeared behind her.

The man behind her meticulously combed her hair, and thus she felt no pain at all. The reflection in the mirror showed a rare instance of them getting along harmoniously. Margaret fell into a momentary trance and remembered how he had combed her hair back when they were younger.

She was embarrassed to admit that she never knew how to comb her hair properly, even when she was eight. Previously, Nicholas had always been the one combing her hair for her. As such, after the plane crash, her hair became a total mess. After being adopted into the Lewis family, Christopher had combed it for her several times because he could not stand how messy her hair was. However, he always complained about it every time he did it.

"Do you hate me?" Margaret asked.

He answered without hesitation, "I do."

"Oh," she then replied nonchalantly,

"I'm done combing. You may go down for breakfast now." Christopher put down the comb, then went to brush his teeth without a single trace of emotion on his face.

Margaret glanced at him, and her gaze shifted to his hair. His hair texture was excellent, with ebony black strands silky—smooth to the touch. It was just a pity that he always kept it short. Since she was young, she had always wanted to tie his hair into a tiny ponytail but never dared to do so, as she was afraid of him.

"What are you looking at?" Christopher shot her a questioning look once he was done brushing his teeth.

"Nothing." Margaret turned around and acted as if nothing had happened. But deep down, she was slightly anxious that he would find out about her evil little thought.

Meanwhile, at the dining table, Elizabeth served the oatmeal porridge that she had prepared earlier that morning. When Christopher noticed that Nina was not there, he asked, "Where's Nina?"

"She isn't up yet. Is there ever a day where she doesn't sleep past noon?" Elizabeth responded casually.

As Christopher thought about Nina's temperament, he chuckled and said, "Maybe she's still a little jet-lagged. Let's not mind her."

At noon, Jodie rang Margaret again. The latter avoided Christopher and secretly picked up the call. "What's wrong, Jo?" she whispered.

"I went to visit Jenson. He said that someone had intentionally knocked him over. The car had a fake license plate and was a piece of junk. It seems like their cost of crime is relatively low. The driver had run away, and they couldn't catch him. Even if the Gadway family was behind this, we don't have any proof of it. Jenson can only blame his luck for this. Oh right. Guess who else I ran into at the hospital?"

"Who?"

Jodie snorted. "I saw your mom and Megan. It must be nice to be rich. I can't believe that Megan is still going on with her life even after she caused your miscarriage. I thought that she would serve a few years in jail, at least! This is just revolting! She must have paid a huge sum to get out of it. How could Christopher even put up with

such a thing?"

Upon hearing her words, Margaret took a deep breath. She did not dare to tell Jodie the truth and had no choice but to respond, "She is my sister from a different father, after all. I guess I'll let this slide for my mom's sake. By the way, what were they doing at the hospital?"

After pondering over it for a moment, Jodie replied, "I think your mom was there for a checkup. She really is leading a good life. In fact, I think that her life is even more comfortable than yours. She's still so healthy at her age, and she doesn't have many health complications. The doctor even said that her body condition is comparable to young girls, and she has taken good care of herself. Tsk! Tsk! You should be worrying more about yourself instead."

Margaret was stunned after hearing that. "Are you sure?" *Didn't Hannah have cancer? She even made me beg Christopher to help the Jenkins family!*

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"Are you doubting my hearing ability?" Jodie asked annoyedly.

Margaret was not in the mood to talk about anything else. "I'm not. All right. We'll talk more next time. Christopher is at home, and it isn't convenient for me to talk about Jenson. I'll hang up now."

After hanging up, she immediately called Hannah. The latter picked up the phone and asked coolly, "Meg, why are you calling me now?"

Margaret became even more suspicious when she noticed Hannah sounded overly calm. The latter must have guessed that Jodie would tell Margaret that she was at the hospital. That was why she seemed exceptionally calm when she picked up the phone and did not even bother pretending to sound affectionate.

“You were lying to me when you told me you have cancer, weren’t you? Before this, I even hoped that it was just a lie. But now, I really wish that it was true! You’re really disgusting. You make me feel ashamed to be your child. How could you use me and lie to me? You used me for the Jenkins family, for that man, and for Megan. Your daughter knocked me over, caused me to suffer a miscarriage, and even used the driver as a scapegoat. Not only that, you were the one who settled it for her. Like mother, like daughter. Very well indeed. Hannah, I’ll make you regret this. I’m not

like Dad, and I won’t be so foolish to love you unconditiona

Hannah was silent for a moment before she responded, “If I didn’t lie to you, would you have helped me then? I had no other choice back then. No matter how you view me to be, your image of me is already deeply rooted in your mind. There’s nothing else that I can ask for. I just hope you’ll remember that I’m here for you if you need someone to turn to in the future.”

When Margaret heard her response, she was utterly disgusted. “Drop the act. Besides, I haven’t helped you in any way. When I asked Christopher for help, he didn’t agree to it. You should thank Megan instead for seducing someone as powerful as Christopher for help!”

With that, she immediately hung up. When she came back to her senses, she realized that tears had been streaming down her cheeks.

“Are you crying?” Nina’s voice suddenly sounded from behind her.

“Nope.” Margaret hurriedly wiped away her tears and turned around. She did not want to embarrass herself in front of others.

Despite that, Nina refused to let her off. Instead, she raised her voice and asked, “Margaret, why are you crying? I think I heard you talking to your mother over the phone just now. You even mentioned Christopher. So you’re not an orphan after all! You even have a mother.”

Margaret stopped in her tracks once she heard that, then spun around and looked directly at Nina. “Shut up! Do you think it’s fun to broadcast other people’s business?”

Nina pursed her lips at Margaret’s words. “No. It’s just that I’m curious about why you’re crying so hard. Such a poor thing. Tsk. Tsk.”

Just then, Christopher walked toward them. Although he did not say anything, his gaze seemed to be questioning them about the situation.

Margaret ignored him and headed upstairs.

After a while, Christopher opened the door and entered. “What’s wrong?”

Margaret looked up at him with reddened eyes. “Are you only dating Megan because you like her, or is it because you want to take revenge on me? Huh? Just take it that I admit defeat. Just how much do you hate me for you to go to this extreme? You married me, then dated my half-sister. Besides that, not only did you tolerate her killing our child, you even stood up for her and helped the Jenkins family afterward. If you genuinely like her, then please just let me off. If you’re just doing this to take revenge on me, then I concede. I’m no match for you. I’ll use my whole life to repay what I owe you. But please stop making things difficult for me!”

She paused for a while before speaking again. "I don't care how much you detest me. I'm already the most pathetic person on earth! Even I despise myself! My mom... Even my own mom covered up for Megan with you, lied to me that she had gotten, cancer, and forced me to beg you to help the Jenkins family. What a joke! I can't believe I fell for all this. If Jo hadn't bumped into Megan at the hospital today, I would still be kept in the dark. Enough! Enough of this! I've had enough of this!" she screamed in exasperation.

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Margaret began weeping again as she spoke.

Frowning, Christopher passed her a piece of tissue. Margaret did not accept it. Instead, she turned her face to another side.

Christopher helped her wipe off the tears without waiting for her response. Then, he said, "I won't be contacting Megan again."

Margaret was stunned. Is he expressing his stand now? Did he really do all that to me just to seek revenge? How much does he hate me for him to go to such an extreme?

At that moment, she felt as if she was already dying inside. "Fine. As long as you cut ties with her, I won't leave the Lewis family for the rest of my life."

She would stay with him and let him torture her as he pleased.

A tinge of pleasure flashed across Christopher's eyes. "You said so yourself! Now that you've promised never to leave the Lewis family, let's forget about everything we've agreed on in the past. Even after you give birth to the child, you'll stay with me forever."

Margaret straightened her back and looked at him. "I'll do as I've promised. I hope you would do the same, too."

With that, Christopher took out his phone immediately and dialed Megan's number in front of Margaret. He even put it on speaker mode.

When the call got through, Megan's excited voice rang out from the other end of the line. "Christopher, I knew you would call me!"

He did not respond to her. Instead, Margaret spoke for him. "It's me. Christopher won't contact you anymore."

Megan raised her voice instantly upon hearing that. "What are you talking about? Who do you think you are to speak to me like that? Margaret, don't think that you're so great just because you're Mrs. Lewis now. You'll get kicked out of the family sooner or later!"

Margaret sneered inwardly and thought, "Well, you can talk whatever you like. Christopher is the one who made the call, and he's right beside me now. He's listening to every word you speak. Let him have a look at your true colors now. I

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didn't expect you to be so ferocious when you start scolding, You always talked so softly and gently."

Megan grew slightly panicked, but she was not entirely convinced. "No way! Christopher would never"

Christopher cut her off before she could finish her sentence, "She's not lying. I made the call. Let's stop contacting each other from now onward. We are even now after I've helped the Jenkins family. That's it."

With that said, he ended the call. Margaret felt gratified. It was a special feeling that she thought she could get addicted to.

Now, she had truly experienced the pleasure of seeking revenge. It was no wonder Christopher liked to torture her. She wondered if the man felt the same when he saw her in an embarrassing state.

"What's in your mind? Are you hungry? Shall we eat something downstairs?"

Christopher had no idea what Margaret was thinking. Meanwhile, the latter was not used to him talking to her so pleasantly. "A little bit, but I don't want to eat downstairs. I'll get Elizabeth to send it to my room."

Christopher did not insist on getting her to go downstairs. "Well, have some rest first."

Later that afternoon, Christopher brought lunch to Margaret's room with Tabby following behind him. The way the cat walked was arrogant and fearless.

Margaret could tell that Christopher was still afraid of Tabby. He would not dare to make a move whenever it touched him.

"You're not allergic to cat's fur. You're afraid of it, aren't you?" Margaret asked while eating

"Have your meal." Christopher appeared uncomfortable and refused to answer her question.

Margaret felt amused. She did not expect that a big man like him would be afraid of an animal as adorable as a cat. If it were not because she was still feeling upset, she might have burst out laughing.

After finishing her meal, Margaret asked Christopher tentatively, "I'm getting bored at home, so I would like to return to my job. I'm not discussing it with you. I'm telling

you. Though you've given me a credit card, I don't want to spend your money all the time. That's for emergency use. I need to support myself"

Christopher took care of the dishes while replying to her, "I'm also telling you, no way. All you need to do is take care of your body and give me a baby.

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Indeed, Christopher genuinely wanted Margaret to give him a baby that belonged to the two of them. He had felt guilty when she cried and told him that Megan had caused the death of their baby. That was their baby, yet he still suspected it.

At the mention of a baby, Margaret's face darkened. She went under the blanket and turned her back against Christopher in silence.

However, Christopher assumed that she was expressing her dissatisfaction through her actions. Hence, he smiled. "I'll let you go back to work after a week, okay? Don't sleep right after you finish your meal. Have some walk. You're getting chubby."

Upon hearing the sound of the door being closed, Margaret got out of the bed and weighed herself. *Did I get chubbier? That's not true!* In fact, she had become skinnier than before she got pregnant. After going through all the physical and mental trauma, there was no way she could gain any weight.

Margaret had kept herself disciplined in her daily routine for the next week so that she could return to her work. Even her mental state had improved. Regardless of what she did, she had gotten rid of Megan, that troublemaker. Margaret was the winner ultimately. Unbothered by others' opinions, she was determined to live her life fully when people wanted to see her in misery.

At last, a week had passed. Margaret was so excited that she could not get herself to sleep the night before. Hence, she texted Jodie and chatted with her until late at night. In the end, they both agreed to hire someone to investigate Xenos. Of course Margaret paid for it with Christopher's card. After all, she did not have so much money.

Despite agreeing to stay in the Lewis family forever, she still had to investigate what had happened in the past. Clearing her father's name was the thing she ought to do. Most importantly, she would not want to treat someone who had cared for her for over ten years as her enemy. She wanted to live with Christopher like a real family one day.

"Are you still awake? Don't you want to go back to work tomorrow?" Christopher put up a stern look when he came to her room and saw her playing with her phone.

Margaret was chitchatting excitedly with Jodie, so she replied casually, "Change your tone. You're not my dad."

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When Christopher did not respond, Margaret felt a chill running up her spine. It was

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at that moment she realized she was talking to Christopher and not someone else. *Why would I say that? / must've lost my mind!*

While she was thinking about how to smooth things over, the man had already laid beside her. He snatched her phone and asked, "How do you want me to talk to you, then?"

Taking in his masculine scent, Margaret felt her cheeks burn as she said, "Give me back my phone. I'll sleep after talking to Jo for a while more."

Christopher raised his hand high while holding the phone so that she could not reach it. "Answer my question first."

She had no choice but to reply, "I'm **not your daughter anyway**. What kind of tone do you think you should use when talking to me?"

Christopher looked at her with a tinge of amusement in his eyes. "Why don't you teach me?"

She punched him lightly on his chest, feeling even more embarrassed. "I'm going to sleep now."

To her surprise, he lowered his head and planted a kiss on her forehead. "Are you a woman? How could you not know how to act coquettishly?"

With that said, he returned the phone to her. Then, he stopped moving after getting himself into a comfortable position.

Margaret felt her heart thumping rapidly against her chest. Unable to focus anymore, she replied to Jodie's message hastily and switched her phone off, getting ready to sleep.

Christopher's unpredictable attitude toward Margaret terrified the latter. She could *never* act natural when dealing with him. Instead, the more she spent time with Christopher, the more nervous she felt being around him. It was the same as how she had felt when she was young. Back then, she had to observe his mood all the time.

The next morning, Margaret went downstairs excitedly after getting changed and putting on light makeup.

Elizabeth felt relieved upon seeing her good mood. "Mrs. Lewis, are you ready to go back to work? A young woman should look like this. You look even more beautiful with some makeup on."