

# Love Hate CHAPTER 4

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- “Who is that?” Christopher asked as his eyes were glued to Margaret and Jenson who were by her side.
- The headmaster, standing beside Christopher, smiled as he responded, “Mr. Lewis, do you mean Jenson? He is from the Swanson family. You might have heard of him. He is a third-year student. Usually, the three of them will mingle together.”
- “Next time, I don’t wish to see him appear anymore at Hegbert College of Art. No, I mean Dellmoor,” Christopher said as he walked away, expressionless. After taking a few steps, he stopped in his tracks and continued, “Also, I’ll sponsor anonymously all of Margaret’s expenses at Hegbert College of Art.”
- The headmaster immediately lowered his head. “Yes, sure. Goodbye.”
- Margaret pushed her bicycle tiredly to the school gate after school. She was waiting for Jenson so that she could return his scarf to him.
- “Meg, are you waiting for Jenson? He returned home in the afternoon to settle some family matters.” Jodie walked toward her and took out a small plastic bag from her bag. “Here you go. He asked me to pass this medicine to you. Remember to eat them.”
- Margaret looked at the medicine but did not take it from Jodie. “There’s no need for this. Help me return his scarf to him. I’ll go back first.” As Christopher had returned, she had to be home on time every day.
- Jodie pushed the small plastic bag into her hands. “Don’t be stubborn. I can tell he likes you. And I know you sense it too.”
- A reddish hue formed on Margaret’s pale cheeks. “Don’t spout nonsense. I’m heading off.”
- As soon as she finished speaking, she walked away while pushing her bicycle. Before she could take two steps, Christopher’s car sped past her and came to a sudden stop less than one meter away from her.
- Jodie was about to yell at the driver when Margaret covered her mouth immediately. “Don’t worry, it’s nothing. You can leave first.”
- Margaret could see Christopher sitting in the backseat with a darkened expression through the windshield.
- He did not have much patience. Hearing the sound of the honk, she quickly parked her bicycle by the side and got into the car.
- Jodie was dumbfounded. She wanted to say something, but the car had driven off.
- In the car, Margaret looked down at her lap, afraid to say anything. It was the first time Christopher had come to pick her up from school. She was not surprised but shocked.
- “Do you have a boyfriend now?” Christopher asked, seemingly nonchalant.
- Margaret thought of Jenson and shook her head nervously. “No.” At the same time, she held on tightly to the medicine.
- “Jenson won’t appear anymore,” Christopher sneered as he turned to look at her.
- Margaret raised her head, feeling alarmed. “What did you say?”
- Her response irritated him. “This whole life, besides atoning for your sins, you don’t have to do anything else, including being in a relationship, getting married, or having babies. Do you understand?”
- His tone was icy, and she froze. At that moment, she despised the guy in front of her. Why is he taking everything I like away from me? But I don’t even have the right to hate him.

- Very quickly, the car arrived at the Lewis residence. Christopher noticed the plastic bag Margaret was holding the moment they got out of the car. His expression darkened. "Stop there."
- Margaret's body stiffened. In the next second, the bag of medicine was snatched from her grasp and thrown to the side of the road.
- She lowered her head and walked quietly to the back door. She could not remember how long ago it was since Christopher forbade her to enter from the front door because she would run into him. She remembered him saying that she could only appear when he wanted to meet her.
- "Come to my room tonight," Christopher ordered as he entered through the main door. His darkened expression frightened his bodyguards. Only Elizabeth and Fredrick came forward to welcome him. "Mr. Lewis, welcome home."
- He acknowledged them flatly. But when he arrived at the stairs, he stopped and instructed, "From now on, Margaret must eat at home." She's so frail. Does she want to tell people that I abuse her?
- Elizabeth smiled and replied, "Yes, Mr. Lewis. I will make sure Ms. Sullivan has proper meals."
- At night, Margaret assisted Elizabeth in cleaning the kitchen. Elizabeth touched her freezing hands while feeling sorry for her. "Okay, you've done enough. Rest early. You don't have to help me anymore. Take a look at the cracks in your hands. Mr. Lewis is actually very nice to you, Meg. Don't be so stubborn. Don't you understand him? He's nice if you listen to him. I've watched him grow up. He's not a bad person."
- Margaret did not say anything. She kept working, mopping the floor over and over, as she did not want to look for him.
- The Lewis residence was huge. However, Elizabeth did not have too much workload. Shortly, all the chores were done.
- When it was eleven at night, Margaret mustered her courage to go upstairs. She cautiously knocked on the door, but there was no response from the bedroom.
- She turned to leave. However, after some hesitation, she pushed open the door and entered. She knew the consequences of not listening to him.
- The bedroom lights were off. So, it was pitch black. She tip-toed forward and asked, "Are you asleep?"
- The next second, Christopher's voice sounded from behind her, "Did I ask you to come at midnight?"
- She shivered and fumbled to switch on the lights. However, she tripped on something on the ground. With a scream, she tumbled forward.