

Chapter 131

After dinner, Christopher retired into his study while Margaret lay in bed, examining the letter sent by “Mr. Xenos.” She had gone through its contents innumerable times. Other than evoking certain emotions in her heart every time she read it, it proved to be of no further use.

Just as she was deep in contemplation, Jodie sent her a message out of the blue. Upon opening it, she could not help but chuckle.

I heard that if you’re having a baby girl, your skin’s complexion will improve. If it’s a baby boy, not only is it the contrary, but you’ll also gain a lot of weight during pregnancy! How much weight have you gained recently? Can you tell whether it’s a boy or a girl?

To be honest, Margaret had never thought about such matters before. However, as of then, she was intrigued.

She got up and took a good look at herself in the mirror but failed to see any changes in her complexion. Then, she weighed herself and discovered that she had gained almost two kilograms. Oh, no! I’ve only been pregnant for such a short while, and I’ve already gained almost two kilos? How much will I weigh during my third trimester then? No, I have to control my appetite. I can’t go on eating as much as I please. It’s not necessarily healthy of me to do that!

The door was abruptly pushed open as she stood on the weighing scale while gently caressing her tummy and replying to Jodie’s text message. She reflexively turned her head to look and saw it was Christopher. It seems like he’s done with work.

All of a sudden, she recalled that the letter was still on the bed. Frantically, she tried to rush over to retrieve it, but it was too late. Christopher walked straight to the bed and directly picked up the letter as soon as he laid eyes on it.

Margaret’s heart was in her mouth. Even if Christopher discovered the existence of this letter, it was meaningless because there was no follow-up to it.

The man’s face fell as he read the letter. She strode forward and snatched it from his grip but did not know what to say.

Bringing up the past would affect not only her but also Christopher. That plane crash had caused both him and her to lose their loved ones.

“Did you go out because of this yesterday?” he questioned expressionlessly.

Margaret nodded while responding affirmatively, “Yes...”

Christopher narrowed his eyes; his gaze was cold as ice. “So? What did you find out?”

The young woman shook her head. “The address stated on the letter was not occupied. Since I couldn’t find the sender, I can’t obtain any substantial evidence. I’ll definitely get to the bottom of this. I don’t believe that my father caused—”

Before she could finish her words, he interrupted, "That's enough! What 'sender' are you referring to when there's none, to begin with? Even if you want to clear your guilt, you should find a more convincing method! What's the point of cooking up such lies?"

Margaret was not scared of his outburst; she had sufficient courage when it pertained to that matter. "I didn't cook up any lie. Someone did send this letter to me! What if my dad was a victim as well? Don't you want to uncover the truth and punish the real perpetrator? If there's someone who knows about this incident in detail, it means that things aren't as easy as they seem!"

He grabbed her by her shoulders so forcefully that it felt like her bones were breaking. "You just can't wait to leave me—that's why you want to free yourself from your guilt like this, right? I've told you before that I'll let you go once you've given birth; this is the only avenue! Since you want to leave so badly, I'll grant you your wish!"

As soon as he finished, Margaret felt her world spiral out of control. Christopher then seized her tightly in his arms and pinned her down on the bed.

A mixture of emotions came crashing over him, and he could sense the dreadful premonition of losing everything assault him once more. In the end... does she want to leave me too?

Margaret's heart was overwhelmed with fear as she stared at the man who went berserk. "Christopher, don't be like this... I'm scared..."

Alas, he paid no heed to her desperate pleas. She felt helpless, like a lone raft drifting on the raging seas, facing the possibility of being devoured by the tempest at any second.

Things finally quietened down after a long while. Christopher got up and walked into the bathroom without turning back.

Chapter 132

Listening to the sound of water flowing from the bathroom, Margaret lay on the bed motionlessly as though she were a puppet whose strings had snapped. It felt like something had exploded within her heart, causing her to feel pain and sorrow.

Shortly, Christopher left the Lewis residence. The sound of his car engine faded away into the distance.

The same scenario had repeated itself countless times, and she ended up being broken into pieces once more. However, that time around, those feelings came more fiercely than before.

The next day, Margaret went to the office on time as usual. What happened the night before caused her to have nightmares, so she did not look well.

Casper was taken aback when he saw her. "What did you and Christopher do yesterday night? Your dark circles can almost occupy your entire face..."

She shook her head in silence. With an odd expression, he inquired, "Is it... because of Jenson?"

Confused, she answered with a question, "What's the matter with Jenson?"

Casper faked a laugh and brushed it off. "Oh, it's nothing. I was merely asking a random question. You should go and do your work."

Although Margaret was puzzled about why he would suddenly mention Jenson, she did not dwell on the matter. She was still shaken from what had happened the night before and had not recovered from the shock yet. Thankfully, nothing happened to the baby in her womb.

Her phone suddenly rang sometime past ten in the morning. Upon seeing the incoming caller's number, she hesitated for a moment before answering the phone. "Hello?"

Jenson's desolate voice rang out from the other end of the line. "I want to see you now. Can I?"

As she was familiar with his temperament, she knew he was not someone who was so emotional to the extent that he would casually ask to see her during working hours. Out of concern, she asked, "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

Instead of answering her question, Jenson said, "Let's talk face-to-face. I just... I really want to see you now... I'm near your office. Just turn left when you come down, and you'll see my car."

After Margaret hung up the phone, she headed to Casper's office and knocked on his door. His voice could be heard from within as he uttered, "Come in."

She pushed open the door and strode forward. "Uh... I need to go out for a bit. Can I take leave? But I don't know if I can come back to work later today."

Casper was busy looking through some documents, so he responded without even glancing at her, "Go, go. It doesn't matter what time you come back to work, as long as you go home on time. I don't want Christopher coming after me to look for you."

She nodded in response, spun on her heels, and exited his office. Upon leaving the building, she turned left as Jenson had instructed. It did not take long for her to spot a black sports car parked at the side of the road. Her instinct told her that it was Jenson's car.

The young lady walked forward without the intention of getting into the vehicle. Jenson rolled down his car window, saying, "Hop in first."

Margaret was rather hesitant to do so. After all, she was a married woman. Moreover, a scandal involving the two of them had happened previously, so it was best to keep a distance. "Uh... Is there anything important? I'm supposed to be working now... You can just tell me here."

Jenson drooped his head slightly, the disappointment in his eyes evident. Under the refraction of light, his side profile revealed a sorrowful emotion lurking within him. "I never expected this day to come—that we would have to be worried about just sitting down and having a chat."

Biting her lip, she opened the car door and sat in the front passenger seat. "It's not that. I... I just don't want to skip work."

The man did not expose her lie. As he drove the car forward, he suddenly changed the topic, "Meg, do you love Christopher?"

Margaret was surprised. She did not understand why he would suddenly ask her such a question.

After all, he was engaged, and she was married and was carrying a child. Regardless of the situation, it would be inappropriate for both of them to discuss their relationship issues. "Jenson... We—"

As though he could guess what she was going to say, he interjected, "You only need to answer me. Don't think about anything else. Whatever I ask, you answer."

Chapter 133

Margaret had discovered since the beginning that Jenson was behaving abnormally that day. Because of his question, she was even more convinced that something was off with him. "Jenson, tell me, what's the matter? You... don't seem like yourself today."

The man took a deep breath and flashed her his usual warm smile. "It's nothing... Meg, I just haven't talked to you alone for a long time. I know that you have your concerns, but can you let go of them for now and answer my question?"

After a brief moment of contemplation, Margaret replied, "I don't know. He's taken care of me for so many years and is now my husband. It would be a lie to say that I have no feelings toward him."

The smile on Jenson's face stiffened. "Your feelings toward him... Are they a feeling of kinship or romantic love? Can you differentiate them clearly? What if... What if I want you to abandon everything and leave with me? Would you say yes?"

His question stunned her. "W-What are you saying? You're already engaged! What in the world is going on?"

It was evident that the uncharacteristic behavior of the calm, collected Jenson caused her to feel somewhat unnerved. Something grave must have happened for a person's personality to change drastically.

Emotions rippled through Jenson's eyes as if they could whip up a storm whenever. "It was Christopher who forced me to leave the country and get engaged with Waverly. None of them was done on my own accord!"

Margaret felt exceedingly guilty. That's right... All this happened because of me. But, even then... Would I be able to abandon everything and leave with him? If it were me from three years ago, perhaps I would agree to it without the slightest bit of hesitation. But now... I can't.

"If this were three years ago, if I weren't married and you were still single... and if I weren't carrying such a heavy burden... I would say yes in a heartbeat. Jenson, no matter what happens, Jo and I are here for you. You can tell me anything and everything; I'll be your best listener."

In the end, she made her stance clear—that was, like Jodie, to be his friend.

Jenson chuckled and said, "I'm satisfied enough to hear this answer, I'm fine; I just wanted to see you all of a sudden, I'm sorry to have bothered you, I'll send you back

now." He steered the car around and headed in the direction from which they came.

Margaret heaved a sigh of relief. Everyone would have a moment when they would go through a meltdown, and in such a scenario, they needed someone to console them. She felt that Jenson was

having one of those moments, and he was in a rush to find someone to support him emotionally. When the haze looming over his mind dissipated, everything would return to normal again, so she did not need to fret over

Meanwhile, Megan was having a confrontation with Hannah in the living room of the Jenkins residence.

“There’s no way I’m leaving Christopher! Don’t even think about clearing the way for Margaret, that b*tch! You were the one who allowed me to get together with him at the beginning! I know she’s your daughter, but am I not too?”

Immensely irritated by her stepdaughter, Hannah slapped Megan on the face. “That’s enough! Can you get Christopher to help our family? If you can’t, then get your hands off him! I will not have my hard work go down the drain because of you, you good-for-nothing girl! How in the world did I end up having a daughter like you?”.

Hannah had promised Margaret that she would have Megan distance herself from Christopher while she herself would not appear in front of her anymore. As she had vowed to do so, she must keep her word, as that was the only way things would change for the better for the Jenkins family.

Megan did not understand Hannah’s actions. Covering her swollen face with one hand, she hissed through gritted teeth, “You hit me again... Very well then! Since I’m not good enough to be your daughter, I won’t be your daughter anymore!”

At that, she turned and rushed out of the house.

Hannah did not go after her. Her body relaxed as she slumped onto the couch and closed her eyes. She was simply too weary to care about anything else other than Margaret’s response.

Megan sped all the way to Soaring Design in her car. There was rage pent up within her, and she could not find a way to let it out and make herself feel better except by venting it at Margaret,

Chapter 134

The motherly love that was once hers alone was split into two right in front of her. Hannah, who had never hit her, had done so twice for Margaret. She could not take it anymore.

On the other hand, Jenson drove to Soaring Design’s office building. Still worried about him, Margaret said, “Jenson, even though I don’t know what happened to you, I’m sure nothing will be able to crush you. The Jenson I know is an excellent man.”

Looking at her, he smiled. “Meg, you don’t need to know what happened to me. Even if you do, it’s still something that only involves me. It has nothing to do with you, so don’t worry. Thank you for coming out to meet with me. Hurry back now.”

At that, the two exchanged smiles. For a moment, Margaret thought they had gone back in time to their university days. She finally relaxed and gave Jenson a hug as her farewell. That hug was a simple one that meant nothing else but their many years of friendship.

That was the scene Megan, who had rushed over, saw. She had just reached and had not gotten out of the car when she witnessed the hug going on in Jenson’s car.

The hatred she felt toward Margaret grew exponentially. How can a woman like Margaret flit between so many men? Why did Christopher marry someone like her?

With that thought, the rage boiled in her. She gripped the steering wheel tightly and slammed her foot on the accelerator.

In the next second, after a loud bang, Jenson's car spun and crashed against the short wall by the flowerbeds. The world whirled around Margaret before her head collided against the car window. Her vision went out, and a second before she closed her eyes, she saw Megan's hateful look through the window.

When Margaret opened her eyes again, she was already at the hospital. The sky outside was dark, and the smell of disinfectant wafted across her nose. The ceiling above her was pure white, and she could see the IV drip at the side of her bed.

Her mind was blank for a while before the memories came rushing back in. Megan had crashed into Jenson's car, and clearly, it was a deliberate act!

Jenson! He was in the car too! At that, Margaret struggled to get out of bed. Almost immediately, the pain that wracked her body, especially her abdomen, made cold sweat bead on her forehead.

She then reached out and gently pressed her belly. Right as she was about to call for the nurse, someone opened the door to her ward. The one who entered was Jenson. He seemed fine, other than the bandage around his head.

When Jenson saw that she was awake, he was thrilled. However, other emotions soon, appeared as well, and he muttered, "Meg... Y-You had a miscarriage."

Hearing that, Margaret froze. The hand she had on her tummy earlier crumpled her clothes when she clenched her fist. "What... What did you just say?"

Jenson squeezed out, "You had a miscarriage... I didn't know you were pregnant. I'm sorry. Nothing would have happened if I didn't invite you out. The police have already established a case. We'll find out the results soon."

Margaret was silent as tears rolled down her cheeks.

She could not believe that her child had left her just like that. My baby has been with me for only such a short time. Just a while ago, my baby cheekily changed my preferences for food and made me gain weight, but now...

After a moment, she gritted out, "I saw the one who crashed into us.

Right as Jenson parted his lips to say something, someone else entered the room. This time, it was Christopher.

Fury was visible on his face, and along with his towering figure, he looked like someone no one should come close to. Even Noah, who was behind him, seemed wary. Clearly, Christopher had found out about everything.

Chapter 135

Before Margaret could say anything, Christopher strode toward Jenson and punched the latter. "Mr. Swanson, tsk! I wonder why you've invited my wife out of the office."

Blood seeped out from the corner of Jenson's lips. The man clenched his fists but did not return the blow. "I admit that I'm at fault here, so I'll accept this punch from you. However, there isn't anything inappropriate going on between Meg and me, so don't put her in a difficult spot."

Nevertheless, Christopher rolled up his sleeves and loosened his tie. It seemed like he was not going to stop there. "Mind your words. Who do you think you are, huh?"

It was Margaret's first time seeing Christopher behaving that way, so she was frightened out of her wits. Despite the pain, she clenched her teeth and shielded Jenson. "Christopher, it has nothing to do with him! Our car was right beside the road back then->

Before she could finish her sentence, Christopher suddenly laughed. "Our'? Ha. Very well, Margaret. 'Our'! Whose b*stard child did you lose today?"

B*stard child?

Margaret's mind imploded. "It's... It's yours... The baby's not a b*stard child..."

Unable to hold himself back anymore, Jenson roared, "Christopher Lewis, do you have to be suspicious of that? Don't you know well whose child it is?"

Christopher then shoved Margaret away and grabbed Jenson's collar. "Shut up!"

Losing her balance, Margaret fell to the foot of the bed. Instantly, a sharp pain spread from her abdomen to every corner of her body.

Cold sweat drenched her in seconds, and she tried but failed to rise to her feet a few times, Noticing that, Noah muttered, "Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis, she..."

Christopher then turned to look at Margaret. Finally, he gnashed his teeth and let go of Jenson before glaring at her. "You owe me an explanation!"

Jenson's first response was to help Margaret up, but Noah hastily stopped him. "Mr. Swanson, please leave first. This is now the Lewis family's personal matter. Please don't intervene."

Tenson understood what Noah meant. He cast one last worried look at Margaret and hesitated before trudging toward the door.

There were things he wanted to say, but he did not know if he should say them at that moment. One wrong word and a fight would break out. Margaret would be trapped between a rock and a hard place in that case.

After exiting the room, Noah closed the door behind him, leaving Margaret and Christopher alone in the room.

A moment of silence later, Christopher stated, "You've really let me down."

Margaret, who was sitting on the cold, hard floor, lowered her eyes and bit her lips. "Sorry. I never once made you feel happy since young."

“What’s with the child?” he asked, steering the topic back to the baby.

“I haven’t thought of how I should tell you about it...Margaret managed to stop her tears, but she could not stop her body from shaking like a leaf.

“Is it mine?” he hissed, staring at her the entire time.

“Am I that easy of a person to you?” The smile was still on Margaret’s ashen face.

Again, the ward fell silent. Looking at her miserable look made frustration spike in Christopher. All of a sudden, he shot forward to grab her and threw her on the bed. “Stop playing the pity card! If the child is mine, and if you wanted to leave that badly, you should’ve told me right away! Why did you hide this from me, huh? You never thought of keeping the child, did you? That means one thing—the child has nothing to do with the Lewis family!”

His words bombarded her like a barrage of bullets, and she could barely breathe under the weight of them. The words died in her mind before she could even form them in her mouth.

In the end, Christopher kicked the door open and left. A while after, Elizabeth rushed to the hospital. “Meg, why did something like this happen?”

Margaret did not answer her. She just leaned against the headboard and quietly cried.

Elizabeth’s heart broke at the sight of that. She carefully wiped Margaret’s tears away and consoled, “Don’t cry, don’t cry. You can’t cry after what happened. It won’t be good for your health, Lie down now. You can have another child next time, so you can’t neglect your body like this now.”

Chapter 136

Margaret obediently lay down. When she finally calmed down, Elizabeth said, “When did you get pregnant? You silly girl, why did you hide this from me? Why didn’t you tell Mr. Lewis about this? He’ll surely be angry with you after this. Also, why did you meet Jenson? What man could possibly not mind something like this? You should keep a distance from people of the opposite sex next time, okay?”

Margaret closed her eyes. “It’s not what you think it is. I need some space now.”

Elizabeth sighed and tucked her in before leaving the room. “I’ll bring some food for you. I’ll be back soon.”

Silence returned to the room. Margaret lay unmoving for a while before taking out her phone to call Jodie. At that moment, what she wanted to do the most was to meet her best friend, who knew her best.

The call went through quickly. The second she heard Jodie’s voice, she burst into tears again. “Jo, I’m in the hospital. Can you come now?”

Jodie jumped in shock. “What? Why are you in the hospital? What happened?”

Margaret weakly mumbled, “I’ll tell you when you’re here.”

After she hung up the call, Jodie hastily put down her ladle and ran to the doorway. When Raina saw her dashing out, she asked, “Where are you going?”

Having no time to explain, Jodie only responded, "I need to take a quick trip to the hospital and might not come home tonight. I've made two dishes, so just finish them. Just leave the dishes in the basin once you're done. I'll wash them when I'm back."

Raina glanced at the kitchen and frowned. "You've only made two plates of vegetables. How am I supposed to be full with just that? No matter how much rush you're in, you should prioritize your mother's meal, right?"

Jodie stopped in her tracks as her expression darkened. "Mom, I'm tired. I work every day until late at night. You can learn how to do household chores and cooking. It's meaningless for you to play poker all day."

Raina's eyes were wide as saucers, and her brows raised in shock. "Jodie Clark! Are you complaining that I'm a freeloader? I never did anything when your dad was around, but now you're lording me around? I'm playing poker in hopes of getting more money for the family! It's not like I know other ways to earn. Did I raise you to

this age so that you can reprimand me?"

Jodie did not respond to her. Ever since her father passed away, her mother's character drastically changed. Initially, she thought it was because of the shock, but later on, she realized that her mother had those bad habits for a long time—doing nothing, playing poker, and spending money without thinking of saving. When life was good back then, Raina's character was all right, but now, she had become mean and extreme.

The moment she closed the door and left, she heard the sound of something getting thrown around. She ignored it and continued to take the elevator down.

It was rush hour, so the traffic was bad. Furthermore, it was tough to hail any cabs nearby. Hence, Jodie waited by the side of the road for a long time. When she fished out her phone to check the time, she realized that she had a missed call from Jenson fifty minutes ago. Just as she was about to call him, a black Bentley stopped in front of her. The car window wound down, and Steven poked his head out of the car. "Where are you going? Why don't I send you there?"

Hearing that made Jodie feel a little awkward. Steven was now her employer, so she could not bring herself to talk to him as firmly as she used to. "I... I'm going to the hospital. It's fine if you're not going that way. I'll wait for a cab to come."

At that, Steven gave her a slight smile. "I'm free right now, so it's okay. Hop on."

Since he seemed to be nonchalant about the matter, she decided to do the same.

After getting in the car, Steven casually asked, "Why are you going to the hospital?"

Chapter 137

Jodie replied, "My friend's in the hospital, Aren't you good friends with Christopher? Shouldn't you know that his wife is in the hospital?"

In fact, Steven was clueless. "Did that just happen? I didn't hear anything about it. I've got something to do tonight, so I won't be visiting. Speaking of which, as your employer, I need to remind you of

something. Your performance at work isn't too great lately. It seems like you're... rather tired every day. A young woman like you should have sufficient sleep at night. It's not good to stay up until the wee hours."

Jodie managed to resist the urge to retort and replied, "Thank you for your reminder. I'll keep that in mind."

He was not much older than her, but he just had to make himself sound as if he was a senior in life. That was what she could not stand.

After reaching the hospital, she sighed in relief. Holding tightly to the last shred of her rationality, Jodie bid Steven farewell.

Upon entering Margaret's ward, Jodie was greeted with the sight of her friend's frail look. Margaret looked exceptionally pale, and her red lips were almost as white as her face. "Meg, what happened?"

Margaret then supported herself to an upright position before squeezing out a smile. "Sit first. Let me catch my breath."

Jodie helped Margaret up. After finding out about the entire incident, fury vibrated through Jodie's being. "That b*tch Megan! She wants you dead! I can't believe she did something like this. Karma should've gotten to her! Don't worry, Meg. We have surveillance cameras everywhere, so she won't be able to escape from this. You're Christopher's wife, so the police will certainly solve this quickly. At most, we'll get the results by tomorrow. Her deliberate assault that made you have a miscarriage will surely get her locked up for a few years. No wonder Jenson called. I didn't pick up his call earlier. He must have called to tell me about this. Darn it. I'm so angry!"

Margaret muttered half-jokingly, "If I knew you were going to be this angry, I wouldn't have asked you to come. Sorry for making you worry."

Tears sprang to Jodie's eyes when she heard that. "Why are you saying that? I'm shocked that Christopher isn't by your side at a time like this. Doesn't that mean that you were all alone before I came? I can't believe he even thought that the baby wasn't his. Honestly, you're unlucky to have encountered this while Jenson was with you. He

had no choice but to take his punch in silence..."

Mulling over Jenson's strange demeanor, Margaret then asked, "Do you know what happened to Jenson lately? There's something odd about him. It was weird for him to suddenly invite me out. If not for his bizarre behavior, I wouldn't have agreed to meet him alone."

At that, the look on Jodie's face turned peculiar as she averted her eyes from Margaret. "I... I've been busy with work to earn a living for my mother, so I haven't been in contact with him for a while. Speaking of which, shouldn't you be more concerned about your wellbeing at a time like this? Why are you still thinking about him? Be honest with me-do you still like him?"

Margaret lowered her head. A beat later, she mumbled, "I don't know. Jo, don't ask me that. Actually... Maybe... I don't know how to categorize the place Jenson has in my heart. I... just feel happy when I'm with him. Even if the sky comes down on us,

I'll still be fine with it."

Jodie drew her brows together. "That's a dangerous thought to have. Still, I'm rather curious about what you feel when you're with Christopher. Why don't you tell me about it, and I'll analyze it for you?"

What I feel when I'm with Christopher?

Margaret pondered about everything that happened to her in the past before saying, "I find him scary. Every time I'm with him, I'm terrified and wary. I'm afraid of making him unhappy. He's an eccentric person. He's an angel to everyone and everything but me. To me, he's the devil. However, I can't think of the times when he was horrible to me. As a matter of fact, he'll buy me medication for my upset stomach. When I tell him I don't like the smell of nicotine, he stopped smoking around me."

Chapter 138

"But still, I'm instinctively afraid of him. Yet, when he smiles, it's as if nothing else matters in the world anymore. Maybe I'm subconsciously thinking of our interaction as a way for me to atone for my sins. I keep thinking of how I can make him happy and how I can not make him mad... I don't want to keep living like this for the rest of my life. Eventually, I'll find out the truth about my father's incident. I don't want to stay as a sinner by his side for the rest of my life."

Jodie sighed. "I understand now. The two of you won't be able to have a harmonious life. I'm sure you're even fearful of him when you're in bed with him. Spending time together is something required to adjust your lifestyle. You can grow feelings for one another through sleeping with each other. As long as a man loves you enough, you'll be able to make him do anything. If he doesn't, you'll have to stay lowly in the family forever. Forget it. It's pointless to say anything now. Let's take one step at a time. I'll be waiting for Megan to go straight to jail. Rest well. You still have a long way to go, got it?"

Margaret nodded quietly. Indeed, she could only take a step at a time for now.

Soon, Elizabeth returned with a nutritious meal. After opening the thermal food jar, Jodie scooped out the oatmeal porridge. "I'll feed her."

Elizabeth, who wanted someone to accompany Margaret anyway, smiled and said, "Okay. By the way, Meg, I heard from Fredrick that Mr. Lewis has gone to the police station. He's still worried about you. You shouldn't give him the cold shoulder after being discharged from the hospital, okay? What disagreement can a married couple not solve, right?"

Margaret did not answer her, but Jodie chimed in, "I didn't think he'd actually be concerned about the matter."

Elizabeth rubbed her hands and paused for a second before stating, "There's something else. I heard that the one who crashed into you was the Jenkins family's driver. He was driving a sports car at that time, and he accidentally crashed into Mr. Swanson's car. Mey, did you see what happened? Do you have any other clues you can provide to the police? With the kind of relationship that the Jenkins family and the Lewis family now have, this is probably going to be resolved in private. It'll be settled with financial compensation. Even if he does get locked up, it won't be for long."

Margaret sufficed, "What did you say!"

Elizabeth was shocked by her sudden reaction, and she said after a moment, "I said... the police found out that the one who crashed into you was the Jenkins family's driver. He was driving one of the Jenkins family's sports cars, and he accidentally—".

Before she could finish speaking, Margaret interrupted, "That's impossible! The one., who crashed into me was Megan. I saw it with my own two eyes! Although I didn't catch a clear glimpse of the car model and plate number, I saw who the driver was. There's no way that's the driver. Jenson stopped his car by my office building, and there's no way it was an accident with how quick Megan was driving."

Elizabeth gasped. "Really? I'll have to tell Mr. Lewis right away!"

Margaret shook her head. "No. He'll be able to figure it out himself. Yes, he will. The only thing I'm not sure of is whether or not he'll cover up for Megan."

Meanwhile, outside the interrogation room in the police station, Christopher was sitting on the bench. His long legs were folded, and his head was slightly drooped. It looked like he was relaxed, but he had a solemn expression on his face.

Hannah arrived late. When she came to a stop by Christopher's side, she was still panting. Nevertheless, she remained as composed as she always was. "Sorry, the traffic was bad, so I was late. Is Margaret all right?"

Christopher did not lift his head to look at her. "She's fine. It's just a miscarriage."

Just... a miscarriage?

For a moment, Hannah did not know whether or not he was being sarcastic. Still, she was stunned. "A miscarriage? She was pregnant? I'm sorry... This is my driver's fault. Do you want to settle this privately or something? Do speak your mind."

It was then Christopher finally raised his head to look at her. "Are you sure that the one driving back then was the driver?"

Chapter 139

Hannah forced herself to calm down. "O-Of course. I couldn't have remembered the matter wrong. Megan was fighting with me at home. She went out drinking too much the day before, so her friend was the one to send her home; she left her sports car ! there, so I had the driver get the car the next day. I never thought that an accident would happen. Yes, I remember it clearly. Regardless of everything, we're the ones at fault because the driver's working for the Jenkins family. Just tell us how we should resolve the matter. We'll agree to anything."

Christopher did not reply to her immediately. Staring at him, Hannah bit down hard on her lip, nearly breaking the skin..

A moment later, he finally said, "You're Margaret's mother, and Megan's her stepsister. We'll have to settle this in private. I'll have someone talk to you about this matter. I have something else to do, so I'll take my leave first."

At that, Hannah let out a sigh of relief. "Okay, please take good care of Margaret. I... won't be visiting her."

Christopher did not respond. He only stood up and left with a mocking sneer on his face.

After settling the matter at the police station, Hannah returned to the Jenkins residence. Megan was anxious at home, and when she saw Hannah, she hastily went up to her. "Mom, how was it? Did Christopher suspect that I did it? He doesn't know that it's me, right?"

In the next second, Hannah slapped her. "I can't believe you're shameless enough to ask that!"

When Justin saw that his precious daughter was hit, he ran over to stop Hannah. "What are you doing? Is the daughter you had with Nicholas that important? I hope you remember that Megan's your daughter as well! She's our daughter!"

Hannah was filled with nothing but rage as she looked at the father-and-daughter duo. "Justin, do you know that your dear daughter tried to murder someone? She's committing a crime! Why are you still defending her at a time like this? I shouldn't have gone to the station to deal with this; I should've just let you continue making a mess out of this, Do you know what this means? Huh? Even if I've settled the matter, Margaret had a miscarriage. Who's the baby's father? It's Christopher! Will he save the Jenkins family after this? Keep dreaming!"

Finally, Justin realized how grave the matter was. He then began grumbling, "Megan, why didn't you think before doing this?" | |

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Megan pitifully wiped her tears away and mumbled, "It's because Mom won't let me see Christopher again. I love him so much. Without him, I can't live. I only did this because I was so, so angry. Moreover... I didn't know she was pregnant! Still, I'm glad she had a miscarriage. There's no way I'd let her have Christopher's baby!"

Livid, Hannah thought of slapping her again. However, she realized it was too tiring to keep staying angry, so she huffed, "The two of you can do whatever you want. I don't care anymore!"

With that said, she headed upstairs to return to her room. The moment the door was locked, her angry demeanor seeped away, and her face softened, tears brimming her eyes.

After mulling over the entire matter, she took out her phone and called Margaret. However, the latter rejected her call. Finally, the tears in her eyes streamed down her cheeks

On the other hand, in the hospital, Jodie looked at Margaret and asked, "That was your mother, right? Are you really not going to pick it up?"

"We have nothing to talk about," Margaret responded flatly.

Jodie frowned and fell silent. By the time she left the hospital, it was midnight. When she went back home, the place was empty but messy.

After cleaning everything up, Jodie collapsed onto her bed, no longer wanting to move. A while later, she reluctantly called Raina. Once the call went through, she heard the sounds of shuffling cards.

Without a doubt, Raina must be playing poker again. Annoyed, she snapped, "Can you stop playing poker? Look at the time! Are you going to stay out the whole night?"

Chapter 140

Raina's temper flared. "I thought you didn't care about me? Since you don't care, I'll take care of myself. I came out to eat and play poker. I'm going to play through the night, so I'm not going home. Mind your own business, and leave me alone!"

When the call ended, Jodie felt the urge to scream to vent her frustration. If she were not worried about being complained about by her neighbors, she could have gone on for ten minutes. I can't go on like this. Sooner or later, I might go crazy!

Three days later, Margaret was discharged and returned to the Lewis residence.

According to Fredrick, Christopher had not returned home for the past three days.

*As she wanted to know about the current situation of the car accident, she asked,

"What about the car accident? How did he handle it?"

Fredrick replied honestly, "The person who caused the car accident was the driver of the Jenkins family. He said it was an accident, so they settled it privately. I heard it was Mrs. Jenkins who came forward to deal with it."

Margaret was stunned. A second later, she gritted her teeth and snarled, "What did you say? Are... Are you sure it was Hannah who came forth to settle things? Christopher dealt with everything in my place. Did he not investigate this matter properly?"

Or could it be that they know the truth but choose to keep quiet to protect Megan?

A sigh fell from Fredrick's lips. "That's right. It was Mrs. Jenkins. I'm afraid you will need to ask Mr. Lewis for further information."

He's right! I should look for Christopher! Despite her frail body, Margaret rushed out of the house.

Seeing her action, Elizabeth ran after her in an attempt to stop her. "What are you doing, Meg? Can't you wait for Mr. Lewis to come back? The doctor said you need to be on bed rest for the next few days!"

Meanwhile, Fredrick hastened to get the car from the garage. "Mrs. Lewis! Since you want to meet Mr. Lewis, I'll bring you to him. You have to be mindful of your health right now."

Margaret did not reject his offer and opened the door to get into the car.

Elizabeth sighed in relief. "Fredrick, I won't follow you both, so please take good care of her!"

Fredrick gave an affirmative response and drove toward Lewis Corporation.

Half an hour later, he parked the car in front of the building. Margaret immediately got out of the vehicle and rushed inside but was stopped by the receptionist. "What are you doing?"

Fredrick stepped forward with a grim expression and announced, "This is Mrs. Lewis!"

The receptionist's eyes widened in shock, and she quickly hung her head and apologized to Margaret. "I'm so sorry! I didn't recognize you. Mr. Lewis is upstairs. Do you need me to."

Before she could finish her sentence, the latter had made her way toward the elevator.

Upon noticing that Margaret was moving in haste, the receptionist felt that something was amiss, so she quickly picked up the phone and called Christopher's secretary. "Emily, Mrs. Lewis is here. She's on her way up to Mr. Lewis' office. But she looks furious... There's also someone with her that I've never seen before. He might be their butler or something."

Emily thanked the receptionist and hung up before knocking on Christopher's door. "Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis is here to see you."

"Mmh," came his impassive reply from inside the office.

Soon, the elevator reached the forty-sixth floor. Emily was already standing outside the elevator to welcome Margaret. When the latter walked out, she conducted herself professionally, smiling while saying, "Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Lewis is in his office."

Margaret glanced at Emily's soft, fuzzy slippers, which were out of place with her working attire. Suddenly, she remembered that Christopher did not wish to be interrupted while working. Hence, there must be complete silence on that floor. The last time she came, she had walked into his office barefoot.

That time around, however, she did not take off her shoes and immediately pushed open the door to his office. "Did you investigate the car accident properly, Christopher Lewis? Why did you settle it privately without asking for my opinion first?"

Christopher's gaze never left the document in front of him as he replied, "You don't need to make the decision for this kind of matter. Didn't you also never give me a chance to decide on our child? Wait, you didn't even give me the right to know about it."

Margaret clenched her fists in anger. "Fine, let's put those aside for now. What if I told you it was Megan who crashed into me with her car? In that kind of situation, it's obvious that she did it on purpose! How can it be an accident?"