

Love Hate 20

Chapter 20

At that time, she had reacted on the spur of the moment. She had instinctively tried to protect him from danger.

I'm probably atoning for my sins. After all, my father caused his parents to lose their lives.

After a long moment, she opened her mouth and replied, "Paying my debts."

It was not wrong of her to say that. However, Christopher suddenly stood up. His expression was darker than before, and he quickly left the room.

Margaret was confused, and her eyes widened. *Did I infuriate him again?*

However, Christopher returned quickly with some toiletries in his hands.

Soon, Margaret understood his intentions. She stayed in the hospital for a few days, and Christopher accompanied her by her side the entire time. Although he was still strict and cold at times, she felt that something had changed between them.

When she finally returned to the Lewis residence, she let out a relieved sigh. *At least he won't need to feed me or guard me while I'm in the bathroom...*

She was grounded at home so that she could recuperate. As she was unable to go back to school, she could only apply to take the make-up exams.

On the night of New Year's eve, Christopher returned home early. The bodyguard held an umbrella to prevent snow from falling onto Christopher. When they entered the residence, the whiff of snowfall on him quickly dissipated due to the warm air indoors.

Margaret was coming down the stairs at that moment. They made eye contact and shifted their gazes immediately.

Dinner had already been served in the dining hall when Christopher came down the stairs after taking a shower. Margaret was seated at the dining table, immersing herself in deep thought. They had been getting along peacefully these days. She had been trying to guard this peace subconsciously and had been particularly careful in every move she made. When she thought about what had happened at the school carnival, she felt glad for the stabbing incident, as she would have ended up in a different situation otherwise.

There were many nutritious dishes on the dining table, and such a situation had gone

on for quite a while now. Although Margaret was slightly sick of the dishes, she could not deny that her health condition had gotten better. Since she had not been outside for quite a long while, her skin looked fairer and smoother. There was finally a ruddy complexion on her usually pale face, making her look prettier and healthier.

However, she did not know that Christopher was observing her while she was focused on eating her dinner. When he noticed that she was no longer frail-looking and had become even more alluring than before, his lips curled into a smile unknowingly.

Christopher finished his meal first and stood up to return to his room. "Come to my room after you're done."

Margaret's hand holding the spoon trembled, and she glanced down at her half-eaten soup. She hesitated for a while before saying, "Elizabeth, can you give me some more pasta?"

Elizabeth understood her intentions and said softly, "Why are you so scared of Mr. Lewis? He doesn't bite."

After Margaret finished her dinner and waited for Elizabeth to clean up, she slowly went up the stairs.

The door of the master bedroom was left ajar. She still knocked before entering.

Christopher was sitting before the window wall, reading the documents. There was a cigarette between his fingers and a half-full glass of wine on the table.

Margaret could not help but cough from the smoke. He stubbed the cigarette naturally. "Come here."

She walked toward him and asked, "W-What's the matter?"

Christopher put down his documents and pulled her into his embrace. "I'm going on a business trip tomorrow. Let's go together."

She was sitting on his lap, and her heart was already palpitating. After hearing Christopher's words, she immediately became nervous. "If you're going on a business trip, there's no need for me to follow..."

For the past ten years, she did not have much contact with the outside world, and she only navigated between school and home, leading to her having a mild social anxiety disorder. Leaving an environment that she was familiar with for a new, unfamiliar environment would give her anxiety. Also, she could not imagine anything good

coming from going on a trip with him.

"Are you sure you don't want to go?" Christopher said. His hot breath landed on her side profile, creating an intimate ambiance. Margaret was put in a tight spot.

Margaret was afraid of upsetting him. However, she really did not want to go. She replied meekly, "I'll just wait for you at home."

It seemed that he really liked it when she spoke to him with that tone. He held her chin lightly and kissed her.