

Love Hate 91

Chapter 91

She sneakily stole a glance at Christopher. After making sure he wasn't paying attention to her, she texted back: *Who is this?*

She received a reply fairly quickly. The message read: *It's Jenson. I'm at West Haven Caf . Do you want to come over?*

Subconsciously, she quickly replied in agreement. As soon as her message was sent out, she deleted it immediately.

She took some time to calm herself down before asking, "Christopher, can I go out to walk around? I'm kind of bored...'

Christopher was focused on what he was doing at hand. He didn't even raise his head when he replied, "Go ahead. Don't go too far. I'm sure you'll feel pressured if I get Noah to tail you, so you can go alone. If you get lost, open your GPS. If you still can't find your way, then call a taxi. Remember the name of our hotel."

She was puzzled. *How does he know I have a terrible sense of directions?* After so many years, the only route she remembered was the way home. Now that they were in Jadeborough, she was like a deer caught in the headlights.

Margaret murmured in agreement and left the hotel. She stopped a passerby to ask for directions to West Haven Caf . She was a little troubled when she heard that the caf  was only two hundred meters away from her hotel.

She began to think that it was a bad idea. *If Christopher finds out, he'll tear me apart...*

After pondering over it, she decided to buy a face mask and lower her head all the way to meet Jenson.

As soon as she stepped in, she received a text from Jenson that read: *I'm right behind you.*

She turned around and saw him sitting by the window. His smile was filled with warmth as always. It almost seemed as if his smile could melt away the cold winter snow.

However, unlike before, he no longer favored white and instead wore black that day. The black suit he donned elegantly carved out his figure. Colors could easily change a person's aura. Looking at Jenson now, Margaret felt that he had become a lot more mature-looking

Having not seen each other for three years, Margaret felt a lot more reserved when she went over to sit down. "Uh... How did you recognize me? I'm having a mask on after all..."

Jenson reached out to take down her mask. "Even if you become a pile of dust, I'll still recognize you. What do you want to drink?"

She shook her head. "Water is fine. I can't stay for too long."

Jenson did not press her further. Both of them seemed to be consciously avoiding talking about their respective partners. She didn't want to bring up Christopher, and he didn't want to bring up Waverly.

“So... Has Christopher been good to you?” Jenson asked.

“Pretty well. I mean, no one ever has anything bad to say about him, right?” As she spoke, she looked down and fiddled with her fingers. She could feel Jenson’s intense gaze bearing down on her.

“Indeed... Everyone seems to think he’s great. I just hope he’s really treating you well; that’s all.” Jenson’s tone seemed to be tinted with sadness. Margaret’s head sunk even lower.

She could feel that this was a heavy topic for both of them. Hence, she decided it was better to talk about something else. “You know about what happened with Jo, right? I couldn’t do anything...”

He nodded in response. “Yes, I heard. Sadly, there’s nothing I can do either. It’s too huge a debt. All of their family assets will be cleared out within half a month to repay those debts. After paying off the bank and the others, they’ll only be left with the debt they owe to Christopher. I calculated, and it should be at least tens of millions. I doubt they will be able to pay it off. We’ll just have to see how Christopher plans on handling it. There’s no way he’ll squeeze the money out of them by force. That’s out of character for him to do so. However, even if he allows them to pay him back slowly, it’ll probably take them the rest of their lives.”

Margaret furrowed her brows. “I’ll help her pay it off until it’s done with.”

Jenson smiled slightly. “Don’t forget about me. We’ll do it together.”

The two of them exchanged smiles. For a moment, it felt as if they were back in high school again.

At that very moment, what Margaret didn’t know was Christopher, who was in the

hotel, had just turned off the GPS locator on his phone. He made a phone call to Noah and said, “Go check and see what she’s up to at West Haven Café.”

Minutes later, Noah called back and reported, “Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis is... She...”

Chapter 92

Christopher had a rough guess in his heart. “You can say it directly.” ****

“She’s with Jenson.” Noah broke out in a cold sweat.

Enraged, Christopher slammed his phone on the ground. *Margaret always betrays my trust and is always forcing me to take action.*

It started pouring when Margaret left West Haven Café.

There was a new message from Jenson. He texted her: *Meg, the future is still long. Don’t let me forget you.*

Margaret did not reply, nor did she know what to reply. Right then, she was feeling down, and her mood was gloomy like the gray, cloudy sky.

Margaret got rid of all traces on her phone while she was on the way back to the hotel. She did not do it out of guilt. It was just that she did not want to create more trouble at the moment. Needless to say, she

never dated Jenson, and it was impossible for them to get together. She merely hoped that Jenson could be happy.

When Margaret arrived at the hotel, she stood outside the room to recompose herself. Just as she was about to knock on the door, she heard suggestive moans coming from inside the room.

Margaret's whole body shook when she heard that. Her hands froze mid-air, and she did not know whether to knock or not.

The woman inside was none other than Megan. After all, her voice was very distinguishable.

Margaret could not bear to listen to the sound coming from the room, so she turned to leave. In addition, she texted Christopher: *I'm heading back first.*

Soon, no more noise came from the room. Without hesitation, Christopher got off from Megan when he saw the text message. Megan was in a daze, and her clothes were a little disheveled. She asked in confusion, "What's wrong, Christopher?"

Christopher looked at the door and casually lit up a cigarette. "I don't feel like doing it."

Megan felt frustrated. *He doesn't feel like doing it? How can he lose interest when we have reached this point?* That made Megan feel defeated.

Desperate, she refused to give up. She listed her slender, long legs and rested them on Christopher's legs. "Christopher, are you fatigued by your business trip these two days? You can just lie down and let me do it."

Megan's intention was obvious as she flirted with him.

A trace of annoyance flashed across Christopher's eyes, and he walked to the window. "You can leave now."

Hearing this, Megan was dumbstruck and felt indignant. "What? Christopher, I came here in a rush and only got to meet you today. You're asking me to leave when I have just arrived. Come on!"

"Don't make me repeat myself." Christopher did not even spare her a glance, and the annoyance in his eyes was palpable.

Megan could only get up and leave in resignation.

Deep down, she thought of the message Christopher received and cursed in her heart. Even though she did not see the message, it certainly disrupted her plans. *Who's the idiot who ruined my plan?*

The next day at noon, Christopher invited Charles to dine at the same restaurant as last time.

When Charles arrived, he did not see Margaret around. So, he smiled and inquired, "Where's Margaret?"

Christopher hid his emotions very well and smiled brightly. "She returned to Dellmoor first because she had something to attend to. Mr. Moore, are you serious about what you said yesterday?"

Charles' hand froze slightly. He regained his composure swiftly and asked, "What do you mean? I drank a lot yesterday, and I have forgotten what I said to you."

Christopher fixed his gaze on him. Just then, he smiled and replied, "It's nothing. Forget it."

Charles went along with his words and added, "Please don't take my words to heart. I always speak nonsense when I am drunk. You can just ignore what I have said. Also, I wanted to set you up with Nini, but I didn't expect you to get married out of the blue."

Chapter 93

Nina Moore, Charles' daughter, appeared in Christopher's mind. The last time they met was when he was seventeen. At that time, Nina was only thirteen years old, and she was not very good-looking. Christopher changed the topic and stated, "Mr. Moore, stop joking around. Nina's personality isn't compatible with mine."

Charles smiled without commenting. He had been doing everything he could in the best interests of his daughter. Yet, Charles was unable to find a suitable husband for her.

Meanwhile, at a hospital in Dellmoor, Jodie and her mother, Raina Gray, were standing beside Zachary's hospital bed.

Their eyebrows were furrowed. After all, they were in a four-person ward, and the other patients' families had not stopped talking all day. The noise irked Jodie, but she was held back by Raina. They could not afford to stay in a single-person ward with their current circumstances.

Just then, one of the patient's family members took away Jodie's flask. "My dad has soiled his bed. Lend me your water!"

Jodie exploded in anger and yelled, "Why didn't he do it in the toilet? Can't you prepare your own water?"

The other party did not take her seriously and replied, "My dad is eighty this year. He can't control his urination and defecation. How could he have the time to go to the toilet? What's wrong with using your water? You got your water from the hospital for free. You can just refill it after I'm done."

Jodie wanted to argue with him but was held back by Raina. "It's fine. We can get more water later."

As soon as her words fell, the flask fell from the man's hand and was dropped to the ground, causing it to break apart.

The man took a look at the broken flask on the ground. Not only did he not apologize, but he also mocked, "How cheap. Why did you cheapskates buy such a cheap good? It broke so easily when I didn't manage to hold it properly."

Jodie almost exploded in anger. "No matter how cheap it is, it's still someone else's belonging. Pay me back!"

The man handed over his own dirty flask which he had used for many years. "Here! You can have it."

Jodie did not reach out to take it as she was disgusted. "You could've fetched the water on your own when you have a flask. Are you nuts?"

As the man's family members were all present in the room, he stood up in an imposing manner before saying, "Who are you calling nuts? Isn't it just a flask? I'll just give you another flask since I broke yours. Why do you have so much to say about that?"

Raina had never encountered such a situation before, as she had been a wealthy lady all her life. She shielded Jodie and said, "It's fine, Jo. You can go buy a new one. Stop arguing. Your dad won't be able to rest well if it's too noisy."

Jodie glared at those people and left after slamming the door angrily. She looked visibly upset, and one could tell that she was not to be messed with. She then strode forward with a fierce look.

Jodie rushed out of the elevator. However, she bumped into someone. As she was already very upset, she warned loudly, "Are you blind? Don't you know you have to wait for the person to get off the elevator before boarding it?"

Steven clutched at his chest after bumping into her. His face was pale, and he got more frustrated upon hearing her unfriendly tone. "Excuse me? I didn't even move when I stood outside the elevator. What did I even do? It's you who bumped into me."

Seeing that it was Steven, Jodie rolled her eyes immediately. "Look who it is. Despite your tall figure, you have no brains. Get out of my way!"

Steven grabbed her and inquired, "Hold on. How am I stupid? You seem to have a lot of opinion about me. May I ask what I have done to you? Not only did I not offend you, but I have also saved you. I didn't even ask you to pay off the five hundred thousand that you owe me."

Jodie was triggered upon hearing his words. "I don't have any money. My family is in huge debt. I can't pay off the debt even if you want me to. You didn't offend me. I just feel that you are an eyesore. Are you done? Let go of me!"

Chapter 94

Steven quickly let go of his hand and grumbled to himself. *What's wrong with this woman today?*

Later, he took the elevator up. When he passed by the nurses' station, he approached a nurse and asked, "How's my mom's condition today?"

Upon seeing the man before her, the nurse replied attentively, "Her condition is perfect. The doctor will allow her to discharge in a few days."

After getting the information he hoped for, Steven thanked the nurse. As he was walking away from the nurses' station, he overheard the chatters among the nurses. "It seems that the patient from bed 31 has no money to pay for his hospital bills."

"Isn't it obvious? He's bankrupt, after all. I guess he can only wait for death to befall. I've also heard that he owes people a lot of money. It's a shame to see one of Dellmoor's famous jewelry process factories go into bankruptcy."

Steven brought his footsteps to a halt. After pondering for a moment, he returned to the nurses' station. "May I know if the patient you're talking about is Zachary Clark?"

The nurse then replied, "Yes, he's in our hospital now. He has a heart condition."

After learning about Zachary's condition, Steven considered for a moment and asked, "May I know how much he owes the hospital?"

After some checking, the nurse informed, "It's around ten thousand now. He has to undergo surgery soon too. The hospital has been postponing it because he can't fork out money. The surgery will cost him around two hundred thousand."

Steven then declared, "If so, I'll pay for everything, including the surgery fees. Please make it as an anonymous donation."

The nurse was surprised to hear that. "Do you know Zachary?"

With a wry smile, he replied, "No. But I know his daughter."

Feeling jealous, the nurse's voice was full of disappointment when she replied, "Oh... Okay. I'll process it for you now."

Back at the Lewis residence, Margaret was checking through her savings and decided to sell her paintings online. The income from selling the paintings was fairly

unstable, so she regretted leaving her previous job. Essentially, it would be much easier for her to help Jodie if she had a stable income now. Either way, it was unpredictable that Jodie's family would face insolvency.

After transferring Jodie some money, she texted: *Do allow us to go through this hard : time with you. Please remember that you're not alone no matter what happens. Jenson and I will be by your side. So, don't push yourself too hard.* Margaret texted Jodie because she was worried that the latter would refuse to accept the money.

When Jodie received the notification of the money transfer and the text, she could no longer hold back her tears. With the newly brought flask in her hand, she wailed loudly as she was walking toward the hospital, blatantly ignoring all the curious gazes along the way.

She then bumped into Steven again. The world was indeed small. Steven was about to leave the hospital when he spotted Jodie, and her pitiful state made him want to laugh out loud. "Why are you crying? What happened to you? Did the seller refuse to give you a discount?"

Jodie rolled her eyes at him and said, "It's none of your business."

Feeling like teasing her, he said, "I asked because I care. Regardless, why do you hate me so much?"

Jodie, on the other hand, became increasingly irritated as she stared at the man before her, sobbing. "Why are you here? Are you here for the andrology department? Do you have syphilis?"

The corners of Steven's mouth twitched uncontrollably as he noticed the disgusted gazes of the passersby upon hearing Jodie's statement. "Why do you have to say that? I'm leaving now! Do enjoy crying yourself. I don't want others to think that I bullied you."

Jodie watched him flee the scene and yelled, "There's no shame in admitting that you're sick!"

When she returned to the ward, Raina pulled her aside excitedly and exclaimed, "Jo, someone donated money to us! Your dad can undergo his surgery now!"

Surprised, Jodie asked, "Donation? Who would be so kind to give us a donation? Everyone tried to stay away from us when our family went bankrupt."

Raina shook her head in reply. "I have no idea about the person's identity. The nurse told me that the donor insisted on donating anonymously. Apparently, he paid

everything, including the recovery fees after the surgery. If we manage to find out the person's identity, we must thank that person as he is our savior."

Dying to find out the identity of the donor, Jodie hurried to the nurses' station and asked, "Miss, may I know who donated money for my dad?"

Chapter 95

With a half-smile, the nurse replied, "He insisted on donating the money anonymously. So, we can't disclose his name. He told us that he knows you. As for other information, please forgive us for not being able to further disclose them to you."

A deep frown formed on Jodie's forehead. "He knows me? I know a lot of people. I can't determine his identity with that one fact. I have an idea, why don't you tell me what he looks like and his height? I might be able to make a guess then."

As a result of Jodie's persuasive skills, the nurse felt compelled to spill everything she knew. "He's quite young and handsome. He's tall and rich too. That's all I can tell you. Please stop asking me about him. I might spill everything out if you press for more, and it's against the rules to give information about an anonymous donor."

Jodie stopped bothering the nurse, but she did not stop thinking about the identity of the donor. *Young, handsome, tall, and rich. Most people I know fit the descriptions, but right now, almost none of them would be willing to help. If it's Jenson, there's no need for him to donate it anonymously.*

She immediately thought of Jack when pondering the donor's identity. Though Jack would not have such a big sum of money, there was a possibility of him gathering it somewhere else. The nurse would, of course, label him as rich with that amount of money.

With that thought in mind, she walked toward the end of the corridor and dialed Jack's number. The phone was left ringing for quite some time when Jack finally answered it. "Yes?" His voice was flat.

Jodie, however, did not mind that. She was still grateful for Jack's kind actions despite the latter's indifferent attitude. "Thank you."

Jack was staring at his computer screen when he answered the phone. Upon hearing her, he replied nonchalantly, "What are you thanking me for?"

A smile then formed on Jodie's face. "Oh, stop it, Jack. You paid for my dad's hospital fees anonymously, didn't you? Why didn't you tell me about it? I'm sorry for neglecting you lately. I've been busy with my family's issues. But I promise that I'll go look for you once I have time."

Jack frowned upon hearing her words and instinctively wanted to deny her statement. However, on second thought, he changed his mind. He shifted his

attention back to the computer and simply said, "I'm a little busy now. Goodbye."

Christopher returned to the Lewis residence around midnight. Margaret was already asleep, but the sound of the car engine woke her up.

Recently, she was unable to sleep well, and any slight movement would wake her up:

Soon, the bedroom door was opened.

Margaret remained silent as the sound she heard in Jadeborough's hotel room kept ringing in her ears. She did not know why she would be bothered by it.

Christopher headed straight to the bathroom after entering the bedroom and immediately left the bedroom after a shower.

Margaret remained wide awake after that. When she headed downstairs for breakfast in the morning, Christopher exited the study at the same time. Though the two saw each other, they did not exchange any conversation.

Margaret then texted him: *I'm going to the hospital to visit Jo's dad later.*

Christopher saw the text but did not reply, his deep eyes void of emotion.

Margaret decided to deem his silence as consent. She left for the hospital after breakfast. Unlike those spoiled and pampered princesses that could not stand an uncomfortable environment, Jodie did not mind hanging out at the ward to accompany her dad. She even slept on the chair for the night.

When Margaret arrived, she was feeding her dad medicine.

After seeing the ward's environment, Margaret felt sorry for her. "Jo, how's your dad?"

Jodie, with her usual carefree personality, replied, "He's fine. He'll undergo surgery the day after tomorrow. The surgery fee was already paid for too. Thank you, Meg, for being such a good friend."

The more Jodie acted like that, the sorrier Margaret felt for her. "Jo, where did you get the money? You're not lying, aren't you?"

Jodie, with a sweet smile, answered, "Jack paid for it. I sincerely thought that he doesn't care about me at all. I didn't go looking for him when the incident occurred, and he didn't come looking for me either. To be honest, I thought we were no longer together. It never occurred to me that he would help me. It seems that he's only cold

on the outside.”

Chapter 96

Margaret was happy to hear that. “That’s good. I’ve brought some supplements for your dad. He can eat them straight away.”

Zachary was awoken by the noises and was surprised to see Margaret. “Margaret... The money that we owe you, I’ll pay them back slowly once I got out of the hospital. I’ve never owed anyone anything in my life before. I feel bad for owing you money.”

Margaret was overwhelmed with mixed feelings when she heard that. “Mr. Clark, please don’t say that. You don’t owe me anything. Once you get better, I’m sure that you will rise to success again. But before that, you have to take care of your health. Don’t worry too much about other things.”

Zachary’s lips were a little blue, and he was a lot skinnier now. Even his hair was getting whiter. It was apparent that he had been struck a serious blow. “Jo is so lucky to have you as a friend.”

Jodie added, “I feel lucky too.”

Then, the ward door was pushed open. Upon seeing the face of the visitor, Jodie let out a cough and tugged the corner of Margaret’s shirt.

Confused, Margaret turned and met Jenson’s soft gaze. “You’re here.”

Though nothing else was said after that, that simple greeting had a lot of meanings behind it.

Jenson placed the supplements he brought on the table and said, “I came to visit Jo’s dad, and I didn’t expect you to be here, too. Jo, I think the environment here isn’t suitable for your father to recover. Let’s transfer him to a private ward.”

As soon as he finished his sentence, another patient’s family who had argued with Jodie previously mockingly commented, “A private ward? How could someone in heavy debt afford that?”

Patting her chest, Jodie pulled the curtains between both beds to block their view from the person who had just spoken. “Ignore that. They are just a bunch of idiots.”

The person then pulled the curtain open and admonished, “What did you just say? How could you be so rude? I bet your manners are the reason that your factory went bankrupt. So what if you have a big family business? You don’t even know how to be a decent human being! Serves you right!”

Rolling up her sleeve, Jodie yelled, “Are you looking for a fight? I’m looking forward to giving you a slap a long time ago.”

Margaret and Jenson quickly stopped her. “Forget it, stop arguing.”

After seeing such a situation, both Margaret and Jenson insisted to transfer Zachary to a private ward. After all, a private ward had a better environment for Zachary to recuperate compared with the current general ward, which was crowded.

Jodie agreed after some persuasion, but Zachary insisted otherwise. “How could I enjoy myself when all these happened because of me? I can’t do that to Jo and her mother. I don’t mind staying here. I really don’t mind.”

Jenson then replied, “You don’t have to worry about money, Mr. Clark. I’ve paid some money to the hospital. It’s enough for you to transfer to a better ward.”

Zachary did not expect that he would have to rely on his daughter’s friends in the end. He was happy for his daughter to have such good friends, but at the same time, he felt sorry for dragging them into his mess.

After transferring Zachary to a new ward, Jodie walked Margaret and Jenson to the exit of the hospital. The three friends finally got to gather after three years.

“Let’s have lunch together. It’s my treat. Don’t worry, I have money to treat you guys, and please don’t say no. It’s a rare opportunity for us to get together, after all,” Jodie proposed.

Jenson agreed with her proposal and turned to look at Margaret.

Meeting his gaze, Margaret lowered her head and said, “Okay.”

The three walked around the area for a while and found a working-class restaurant. Jodie then ridiculed herself, “I’m sorry that I can’t bring you guys to a better restaurant. But I promise that I’ll take care of you two once I’m rich.”

Jenson laughed at her statement. “That’s all right. You don’t have to take care of me *once* you’re rich, Plus, I don’t mind eating at this place.”

Margaret merely smiled while watching them bickering with each other. The pleasant atmosphere between them made her feel that she had traveled back in time, back to when everything was fine.

Right opposite the restaurant, in a black Rolls–Royce, Noah was speaking in a low voice. “Mr. Lewis, I bet Mrs. Lewis just happened to bump into Jenson at the hospital.”

In the back seat, Christopher looked away and ordered coldly, “Tell Waverly about this. Let’s go back to the office.”

Chapter 97

Inside the restaurant, the three friends were conversing as they enjoyed the food. Suddenly, a person entered the restaurant,

Jenson spotted the person almost immediately as he was facing the exit. After identifying that person as Waverly, his expression darkened.

Waverly spotted Jenson when she walked through the door. With her heels tapping the floor, she approached them and jokingly commented, “How could you have no time to spend with your fiancée when you have time for your friends? Jenson, you’ve hurt me.”

Jodie, who was in utter shock, bit her fork and shifted her gaze between Jenson and Margaret. Not knowing how to deal with the situation before her, she decided to remain silent.

With a frown, Jenson asked, "How did you know that I'm here?"

Waverly smiled and seated herself next to him. "Will you trust me if I tell you that I saw you when I happened to pass by the restaurant?"

Jenson did not respond to that. Instead, Margaret asked, "Have you eaten? You can have lunch with us if you don't mind."

Waverly smiled at her and gestured at the waiter for another set of cutlery, "Do you guys have any plans after the meal? I'm planning to go shopping with Jenson. Would you two like to join us?"

Margaret was the first to answer. "I can't. I have work."

Jodie immediately followed. "I have to take care of my father. You two do have fun."

Waverly, with a disappointed expression, said, "Well, if so, I guess it's just the two of us, then."

Soon, Jenson put down his fork and declared, "I'm done eating."

Waverly, with a shrimp in her mouth, widened her eyes innocently and said, "Why do you eat so little? The food is quite nice. You should eat more."

Her carefree personality was somewhat similar to Jodie's, which made Jodie feel quite comfortable interacting with her. Upon seeing Jenson's grim expression, Jodie

responded, "Don't mind him. He eats like a bird. Do eat more if you like the food."

Waverly then shifted her attention back to her food. She was the last to finish her food too. After that, she wiped her mouth and informed, "I need to go to the restroom. Do wait for me, Jenson."

Upon entering the restroom, she immediately induced vomit. *if it weren't because of Jenson, I won't touch any of the food here. I almost threw up when I ate the first bite!* She could not stand a low-class restaurant.

After throwing everything up, she washed away the bitter taste in her mouth with water. She then looked up to check herself in the mirror, and a chilly smile appeared on her face. "I'll make you pay for all the suffering I've gone through, Margaret."

When Waverly got out of the restroom, she even settled the bill. However, before she walked away, she commented, "Your restaurant's food is rubbish."

The cashier's face went pale immediately at her comment. Waverly's face was full of disdain when she made the comment, but when she turned to face Jenson, the disdain was replaced with a sweet smile. "Let's go now, I've paid the bill."

Jodie felt sorry for letting her pay the bills. "It's supposed to be my treat. Please tell me the amount. I shall pay you back."

Waverly wrapped her arms around Jenson's and smiled. "Don't worry about it. Since you're his friend, you're my friend too. It's not a big amount anyway. Do let me know if you guys are having another gathering."

Jenson, who was eager to leave, urged, "Let's go."

Margaret watched them leave silently, and she could feel disappointment filling her heart. *Things have changed now. What's gone is gone forever.*

Jodie grabbed Margaret's hand when she noticed the latter's expression. "Let's go, Meg. Stop looking at them."

After hearing Jodie's voice, Margaret instinctively explained, "I'm fine. It's just that I'm married, and he's engaged. That's good."

Jodie noticed the pain behind her friend's facade, but she did not expose her. "Honestly, does Christopher really like you? How could he not buy a ring for you after you're married for three years? If you two are not suitable for each other, it's better to end things sooner than later."

Chapter 98

Margaret did not want to continue the topic anymore. After their separation, she went home and submitted her resume online without delay. Being an introvert, she would not go out unless she had to. *After years of working, I'm still an introvert. It's pretty funny how I remain the same even though I grew up together with someone like Christopher. I wish I could be more outgoing.*

It was already night, and Christopher was still not home yet. Margaret shifted her attention to the dishes on the table and uttered, "What a waste. Elizabeth, don't cook so much food if Christopher is not coming home the next time. I can't finish everything alone."

Elizabeth grunted an acknowledgment. Fredrick nearly got kicked out the last time. Following that incident, she was hesitant to give her comment anymore despite worrying about Christopher, as he was always not home. After all, she could not do anything about it.

After dinner, Margaret read a magazine and played with her phone leisurely.

The phone rang out of the blue. Hearing the impromptu call, she picked up the phone and answered, "Hello?"

The person said nothing and directly hung up the call.

Fredrick, who heard the sound, walked a few steps toward Margaret's direction before turning away the next second. He knew deep down that it was Christopher who called.

A few days later, Margaret received a notification from a design company for an interview. She packed her things early in the morning and applied some light makeup for a ruddy complexion.

Then, she headed to the interview venue. The company's HR department manager saw her and said with a smile, "Oh, it's you, Mrs. Lewis! I thought someone happened to have the same name as you. Regrettably, our company couldn't afford to hire someone as pampered as you. Although our company is not that big, we often work overtime here. I don't think you're suitable for this position."

That was the first time Margaret got rejected because of her identity. "I've been self sufficient. It's not a problem for me to work overtime. You may judge me from my resume without considering my identity," she replied.

The manager pursed her lips. "Sorry, I think you should look for another job."

An unprecedented sense of despair washed over Margaret after she left the office. Simultaneously, she regretted resigning from her old job. It was out of the question for her to return to Casper's company. Above all that, all she wanted was a job. She did not want someone to spy on her all the time.

I've been looking for jobs but to no avail. My application was getting rejected by the recruiters with different excuses. With my qualification and working experience, I don't think it's difficult for me to find a new job in this city. After all, the design industry is pretty popular here. Besides, I successfully got my wedding dress design published in a magazine before, so I think I'm quite popular in the industry. Why would they reject me then? Is all this happening because of my identity?

She hung her head low in dejection and went back to the Lewis residence. After a long day outside, she threw herself on the couch in exhaustion, unwilling to move.

Elizabeth brought a pail of hot water and suggested, "It must be a long day for you. Come and have a foot bath. You'll feel better."

Margaret did accordingly and soaked her feet into the basin. "The companies don't want to hire me because I'm Mrs. Lewis. I don't understand why."

Hearing her words, Elizabeth glanced at her and tried to phrase her words nicely by saying, "Who would dare to take you in when you're Mrs. Lewis? Unless... you ask Mr. Lewis for help."

Margaret fell silent straight away, knowing that there were no shortcuts for her, as Christopher was someone who would set clear boundaries between his work and personal life.

Seeing that she was only concerned about work, Elizabeth could not help but remind her, "Mr. Lewis hasn't returned home for days. Are you not worried about that?"

Shrugging her shoulders, she responded, "Well, that's beyond my control. What can I do?"

Elizabeth paused for a brief moment before continuing, "You can give him a call and ask him whether he wants to come back for dinner. It's best for both parties to communicate with each other in a marriage. I understand that both of you got married for a reason. The fact that Mr. Lewis agreed to marry you despite knowing your past proves that he likes you. Knowing his temper, you should stop being stubborn and be more compliant. What matters the most is the two of you being happy in the marriage."

Chapter 99

That's absurd! Margaret sneered inwardly before replying, "Are you kidding me? I was only eight years old when I joined the Lewis family! At that time, he was already eighteen years old and probably had a few girlfriends before. How would a teenager have feelings for a kid? Moreover, we got married because of what happened three years ago. It would make more sense to say that our marriage is just a show for public relations. We're still together because he knows that there will be tittle-tattle about our

relationship if we divorce. He's probably taking his revenge on me by forcing me to be stuck in this marriage for my whole life. He hates me to the extent that he's willing to sacrifice the rest of his life to gain revenge. Hence, it's ridiculous to say that he likes me!"

Hearing that, Elizabeth said straightforwardly, "Do you really think so? If Mr. Lewis really dedicates his whole life to taking revenge on you, it's more like torture to himself. He won't even bother to look at you if he truly despises you. If that's the case, he wouldn't have touched you!"

Elizabeth spoke tactfully but Margaret was aware of the meaning behind her words. In fact, Margaret had noticed Christopher's intimate acts toward her a few years back, and without a doubt, his actions made her skeptical about his feelings toward her.

Nonetheless, she ruled out such an absurd possibility when she thought of the intense hatred in his gaze whenever he stared at her. "Let's not talk about this anymore. I will feel it if he has feelings for me. Unfortunately, all I could feel from him is resentment toward me."

Elizabeth breathed out a sigh and fell silent.

After a long tiring day, Margaret went to bed early and had a few dreams. Waking up from her slumber, she could not remember anything from her dreams. Instead, all she could feel was her sweaty and sticky body.

The sky was beginning to turn bright. Getting out of bed, Margaret went to take a bath and suddenly felt out of breath in the closed bathroom. At first, she thought it was normal to feel out of breath in a cramped space, but she gradually felt more suffocated and lightheaded.

When she came out of the bathroom, she swiftly took in a few deep breaths to soothe herself. It was at that moment she felt a faint throbbing pain in her stomach.

A thought occurred to her. My period is late for about twenty days. Looks like my irregular sleep schedule is messing with my menstrual cycle.

Recalling the pain a while ago, she blushed slightly and touched her own chest. Well, I can feel my breasts swelling. My period should be here anytime soon.

After two whole weeks of continuous job hunting to no avail, Margaret started to accept her fate. *Without the Lewis family, I guess I'll probably starve to death.*

Out of boredom, she randomly clicked on the website that she previously used to sell her paintings online. As she browsed through, she realized that her painting had been sold to someone. *It's been half a month since the buyer placed the order. How strange. The person didn't even rush me for the delivery!*

In disbelief, Margaret double-checked the details and heaved a breath of relief when she confirmed the order to be true. Even though the pay was not a lot, she was still thankful for the income.

She withdrew the money and transferred them to Jodie without hesitation, not leaving any of it for herself. That order subsequently gave her hope and motivated her to create more art in her art room.

Seeing how focused and hardworking Margaret was, Elizabeth decided to send the meal to the art room for her instead of calling her to come downstairs for dinner. Christopher was not home most of the time,

and he would only come home once in a while to retrieve some stuff and leave right away. As such, there was no need to adhere to the rules of having dinner in the dining room.

When Elizabeth handed the plate of poached sea bass to Margaret, the latter rushed to the bathroom while covering her mouth and started dry retching.

The nauseating sensation caused her legs to turn jelly. As she got up weakly, she was stupefied to see the aggrieved look on Elizabeth's face. "Don't worry. It's not that your cooking is bad. The food is fine. It's just that I don't like the fishy smell," she explained.

Elizabeth asked in confusion, "I don't smell any fishy smell. How is your nose so sensitive?"

Unable to explain her reaction from a while ago, Margaret merely said, "Can you please cook me some vegetables? I don't think I can eat the fish."

Suddenly, Elizabeth thought about something and asked, "Meg, when was your last period?"

Margaret pondered before answering, "It's been one month. I think my unbalanced lifestyle contributes to my irregular period. However, I'm starting to experience

some premenstrual symptoms, so I think I'll have my period soon. I'll go for a checkup and get some medicine when I'm free. Don't worry about me."

Unsure, Elizabeth asked, "Is it possible that you're... pregnant?"

Chapter 100

Margaret's expression changed. "That's impossible," she said. Except for the first time, Christopher would always stop at the last moment and pull away. They only did it once, so she did not think the probability of getting pregnant was high.

Seeing how confident she was about not being pregnant, Elizabeth was worried. "Then something must be wrong. Don't wait. Go to the hospital to check now."

Margaret nodded. In fact, she had wanted to go to the hospital a few days ago, but she had given all her money to Jodie. Hence, she did not even have enough money to go for a checkup now.

As night fell, she had no appetite at all. She spent the whole afternoon running back and forth between the art room and washroom. Nausea and late period made her feel uneasy. She tried to look up her condition on the Internet. Nonetheless, the information she found did not ease her mind. Instead, she was scared to death because her symptoms were related to cancer. Panicking, she even suspected herself to have stomach cancer, as her stomach had always been weak.

Initially, Elizabeth thought Christopher would not be coming home, so she did not ask the kitchen to prepare dinner. However, to her surprise, he came back right before dinner that day.

After Fredrick greeted him, Christopher walked to the living room. "Mr. Lewis, are you having dinner at home?" Elizabeth walked up to him in a hurry and asked.

"Yeah," answered Christopher flatly before sitting down on the couch.

Hearing Christopher's voice downstairs, Margaret hesitated for a while before heading down. After all, she needed money to see a doctor. She was afraid the more she delayed, the more she would scare the hell out of herself.

Christopher turned a blind eye to Margaret, who walked down the stairs.

Biting the bullet, Margaret walked toward him and murmured in a low voice, "Can you borrow me some money?"

"For?" replied Christopher without even raising his head.

"To see a doctor," Margaret answered honestly.

"What's wrong?" Christopher frowned and finally lifted his head to glance at her.

"How would I know without seeing a doctor?" Margaret thought that his question was stupid, but she did not dare to speak her mind.

"What are your symptoms?" Christopher asked impatiently.

Margaret swallowed hard and was embarrassed to tell him. "Stop asking! I'll pay you back when I have money."

Christopher then took out a card from his wallet and threw it on the coffee table. After that, he ignored her again and picked up a magazine to read.

Immediately, Margaret took the card and thanked him. Then, she turned around and went upstairs after telling Elizabeth that she was not having dinner as she was so sleepy. Her eyelids felt extremely heavy, and all she wanted was to go to bed.

When dinner was ready, Christopher was quite unhappy when he did not see Margaret at the dining table. "Where is she?" he asked.

"Mrs. Lewis is not feeling well, so she's skipping dinner. She has had an upset stomach lately and has been vomiting. Her period is also late. I have asked her to go to the hospital to check as soon as possible," replied Elizabeth.

Christopher's eyes widened as soon as he heard that. "What did you say?"

Elizabeth pondered for a while to ensure what she just said was correct. After making sure she did not say anything she should not have said, she repeated, "Her period is late, so she needs to visit the hospital. Why don't you take her there, Mr. Jones?"

Upon hearing that, complicated emotions flashed across Christopher's eyes. However, he regained his composure soon and began eating dinner. "Let Noah bring her. I have something to do tonight."

Hearing that, Elizabeth let out a sigh and turned around to leave. After Elizabeth left, Christopher stopped eating and called Noah. "Send Mrs. Lewis to the hospital to see a gynecologist. Check if she is pregnant."

In less than a minute, Noah came in a hurry. Elizabeth quickly went upstairs to inform Margaret. When Margaret came down the stairs, she looked exhausted, and her face was pale, “Are we going right now? But I’m so sleepy..”

“Mrs. Lewis, you have to go see a doctor right away if you’re sick. It’s not good to delay. Mr. Lewis asked me to send you to the hospital right now, so please come with me.”

Taking a look at the dining room, Margaret had no choice but to leave with Noah.

When they arrived at the hospital, Noah brought Margaret straight to the gynecology department to make registrations.