

Love Hate 21

Chapter 21

He wanted to deepen the kiss after tasting the sweetness of her mouth. However, Margaret turned her face away.

“Do you not like this? Or... Do you not like doing this with me?” Christopher’s tone had turned cold. This made Margaret feel afraid.

Thinking about the times he was angry, Margaret bit her lower lip. “No...

Just then, Christopher’s phone, which was placed on the bed, rang. Margaret heaved a sigh of relief and stood up to pass his phone to him.

Seeing the caller’s name, Christopher frowned, and he did not answer the call. Margaret understood immediately, and she left after flashing a smile at him. At the same time, she also felt relieved.

Perhaps he’ll let me go when he has found someone he likes and wants to start a family. That was what Margaret hoped for.

When she returned to her room, she lay on her bed and checked her phone. Her screen was full of celebration messages, making it look very lively as the New Year was approaching. The messages couldn’t warm her dispassionate heart, though.

The notification that popped up garnered her attention. It was a message from Jodie, and Margaret held her breath when reading the contents of the message. *Jenson is back.*

Although she knew that he was only back for the holidays and would leave soon, she still had an inexplicable feeling. The elegant, innocent boy with bright eyes had been etched on her heart.

Jenson and Christopher were completely different people.

Margaret returned Jodie’s call and inquired, “Jo, when is Jenson leaving?”

On the other end of the line, Jodie teased, “Why? You don’t want him to leave? Actually, I’m also not sure. Are you able to come to the gathering tomorrow? He’s the one organizing it. Oh right! I’m going to introduce you to my boyfriend. Tell me if you want to join us.”

“I’ll be there,” Margaret instinctively replied. A second before Margaret replied to Jodie, she decided that she could take the risk of sneaking out, since Christopher was

leaving for a business trip the next day.

The next day, Christopher left in the early morning.

Margaret rummaged through her closet and could not find any decent clothes to wear. She felt like going on a shopping spree for the first time. She called for Jodie to join her for a shopping spree.

Jodie gasped in astonishment when she saw Margaret pay for her purchases. “Meg, you’re too much! I always thought you were poor, but you were merely pretending to be poor! You’re actually pretty wealthy.”

Margaret did not want to tell her that the sum of money was actually given by Christopher. "Don't talk nonsense. Let's go!"

The gathering was held in Jenson's seaside mansion at night.

Almost everyone had arrived when Margaret and Jodie arrived. Margaret was not familiar with most of them and had not even met some of them. The only person who caught her eyes instantly was none other than Jenson.

"Margaret, long time no see," Jenson greeted with a faint smile. His beautiful eyes stared at her attentively, causing Margaret to feel shy to meet his gaze. "Yes... Long time to see."

The people around them began to tease Jenson. "Jenson, is this your real reason for hosting the gathering?"

"That's right. What's wrong with that?" Jenson did not hide it and admitted it outright. Although he sounded as if he was joking, he was not lying. Margaret lowered her head shyly, and a warm fuzzy feeling filled her chest.

Jodie pulled Jack away from the crowd of people and introduced him, "Meg, this is my boyfriend, Jack Smith."

Margaret looked up at Jack, and the latter raised his chin as a form of greeting.

Jack had an outstanding appearance. He was tall with handsome facial features. However, Margaret did not like his foppish personality. She smiled lightly and followed a bunch of people into the main hall.

There was loud music playing in the air-conditioned hall. Jodie enjoyed the party to the fullest. She then passed Margaret a glass of fruit wine. "This won't make you drunk, and it's fruit-flavored. Don't tell me you prefer water. You'll be killing the mood."

Margaret took a sip, and the alcoholic taste was mild. Tasting the orange-flavored wine in her mouth, she didn't find the taste repulsive, so she took another sip.

Soon, she started to feel hot and took off her outerwear before throwing it onto the couch. Jack and Jodie were already drunk and hugging each other on the couch.

Jenson whispered something in Margaret's ear. She could not hear him and tripped, falling into his embrace. Then, she lost consciousness.

The next day, she felt a headache when she woke up. As she tried to turn her body, she opened her eyes and saw Jenson's face in front of her. She froze for a moment before fear filled her heart.

At that moment, there was only one thought in her head. *If Christopher finds out about this, I'm doomed!*

Upon thinking that, she hurriedly got off the bed and realized that her clothes had been changed. She was wearing a man's shirt!

She did not have any recollection of the previous night. However, she could guess what had happened, judging from the situation.

Her whole body was trembling as she searched for her clothes. However, she could not find them no matter how hard she tried.

On the bed, Jenson frowned as he heard the noise. He seemed to be waking up. Seeing that, Margaret gave up on finding her clothes. She quickly grabbed Jenson's outerwear and left the mansion.

Meanwhile, Christopher was in the backseat of a car as he was on his way to the airport. He was massaging his temples wearily.

The chauffeur, Noah Carson, took a glance at him from the rearview mirror. He hesitated before saying, "Mr. Lewis, how about we don't go overseas? You postponed your flight last night, and you had been working in the office for one whole day. Then, you are flying overseas now. You may collapse from exhaustion..."

"No need." Christopher took out his phone to take a look. Just as he was thinking about whether he should make a call, his screen lighted up with a news article notification.

He took a brief glance at the headline and quickly tapped on it. It was a clear picture of Margaret and Jenson cuddling on the bed!

He almost crushed the phone in his hands. "Noah, turn around and return home now!"

Noah looked at Christopher's darkened expression and knew that something had happened. He quickly turned the car around. Every single time Christopher was angry, it definitely had something to do with Margaret.

At the Lewis residence, Margaret quickly took off her clothes once she entered her room. The door suddenly swung open with a slam.

She turned her head around and met Christopher's eyes which were filled with rage. She realized that she was not wearing anything, and she hurriedly grabbed the outerwear near her to cover her body. "Why are you back?" she asked in a trembling voice.

When Christopher saw that she was grabbing onto a piece of male clothing, he became angrier. "Take it off!"

Margaret knew what he was referring to, but she was naked at the moment, as she was just preparing to bathe right before he barged into the room. *If I remove the coat, then I...*

While she was still hesitating, Christopher had already walked over to her and pinched her chin. "Do you want to do it yourself, or do you want me to do it for you?"

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Margaret refused to accept either of the choices as she held onto the outerwear tightly.

At the sight of that, Christopher lost all his patience. He took the underwear she held in front of her chest by force and tossed it on the floor. Then, he threw the phone in front of her and said, "You thought I was gone? Is that why you were so eager to sleep with him?"

Margaret looked down at the phone screen, and she froze when she saw the suggestive picture of her and Jenson.

Never did she imagine that someone would take pictures of the two of them. Not to mention how it would hit the headlines so soon with such an awful title. Not only did she and Jenson end up in a sticky situation, but Christopher also got dragged into it.

People had accused her and Christopher of being in an improper relationship when their relationship was made public. They even managed to find out about the incident where she had taken a stab for him at the school carnival. Some others also suspected that Christopher had ulterior motives for taking her in.

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The news had not only put the three of them in the middle of the storm, but it also gave her a bad reputation.

"I'm sorry," said Margaret as she covered her chest with her hands. Her mind was a mess when she saw the pictures, and she did not know what else she could do but apologize.

Suddenly, the phone rang. Margaret dared not answer the phone, as no one else would call her at a time like that other than Jodie and Jenson.

"Answer it!" ordered Christopher.

Left with no choice, she picked up the phone and answered the call. Jenson's voice came through the phone as soon as it was connected. "Meg, are you home? I can explain what happened last night. Are you mad? Meg?"

Margaret really wanted to ask Jenson about the incident. However, she could not bring herself to say anything when she saw how cold Christopher's expression was. Before she even managed to react, Christopher had taken the phone from her and smashed it into the wall.

Margaret cried out in shock as he pushed her onto the bed. He pressed his body against hers, enveloping her with his domineering aura. Terrified, she sobbed and begged, "Please, don't-

"I thought you like this? Didn't you climb into someone else's bed as soon as I left? I shouldn't have allowed Jenson to come back if I had known this was going to happen. I should've sent him away together with Jodie!"

Christopher's voice was ice-cold as he restrained Margaret's hands on top of her head. She was in so much pain that her face was as pale as a sheet, yet he ignored that.

At the same time, she stopped struggling when she heard his words. She looked up at him with a pale face.

At that moment, she had no doubt that Christopher would really do what he said to Jodie and Jenson. *No... Jodie and Jenson have nothing to do with this...*

Finally, she gave in and said, "Will you let them go if I comply?"

"What did you say?" Christopher froze and looked down at her.

Margaret did not repeat herself because she knew he had heard her.

They were so close to each other that she could feel his breath on her lips. However, his voice was so cold and distant as he said, "Do you think I will touch something someone else had touched?"

That's right. He thinks I'm dirty...

At that instance, Margaret felt as though her heart was ripped apart by his words. She froze at the thought, and she had even forgotten to breathe.

She opened her mouth to try and say something, but nothing came out. Then, Christopher got up with a disgusted look and said, "You're in no position to negotiate with me."

With a loud bang, the door was forcefully shut. Margaret jumped at the sound of that. It was the first time in ten years that she felt as though the sky was falling down on her,

It felt as though Christopher's angry words were still resonating in her ears, and she could not help but feel scared and anxious.

When she finally recovered from that, she picked up her phone and called Jodie. However, she kept getting the busy signal no matter how many times she tried throughout the afternoon.

Margaret was flustered when she could not reach Jodie the entire afternoon. She could not help but wonder if Christopher had done something to Jodie.

She was getting increasingly worried as she was unable to get a hold of Jodie. In the end, she stood in front of Christopher's room and hesitated.

She knew that she would anger him further if she asked. Yet, she could not sit by and watch her only two friends get hurt because of her.

Finally, she clenched her teeth and pushed the door open. "Christopher."

Smoke filled the air inside the room, and Christopher was sitting in the chair by the windows as usual. However, his back was facing her then, and the ashtray was full of cigarette butts. At that moment, he seemed so lonely.

"I'm begging you. Please let them go. It's my fault. I know I'm wrong," Margaret begged while crying. She knew that it was only a warning when Jenson was sent out of the country last time. Now that the matter was much more serious, she could not imagine what Christopher was going to do to them.

"Ha. Are you willing to do anything for his sake?" he asked coldly without even looking at her.

However, before she could answer, he said, "You don't have to say anything. I already know your answer."

As soon as he said that, he threw a contract onto the floor. "Sign that, and I'll think about it."

Margaret quickly went over and picked up the papers. She signed without hesitation. It was only after she signed the papers that she realized it was a prenuptial agreement,

Stunned, she felt a little touched at first. However, she soon realized that he must be marrying her as a way to put a stop to the scandal after being dragged into the matter.

"Cet lost!" shouted Christopher.

He was livid when he saw how she signed the papers without hesitation. He was afraid that he would lose control of himself if she were to stay in the room any longer.

I should've known that she would do anything for that man!

Margaret opened her mouth to say something, but before she did, Christopher pushed her aside and left without looking back.

He went into his car and made a call. "Did you find it yet?"

"Mr. Lewis, there were too many people at the party last night. Thus, the investigation has been rather difficult. We still haven't found the perpetrator. The matter might seem like any other gossip on the surface. However, it was actually targeting you."

Christopher had already expected that. "Cover up the news. Leave it if you can't find who was behind it. We'll wait for the person to show up themselves," he replied. Despite saying that, he had no plans of letting the person go. *How dare they get Margaret involved for the sake of taking me down? I won't let them off!*

At that moment, Noah slowed down the car. "Mr. Lewis, Ms. Sullivan is chasing after us."

Christopher glanced at the rearview mirror and saw a skinny figure chasing after them. Immediately, frustration surged within him.

With furrowed brows, he ended the call and said, "Let her be."

Thus, Noah had no choice but to bring the car up to speed again. Meanwhile, Margaret got more anxious as she saw the car getting further away. Even though she had signed the prenu, Christopher never gave her his words. *He hasn't promised that he'll let Jenson and Jodie off the hook. I won't be able to live in peace for the rest of my life if something happens to them.*

Suddenly, she accidentally stepped on a stone and lost her footing. She fell to the ground and scratched her palms and knees. Immediately, blood started gushing.

Inside the car, Christopher saw the whole thing. His gaze darkened as he ordered, "Stop the car."

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Margaret drew a sharp breath as she was feeling the pain. She was about to get herself up from the ground when a shiny pair of custom leather shoes appeared in front of her. Then, Christopher's cold voice came from above. "You have two minutes."

She looked up at him and asked carefully, "Can you let them go?"

She did not notice the hint of disappointment that flashed across his eyes when she said that. After all, that was not what he wanted to hear. "You're wasting my time if you risked your life chasing after the car just to say this."

As soon as he finished his sentence, Christopher got into the car without hesitation. He banged the door shut, and Noah jumped in shock. "Cancel next week's return flight for me. I'll take over the overseas branch office myself."

Noah hesitated for a moment when he heard that "Mr. Lewis, you won't be able to return in at least three years if you do that. Are you sure?"

Christopher lay against the seat with his eyes shut and lips pressed into a thin line. "Just do as I say."

Meanwhile, Margaret remained where she was the entire time. She was in a daze even after the car was long gone. At that moment, she felt an emptiness inside of her. She had a premonition that she had lost everything from that moment onward.

Three years later, at the branch office of Lewis Corporation in Walund, someone's phone rang in the meeting room all of a sudden. Immediately, everyone froze as they carefully turned to look at the man who was sitting at the head of the table.

"Mr. Lewis, it's yours," whispered the assistant.

"Hang up," replied the man. He was in an important meeting at the moment, and he seemed a little annoyed with his assistant for not being sensible enough.

However, the assistant explained, "It's Mrs. Lewis."

Of course, Christopher knew who "Mrs. Lewis" was. It was none other than his wife, Margaret.

Thus, he took the phone from his assistant and said, "The meeting is adjourned for now. We'll have a meeting at four in the afternoon. You're dismissed."

Everyone was surprised to hear that. They could not believe their workaholic boss would postpone such an important meeting just because of a call from his wife.

Meanwhile, Christopher took the call when he was finally out of the meeting room. A familiar voice came through the phone. "Are you busy? I—I have something to ask you."

Margaret spoke very cautiously on the other end of the line. Christopher was curious as to why she was calling him for the first time in the past three years. "Speak up."

"Jo is getting engaged. She and her fiancé are thinking about returning to the country. Can you let her come back?" Margaret asked nervously.

It turned out that three years ago, Jodie and Jenson had been sent abroad and forbidden from returning to their home country.

Margaret knew that Christopher was punishing her by doing that. Thus, she never said anything about it. However, it had been three years. She could not say no to Jodie when the latter asked her to put in a good word for her so that she could return to her home country. Thus, Margaret had no choice but to make the call.

Christopher stopped in his tracks when he heard what she said. His expression darkened as he was surprised by the reason she called.

Margaret panicked a little when she did not hear a reply. "I went to that party of my own accord back then. It had nothing to do with Jo. There's really no need to vent your anger on her. Can't you let it slide now that she and Jenson had been sent abroad for three years? I'm begging you."

Christopher tried his best to suppress the anger inside of him as he said, "I'm coming back in three days. I'll decide based on the way you behave." He hung up as soon as he finished his sentence and kicked the wall in the corridor.

At the sight of that, the assistant paled and backed away from Christopher.

Meanwhile, Margaret stared at her phone for a few seconds until realization hit her. *He's coming back?*

She thought that Christopher never wanted to see her again, since he had never returned after he left so abruptly three years ago.

With her thoughts finally sorted, she began to feel more nervous than she was before the call. She rushed downstairs and said to Elizabeth, "Elizabeth, please make sure you clean up the house for the next two days."

Elizabeth was a little surprised by her words. After all, Margaret never bothered about those things. "What happened, Meg?"

Margaret could not tell if she was happy or scared as she said, "H—He's coming back."

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It took Elizabeth a moment before she realized who Margaret was talking about. She then smiled and said, "Really? Mr. Lewis is coming back? That's great. The two of you haven't been together for three years ever since you got married. It's great that he's coming back. I'll have the servants clean the house. Don't worry."

Back in her room, Margaret cleaned up her sketches. She was currently working at a fashion design company and had just become a permanent employee. The room was a mess since she was usually busy with work, and Elizabeth did not dare to help with the cleaning, as she had no idea which of Margaret's sketches was important. However, Margaret did not want Christopher to know her messy side now that he was coming back.

Margaret specifically asked Fredrick about Christopher's flight. On the day he was coming back, she went over to the airport to wait for him.

It was snowing the day he left, and it was the same the day he came back. At that moment, she could not help but feel as though the past three years were like a dream. Time passed in the blink of an eye.

Among the passing crowd, she spotted his tall figure almost immediately. He was still as handsome and eye-catching as he was three years ago.

However, she froze when she saw the woman holding onto his arm, and she realized that he didn't come back alone.

When Christopher and that woman approached Margaret, she heard them talking to each other. "Christopher, can you stay with me at the hotel tonight? I'm scared to be alone."

"We'll see," Christopher answered coldly but with patience.

Seeing that, Margaret had the urge to get out of that place. However, Christopher saw her before she managed to turn around. He did not look surprised, nor did he show any sort of emotions at all. He asked nonchalantly, "Why are you here?"

His words made Margaret feel as if she was the third wheel. "I... 1..."

She was at a loss for words. She wanted to say that she was there to pick up a friend, but she knew he would see through her lies easily because she did not have any friends.

Christopher ignored her and turned to the woman beside him. "Be good and go to the hotel first," he said softly.

The woman was very young, donning a white fur coat and high-heeled boots. Her smile and movement were elegant and captivating. Unlike Margaret who was giving off a gloomy vibe, that woman was lively and youthful.

The woman glanced at Margaret with curiosity before replying to the man, "All right, then. But you'll have to come over tonight to accompany me..."

Christopher smiled and waited for the woman to leave before he resumed his usual cold demeanor and walked out on his own.

Margaret followed behind him without a word. Meanwhile, Noah was already waiting outside. Thus, the two of them got into the car. No one said anything for the rest of the ride.

Margaret felt that she was in no position to ask about that woman, and she reckoned that he was not going to explain anything to her.

Finally, she broke the silence when they were approaching the Lewis residence. "When can Jo come back?"

Christopher was looking at his phone when he heard her question. His fingers were running on the screen, and he was replying to a text. Specifically, he was replying to a text from the woman that Margaret had met earlier in the airport.

"I said before that I'll decide based on the way you behave," he said with a frown. It was as though he found it annoying to speak to her.

At the sound of that, she dared not ask any more questions.

Christopher was still replying to text messages when it was dinner time. Margaret lost all her appetite when she saw that. She put down her fork after taking a few bites and said, "I have to work overtime tonight. I've got to go."

She did not want to be in the way between Christopher and that woman,

"Hold it there," Before she left the room, a cold voice could be heard from behind her.

Margaret looked up and was met with Christopher's cold, hard gaze,

With a grim expression, Christopher asked, "What sort of company asks an employee to work on their day off? Do they want to go out of business?"

Margaret stopped in her tracks when she heard his words. She did not doubt that he would make her company go out of business if she insisted.

Thus, she turned around and went upstairs to go to her room without another word: She lay on the bed as she stared blankly at the ceiling.

Back at the dining table, Christopher put down his phone and finally turned his attention to his dinner. He ignored the notification sound from all the texts his phone was receiving as he said, "Elizabeth, get her to move to my room."

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Elizabeth nodded with understanding. "Of course, as it should be. You were gone for three years, and Meg has been staying in her old room during this period. Now that you're back, it makes sense for her to move in to your room. I'll make arrangements at once."

"It's time you address her differently, too," Christopher reminded.

"Ah, yes," Elizabeth said with a smile. "I'm used to calling her Meg, but I should be calling her Mrs. Lewis now."

Elizabeth headed over to Margaret's room and merrily told the girl that she would be moving, much to Margaret's confusion. "But why? Where are you going to take my stuff?" Margaret asked.

"Since Mr. Lewis is back and you two are married, it's only natural that you and he share a bedroom," Elizabeth explained, beaming. "Mr. Lewis isn't getting any younger, you know. Maybe the two of you could start trying for a baby."

Margaret, with downcast eyes, offered no response. *He won't touch me, and there's no way we'll have a baby.*

Shortly after, all of her belongings had been moved to Christopher's bedroom. Margaret sat on the bed listlessly. She was not sure if she could get used to having free access to Christopher's room and using it as her own.

The sound of the servants doing dishwashing floated upstairs. Margaret finally broke out of her musings and went to the bathroom.

She did not expect to see Christopher still in the living room when she emerged from her shower. :

Margaret was surprised. She had thought that he would be eager to leave for the hotel as soon as dinner was over. Hence, she deliberately spent longer time than usual in the bathroom to avoid having to watch him leave. *I guess I miscalculated.*

Adopting an air of nonchalance, she went upstairs into his room. After drying her hair, she carefully slid into bed.

An expanse of starry sky was projected onto the ceiling, Margaret stared at the constellations, lost in her own thoughts, *Everything about him is so unique... I wonder what he was thinking about when he used to lie in this very bed.*

The door opened, and Margaret closed her eyes instinctively. She was not yet ready to be alone in the same room with Christopher as his wife.

Her husband said nothing. All Margaret could hear were faint rustling noises coming from the bedside. Curious, she took a peek and was greeted by the sight of the man changing out of his clothes with his back to her.

It was her first time having such a direct view of his body. Though not particularly muscular, his physique was nevertheless well-defined, and there was unmistakable power in those sinewy muscles.

She watched him for a moment longer and failed to tear her gaze away when Christopher turned around suddenly and locked eyes with her.

Caught like a deer in headlights, she did the only thing she could think of and snapped her eyes shut. No matter how hard she tried, however, she could not calm her thumping heart and rapid breathing.

Christopher's expression was unreadable as he buttoned up the shirt he just put on. Wordlessly, he left the room, shutting the door with a note of finality.

Margaret let out a sigh of relief. The blush on her face, however, lingered long after he was gone.

Unused to the bed, she tossed and turned throughout the night. Despite her exhaustion, her mind remained perfectly clear. It was a classic case of insomnia.

Her phone abruptly started buzzing with an incoming call. She gaped slightly at the caller's name displayed on the screen. *Why is Christopher calling me at this hour? Isn't he with that woman?*

Dubiously, she took the call. "Hello?"

A stranger's voice came from the other end of the line. "Hello? Is this Christopher's missus? He's drunk. Would you be able to come and get him?" the man said.

Missus? Her heart skipped a beat at the title. Regardless, she wondered if this was a prank call. "What do you mean? Where is he?" she asked puzzledly,

There was a lot of background noise, and it took her a while to understand what the man was saying. Apparently, they were at a bar.

After ending the call, Margaret got up and draped a coat over her shoulders before heading to Fredrick's quarters. She had no choice but to wake him up as she did not

have a driver's license and hence was unable to pick Christopher up by herself.

Upon reaching the place, Margaret got off the car. She could spot the group from afar. Besides Christopher, who was completely inebriated, she also saw two other men standing on either side of him.

Though they were her husband's friends, she had never met them before, as she was not involved in Christopher's social circle. *It's true that birds of a feather flock together. Appearance-wise, his friends are both tall, dark, and handsome just like him.*

"Oh, hey," Steven Jones called when he saw her. He regarded Margaret with a note of approval, though his tone also carried a note of hesitation as he said, "Christopher sure knows how to keep a secret. He only told us that he married a girl after he got wasted. I never would've pegged him for one who goes after the pure and innocent type. Are you the girl he adopted?"

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Margaret's eyes dimmed slightly. Instead of replying, she went over and put an arm around Christopher to keep him standing. "Thanks for letting me know he's here. Sorry for the trouble," she said simply.

Steven wanted to say something else, but Casper Flemmington stopped him with a light shove. "All right, cut the small talk. Let's just help her carry Christopher to the car."

When that was done and the car drove off into the distance, Steven's expression sobered. "Do you think that girl is the one Christopher adopted all those years ago? What is he thinking? I sure as h*ll didn't expect him to marry her," he said.

Casper shrugged calmly. "Knowing Christopher, do you really reckon he'd adopt the daughter of the man who killed his family out of the goodness of his heart? He might appear kind to others, but the truth is, he has never been an angel?"

Steven fell silent.

Once they were back in the Lewis residence, Margaret strained to drag her husband into the bedroom, finally relaxing when she laid him down on the bed. Exhausted by the activity, she had to rest for a while before getting a hot towel to wash his face for him.

It was then that she heard his phone ping. After a brief moment of hesitation, she retrieved the phone from his pocket. She did this not because she wanted to know who sent the text, but because she was overwhelmed by a sudden urge to find out what was her name that he entered into his contact list.

Deliberately ignoring the incoming message, she clicked on his contact app. There were not a lot of contacts on the list, and she found her number almost immediately. The name on it was "Meg."

An emotion too complex to name filled her heart. She had never thought that he would call her Meg, albeit only in his phone. Only Elizabeth had ever called her by that name. Even Fredrick referred to her only as “Ms. Sullivan.”

Margaret regarded the unconscious man in bed. He seemed to have lost some of his usual aloofness, no longer appearing as domineering as before in her eyes, Feeling her fear of him somewhat diminished, she put the phone away and tucked him in properly. She was just about to leave when Christopher suddenly reached out to grab her and pull her into his arms, “Don’t leave..,” he murmured.

She stiffened in his embrace, too nervous to move even a muscle. Her heart fluttered wildly in her chest.

When he did not move for several long moments, Margaret mustered her courage to attempt to break free. As soon as she stirred, however, his arms tightened around her. – The more she tried to get away, the more unyielding his embrace became. Blushing furiously, she had no choice but to give up.

She was on the edge of sleep when something warm brushed against her earlobe. At first, she did not think too much of it, deeming it as an accidental touch. She was quickly proven wrong, however, when she felt Christopher’s lips moving toward her mouth with intent.

Margaret turned her face away on instinct. It bothered her that he smelled so strongly of alcohol. Without preamble, Christopher rolled on top of her, pinning her to the mattress. He looked at her with hooded eyes, his voice rough and deep. “Mm? Do you have a problem carrying out your duty as my wife? Don’t tell me you’re still thinking of preserving your chastity for that man.”

“No... That’s not it...” Apprehensive, she pushed against his chest. “You’re drunk...”

Christopher buried his head in her shoulder, warm breath falling heavily on the nape of her neck. “I can still do it drunk.”

With that, he laid his claim on her lips, and she could taste the alcohol on the tip of his tongue. The atmosphere was growing more heated by the second.

Suddenly remembering the woman who hugged Christopher’s arm at the airport, Margaret snapped out of her daze. She pushed Christopher away. “You need to be sober first!”

When I saw them at the airport, I could tell that he was gentle and affectionate with that woman. If he weren’t so drunk now, he would never want to sleep with me. I don’t want him to do something he’d regret and hate me even more...

Clarity shone from the depths of those dark eyes. Christopher stared at her for a long time before growling, “Get out!”

Margaret shuddered. Leaving the bed at once, she straightened her clothes and rushed out of the bedroom.

Once she was back in the haven of her own room, she leaned against the closed door and exhaled visibly, thankful for the fact that Elizabeth had not yet cleared away the sheets and blankets from the bed after she moved.

Regardless, sleep eluded her that night, and she found herself tossing and turning on a bed that suddenly felt too empty, all the way till morning.

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Early the next morning, as soon as she sat down in the dining room, she noticed Elizabeth hastily putting away the sheets and blankets in the room that she used to sleep in. Even the mattress was moved away.

After a brief moment of disbelief, Margaret understood what was going on.

It was Christopher's orders.

Her ears began to flush involuntarily as she recalled the events of the previous night. Right then, Christopher came downstairs and drove away without even looking at her.

After he had left, Margaret's anxious and conflicted emotions began to slowly subside. She ate her breakfast, then took her bag and left. The only time that her mind was free from having to dwell on their relationship was when she was at work.

Gavin Carter, her supervisor, placed a document on her desk as soon as she sat down in her chair in the office. "Pass this to Mr. Lewis' secretary at Keyman Corporation. You can also give it to Mr. Lewis in person if you're able to. Remember, don't give it to anyone else."

Margaret was stunned. To her knowledge, Keyman Corporation served as the parent company for Lewis Corporation, and Christopher was the CEO of the company.

"Mr. Carter, can you send someone else for the job?" She didn't want to go because she didn't know how to deal with Christopher. While it was possible that she might not bump into him, she didn't want the slightest chance for it to happen.

Sitting on top of Margaret's desk, Gavin tucked his hands into his suit pocket. "Did I hear that right? This is a lucrative job. I'm giving you a chance to mingle with the elites in Keyman Corporation. You might even bump into Mr. Lewis. Why do you not want to go? I've been giving you so many opportunities and yet you show no appreciation. Hurry and get the job done. Are you trying to defy me right after your internship is over?"

Ever since she started working there, she had been tolerant of the people who frequently bossed her around, Gavin was the one who was most concerned about her welfare. She wished things hadn't gone this way too. After a long struggle, she finally got up and picked up the document.

Gavin gave her a few pats on her shoulder. "That's more like it. I have high hopes for

you. Please don't let me down. By the way, would you like to have dinner with me tonight?"

Without hesitation, she replied, "No, thanks. I need to head home."

As soon as Margaret left, Gavin was mocked. "Despite the fact that you've been going after her as soon as she started her internship months ago, you still can't set up a dinner date with her. Tsk tsk, Mr. Carter, I'm beginning to question your abilities."

Gavin glared at the man. "She's just shy and introverted. I'm simply taking things slow. She'll be mine in no time. I'm going to get her to go out with me tonight. You'll just have to wait and see."

Looking up at the skyscraper of Lewis Corporation, Margaret felt as though she was looking at Christopher, an extraordinary and unapproachable man.

After explaining her purpose of visit at the front desk, she took the elevator to the forty-sixth floor, which was also the highest floor. It was silent on that floor. Even the janitor cleaned gently, as if she was afraid of disturbing anyone.

When Margaret stepped on the floor, her hard-soled shoes made an abrupt noise. "Miss, you can't wear shoes that make such a loud noise on this floor," the janitor advised with a frown.

Margaret quickly apologized in a low voice before removing her shoes and holding them in her hands. Even though she was wearing stockings, she shivered as the floor's cold temperature reached the soles of her feet.

After a long search, she saw an office desk at the end of the corridor, directly across from which was the CEO's office,

As she approached, she found it to be Christopher's secretary's desk. Besides her desk, there weren't any other working spaces around. However, the secretary was not in at that moment. Instead of knocking on Christopher's door, she decided to wait for the secretary there.

Suddenly, a woman's voice sounded from Christopher's office, "Ugh, you lied. You said you were busy. Aren't you free now? There's this handbag that caught my eye, and I like it very much. Christopher, can you buy it for me?"

Margaret held her breath. She felt as though a pair of hands were strangling her throat.

She was unable to discern whether Christopher had said anything. The woman

emerged shortly thereafter, and they exchanged glances. As a result of that, she appeared a little surprised that it was the same woman from the airport

Chapter 28

Her gaze was not fixed on the woman's complacent face but on the high heels on her feet. Although Christopher forbade anyone from making noise on that floor, he permitted the woman to wear high heels.

"It's you again. What kind of relationship do you have with Christopher? Even though I don't know you, I'm starting to despise you. Ever since I returned to the country, I have always seen you with Christopher. It's so frustrating." The woman's voice was sweet even though her words were harsh. There was no way anyone could be mad at her and take her seriously even when she raised her voice in a fit of rage.

"I'm here to deliver some document," Margaret said calmly.

"I don't care. Christopher's mine. No one can take him away from me." The woman placed a gold card into her limited edition handbag and snorted before leaving.

For over thirty minutes, Margaret had been waiting outside the office, and the secretary had yet to return. She was about to drop the document and walk out the door. However, when she noticed the documents encryption printed on the cover, she hesitated again. If something went wrong, she could not afford to bear the consequences.

Meanwhile, in the office, Christopher's expression was cold as he watched the surveillance video on the laptop. He was curious to see how long she could stand outside.

Two hours later, he slammed the laptop shut in frustration and made a call with a sullen face. "Tell her you're on leave today and request that she send the document to my office."

Two minutes later, Margaret received a strange call. She lowered her voice and answered the call. "Hello?"

"Hello, are you from Soaring Design? I'm Mr. Lewis' secretary. I'm on leave today. If you have any important documents, please hand them directly to Mr. Lewis at the CEO's office."

Before Margaret could even speak, the person on the line had already hung up on her.

She took a deep breath and knocked helplessly on the door, Christopher's attractive yet indifferent voice sounded from the inside. "Come in."

As she pushed the door open, Margaret entered. After placing the document on his desk, she said formally, "Mr. Lewis, this is the document from our company. Please review it."

There was a hint of gloominess in his eyes, and he tossed the document to the side. "Assume that I have seen it."

Of course, she knew him well. He was in a bad mood, and that was all the more reason why she had to make sure he read through the document. She would lose her position at the company if something went wrong after she left. "Mr. Lewis, please have a look at it."

Christopher leaned back slightly in his chair, folded his arms across his chest, and stared at her with an icy gaze. "What if I don't?"

Margaret suspected that he was deliberately making things difficult for her. "Well... You can review it when you're in the mood of doing so and let me know if you have any questions afterward."

"Get out!" He shut his eyes. Due to the use of excessive force in clenching his fists, his fingers turned pale

Before this, Margaret would turn around and leave, but this time she stood with her back straightened. "Mr. Lewis, please do not bring personal matters to work. You can be frank with me if you're not satisfied with my work."

Upon hearing that, he abruptly opened his eyes and glared at her. He curled his lips into a smirk and said, "Are you trying to teach me how to behave?"

Margaret pursed her lips and replied, "No. I'll take my leave then."

As soon as she turned around, a pen flew past her ear and crashed directly into the office door. The ink leaked out of the pen's crack and splattered across the floor.

His behavior indicated that he was enraged. She did not dare to move, and her body was trembling slightly. In spite of her best efforts, she was unable to overcome her fear of him.

"Come here!" Christopher's voice contained a hint of anger, which sounded to her like a premonition of danger.

Chapter 29

Margaret hesitated for two seconds before turning around to walk toward Christopher. She gripped the hem of her clothes and looked at him warily.

Christopher pulled her into his arms and tightened his grip on her waist, making her unable to move, then said in an icy tone, "What did you just call me? Since you're separating it so clearly, you should probably change how you refer to me at home."

Recalling how Margaret would rather stand outside his office for over two hours than meet him in his office, a burst of rage boiled within him.

At that moment, Margaret finally understood why Christopher was mad. "I-I just don't want you to think that I'm being unprofessional."

Christopher rested his chin on Margaret's shoulder, and his magnetic voice flowed into her ears like a tune. "Is that so? Are you standing outside my office for over two hours because of that, too?"

After being called out by Christopher, Margaret felt guilty and stuttered, "T-That's not why I did that. I-I just didn't want to bother you because you seemed busy."

"Don't you already know if I'm busy?" Christopher's words implied he knew Margaret saw the woman who came looking for him.

Margaret was rendered speechless and did not know what to say next, so she simply lowered her head.

Seeing her reaction, Christopher furrowed his brows. He hated the look on her face when she fell silent. "Fine. You can leave now. I'll look at the documents. Also, I'll be home for dinner tonight."

Margaret felt the weight lift off her back and moved away from him immediately, then fled the building as fast as she could.

However, she could not understand why Christopher would inform her that he would be home for dinner. *Doesn't he have to meet that woman?*

Margaret could not help but feel anxious whenever she thought about that woman.

Time flew by and it was time to get off work. Everyone in the company was leaving, and Margaret slowly tidied up her belongings. Just when she rose from her seat, Gavin got closer to her and said, "Let's have dinner together, Margaret."

Margaret shook her head decisively. "No thanks, I have to go home."

Gavin did not want to give up and grabbed Margaret by her arm, then insisted. "You've rejected me many times, and it's rude if you do it again. Even if we aren't dating, as your superior, I can still treat you to a meal, right?"

Margaret stared at Gavin for a few seconds. He was a young, successful gentleman who was quite handsome. However, he was not her type at all. Nonetheless, Margaret would not even think of having anything to do with him. So, she rejected him resolutely, "Sorry, but I'm married."

Gavin did not believe her at all and boasted confidently, "Haha. Looks like you're going to say anything you like just for the sake of avoiding me. First, you just passed your probation in our company, so it's almost impossible that a girl in her twenties like you to be married. Besides, you clearly stated that you're single in our employee registration form."

Margaret wrestled herself from Gavin's grip and muttered, "Mr. Carter, please refrain from doing so. If it's about what I wrote in my employee registration form, please edit it for me. Now, if you'll excuse me, I really have to go home!"

The people around who had not left the office yet looked at them, causing Gavin to feel embarrassed. "You... Fine! You'll beg for my attention someday in the future!"

Margaret did not stay behind for long and left the office while feeling frustrated. She just wanted to focus on her work and did not want to cause any trouble.

After Margaret left, Gavin took the elevator and went downstairs as well.

As soon as the elevator stopped at the seventh floor, a sudden overwhelming pressure appeared. Gavin lifted his head to look at the man who had just walked into the elevator and retreated to the corner subconsciously.

Soon, the elevator door closed. In that instant, the man landed a kick on Gavin's stomach and left a warning in a calm yet domineering manner. "Don't lay your hands on who you're not supposed to touch."

The kick was too strong and caused Gavin to squat down in pain while pressing his hands against his stomach. Confused, he asked, "Who are you?"

Chapter 30

"I'm Margaret's husband," the man said.

Back at the Lewis residence, Margaret's first reaction after walking into the living room was to see whether Christopher had returned.

Seeing how cautious Margaret was, Elizabeth couldn't help but chuckle. "Mr. Lewis isn't home yet."

Margaret let out a relieved sigh. "He said he's coming home for dinner tonight." *Usually, he would've reached home earlier than me...*

After she took a shower, Christopher was already seated at the dining table. His hair was damp, and he was already dressed in loungewear. Apparently, he already showered as well, according to his usual routine after returning home.

Margaret sat across from Christopher and picked up her fork to eat her meal in silence. Christopher's phone rang right when Margaret took a piece of food and consumed it.

Christopher picked up the phone and glanced at it, but he did not answer the call and switched it off instead. Margaret was quite shocked by his actions, as it was rare to see him do that.

After they finished their meal, Margaret suggested in a testing tone, "I'll help you dry your hair."

Christopher did not refuse and went upstairs before her.

Margaret felt slightly at ease and followed behind Christopher closely. After he sat down in front of the window, she took out the hairdryer from the bathroom and stood behind him.

As Margaret ran her fingers through Christopher's hair, she was pleasantly surprised. *I had no idea a man's hair could be so soft. This is the first time I approached him fearlessly...*

"Jodie can return next week, but not Jenson. You don't have to try so hard to please me."

Margaret froze. *Does he think I'm doing this to please him? It's because Elizabeth advised us to dry our hair as soon as possible after washing it to avoid catching a cold, especially in the winter. I'm only doing it out of concern for him.*

"Okay," Margaret responded and tried to suppress the weird feeling rising within her while continuing her actions.

After a moment of silence, Christopher swung his hand and knocked the hairdryer from Margaret's grasp. Then he stood up and gave her a stony stare. "Did you miss what I just said? Jenson may never return to Dellmoor, no matter how hard you try!"

While Margaret squatted down to pick up the hairdryer, she bit her lips and uttered, "When are we filing for divorce? The crisis that happened three years ago was long gone."

When Christopher heard her request, he gave her a deadly look. "Divorce? Do you believe I married you solely to resolve that crisis? I told you before that you can never escape from me! The punishment for your sins has only just begun!"

Margaret stiffened her body as she lowered her gaze and murmured, "Is this the way you take revenge on me? Imprisoning me and seeing your enemy's daughter every day... Did you do all this to retaliate, or are you just torturing yourself? Why would you do that to yourself? Even if you don't involve yourself in this painful cycle, I'll give you everything to repay for my wrongdoings."

Abruptly, the man scoffed. "What do you mean by 'everything'?" What can you offer me? You have nothing, and you mean nothing to me!"

Margaret held her breath as she realized she could never escape from her current situation. It was already a blessing that Christopher only asked her to make up for her wrongdoings by dedicating her whole life to him. She did not have a choice.

“I’m going to sleep in the guest room.” With that realization in mind, Margaret got ready to leave Christopher’s room as an act of stubbornness.

“I dare you to take another step.” At that moment, an icy aura enveloped Christopher and made Margaret tremble as if she was blown by the freezing wind outside.

She stopped and waited quietly to hear what Christopher would say.

A moment of dead silence later, Christopher finally opened his mouth and spoke. “You want to leave me so badly, huh? Fine, I’ll grant you your wish. However...”

At that point, Christopher paused and moved his gaze toward Margaret’s stomach before enunciating every single word slowly, “If you want to leave, give birth to my child first.”

A child? He wants me to give birth to a child that’s ours?