

Love Hate 71

## Chapter 71

Sticking out her tongue, Megan answered, "Okay. I know you're afraid that your image will be ruined if someone takes a picture of us. I understand your feelings."

The exhibition officially started fifteen minutes later. It first began with showcasing the most fashionable clothes during the spring. The models were all tall and slender, and they demonstrated the elegance of the clothes perfectly. Margaret was an expert in the line, and she could not help but praise the event for having a fantastic quality. After all, it was not odd to expect such an impressive quality from Christopher's company.

A trace of unhappiness was written on Christopher's face when he turned to look at Margaret. *How can she be so focused on the fashion exhibition?*

Margaret did not notice Christopher's gaze on her. Instead, she was immersed in the event, with praises flooding the venue. After a short break, the event continued with the wedding dress exhibition. She instantly became more attentive, waiting for her product to shine on the stage. Although she was not involved in manufacturing the final product, she was the one who drafted the design.

Time continued to tick on, and the event was coming to an end soon. She was confused as the thought struck her. *Since I'm not from Christopher's company, my design can't be the last display at the show. Is he trolling with me if my design isn't the last to appear?*

Just then, the melodious music started playing at the scene. A tall and fair model walked up the stage in a wedding dress. Margaret held her breath, noticing the dress was her product, and it was a grand finale.

It was a long dress, long enough to cover until the model's ankle. The dress was noble and elegant without a long train. It was not revealing, similarly to Margaret's style of dressing. She even designed white gloves and a veil to match the gorgeous dress. She did not use a lot of jewelry to embellish the design of the dress. Instead, she emphasized exquisite embroideries on the dress and added some gems to bring out the sense of elegance.

Margaret initially thought the design of the dress was way too plain to garner Christopher's interest. She had never expected the dress to be Christopher's favorite.

After the exhibition, the people started leaving the venue. When Margaret stood up and was about to leave, she noticed Megan and Christopher were having a pleasant conversation. Margaret chose to walk away and dropped the thought of asking Christopher to go back with her.

She waited for the car, standing at the intersection. Suddenly, Christopher's car stopped in front of her. After confirming Megan was not in the car, Margaret only opened the door and got into the car.

Margaret did not inquire why Megan was not with him. Margaret knew that Christopher cared a lot about his image, especially when they were in public. He would act like he had a very close relationship with Margaret, as she was his "legal wife." However, things would be different when they were out of the people's sight, and Christopher would do whatever he wanted at that time.

Along the journey, Noah asked, "Mr. Lewis, where are we going?"

Christopher did not answer. In fact, he looked like he was pondering a destination.

Margaret had gastric pain as she had not had her dinner, and it was already eight o'clock. Her stomach was acting up.

After a short contemplation, Christopher instructed, "Let's go to Water Bay Restaurant."

Noah nodded before accelerating the car. Water Bay Restaurant was a favorite dining venue for the wealthy people in the city. Their food was pricey, but the taste was superb.

Christopher preferred to dine in a quiet environment. Hence, he walked into a private room after reaching the restaurant. He passed Margaret a menu, urging her to order the food. With a smile, he said gently, "Meg, please order the food."

A hint of admiration flashed in the young waitress' eyes when she saw that. She introduced their new dishes diligently, "Mrs. Lewis, the first page is our new dishes. Do you want to try?"

Margaret was not used to his abrupt gentleness, knowing that he was merely putting on an act in front of outsiders. She felt uneasy and lost her desire to order. Hence, she ordered a few dishes without deep consideration.

Christopher returned to his usual cold and indifferent demeanor after the waitress left the room. It was as though that man who talked in a gentle voice just a moment ago was a completely different person.

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Soon, the dishes were being served to the table. Noah, who stood guard outside the private room, opened the door. "Mr. Lewis, Mr. Clark of Halston Corporation wishes to see you," said Noah.

Christopher nodded calmly. Then, Zachary walked into the private room with Jodie. He held a wine glass in his hand as he said, "Mr. Lewis, I didn't expect to see you here. It's my pleasure to meet you."

When Jodie saw Margaret, she stuck out her tongue at the latter. Jodie was forced to stand by Zachary's side to play her role as a good daughter.

Margaret smiled and mimicked her expression. Meanwhile, Christopher observed their interactions silently. He could not move his gaze away from Margaret for a long moment.

Jodie gave Margaret a meaningful wink, and Margaret finally came back to her senses. She poured some wine into Christopher's glass until it was half-full.

Christopher raised his glass at Zachary and took a sip of the wine. He nodded slightly in response to Zachary's greetings.

Zachary did not stay longer. "I shall leave now. Please enjoy your meal," he said.

Christopher's lips faintly curled as if smiling. Only Margaret knew it was not a smile at all.

After Jodie left, Margaret's phone kept ringing as messages came in. She was chatting with Jodie joyfully when Christopher interrupted out of the blue, "Eat properly."

Margaret quickly replied to Jodie with a shushing emoji and kept her phone away.

Then, she picked up the fork and ate her food obediently. Her actions were so smooth without any hesitation, just like when she was being scolded for playing with toys during meals when she was a child.

Seeing her reactions, Christopher was in a trance for a split second. He was reminded of their memories together and realized that there was not only hatred between them.

Margaret sensed his gaze on herself and became slightly nervous. "What's wrong...?"

Christopher looked away as he poured her some wine.

*He never drinks with me...* Margaret was bewildered.

She hesitated for two seconds before holding up her wine glass and clinking it with his.

When she gulped the wine, Christopher asked out of nowhere, "Do you know what day it is today?"

Remembering the lesson of forgetting his birthday before, Margaret tried hard to recall that day's date and got the answer in an instant. "Our wedding anniversary?"

As she replied, she felt suspicious. *Why did Christopher bring this up?* Only loving couples would talk about wedding anniversaries, so she had never given it a thought. Margaret assumed the sole reason Christopher restrained his temper and treated her nicely was that they were currently outside, having a meal.

Christopher looked satisfied with her answer. He poured her some wine again.

Margaret knew she could not hold her liquor well, so she dared not drink too much. She was afraid that she might be out of control afterward, or she would even ruin Christopher's good mood. However, she did not dare to refuse him. After deep consideration, she finished the wine in a gulp again.

At the end of the meal, her vision became blurred, and she was half-conscious. Her face was red like an apple waiting to be devoured.

Christopher was not drunk at all, given his good alcohol tolerance after so many years in the business world. He called upon the waitress for the bill.

"Our boss knew you're here today, and he said your meal is free," said the waitress politely.

Christopher broke into a faint smile. "Tell Steven I'll treat him to a meal next time." Steven operated Water Bay Restaurant just for fun. After all these years, Christopher had become used to the taste of the food here, so he was a regular customer of the **restaurant**.

He saw Margaret stagger as she stood up. Thus, he stepped forward and pulled her into his arms. "Let's go," said Christopher.

Margaret seemed to have become bolder under the influence of alcohol. She had forgotten the identity of that man before her as she patted his face. "Hold me properly! You'll need to compensate me if I fall!"

A complicated expression appeared on Christopher's grim face. *Is this her true personality...?*

Putting up with her antics, Christopher helped her into the car. Margaret insisted on winding down the car window and letting the cold wind blowing in her face. He tried to close the windows in a few attempts but failed.

Margaret talked to him firmly, "Do you know I have motion sickness? Every time, I have to bear the dizziness in the car. I don't want to bear it anymore!"

### Chapter 73

All these years, Christopher did not know Margaret had motion-sickness.

Noah noticed Christopher feeling uncomfortable being blown by the wind and whispered, "Mr. Lewis, maybe we should wind the window up."

Christopher massaged his temple, his head aching at the cold wind. "Just drive the car!"

When they reached the Lewis residence, Margaret hung herself to Christopher. Elizabeth took a warm towel and followed them to their room upstairs. "What happened? Mrs. Lewis normally doesn't drink," she asked in a worrying voice.

Christopher did not reply, and Elizabeth immediately took the hint. She handed the towel to him. "Mr. Lewis, please take care of Mrs. Lewis. I'll go downstairs."

Christopher nodded. He cleaned Margaret's face carefully as she raised her chin to cooperate with his movements. "Wipe it cleaner. He hates it when it's dirty... Quick!"

Christopher froze for a while, a smile forming on his face unknowingly.

However, it only lasted for two seconds before Margaret pushed him away. "I have to remove my make-up," she murmured. Christopher was amazed at how she still remembered she had make-up on.

Margaret, who was heavily drunk, refused to let Christopher help her. There was nothing he could do, so he stood behind and watched her clean her face. The moment her legs gave out, and she almost fell to the ground, Christopher reacted just in time and held her up. "Come, you should get to bed." His voice was gentle without himself realizing it.

However, Margaret did not give in as she struggled. "I haven't bathed! I need to bathe. You don't understand... Christopher is a germaphobe! If I don't get a bath, he'll despise me for sleeping in his bed—"

Before she could finish, Christopher carried her off the ground and brought her to the bed in the room. "I won't despise you," said Christopher.

Struggling in his arms, she demanded, "I want to bathe!"

It was rare for Christopher to be so patient. He spun and carried her to the bathroom.

Margaret was not aware of what she was doing. She took off her clothes right in front of Christopher

Christopher's gaze darkened. He looked away with difficulties and filled the bathtub with warm water for Margaret. Before the bathtub was full, Margaret stumbled forward and lay her naked body in it.

The water level was rising, and Christopher had to steady her head so that she would not choke on water. At a close distance, he could see her long, curled eyelashes casting a shadow beneath her eyes. He could not stop himself from touching her moist lips with his fingers.

Feeling ticklish on her lips, Margaret frowned and turned her head away. Christopher froze as his expression turned grim. He disliked it when Margaret repelled his touch no matter under what situation.

When the water gradually turned cold, Christopher wrapped her in a towel and carried her back to bed. Watching her face, which looked more mature than when she was a kid, he was deep in his thoughts. *No one can steal anything that belongs to me!*

When he pulled the blanket over her chest, all of a sudden, Margaret grabbed his hand softly. Her small, bony hand formed a great contrast with his.

She was mouthing something, but Christopher could not hear her. Hence, he leaned forward slightly.

"Jenson... Jenson was..."

Christopher did not want to listen to it anymore. He shook her hand off and walked into the bathroom with a dark face.

*She always irritates me and challenges my patience!* Christopher was extremely frustrated.

The next day, when Margaret woke up, Christopher was not in the room. She did not remember a single thing about what had happened the night before except that they had celebrated their first wedding anniversary together.

Then, she went downstairs to wash up. Elizabeth came to the bathroom and asked, "Why did you drink so much yesterday? I've never seen you so drunk before, not to mention you came back with Mr. Lewis. You're so drunk, yet he still left at midnight." She sighed.

#### Chapter 74

*Did he leave in the middle of the night?* Margaret had a strange feeling at the thought of him going out to look for Megan. "He was in a good mood, so we had a few more glasses of drinks. It's just that I'm not good at drinking, but I'm fine, Elizabeth."

Margaret did not see Christopher the whole morning. When she went out to buy painting materials in the afternoon, she asked Jodie out for a meet-up.

They had not spent a great time together since the incident at the hotel. Margaret did not want them to become distant.

The two met in a cafe. Margaret was a little curious to see Jodie come alone. "Why didn't Jack come with you?"

Jodie heaved out a sigh before she responded, "The incident has become viral on the internet. Of course, he'll not have the audacity to come out with me to meet you. I've been thinking to meet up with

you for a long time, but my dad said it was inappropriate, as he was afraid that it would worsen the situation. Hence, I had no choice but to stay at home. Those guys are despicable. They can come up with anything and make up all kinds of nonsense. How immoral they are!”

Margaret thought she’d better explain to clear things out. “Jo, there’s nothing between Jack and me. What he said is true. He called me out that day to talk about proposing to you, as he wanted to give you a surprise.”

Jodie said half-jokingly, “Even if you have something with him, I’ll still choose friendship over love. It’s fine to give up on a scumbag. After all, I can always get another man. Yet, you’re unique, and you’re the person I want to cherish the most.”

“Jo…”

Margaret could not tell how she felt. She wanted to say something but eventually fell silent

Jodie winked at her. “Christopher is your man. How could you possibly be attracted to a poor chap like Jack? I hesitated at the hotel that day just because I wanted to figure out what was going on. I wasn’t doubting the two of you. However, the sudden arrival of Christopher indeed gave me a shock. What was wrong with him? He looked as if he was there to catch you cheating on him.”

Margaret shook her head. “I don’t know either.”

Jodie flashed a wicked smile as she said, “It seems like he cares a lot about you. I’ve never seen Jack care so much about me. He never even bothered to ask me anything when I went out with another man.”

Despite that, Margaret was more concerned about the marriage proposal at that moment. “Did Jack propose to you? The two of you didn’t quarrel, did you?”

Jodie pretended not to care, but there was a glint of disappointment in her eyes as she replied, “Yes, we did quarrel, but everything is fine now. As for the marriage proposal… It was put on hold because he thought I didn’t believe him, and he didn’t mention it again. Besides, it’s also not the right timing now due to the current situation in my family, so we’ll see how things go later on.”

Margaret felt a little guilty. *If it had not been for Christopher’s sudden appearance, Jack and Jodie would probably have been engaged.* As she was about to speak, Megan’s flirtatious voice rang out from behind. With an ironic tone, she said, “If I had known you were here, I would not have come here with my mother.”

Megan deliberately stressed the words “my mother.” Hearing that, Margaret felt tense.

When Megan and Hannah stepped forward, Jodie asked in a hostile tone, “Who are the two of you?”

Margaret grabbed her hand and said, “Jo, let’s go.”

Jodie could tell from Margaret’s expression that something was amiss. Without saying more, she placed the money for the coffee on the table and rose to her feet.

Hannah cast a reproaching glance at Megan. “What are you doing? Can’t you just sit down and have a cup of coffee? I let you accompany me to go shopping, not to stir trouble.”

Megan was extremely displeased. She snorted and looked at Margaret arrogantly, seemingly not wanting to give way.

Seeing that, Margaret furrowed her brows. "Megan, please get out of the way."

Megan crossed her arms over her chest and raised her chin. "What if I don't? How about you beg me? Then I'll let you pass."

#### Chapter 75

Hannah was a little annoyed, but she kept her temper under control and remained silent. She had been married to a wealthy family for many years, so she knew that she should not lose her cool in public.

Obviously, Margaret would not beg Megan. "Why should I beg you? I've never been taught to give in to an uncultured person throughout nine years of compulsory education. If your mother is not standing right next to you, I would doubt if you have received any family education."

Megan flew into a rage upon hearing that. She picked up the coffee on the table and splashed it on Margaret. Jodie hurriedly dragged Margaret behind her, and the coffee that was still warm was splashed on the former.

Jodie was instantly triggered and could not care less about the fact that they were in public. She pushed Megan away and yelled, "Do it again if you dare!"

Hannah was taken aback. She could not hold back any longer. "Stop it!"

Naturally, an arrogant person like Megan could not bear being provoked by Jodie. The two thus got into a fight. Hannah felt a surge of anger run through her. Upon noticing that the crowd was watching them, she felt utterly embarrassed. Panicked, she slapped Megan's face. "I said stop it!"

With the loud sound of a slap, Megan was dumbfounded. Only after a few seconds did she cover her face indignantly. Tears welled up in her eyes as she gazed at Hannah in disbelief. "Mom... Did you just slap me?"

Hannah closed her eyes and said, "Margaret is your elder sister, so you shouldn't be acting unreasonably no matter what. Don't you know that what you've done will cause embarrassment to the Jenkins family?"

Knowing that she was the one at fault, Megan did not dare to say anything more.

Margaret helped Jodie wipe off the stains on her body and left without looking back. Hannah chased after them for a while, but soon, she stopped in her tracks resignedly. She was no longer in the mood to enjoy drinking coffee. "Let's go home!"

"You go ahead. I'm not going back!" Megan said indignantly.

Hannah did not bother to care about her and left.

Coming out of the cafe, Margaret felt a little guilty and said apologetically, "I'm sorry,

*Jo.*"

Jodie's anger had not subsided. "Come on! I can't just watch others bully you. It's not a big deal to be splashed with coffee, so don't feel bad about it. By the way, who were, they?"

Honestly, Margaret did not feel like telling her. Yet, she did not want to hide anything from Jodie. "They are my mother and my half-sister from another father. I haven't kept in touch with my mother for so many years, and I just met her recently."

Feeling sorry for Margaret, Jodie stroked her head. "Oh... My poor Meg, I feel sorry for you. I can tell that your younger sister is not a good person. Let me know if she ever tries to bully you again. Now, I have to go back to get changed. I'm freezing!"

After the two bid farewell, Margaret took a cab home.

Driving a small old car that cost only a hundred thousand, Jodie felt terrible. In the past, her car had cost at least a million. Since the family got into trouble, she had gone from extravagant to frugal. Usually, she did not feel anything while driving this old car. However, as she was upset now, everything became more of an eyesore to her.

While driving, she suddenly realized that a car was following behind her. It followed her car closely no matter which way she turned. Jodie was certain that as long as she slowed down, the car behind would hit her.

Although she always seemed to be carefree, she was a girl, after all. Besides, she had never experienced something like that. As a result, she got panicked. With her hand trembling, she picked up her phone to call Jack.

Nevertheless, Jack's phone was turned off. Jodie thus called her father, Zachary, instead. The phone got through this time, but before she could speak, Zachary said, "I'm in a meeting now, bye."

As soon as the phone was hung up, she hit the steering wheel in rage. Just then, she caught a glimpse of the underground parking entrance on the side of the road. Without thinking more, she drove into the underground parking. The parking lot was dimly lit, and it would be difficult for those who were not familiar with the place to find a way out.

## Chapter 76

Jodie did not dare to drive too fast because of the dark surroundings. She was betting on the dimly lit environment for a chance to escape. Even if she had to ditch her car in the parking lot, Jodie might have a chance of stumbling into an elevator.

The vehicle behind followed her into the parking lot as she expected. She noticed that the vehicle was a van and reckoned that more than one person was inside the van. She had given up hope on requesting assistance from a passer-by because, at that point, only running into a group of people would be helpful for her to escape the predicament.

A black Bentley suddenly appeared in front of her car just as she turned a corner. Without having sufficient time to avoid the car, Jodie slammed on the brakes. She shrieked out loud as the two vehicles collided. The van trailing behind her came to a halt as well. Four to five burly men got out of the car, each of them holding a weapon in their hands. It was apparent to Jodie that these men were up to no good:



She hurriedly got into the Bentley upon seeing that. Disregarding the man in the driver's seat, she frantically locked the car windows and doors.

The few muscular men shouted outside of the Bentley, "Get out of the car!"

Jodie pretended not to hear them. *This car is obviously very expensive. I dare them to thrash this car if they are so desperate to get to me!*

The man in the driver's seat gazed at her with an amused look. "What are you doing, little girl? Are you planning to seduce me after crashing into my car?"

Jodie thought that his voice was surprisingly pleasant. Then when she turned to look at his face, she subconsciously gulped. "I have no other choice. I'll get beaten to death if I get out of the car now. I don't even know them! Let's discuss the compensation for the car's damage later. Please bring me out of here for now. Bear in mind that I can't reimburse you if I die here!"

That man chuckled in response. "I don't need you to compensate me. I only want you to get out of my car now."

However, not only did Jodie ignore him, she even fastened the seatbelt on the passenger seat and acted as if she would never leave the vehicle. "I don't want to! Don't think too highly of yourself just because you are slightly rich. Even though I am driving this cheap car now, my family used to own a few of this Bentley in multiple color variants. They were parked inside my garage. One more thing, do not call me 'little girl. I bet you're not even over thirty years old. Otherwise, I'll address you as my dad!"

Jodie was indignant because that man in front of her appeared at most two or three years older than her, yet he brazenly called her "little girl." Thus far in her life, Jodie had never begged others for help. She would not have gotten into the car if she was not caught up in that grave situation.

Intrigued, he took out his ID card and showed it to her. "All right. You'll have to call me 'Dad' now."

She examined the date of birth printed on the ID card before saying sulkily, "Steven Jones... Is that your name? That's quite a pretty name. I did not expect you to be so old. Nonetheless, you are too young to be my dad, even if you're eight or nine years older than me. Please help me out. Look, these people are about to hit your car. I'm not paying for the damage they cause!"

Steven glanced at the few men outside of the car nonchalantly. Then he smirked at Jodie. "Call me Dad, then I'll help you."

She was cursing at him inwardly but was forced to flash a wide grin. "Dad..." Jodie was wise enough to know when to concede. She promised to avenge herself someday as long as she could live through the mess.

Steven did not say another word. He got out of the car alone and locked her inside the car.

The few burly men were looking for someone to vent their anger at that moment. They charged at Steven with the weapons in their hands after noticing someone had gotten out of the car.

Steven kept his calm and slowly removed his black coat that was restricting his movements, revealing the perfect fitting suit he was wearing underneath. Then he raised his leg and landed a precise kick on the muscular man nearest to him, causing the latter to crash on the floor a few feet away.

Jodie's palms were covered in sweat as she witnessed the brawl in anxiety. She was in the same boat as Steven, and they were up against a few burly men. Even though Steven appeared to be skilled in fighting, Jodie was still nervous because she would be sharing Steven's miserable fate if he lost in the fight. !

Those muscular men were all lying on the floor after five minutes, to her utter astonishment. Impressively, Steven had not used his fists in the fight. Instead, he had merely booted them. If not for the fact that Jodie was in a relationship with Jack, she

would have offered herself up to Steven. At that moment, she was more than willing to sleep with him, let alone call him "Dad" inside the car.

## Chapter 77

After making sure that those burly men were no longer a threat to her, Jodie knocked on the car window as a gesture for Steven to unlock the car.

He picked up his overcoat on the ground, then tossed it back to the ground in disdain, as if he was planning on throwing the outerwear away.

Jodie clicked her tongue while getting out of the car and exclaimed, "You're amazing! Even my father's bodyguard is not as skilled as you. Are you some kind of fighter?" .

Her flattery did not fool him. "Enough with the nonsense. I want you to compensate me with five hundred thousand."

She turned cautious at once. "Did I take advantage of you or do any unspeakable things to you? Asking five hundred thousand from me is no different from a robbery under broad daylight!"

He sized her up scornfully for a few seconds before saying, "It would cost you at least one hundred million for me to even consider letting you lay a finger on my body. This five hundred thousand includes the compensation for the damage caused to my car and the fee for saving your life. Don't you think that this is worth the money? Aren't you going to interrogate them on the reason behind their pursuit?"

Jodie regained her senses. She grabbed a steel pipe on the floor and pointed it at one of the muscular men before asking, "What's the deal? Why are you doing this to me?"

That man had given up on resisting after being badly beaten up. "We were paid to carry out an order. We did not meet with our employer, but she's a woman with an unnaturally shrill and coquettish voice. Give it some thoughts if you've offended someone like her.

After listening to that man's description, Jodie thought of Megan because the latter's voice was too distinctive and unforgettable. "D\*mn you, Megan Jenkins. How dare you hire someone to trouble me after splashing coffee at me!"

Steven's expression changed slightly after he heard her words. He slid back into the car and said, "Get out of my way."

Jodie did not expect his sudden change in demeanor. "What's the matter? You don't want your money anymore?"

Before shutting the car windows, he uttered, "I don't care about that insignificant amount of money."

Although he was ticking her off with his attitude, she complied with his demand because he had undoubtedly rescued her. Jodie activated her car engine and trailed behind him because she could not find the parking lot's exit. She immediately headed in the opposite direction after leaving the parking lot.

Jodie went straight to Jack's residence afterward. She felt aggrieved as she recalled how Zachary had hung up her call when she was in such a scary and helpless circumstance earlier.

She had the keys to his house and kept some spare clothes in his place, so she unlocked the doors and entered the house upon arriving. Jack was sitting in front of the desk at that moment. He swiftly closed his laptop's lid after noticing that someone was opening the door.

Jodie was slightly bothered by his response. "What's going on? Do you have something you're hiding from me?"

He stretched out his arms and said, "It's nothing. I'm just dealing with some work. What happened to your clothes?"

She did not walk up to him and hug him. Instead, she changed her clothes and recounted to him the things that had happened. Jodie merely mentioned Steven as a helpful Samaritan when telling the story.

Jack replied absent-mindedly, "All right. I'm glad that you're fine."

Crestfallen, she said, "That's it?"

Jack retorted, "What else do you expect me to say? Nothing happened to you, and that's the best outcome I can hope for."

Jodie fell silent. She used to assume that Jack's indifference was because of his personality. However, she could not help but overthink when she realized that his attitude toward her remained unchanged after so long. She began doubting their relationship because he appeared unfazed by the frightening incident she had just experienced. Still, Jodie did not have the courage to raise her doubt because she had spoken to him about this matter in the past, but he had become annoyed and given her the cold shoulder after that.

Before leaving the house, Jodie gazed at Jack, who had reopened his laptop as if nothing had happened. He did not see her off or even spare her another glance.

She took a deep breath after closing the door behind her. That was not the first time she felt exhausted in this relationship, but the feeling hit her harder than ever this time.

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Meanwhile, inside the Lewis residence, Margaret was uninformed about what Jodie had experienced. After bringing home all the art supplies, she locked herself inside the art room and did not go downstairs until Elizabeth reminded her to have her dinner as night fell.

She sharply noticed that Elizabeth had addressed her as Mrs. Lewis. Hence, she knew that implied Christopher had returned home.

## Chapter 78

As expected, he was flipping through a fashion magazine on the couch when she got downstairs.

"It's time for dinner," Margaret reminded gently.

At the sound of that, Christopher put away the magazine and walked into the dining room without a word.

Margaret could not help but feel that something was amiss. She recalled how everything was fine when they were at Water Bay Restaurant. Thus, she was confused by the sudden change in his attitude.

At the dining table, she asked softly, "What's wrong? Did I do something wrong?"

In truth, she hoped that they could get along harmoniously. After all, they had been together for so many years. She did not want to hold a hostile attitude toward Christopher.

Christopher put down the fork and looked at her coldly. "Jenson is coming back on the first of the next month."

Margaret was a little taken aback by his words. She knew he had mentioned it before, but she did not take him seriously then. She also had no idea why he would suddenly agree to let Jenson come back. "Why?" she asked.

His eyes narrowed while exuding a dangerous aura. "No reason," he replied.

Hearing that, Margaret did not say anything else because she did not dare to talk about anything that had to do with Jenson in front of him. She then thought about how there was only a week left before it was the next month.

A few days later, Jodie also called Margaret to tell her the same news. Jodie could not hide her excitement at all as she delivered the news over the phone. After all, the three of them were best friends.

However, Margaret did not feel the same. She had no idea how things would unfold with Jenson back, and she did not want to get her hopes up. "Jo, I've heard."

Jodie was a little surprised. "How did you know? Jenson did mention that you'll be the first to know, but he had never even contacted you. I really don't understand what's going on with the two of you."

Margaret took a deep breath and replied, "Christopher told me a week ago."

Jodie paused for a moment and said, "Meg, you should keep your distance from Jenson now that you're married. You won't be able to stay friends with him now that you're married to Christopher. Still, I just wanted to tell you that he's coming back... That's all."

With the purpose of the call achieved, Jodie then ended the call. Margaret stared at the half-finished drawing in front of her for a few moments. Then, she tore it off and threw it in the trash can. She had spent two weeks on that piece, yet she never got to finish it. She had lost her touch as her state of mind had changed.

In the wee hours of the morning, Margaret was tossing and turning in bed. She had no idea why she could not sleep. After all, she was used to being alone without Christopher. She would always occupy only a third of their huge bed when he was not there.

Suddenly, she heard a car arriving at the house. Then, a few moments later, the door was pushed open. She saw Christopher's tall figure in the dark, and he was staggering a little bit. It seemed that he had been drinking again, and he had drunk quite a lot.

She pretended to be asleep and tried to keep her breathing as regular as possible. She thought perhaps she could get away peacefully that way.

Meanwhile, Christopher had gone into the bathroom. When he came out, he only had the towel wrapped around his waist. He did not change into his pajamas and went straight to the bed.

Margaret could not help but feel her heart racing when that happened. Every breath she took, she could smell a faint fragrance coming from him. There was a mix of his unique masculine scent and a hint of alcoholic scent. Her breathing quickened at that moment.

Meanwhile, Christopher's skin was a little damp after the shower, and he wrapped his arms around her waist when he got into bed. He realized that she was awake when he sensed her quickened breathing. Thus, he rolled over and got on top of her. Then, he pressed his soft lips against hers.

However, Margaret could not help but think of that painful experience she had before. In addition to that, the smell of alcohol coming from Christopher scared her. She tried to push him back with her hands on his chest and said, "You're drunk."

Christopher restrained both of her hands and said in a hoarse voice, "This is your duty as a wife"

Hearing that, Margaret fell silent. She was so scared that she did not even dare to shut her eyes. Her brows were furrowed as she looked at him with her teeth clenched. Suddenly, she felt a searing pain in her lower abdomen. She realized what the pain was about almost immediately, and she quickly said, "It's the time of the month."

## Chapter 79

Christopher froze at her words, and she quickly pushed him aside and got out of bed. She was flushing as she rushed to the bathroom. Finally, she felt a sense of relief when she heard the door banged shut.

The pain disappeared a few moments later, and she did not have her period as expected. She thought it was strange, as it was around the time when she would have her period. At the same time, she was a little frustrated at herself for pissing Christopher off. Then again, she could not help herself because she was so scared.

Meanwhile, Christopher's car was still in the Lewis residence. That meant that he was still in the house, and he was most probably in the study.

She recalled that Elizabeth had taken away the extra blanket in the study to do the laundry two days ago. Thus, she brought a blanket over to the study after some hesitation.

When she got there, the lights were not on. Since she did not have an extra hand, she walked carefully in the dark. As she slowly got used to the darkness, she noticed the figure lying on the couch. She went over slowly and put a blanket on the figure as she said, "You should go back to your room. I'll sleep in the guest room."

"Get out!" Christopher shouted.

Usually, Margaret would have left in that situation. However, she realized there were too many problems between her and Christopher. She did not know what the future held, but she wanted to get along well with him for as long as she could. Besides that, she sensed that his temper was getting worse ever since they knew about Jenson's return. "I'm sorry. I wasn't feeling well just now."

Suddenly, a hand grabbed onto her wrist. Then, Christopher mocked coldly, "You're fine now?"

She nodded her head stiffly in response, and the next thing she knew, she was pulled into his embrace.

Christopher wasted no time on any foreplay. He went straight for it and was very rough due to his anger. He was scarier than he was earlier when they were in bed. Margaret tried to beg but was stopped by him again and again.

The following day, Margaret woke up in the bedroom. She was clueless about how she ended up back in the bedroom because she did not last for more than half an hour on the couch.

When she got downstairs, Christopher was drinking coffee in the living room. He wore a casual, light gray attire as he sat on the couch with his legs crossed. It was such a serene scene.

At that moment, Elizabeth brought breakfast to the dining room. "Mrs. Lewis, hurry up and have your breakfast."

Margaret smiled as she walked over. Her footsteps might have been lighter if it was not for the fact that she was not feeling well. After all, such a harmonious atmosphere was rare.

Christopher did not seem much friendly even though they had had an intimate moment the previous night. Still, he was not as cold as he usually was. "Follow me to a place later," he said.

Margaret agreed immediately. "Where? Well... I'm just asking so that I can figure out what I should wear," she asked, afraid that she would embarrass him.

Christopher looked up at her and replied, "An engagement party. It's outdoors."

Instantly, Margaret was a little taken aback. "But I don't have a dress."

"Someone will deliver it," he said nonchalantly.

With that sorted, she said nothing else. After all, she knew that he preferred to eat in silence and that any unnecessary chatting would only spoil his mood.

When it was ten in the morning, Noah delivered a dress, a pair of heels, and accessories over to Margaret. Margaret rushed upstairs to get changed as soon as she got them. She even tried to put up her hair for the first time ever so that she could seem a little more mature, as her facial features made her appear to be childish.

To her surprise, the dress fit her like a glove. The only thing she disliked was that it was a tube dress. Other than that, it was just an ordinary white dress where the hem stopped at her heels.

Christopher's reminder that the event was held outdoors was implying that she ought to put on a thick coat. After all, it was still rather cold outside even though it had not been snowing in the past couple of days. When she stood in front of the mirror, she noticed a hickey right on her neck. Her face flushed red when she saw

that, and she went ahead and covered it up with concealer. Despite her efforts, there was still a faint mark left on her neck.

At that moment, Christopher went into the room to get changed as well. She lifted her dress and turned around to face him. "Is this okay?"

## Chapter 80

At the sight of the anticipation in her eyes, Christopher had an unfathomable expression on his face. He nodded.

Margaret felt a sense of relief at his approval. She then put on her earrings and said, "I'm ready."

He did not reply to her and continued changing his clothes. Before he took off his clothes, she had already turned around with a flushed face, having her back facing him.

When they got out of the door, Margaret was wearing a thick coat. Even so, she still felt the cold wind on her skin, which made her tighten the coat around her. She even drew a sharp breath from the cold, and her face fell.

Christopher stopped in his tracks suddenly and said, "You can stay if you don't want to go—"

Margaret shook her head. "It's fine. I'm not cold. Let's go."

She then got into the car as soon as she finished her sentence. Meanwhile, Christopher stood still for a moment before he followed behind her.

At that moment, Margaret sensed that there was something on Christopher's mind. Yet, she could not figure it out at all as she looked into his deep, dark eyes.

The engagement party was held at a church in the suburbs. Because of the large number of guests, there was not enough space in the church. Thus, it was held on the field outside of the church. It turned out that the bride herself had requested for it to be held somewhere other than a hotel because it was more romantic that way.

The decoration of the venue was striking upon first look. At the same time, there were all kinds of luxurious cars parked by the road. Then again, the person must be a rather important figure in Dellmoor, for Christopher had agreed to attend. Naturally, most of the guests were influential and rich people.

As soon as they got out of the car, Margaret noticed Jodie immediately. Jodie did not pay much attention to her looks when she used to hang out with Margaret back then. Thus, Margaret was pleasantly surprised to see how beautiful Jodie was in a dress, even though they had known each other for a long time.

Christopher knew what was on her mind and said, "Go ahead."

Margaret smiled at him. She then held her dress and walked toward Jodie. Christopher hesitated for a moment as he watched her leave, but he returned to being his cold self in a flash.

"Jo!" Margaret patted Jodie's shoulder from behind to surprise her.

However, Jodie seemed flustered when she saw her. "Meg, why are you here?"

Margaret pointed at Christopher and said, "I'm here with him. Why? I was a little worried that I might not be used to this kind of event, but I'm relieved now that I see you."

Jodie's expression darkened when she saw Christopher. "Did you attend of your own accord? Or did Christopher ask you to attend?"

Margaret felt a little strange to hear that question. "He asked me at first, but he also asked about my opinion later on. I wanted to come. What's the matter?"

Jodie held her arm and said, "Let's go. We're leaving."

Feeling confused, Margaret said, "You've got to tell me what's happening. I can't leave. Christopher will be upset if I leave on my own."

"He doesn't care about you at all, so why should you care if he's mad or not? I see it now that he doesn't love you. He's just torturing you. He's killing you!" Jodie was losing it. Her expression was grim.

Margaret was taken aback by her words. "Jo, what are you talking about?"

Jodie was livid. "Do you know whose engagement party this is today? It's Jenson's! I didn't even plan on telling you. I only found out about it when I contacted Jenson yesterday. How could Christopher not know? Yet, he still brought you here. Is he trying to make you suffer? Or is he doing this to provoke Jenson? I don't know if you love Jenson or not, but he loves you. He agreed to a marriage his family had arranged for him so that he could return to the country. He only agreed to the marriage because he wanted to be close to you, and he wanted to see you. He has never even met the bride before today. It was Christopher's condition. Jenson can only return if he's engaged. Do you understand?"

Margaret was stunned. She looked over at Christopher, who was chatting away with the guests. She could not believe that he could do such a thing. *How could he do that?*