

An Impossible Marriage Chapter 3

Chapter 3

After two minutes, Christopher's car continued moving forward, and she let out a sigh of relief. What was he doing when the car stopped? In the car, feeling worried, the chauffeur, Noah Carson asked, "Mr. Lewis, it's snowing. Are we really not letting Ms. Sullivan enter the car? Should we wait a little longer? What about I go down to invite her?" "Mind your own business." Looking at the skinny figure from the rearview mirror, Christopher felt inexplicably bothered. I've given her a chance by waiting for her for two minutes. Jodie felt bad for Margaret and was annoyed when she saw her all wet at school. "What did you do? You ride your bicycle to school when it's snowing so hard? Have you lost your mind? Come on, eat the breakfast now. It's still hot." Margaret smiled as she accepted the soy milk and pancakes from Jodie. There was some blood on her cracked lips. Jodie took a deep breath and said, "Your parents do not care about you, even for basic needs. They send you to school, but that's it. Were you adopted?" "I... My mom remarried when I was young, and my dad died ten years ago. It's nothing to do with them," Margaret explained. Then, she removed her wet jacket and drank the warm soy milk. She had been indifferent about the whole situation from the beginning. Anyone would feel heartache for her. Jodie ruffled her wet hair. "Why didn't you say so earlier? We've been friends since high school, but you never tell me anything. I'm glad you've decided to open up to me today. Your mum is so cold-hearted to leave such a pretty young lady like you behind. Who are you staying with now?" Who am I staying with? Margaret did not answer immediately. She was thinking of a way to address Christopher. Should I call him brother? "Brother," she answered. Jodie was confused and she asked, "Brother? Is he your biological brother? Even if he's your cousin, he won't let you lead such an awful life, right?" Margaret smiled, but she remained silent. Jodie sighed resignedly. "Have you bought the art materials the teacher asked us to buy?" Margaret shook her head. "I can't afford them for now, but I'll think of something." Three years ago, Christopher pinned her underneath him when he was drunk. She was innocent but not ignorant. That was the first time she rejected him. Although he did not force her, he said coldly, "You will be begging me one day." After that, he left the country without notice. She did not ask him to give her anything out of pity. Besides, she did not continue to eat at the Lewis residence. To support herself, she worked part-time. She knew she could not meet his demands or please him, and she did not have to anymore. Looking at Margaret's frown and her gloomy expression, Jodie felt her heart ache for the former. When she was about to say something, a gentle man's voice interrupted, "Meg, what happened? Why are you looking so down?" The person who spoke was Jenson Swanson. He was the second person in school whom Margaret would talk to. Dellmoor's upper-class social circle was not very big. Both Jodie and Jenson were part of it, but Margaret was not. "It's because of the art materials..." "Jodie!" Margaret cut in and shook her head discreetly. For some reason, she did not want Jenson to know about her situation. Suddenly, Jenson extended his hand to touch Margaret's forehead. "You're having a fever." Although he sounded like he was complaining, he had voluntarily removed his scarf and wrapped it around Margaret's neck. "If you fall sick, Jodie will start nagging you again." Margaret raised her eyes to

meet his gaze, and she noticed her heartbeat quicken. His smile was warm and composed, like the sun rays. Part of his fringes was covering his forehead, and his eyes sparkled. He was the second most good-looking person she had met. The first one was Christopher. Ten years ago, when she first met Christopher, he had amazed her. Her thoughts wandered away as she stared at Jenson, who was standing in front of her. She did not notice that a pair of sharp, dark eyes were watching them from the corridor outside the art room.