

Love Hate 61

## Chapter 61

Jodie's expression changed slightly when she heard the sound of water running coming from the bathroom. After making up her mind, she pushed Margaret into the room and shut the door.

"Christopher, what are you doing here?" Jodie quickly straightened up, seeing that Christopher had come over, her back against the door.

"Get out of the way!" There was a dangerous look in Christopher's narrowed eyes.

Jodie said hesitatingly, "A female friend of mine is showering in the bathroom. It's not nice for you to go inside now. Are you looking for Meg? She's not here."

Behind the door, there was no telling if Margaret was touched or upset.

She found the entire situation to be baffling, as Jodie and Christopher had shown up when she had just arrived at the hotel with Jack. *It's not weird if Jodie has come to look for Jack. But didn't Christopher go to look for Megan?*

She was still deep in thought when Christopher had the bodyguard break open the door.

Flustered, she staggered a few steps back. She closed her eyes and knocked on the bathroom door. "Jack, come out. Quick."

Perhaps the bathroom was well soundproofed because Jack could not hear her and was still bathing.

Outside, the bodyguard had snatched the keycard from Jodie and opened the door. Margaret's and Christopher's eyes met. Even though she didn't do anything wrong, she couldn't help but feel guilty and move backward in fear.

"Hold your fire, Christopher." Jodie freed herself from the bodyguard and stood before Margaret to protect her. "Let's not complicate things. I am as eager to find out the truth as you are. But can't we just wait for Jack to come out before we talk things out? I believe this is not who Meg is, and the same goes for Jack."

Jack seemed to have heard the commotion outside the bathroom. When he went out in a bathrobe and saw the many people in the room, he was stunned. "What's going on?"

Christopher gave him a frosty look and Jodie said exasperatedly, "I don't know. You tell me."

Only then did realization dawn on Jack as he quickly said, "I need Margaret's help with something, but then I dirtied my clothes when we were eating so I took a shower—" Christopher cut him off, "What a brainless excuse!"

Jack did not bother to explain himself further. He looked at Jodie and asked, "You think that I'm lying to you too?"

Jodie looked at him, then looked at Margaret. She was just about to speak when Jack said, "Forget it. You can think however you want."

Christopher swept Margaret a glance. Then after signaling his bodyguard with a lift of his hand, he turned and walked away.

Two bodyguards went forward and brought Margaret out of the room. Even though they did not go hard on her, she felt as if she was being sentenced to death. *Does he not trust me that much? Does he think I'm a loose woman because of that incident three years ago?*

On their way back, Christopher's face was as dark as thunder. Margaret remained silent, as she didn't see the need to explain herself. *When someone refuses to believe in you, there's no point in explaining yourself because every word you say to them will sound like a lie.*

Arriving at the Lewis residence, Christopher dragged her to the bathroom and sprinkled her with cold water.

She looked up at him while shivering and could see the burning flame of anger and a hint of disgust in his eyes. He looked as if he was about to explode.

"Clean yourself up before you come and look for me!" Not wanting to spare her another glance, Christopher turned around and went out of the bathroom.

He then shut the door with a bang and Margaret felt a pang in her heart.

Margaret stayed in the bathroom for more than an hour. She could not walk out because she was completely drenched to the skin. And she couldn't possibly ask Christopher to help her get her pajamas either. When her fingers and skin were about to turn white from her soaking too long in the water, she grabbed a bath towel for men that could only cover her important parts and tip-toed out of the bathroom.

## Chapter 62

The moment Margaret stepped out of the bathroom, the thick cigarette smoke that filled the room caused her to cough violently.

This time, instead of putting out his cigarette, Christopher decided to be apathetic. Only half a bottle of whiskey was left on the table beside him.

Margaret tried to breathe as little as she could while making her way to him. Once she was behind him, she asked, "What do you want to say?"

Christopher clenched his fingers tightly, causing the cigarette to crumple and change shape. "What do you think I'll say?"

The atmosphere was tense as silence descended upon them.

Then, all the glasses on the table were swept to the floor as Christopher finally exploded with anger. He jumped to his feet and grabbed her shoulders. "Are you truly that impatient? Is just any man fine for you? I'm not dead yet!"

Margaret didn't say anything, just held the bath towel tightly and closed her eyes. "Maybe I'll be less afraid of him if I don't look at him..." she thought.

Christopher's eyes rested on the scar on Margaret's shoulder, which she got because of him. But now, he found it mocking him. "You make me feel sick!"

Upon saying that, he left without doing anything to Margaret, which was different from how he dealt with things before.

After the door slammed shut with a bang, Margaret slumped on the edge of the bed like a soulless puppet.

She lay awake the whole night. No one would call her to pick up an utterly drunk Christopher anymore, nor would he appear like a completely different person and nuzzle her neck like a kitten again.

At eight o'clock in the morning, Elizabeth knocked on the door. "Are you awake, Meg? Do you want to have something to eat? What happened to you and Mr. Lewis?"

Margaret wrapped herself in the quilt. "I'm not hungry, and nothing happened."

Elizabeth sighed and didn't question the matter further.

Just then, Margaret's phone rang. She didn't want to answer it at first, but the noisy ringtone annoyed her. In the end, she answered the call. Jodie's voice rang out on the other end of the phone. "Are you all right, Meg? Jack has explained everything to me, and I've never doubted you two... Christopher didn't do anything to you last night, did he?"

Margaret hesitated, then said, "No, he didn't. I'm fine."

Jodie could hear something off with Margaret's voice. Still worried about her friend, she asked again, "Why does your voice sound so hoarse? Did you catch a cold?"

Margaret sniffed and realized she had lost her sense of smell. "Yes, I have a bit of a cold. If there's nothing else, I'm hanging up."

She had been drenched in cold water last night, and now she felt sluggish and drowsy. After hanging up the call, she drifted off to sleep. By the time she woke up next, she was in a hospital.

The smell of bleach was pungent as usual, yet it strangely brought a sense of peace to her.

Elizabeth heaved a sigh of relief when she saw that Margaret was awake. "You're finally awake, Meg! You nearly scared me to death!"

Margaret stared blankly at the ceiling and asked, "What happened to me...?" Her voice was still hoarse, and it hurt when she spoke.

Frowning, Elizabeth replied, "You had a fever and fainted. Your body temperature was so high when I found you. You have no idea how frightened I was then!"

At that, she seemed to recall something and added, "Forget it. We can't meddle in you and Mr. Lewis' affairs. This time, things got a little out of hand, and it's a big deal now... I don't know how Mr. Lewis will handle it."

“Things got a little out of hand? What does she mean?” Margaret wondered. She began to grow nervous as she worried that Christopher had done something else. “Elizabeth, why is it a big deal? What has Christopher done!”

“No, it’s not him...” said Elizabeth hastily. “When you are better, you may see the news for yourself.”

Margaret couldn’t wait, so she immediately grabbed her phone and checked the news. The rumors of what happened and some candid photos had gotten out. The media had even set a clickbait title: *Mrs. Lewis Was Caught Cheating With Her Best*

*Friend’s Boyfriend And Brought Away By An Unhappy Mr. Lewis From the Hotel!*

## Chapter 63

She did not expect things to turn out so disastrously due to a misunderstanding. Now, many others were dragged into the issue.

The contents of the news report agitated her greatly. Hence, her chest moved up and down furiously as she struggled to breathe.

Hurriedly, Elizabeth snatched the phone away. “Meg, stop looking at it! The most important thing right now is for you to rest and recuperate. As long as Mr. Lewis believes you, you’ll be fine. Do you understand?”

Margaret remained silent. *How could Christopher trust me? He has never trusted me even from the start...*

Upon seeing her distressed state, Elizabeth’s heart ached for Margaret. Unfortunately, she was unable to help her.

When nighttime arrived, Elizabeth was forced by Margaret to return home. Margaret did not want the other woman to stay with her at the hospital since she only had a slight cold and could take care of herself. By the next day, Margaret could be discharged.

Perhaps it was because she had slept too much in the daytime, but Margaret could not sleep then. She closed her eyes and lay on the hospital bed while contemplating many things.

Suddenly, someone outside the hospital room yelled, “What’re you doing?”

Hearing this, Margaret jumped in shock. Her eyes shot open just in time to see someone’s face disappear from the window on her room door! *Who was spying on me?*

Haunted by that thought, she did not dare to remain in the hospital any longer. She packed her things and left the place, still wearing her hospital gown. She did not even go through the discharge procedures.

Upon returning to the Lewis residence, all was quiet and still. The only thing that remained was the light emanating from the road lamps in the garden and the main door. Christopher was not at home.

Then, Margaret went to her room and wrapped herself up tightly in the blanket. Gradually, she calmed down. *As expected, the atmosphere at home is different from other places...*

Meanwhile, at the hospital.

A tall figure slowly approached Margaret's room before his long fingers gently pushed open the door. When he saw that the bed was empty, the man paused in shock. Thereafter, he turned and rushed toward the nurses' station. He exclaimed, "Where did the patient in Bed 23 go?"

The nurse on duty was terrified by the man's frosty countenance. She quickly went to check the hospital room. Ultimately, she stammered, "I—I don't know.."

Coldly, the man commanded, "Examine the surveillance cameras!"

After four hours had passed, Christopher dragged his weary body back to the Lewis residence. It was already past six in the morning. At that moment, Elizabeth was preparing breakfast for Margaret. Noticing Christopher, she subconsciously asked, "Mr. Lewis? Have you just returned home?"

Christopher mildly replied, "Yes." Following that, he speedily went up the stairs. When he caught sight of the sleeping Margaret on the bed, the tension disappeared from his body. Just as he was about to turn and leave, the person lying on the bed opened her eyes. She said, "You're back?"

Hearing her hoarse voice, Christopher's footsteps faltered for the slightest moment. Nonetheless, he did not stop moving forward.

Downstairs, Elizabeth talked to Noah, who had accompanied Christopher back home. She questioned, "Why did Mr. Lewis return home so late? Has something happened?"

Quietly, Noah answered, "Mr. Lewis went to the hospital last night. When he saw that Mrs. Lewis was missing from the room, he looked for her via the surveillance cameras for four hours..."

Just then, Noah noticed the person walking down the stairs. He immediately fell silent.

After listening to Noah's explanation, Elizabeth had an understanding of the events that transpired. Therefore, she proceeded toward Christopher and inquired, "Mr. Lewis, do you want some breakfast?"

There was an unknown expression on Christopher's face as he said, "No." With that, he rapidly left the Lewis residence,

When Margaret finally rose from her bed, Elizabeth brought the breakfast to the

dining table. The housekeeper smiled and voiced out, "Meg, why did you abruptly leave the hospital last night? You didn't even call me to pick you up. Mr. Lewis went to the hospital to check on you yesterday. Upon realizing that you weren't there, he tried to find you for four hours. You can't do this again next time....."

Margaret was shocked to hear that. Nevertheless, she regained her composure shortly after. Then, she uttered, "Yeah... Elizabeth, if you're free later on, please help me with my discharge procedures. It's New Year's Eve tomorrow, so I didn't want to spoil the merry atmosphere due to my sickness. It's fine."

Hesitating for a while, Elizabeth finally spoke. "Meg... It's New Year's Eve tomorrow. Why don't you let Mr. Lewis come home? Both of you have led miserable lives. Hence, the two of you should come together to liven up the atmosphere of the residence. It feels so empty."

## Chapter 64

Margaret stirred the oatmeal porridge in her bowl nonchalantly and did not respond to Elizabeth.

*Christopher only looked for me all night out of duty because he felt a sense of responsibility. I don't think I'm in a position to tell him what to do. If he's unwilling to come home, there's nothing I can do. Even if I go down on my knees to beg him, he'll only get irritated.*

Meanwhile, the news continued to blow up on the internet. Christopher never gave a direct answer. He even took the opportunity to make a donation to build a primary school on the day before New Year.

When Margaret was going through the news, she inadvertently came across the latest news. It was an article accompanied by a picture of her in the hospital that was taken without her knowledge. She looked pale and lifeless on the hospital bed in the picture. The article called into question if Christopher had abused Margaret and landed her in the hospital. The piece also questioned the truth behind the warm image of Christopher. That was when Margaret realized the person outside the ward the other day was a paparazzo.

Subconsciously, she refuted the claim in the comments section only to be instantly buried by a huge barrage of comments from other netizens. Perhaps Christopher's conduct was never criticized in the past, and the comments on him were always a mixture of positive and negative. Even then, the negative comments were mainly fueled by jealousy.

However, there was one ID that caught Margaret's attention. That user drew great satisfaction from reprimanding the other keyboard warriors in the comments section. Although this user cursed and swore like the others, it was much more delightful to read.

If Margaret was not mistaken, that ID was the one frequently used by Jodie. Although Jodie did not contact her after the news broke out, there was nothing more to say for Jodie had already done so much.

Margaret was a little restless when she helped Elizabeth with the final decorations. When Elizabeth saw that, she took the decorative ornaments from Margaret's hands. "Let me do it. This is how it is done. See how it fits perfectly? Now, go take a rest. You're still ill. Don't catch a cold. Give Mr. Lewis a call when you're free."

Hearing that, Margaret did not utter a single word. She had no idea how to communicate with Christopher. With a ten-year age gap in between them, it was as if they were from completely different worlds.

Back in her room, Margaret took her phone out and called Christopher. Unexpectedly, the call was answered immediately. Quickly, she gathered herself together and asked, "Are you coming home tomorrow?"

At the other end of the line, Christopher's voice was adenoidal. It sounded as if he was still asleep when he responded, "Mm."

With just a single word, the call ended.

When dinner time came, Elizabeth said, "I'll need to be home tomorrow. Fredrick will stay. Some of the kitchen staff will be around too. If Mr. Lewis is back tomorrow, think of ways to make him stay, okay?"

Margaret nodded. "He said he'll be back. Not sure if he'll change his mind on impulse."

"Don't worry. If he said so, he'll be back for sure," Elizabeth assured Margaret.

The following day, the decorations outside looked exceptionally outstanding accompanied by the glorious festive vibe. Elizabeth had gone back home. Fredrick the butler was a person of few words. He only reminded Margaret to eat and take her medications on time after she woke up.

Margaret had no idea when Christopher arrived home. She texted Jodie a few festive greetings and chatted with Jodie for a while before she took her medications. As she felt drowsy from the effect of her medications, she took a nap on the couch.

The entire Lewis residence was cold and quiet till the night. The homes of the other families nearby were all lively and brightly lit with decorative lights. That was the kind of feeling that she had not felt for many years.

At seven in the evening, Fredrick asked, "Mrs. Lewis, do you want to give Mr. Lewis a phone call?"

Before Margaret could respond, Megan's flirtatious voice rang through from the doorway out of the blue. "Christopher, will Margaret be unhappy about me being here for New Year's Eve?"

Margaret's heart sank. It was New Year's Eve, yet Christopher brought Megan home.

"You won't come if you're afraid," Christopher replied coldly with a trace of contempt.

Chapter 65

"Oh, you're such a bad boy!" Megan protested coyly.

Fredrick glanced at Margaret twice. He wanted to say something but held his tongue. He stepped forward and greeted, "Mr. Lewis."

.

"Mm," Christopher responded apathetically before he asked, "Have you sorted out everything at home?"

"Yes. As instructed," replied Fredrick.

Christopher then took out an envelope and handed it over to Fredrick. "This is for you. Thank you for all you've done this year."

It was the same year in, year out. Christopher had always been generous to the servants, and Fredrick did not turn him down. "You're welcome. It's what I should

do."

Dinner was quickly brought out and placed on the table. Christopher and Megan walked toward the dinner table and took their seats. Without herself realizing it, Margaret hung her head low and avoided

looking at Christopher and Megan. However, they deliberately sat and acted intimately in front of her. It was as if Margaret was an outsider.

“Margaret, my parents had gone overseas for vacation. I’m lonely and bored. That’s why I came over with Christopher. You don’t mind, do you?” Megan fiddled with the huge diamond ring on her finger as she smiled amorously with a trace of provocation.

“None of my business,” Margaret replied without looking at Megan while she continued eating

Megan was not able to see the look of indignation she had hoped for on Margaret’s face. Filled with resentment, she retorted, “You don’t seem too pleased.”

*Pleased? Arghh!*

Margaret took a deep breath then abruptly lifted her head and cast her gaze on Megan. With a wide and welcoming smile across her face, she said, “That’s not true. I’m very pleased. The house was cold and quiet last year. There was no human touch at all. This year, it’s totally different.”

The smile on Megan’s face froze, as she was surprised to see how Margaret remained unbothered. Just as she was about to chastise Margaret again, Christopher rose from his seat suddenly and muttered soullessly, “I’ve lost my appetite. I’ll be in the study.”

“All right.” Megan nodded obediently.

Megan’s expression instantly changed the moment Christopher left. “Margaret, you’ve got really great tolerance, haven’t you? Or do you not care about Christopher at all? Perhaps you only have Jenson in your heart, and you would go above and beyond just to see him. If that’s the case, why not divorce Christopher and give us your blessings?”

Margaret chuckled and placed a bowl of salad in front of Megan. “Bon Appetit.”

- Through her gritted teeth, Megan spoke in irritation. “What the hell is this supposed to mean? It’s obvious that you don’t care about Christopher. Am I right?”

Margaret did not say another word and maintained her silence throughout her meal. When she was done eating, she said, “I’m done. Enjoy your meal.”

Megan was so exasperated that she barely moved her fork. Blown out of breath, she stormed upstairs and into the study. “Christopher... I don’t think Margaret even liked you for a little bit. I thought she’d be mad at my presence today, so I was really worried. Not only was she not angry, but she seemed pleased. She even served me a bowl of salad. Everyone said the first love is the hardest to get over. Margaret’s first man was Jenson. I’m afraid that she’ll not be able to forget him forever. Why not give them your blessings, Christopher?”

When he heard the words “first man“, Christopher’s face instantly turned ice cold. He lit up a cigarette and said, “Blessings? There is no such word in my dictionary.”

Megan’s heart sank. This was the serious and terrifying side of Christopher that she rarely saw.

Megan could not understand why Margaret was unwilling to divorce Christopher when she was not even fond of him. She also could not understand why Christopher refused to give his blessings even



though he seemed not to care. Megan did not understand if it was all because of a man's pride. If this were to go on, she could only be the secret lover forever. She had been dreaming of becoming Christopher's wife, yet Margaret had had it easy being Mrs. Lewis in reality. Nonetheless, Margaret did not seem like she appreciated it at all. Each time Megan thought of this, her heart filled with deep resentment and rage.

While Christopher was busy, Megan took the opportunity and swaggered into his room for a bath. After her bath, Megan picked out one of Margaret's silk nighties and put it on, acting like she was the lady of the residence, Megan trotted to the living room and ordered Fredrick arrogantly as if no one else was present, "Go! Get the guest room ready."

## Chapter 66

Fredrick stood still as he turned to Margaret.

Margaret sat on the couch and flipped through the magazine indifferently. "Go and prepare a room for her, Fredrick."

Upon hearing her instruction, Fredrick ordered the housekeeper to prepare the room. Megan then glared at him. "He's just like a dog that knows how to read its owner's expressions after being raised for a long time. But, he isn't that sharp, as he doesn't even have the ability to predict who will be the lady of the house in the future."

Margaret frowned upon hearing her words. "Megan Jenkins, watch your words."

Megan replied angrily, "I don't want to. What can you do to me? Don't you understand Christopher's intention of bringing me home on New Year's Eve? The guest room is prepared for you."

Margaret tightened her grip, and the magazine in her hand was a little wrinkled. "Yes,

I have no problem with you sleeping with Christopher here today. Please behave yourself before becoming the lady of this house. Also, I'd like to remind you. Christopher doesn't like people who are too flamboyant, especially those who show off their power.

Upset at Margaret's words, Megan retorted, "I know Christopher better than you! Don't think that you know him well enough just because you've stayed with him for a long time. You're just a sinner's daughter. Your father killed his parents! Christopher only keeps you by his side to torture you!"

Margaret did not respond to her words, as Megan's words hit right to her sore spot. Moreover, she did not want to show any emotion in front of an outsider.

Feeling that she had defeated Margaret, Megan went upstairs smugly and entered Christopher's room. Soon, the sound of things breaking could be heard from the room.

Upon hearing the sound, biting her lip, Margaret could not be bothered to check it out. Naturally, Megan would not smash Christopher's things. The most she would do was smash Margaret's skincare products,

After reading the magazine in her hand, Margaret was slowly overcome by a sense of drowsiness. It was already around ten o'clock at night. However, Christopher was not

out of the study yet. Thus, she had no choice but to lie on the couch. *I'll never go to the guest room on my own.*

Taking out the latest magazine, Margaret was slightly startled as the first page of the magazine was the wedding dress design draft she drew. After going through rounds of refinement, the design looked amazing. The dress had been selected to be the highlight of the next exhibition. Also, her name was included in the magazine as the designer.

In fact, she was more interested in drawing than designing. Back then, she was eager to start making money to support herself, so she decided to go into the design industry.

Right then, just as she was about to sleep, Christopher finally came out of the study. He did not go downstairs but went back directly to the room.

Laughter and Megan's flirtatious voice could be heard from upstairs for the two full hours. Those noises irritated Margaret, and she began to sober up.

It was already dawn when there were no longer noises coming from upstairs. Fredrick then sighed and asked, "Mrs. Lewis, aren't you going up to rest?"

Margaret smiled bitterly. "Should I go to the guest room?"

Fredrick paused and said, "Of course not. You are the lady of this house and Mr. Lewis' wife!"

Margaret was slightly dumbfounded at his words. "But I'm not worthy of that. position."

Fredrick firmly replied, "You're worthy of this position, as he was the one who chose to marry you at the beginning. No matter what happened in the past, as long as you want to be Mrs. Lewis, no one can steal this position away from you."

*Do I want it?* Margaret questioned herself. In truth, she did not have an answer for that. Even if she had that intention, she thought it was only because she was triggered by Megan.

Next, she got up and went upstairs. Upon reaching Christopher's door, she stopped in her tracks again, just when she was hesitating in front of the door, Fredrick had already opened the door for her, not giving her any chance to react at all.

She looked away reflexively and dared not look into the room. *How should I react if there's an intimate scene?*

"Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis is not in good health. It's time for her to rest. Please let the outsider go to the guest room." Fredrick sounded calm yet stern as if conveying an order as an elder.

Christopher was sitting on the chair in front of the window, smoking. He shot Margaret a sidelong glance without saying a word.

## Chapter 67

Hearing Fredrick's words, Megan asked, "Who's the outsider? Christopher's smoking. If she isn't feeling well, then just go to the guest room and sleep. What do you think, Margaret?"

Giving no reply, Margaret merely looked at Christopher.

Fredrick silently pushed her into the room. Margaret knew it was time for her to buck up and step forward. In a calm manner, she uttered, "Before I divorce him, you don't deserve to sleep in this room. Please go out."

Pursing her lips, Megan walked behind Christopher and wrapped her arms around his neck as she said coquettishly, "Christopher, I'm saying that for Margaret's sake. Look at the way she talks to me, though."

Christopher then put out the cigarette in his hand before he ordered, "You go to the guest room."

As though her wish had come true, Megan beamed happily. "Did you hear that? Christopher asked you to go to the guest room."

Fredrick was not someone who liked poking his nose into others' business, but he was infuriated by Megan too. Just as he was about to speak, Christopher repeated, "I'm asking you to go.",

Megan's expression froze when she heard his words. Feeling aggrieved, she pleaded coquettishly, "No, I'm afraid of sleeping alone. I want to stay with you."

Christopher moved her hand away before he stood up and asked with a half-smile, "Are you a three-year-old child?"

Devastated, Megan left reluctantly. When passing by the door, she bumped into Margaret deliberately.

Fredrick left as well after closing the door. Then, Margaret went in and opened the window to let the fresh air come in. She felt suffocated due to the strong smell of the smoke, and she started coughing again when she had just begun to feel better a while ago,

Behind her, Christopher suddenly asked, "Is it so difficult to forget about your first man?"

The wind blew in through the window and turned her long hair into a mess. At the same time, as though the strong breeze had pierced through her heart, she felt a sense of coldness within her..

Christopher did not press for an answer. He took out the suitcase and rudely threw the clothes inside.

Seeing that, she stepped forward and helped him to tidy up in silence. However, he kicked the suitcase away in an instant.

Tears welled up in her eyes as though the dust had got in. "Elizabeth isn't here. I'll help you with this."

Christopher was burning in fury. "Do you think by doing this I'll let you go so that you can look for Jenson? Don't worry. There's no need for you to look for him. I'll make him come!"

She looked up and cast her gaze upon him. For some reason, she fell into a state of panic in an instant. *Why would he even allow Jenson to come back?*

Christopher took her puzzlement as she was longing for Jenson to come back. Hence, the anger in his eyes grew more intense. He clenched his fists before releasing his grip again. In the end, he slammed the door and left the room in a huff.

After the car drove away from the Lewis residence, Margaret sat on the cold floor with her back against the edge of the bed. Burying her face into her knees, she felt less lonely doing so.

Elizabeth came back three days later. "Meg, why did Mr. Lewis go on a business trip during the New Year? Why didn't you talk to him? He could've placed his work aside for a while. You must've felt so lonely being on your own at home."

Margaret leaned on the couch without replying. Suddenly, her phone rang. She received a text message of New Year blessings and a monetary gift as a reward for the employee from Casper.

She did not accept the monetary gift and only replied to Casper with a smiley emoji and a resignation letter. Then, she put her phone down and turned to look at the magazine in her hand. There would be an art exhibition in Horington the next day,

and she had made up her mind to go. *I guess I should at least go on a spontaneous trip for once in my life.*

Margaret had only told Elizabeth that she was going somewhere, and she was not sure when she would return. Hearing that, Elizabeth merely told her to enjoy herself

without commenting further.

She did not have a lot of clothes, only two. Thus, one suitcase was enough to store her clothes. She almost took all her belongings with her for this trip.

She then turned off her phone after getting into the car. This was the first time she had gone out alone freely. She just wanted to enjoy the freedom and do everything as she wished, and she did not want to get bothered by anyone else. Besides, she believed that Christopher would not even look for her.

## Chapter 68

It was already eight in the evening when she arrived in Horington. Margaret had a good sleep at the hotel, and it was three in the morning when she woke up. She took out a magazine about the art exhibition and made a basic itinerary. The art exhibition would also be exhibiting works by her favorite painter. She had made the decision to resign on impulse, as she wanted to start doing things that she was interested in. Life was too short for one to ponder on the same thing for too long. Hence, she thought she should be living as she wished before it was too late.

The next morning, Margaret went to the art exhibition directly and stayed there for the whole day. She could feel her passion for drawing burning like wildfire again.

Horington was different from Dellmoor. Horington did not snow and the temperature there was slightly higher. Moreover, the streets were often bustling with people at night. It was almost eleven o'clock when she finally returned to the hotel after strolling around.

Back in the hotel room, she instantly felt an overwhelming sense of fatigue.

Despite that, she still dragged her exhausted body to take a bath out of habit. Suddenly, she heard a knock on the door shortly after she lay down. It sounded more like someone bumping instead of knocking on the door.

Margaret was startled. Still, she gathered herself and tiptoed to the door. She then asked softly, "Who is it?"

There was no response from the other side of the door. Then, she took out her phone and turned it on, preparing to call the police at any time. However, countless missed calls from Christopher appeared on the screen as soon as the phone was switched on.

Margaret did not expect that he would be looking for her. Feeling bewildered, she called the number back. A familiar ringtone suddenly rang out from outside. *It's Christopher's phone ringtone!*

She opened the door stifflly as she prepared herself for the storm. However, to her surprise, Christopher hugged her tightly as soon as the door was opened. She could feel the warmth of his body and the sense of helplessness from his action.

"You... Do you think I can't find you?" he questioned in a sickly tone. He no longer sounded as domineering as usual.

"What's wrong with you?" Margaret was struggling to withstand his weight, and she could hardly keep her balance.

He did not respond to her as his arms gradually slid down from her body.

Faced with that unexpected situation, Margaret fell into a panic. Gritting her teeth, she tried to move him to the bed. As his weight was too much for her to bear, she staggered all the way. Just as she was about to reach the bed, she finally lost her balance and fell onto the bed with him.

Before she came back to her senses, Christopher had already gotten on top of her and kissed her on the lips. Then, a slightly hoarse voice sounded in the room. "I didn't allow it. You're not allowed to go! No way you can stay out of my sight!"

Margaret wanted to explain that she only came out to watch the exhibition and take a break. However, he did not give her any chance to do so. The tip of his tongue stopped her from saying anything.

She could feel that Christopher was very sick.

Although it seemed like he was barely conscious, his body seemed to tell otherwise. He pinned her down under him, and she was left with no room to resist or escape. He finally moved his lips to her neck when she was about to suffocate.

Panting and breathing unsteadily, she pleaded, "Christopher, you're sick. Let's go to the hospital. Don't do this."

He paid no heed to her as if he could not hear her words. Then, he ripped off her bathrobe before removing his own clothes.

At that moment, Margaret's face turned pale in pain as her mind went blank. *He still sleeps with me in the end... Will he think that I'm a filthy woman when he wakes up later?*

After a long, passionate night, Christopher finally fell asleep while maintaining the position on top of her.

Margaret could hardly breathe. She felt that her body was going to fall apart, especially her lower body.

After she regained some strength, she pushed him away from her body carefully and adjusted his sleeping posture so that he would feel more comfortable.

Meanwhile, Christopher's high fever had not subsided. Hence, Margaret took the medicine out of her suitcase. His cheeks were burning. She took a look at him before

she put the medicine into her mouth and fed it to him. Then, she fed him some water using the same way as well.

Upon confirming that he had swallowed everything, she forced herself up to clean the room even though she was feeling extremely uncomfortable. When she saw a red stain on the sheets, her mind went blank. *Oh yeah, I didn't feel anything when I slept with Jenson three years ago. And what happened today felt so different as compared to that night. Does this mean that nothing happened between me and Jenson? I was too young to know about all these back then.*

She had a hard time figuring out what she was feeling at that point. In the end, she still lost her virginity to Christopher.

#### Chapter 69

Knowing that Christopher was a germaphobe, Margaret cleaned up the blood on the bed and waited for it to dry before laying down to rest.

The next day when she woke up and opened her eyes, she caught sight of Christopher sitting on a chair not far away while smoking a cigarette. The room was shrouded in smoke, and the ashtray was half full.

She said subconsciously, "You're sick. You were running a fever last night, and your voice sounded a little hoarse. You'd better stop smoking."

It seemed that every winter when he was with her, they would always fall sick together. Therefore, she was not surprised at all. However, his cold was worse than before this time, probably because he was too exhausted from work and traveling.

Christopher ignored her. Under the reflection of light, his expression could not be seen clearly from the side of his face. There was a hint of coldness shown from the corners of his lips.

She then lowered her gaze and said nothing. As she moved her body, she felt a strong sense of soreness spread throughout her body. She could feel her cheeks burning when she thought of what had happened the night before. That was their first time.

Christopher finally spoke in a tone of command after he finished smoking. "Go back."

Margaret endured the discomfort and got up from the bed. She took her clothes and went into the bathroom to get herself changed. When she came out, Christopher was already waiting for her at the door.

His gaze grew intense for a second when he spotted her strange walking posture. His expression grew solemn as well. Nobody knew what was on his mind.

On the plane, Margaret was very sleepy and tired. Nevertheless, she was afraid that she would accidentally bump into him in her sleep. She could tell that he was in a bad mood. Moreover, she had gone to Horington secretly, and he had yet to settle the score with her regarding that.

The first thing Christopher did when they arrived at the Lewis residence was to go into the bathroom in his room to take a shower. Meanwhile, Margaret asked Elizabeth in a low voice, "When did he come home?"

Elizabeth was confused. "Mr. Lewis wasn't home. He just came back today."

Margaret was a little frustrated upon hearing Elizabeth's answer. *I shouldn't have sent in my resignation letter to Casper that early. It must be Casper tipping off to Christopher. I didn't even think of that. I thought... given my current relationship with Christopher, even if he knows that I'm gone, he won't put his work aside just to look for me.*

,

At the thought of Christopher's severe cold, she said, "Change all the sheets in the room and let the quilts dry out more. Serve more nutritious food."

Elizabeth nodded. "Okay, Meg. You don't look good. Did Mr. Lewis cause you trouble again?"

Shaking her head, Margaret touched her burning cheeks with her cold hand. Then, she hurriedly ran upstairs and fled the scene. Having experienced the same thing before, Elizabeth immediately could tell what exactly had happened from Margaret's walking posture. She could not help but grin.

Back in the room, Margaret felt slightly uncomfortable listening to the sound of water flowing in the bathroom. It was a snowy afternoon, and she started to feel a little drowsy.

After sorting out a few books about paintings, Margaret went downstairs and curled up on the couch. She then drifted off to sleep after reading a few pages.

It was already around seven o'clock in the evening when she woke up. The light above her was a little dim. At a glance, the Lewis residence was not so bright that night. *It seems that Christopher had left again.*

Right after, she got up and stretched her body leisurely. Elizabeth promptly went to her and asked, "Are you hungry? Do you want something to eat? Mr. Lewis is out. Tonight... I don't know if he'll be back. I thought it'd be better to tell you that he left after answering a woman's call."

Margaret froze as she was rendered speechless for a moment. "It's okay, any food that can fill my stomach is good enough. Don't bother about him."

Elizabeth was even more anxious than her. "Meg, why don't you care about Mr. Lewis? If he gets seduced by the women out there, you'll definitely regret it later!"

After a moment of silence, Margaret replied, "How do you keep someone who hates you by your side? Elizabeth, it's not that I don't want to, but I can't. To be precise, I never expect him to fall in love with me. Rather than falling in love with me, I hope he can let me go."<

Christopher went back to the Lewis residence after a few days.

Margaret had turned the empty room upstairs into an art room. She had spent most of her time in the room for the past few days.

Her hand felt tense, and she almost accidentally made a mistake in painting when she heard him walking upstairs. She halted in her move and decided to stop painting because she had already lost her concentration.

The door was suddenly pushed open. Elizabeth muttered softly, "Meg, Mr. Lewis is looking for you. He is in his room right now."

Margaret glanced at her hands and clothes that were smudged by the paint. "Wait for a minute. I need to clean myself first."

After removing her jacket, she went to wash her hands before returning to her room. She took a whiff to ensure she did not stink lest Christopher would be irritated.

She had been really meticulous and making every move cautiously since she was eight years old.

A faint tobacco smell filled the air when she shoved open his door. Frowning, Margaret asked, "What's the matter?"

Christopher stood in front of the window while enjoying the view of snow. He donned a well-tailored gray suit, accentuating his tall figure. Even his back looked exceptionally captivating. "There will be a fashion exhibition held by my company at six o'clock tonight, and your work will be showcased. It's up to you if you want to attend or not."

*My work? Is he talking about the wedding dress design that he had once guided me? How could the wedding dress be produced so quickly?* Margaret agreed readily upon hearing that, "I'll go."

Covering his mouth, Christopher let out a few coughs without saying anything. After pausing for a moment, she asked, "Have you not recovered from your cold yet? Remember to take your medicine."

Christopher turned around and looked at her. There was a hint of mockery in his gaze. "Don't ever think anything will happen after you slept with me once. No one knows if you'll be pregnant."

A trace of sadness flashed across Margaret's eyes. "Even if I'm pregnant, it's possible I might not be able to continue the pregnancy. We've taken some cold medication recently, and it might cause the fetus to be deformed."

With a mocking expression, he answered, "It looks like you've done your research to : get pregnant."

Margaret chose not to answer his question and swiftly changed the topic. After looking at the time, she said, "I need to get prepared first. It's better not to be late tonight."

She heaved a sigh of relief after turning around and was about to leave. She was afraid to look into Christopher's eyes recently, regardless if he was being sarcastic or indifferent.

An hour of preparation later, Margaret stood before him and asked, "Are we going now?"



Christopher sized her up and did not comment on her appearance. Margaret never overdressed herself. She wore a pair of light blue skinny jeans that accentuated her long, slender legs. Besides, she wore a turtleneck sweater and boots with her hair cascading down her shoulder. She had a light make-up that complemented her exquisite facial features. Her cherry lips gave her a seducing vibe. All in all, she looked like a young, innocent girl, judging from her appearance.

In the car, they did not interact with each other. When they reached the venue of the exhibition, Christopher took great strides with his long legs, with Margaret trailing behind him. She was slightly panting after finding a seat. Christopher's eyes darkened when he caught sight of her plump lips. Right then, Megan's voice sounded. "Christopher, you promised me that I can sit next to you."

He retracted his gaze and said in a low voice, "Margaret, take the seat behind me."

Holding her breath, Margaret looked down, raised to her feet, and sat on a seat further away from Christopher. She completely ignored Megan, as she was only there for the fashion exhibition.

Megan, who had an alluring figure, wore a black leather dress, a light gray coat with a pair of black boots. Conversely, her make-up style was different from Margaret's, which was simple yet elegant. Megan leaned her head close to Christopher's shoulder as if she was a cat waiting to be petted. "Christopher, you're so good to me. Aren't you afraid that Margaret will be angry?"

Christopher furrowed his brows when Megan lay on his shoulder. He gently pushed her away with his slender fingers and urged, "Have some care for your image."