

Love Hate 19

Chapter 19

The sky was dark when Margaret regained her consciousness. She could see the neon lights and snow outside her window from her VIP ward. The massive contrast between the warmth in her room and the coldness from the outdoors gave her the illusion that there were two different isolated worlds.

She suddenly heard some noise in the room and slowly turned to the source. A man was working on his laptop as he sat on the couch. He was typing on the laptop lightly, and his focused face made him look more amicable than usual. However, there was still a hint of coldness coming from him due to his tightly pursed lips.

“You’re awake?” The man shut his laptop as he looked at her.

“Yes...” She tried to get up but felt pain in her left shoulder. Instantly, she remembered what had happened.

Christopher walked over to her and inspected her wound. “Don’t move.”

Margaret immediately stopped moving upon hearing his words, but she felt embarrassed as she had the urge to urinate. She wanted to go to the bathroom, but she was not able to move. There was only Christopher in the room. Plus, whenever she moved a little, she felt a painful sensation on her wound.

Christopher sensed her discomfort and asked, “Do you want to go to the bathroom?”

Margaret’s cheeks flushed. “Yes...”

Christopher did not say anything but carefully supported her. His actions were gentle, and he was being tender, unlike his usual self. However, Margaret was still in pain from the minimal movement, and she broke out in a cold sweat. The bandages on her wound slowly turned red.

He was almost carrying her as they made their way to the bathroom. When Christopher’s hands moved toward her pants, she quickly said, “Let me do it myself!”

He stopped moving and looked at her unblinkingly. Margaret was extremely embarrassed. “C—Can you leave for a moment?”

Christopher’s so-called leaving was him turning around so that his back was facing her.

Knowing that he was not going to leave the bathroom, Margaret struggled internally for a moment. She tried to use her right hand to unzip her pants. However, every single movement caused her wound to open up. It was almost impossible to complete a simple movement such as bending her back. The blood from her wound had stained her hospital clothes.

After not hearing any movement from behind him for some time, Christopher turned around to see Margaret’s blood-stained hospital clothes. Furrowing his brows, he pulled her pants down without allowing her to say anything. Then, he turned around so that his back was facing her again.

Margaret sat on the toilet seat in embarrassment. Although she was very urgent, she was not able to relieve herself. At this moment, she would give anything to vanish from the spot.

After twenty minutes, she no longer cared about being embarrassed.

After returning to her bed, she buried her face in the blankets. As if nothing had happened, Christopher went to call the doctor to treat her wound that split opened again.

At around seven o'clock in the evening, two bodyguards brought food over. Christopher picked up the bowl of oatmeal porridge and brought it to her bedside. He placed the bowl of oatmeal porridge on the bedside table and supported her so that she was sitting on the bed. Then, he picked up the bowl of oatmeal porridge again to feed her.

Margaret did not dare to reject him and took a small bite. The lightly seasoned oatmeal porridge was full of the herbal taste. Despite that, the oatmeal porridge tasted good. She could tell that it was made by Elizabeth.

She felt uncomfortable with his sudden gentleness and did not know how to react. "I can do it myself..."

Christopher's expression turned cold slightly, which caused Margaret to lower her gaze. Her long eyelashes cast a shadow beneath her eyes.

"Why?" His voice rang out from beside her ear.

Margaret raised her head. "What?"

"That time... Why did you push me aside?" Christopher's deep gaze fell on her as if he wanted to see through her.

She understood his question. He was asking why she had taken the stab for him.