

Love Hate 41

Chapter 41

Casper texted: *Megan came to the office today to seek trouble with Margaret. They got into a fight as well. Margaret was also injured.*

Christopher replied: *Noted.*

Though it was only a one-word reply, Christopher paused for a long while before sending it. *Why didn't she tell me about Megan? Does she not know how to complain and seek justice for herself?*

The next day, Casper did not go to the company. Margaret heard that he went to the hospital.

She felt sorry for him when she heard about the news. *I should've done something to stop Jodie last night. She's a straightforward person, and there's nothing Casper could do about it, so he tried to put up with it.*

Christopher did not return to their room to sleep last night. Margaret had no idea if he had left the house. She also noticed that something was not right between them. That was normal, as it had always been hard for the two to live their married life peacefully.

At noon, Margaret received a call from Jodie. "Meg, I'm by myself today. Do you want to have lunch together? I'm at your company's entrance."

"I'll be there soon." She took her purse and left the office.

When the two met downstairs, Margaret noticed that Jodie was not herself. She asked, "What's wrong, Jo? Is there something on your mind?"

Jodie forced out a smile in return. She then brushed away the snow on her coat with great force and said, "Let's look for somewhere to eat first. I'm freezing!"

Jodie then chose an upscale restaurant nearby. After they were seated, she immediately ordered food impatiently.

Margaret was even more convinced that Jodie had something on her mind upon seeing how she was acting. "Jo, is there something wrong between you and Jack?"

Jodie wrapped her hands around the cup filled with warm water and mulled for a moment. "I sincerely feel that Jack simply wants to return and isn't willing to get engaged with me. Nor does he want to have a future with me. After what happened

three years ago, Jack told me that he would go overseas with me. I was touched, and I asked my dad to sponsor him. His daily expenses for the past three years were from my family."

She then continued, "He became somewhat quiet before returning. When I asked him about it, he told me that he wanted to go home because his sick mother needed his help and also because he wanted to have a life with me in our home country. He also promises to get engaged with me when we return. That's why I called you and asked for your help back then. I asked him yesterday about the engagement. He ended up avoiding the topic, and this isn't the first time he's done it, Meg. You know I'm never a

skeptical person, but when this has happened so many times, I just couldn't help but wonder if he isn't sincere about the engagement."

Margaret was no expert in relationships, but based on what Jodie had told her, it seemed that Jack did not want to get engaged with Jodie. As for issues other than that, Margaret was not sure.

"I—I don't what to say, Jo. Maybe he got distracted when you talked about engagement with him. Why don't you raise this topic again when it's just the two of you? You two have been together for three years, and you've always treated him well. I'm sure that he has feelings for you after such a long time. Plus, no one forced you two to date each other in the beginning. So, there's no doubt that you two have feelings for each other."

I'm sure he has feelings for you after so long. When Margaret said the sentence out loud, she thought of Christopher. *Things are different for me. He won't have feelings for me no matter the time we spent together.*

Jodie took a sip of the water and smiled casually. "Anyway, even if things don't work out with Jack, I'll find someone else. As for you, not in a million years would I expect you to marry Christopher! You are really something. How do you manage to take down the man every woman is in love with? I remembered that I once said I would die a happy woman if I had the chance to sleep with Christopher even once. I'm going to take that back. I will never snatch my best friend's man."

Margaret was amused. "Oh, stop it!"

Jodie then smiled evilly and asked in a low voice, "You're ten years younger than Christopher, correct? Is he good in that area? Does he manage to satisfy you?"

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Whenever women got together, such a topic was inevitable. Margaret's face turned red after hearing Jodie's question. "Jo, I... We have never done it before."

A thought then flashed in Jodie's mind. She pouted and said, "Does he still care about the incident three years ago? Honestly, all men would be bothered by it. Moreover, it was big news back then. Not to mention that he's Christopher Lewis, and his pride was definitely hurt by that incident. But, he still married you despite everything that had happened. That means he loves you dearly. As long as you treat him sincerely, things will work out between you two. Meg, may I ask, did anything happen between you and Jenson that night?"

Margaret tried hard to recall. "I don't know. When I woke up the next morning, I was already wearing his clothes. It's been a long time ago, and I was drunk that day. I couldn't remember anything, but I believe something could've happened between us. Anyway, let's drop this topic. I need to go back to work after lunch. Oh, another thing before I forget. Casper wasn't putting on airs last night. His stomach is really weak, so he's absent today because he's unwell after eating the food last night. He's my boss. If you bully him again, I might lose my job."

Jodie was not worried about it. "Oh, he will be fine. I picked that restaurant for Jack. He had always frequented that place previously. Though it's crappy, it holds all of his memories. His family's financial background isn't as good as mine. So, whenever I bring him to high-end places, he will pull long faces,

affecting everyone's mood. Either way, it doesn't matter to me where we go. By the way, what's your relationship with Casper? I've never heard about him before."

Margaret explained, "He is Christopher's friend. He came along to keep an eye on me on Christopher's behalf."

Jodie was speechless when she heard that. "What? No wonder you refused to talk about Jensen yesterday. Ugh! Men are scary!"

Suddenly, in the corner of her eyes, Margaret noticed a familiar figure. It was Christopher. He was here with Megan.

Jodie was confused when Margaret did not reply to her. "What are you looking at?"

Margaret quickly stood up to block Jodie's line of sight. "N—Nothing. I—I need to go to the restroom."

Jodie waved her off. "Go ahead. Do make it fast. The dishes will be served soon."

As Margaret was not genuinely planning to go to the restroom at all, she just stood there motionlessly. After Christopher and Megan had entered a private room, she sat back down.

Confused, Jodie looked at Margaret as if the latter was an idiot. "Didn't you say you need to use the restroom? Why are you standing there?"

Margaret answered absent-mindedly, "I've changed my mind."

Worried that Jodie might spot Christopher and Megan, she kept glancing in the direction of the private room when she was eating

Ten minutes after they started eating, Margaret could no longer stand being inside the restaurant. "Jo, I'm done eating. Are you done? I need to go back to the office."

Jodie, who had barely eaten anything, replied unhappily, "What? Why is your lunch break so short? Is Casper that heartless? No wonder his stomach is unhealthy! Apart from his employees, I bet he is harsh on himself too. How scary!"

Margaret did not even bother to defend her boss. She merely urged Jodie to eat faster.

Another ten minutes later, Jodie finally finished her meal. After paying the bill, Margaret dragged her out of the restaurant.

By the door, a figure approached them. Jodie, who did not notice the person, bumped into him and almost fell. Margaret quickly grabbed her and broke her fall. When she lifted her head, she met with Casper's surprised gaze.

Casper was rubbing his chest where Jodie just hit. Probably because of what happened last night, he did not look like he was doing well. His eyes were filled with confusion when he looked at the two women before him.

"Oh? Aren't you supposed to be in bed since you're sick? Why are you here? Is it because the food in high-end restaurants won't hurt your stomach? Mr. Flemmington, I have a proposal. Can you please

extend the period of your employees' lunch break? Meg had to shove everything down her throat within minutes because of your stupid rules!" Jodie blurted everything out, leaving Casper standing there in utter befuddlement.

Chapter 43

Margaret did not say anything and dragged Jodie away. *Casper's gaze is way too terrifying. I hope he can't tell that I'm trying to escape...*

After watching them disappear from his sight, Casper walked into the private dining room Christopher and Megan were in. Then, he brought up the topic casually, "I bumped into some familiar faces on the way here."

Christopher was disinterested in the topic, while Megan blinked her eyes innocently and asked, "Who did you meet?"

Casper smiled lightly. "Margaret and her friend."

Megan froze as she shut her mouth in annoyance, observing Christopher's expression. When she saw his indifferent expression, she was filled with glee. *It looks like he doesn't care so much about Margaret, after all. However, I would pay to see her reaction after seeing Christopher and me grabbing lunch!*

Casper wanted to wipe Christopher's calm expression off his face. Thus, he continued, "Her friend started to condemn me out of nowhere, demanding me increase the company's lunchtime to two hours. She mentioned Margaret ate hastily because the break was too short. Weirdly, nobody has complained about having insufficient time to eat lunch. It's not like they don't have enough time to eat another meal. I wonder why they left in such a hurry..."

Christopher's body stiffened up, and his eyes darkened.

Casper finally had a sense of satisfaction seeing his reaction and stopped talking.

When the waiter started to serve the dishes, Christopher suddenly grabbed his jacket and headed to the door. "I have something to do, so I'll take my leave."

Immediately, Megan grabbed his sleeves. "Christopher! You promised you would accompany me for lunch today!"

A gentle smile appeared on Christopher's face, but his gaze said otherwise. "I'll make it up to you next time. Okay?"

Megan understood Christopher disliked her being too clingy. Hence, she decided it was the right time to act coquettishly. Thus, she stood on her tiptoes and planted a kiss on his cheeks. "Don't lie to me."

However, Christopher's expression turned cold as he turned to leave without a word.

Megan was taken aback. *It's not like we have never done something as intimate as this before. So why this reaction?*

It took her some time to snap back to her senses. Then, she sat back down and asked with a sweet voice, "Casper, did you tell Christopher about me visiting the company to look for Margaret?"

Casper shrugged. "I don't have that much time on my hands. That matter's between the two of you, anyway."

Megan heaved a sigh of relief. "Then, do you think Christopher likes Margaret? You know him best, so you should know what he's thinking. Please tell me, okay?"

Although Casper seemed calm, he secretly cursed Christopher for leaving this mess for him to handle. He hated dealing with women. "I really don't know about this. However, Margaret is his legal wife, so it doesn't matter if he likes her or not. Don't expect too much of Christopher. Accept it if he treats you well but demand nothing more from him."

Megan understood what he was trying to say. Faking obliviousness, she demanded in a coy manner, "Since Christopher is gone, let's eat together."

Goosebumps formed on Casper's skin upon listening to how sweet her voice was. If Megan did not have a pretty appearance, he would have left right that instant. However, when he looked closely, he noticed that she seemed somewhat similar to Margaret, but only a little. "All right. I still need to return to the company, so I'll send you back home after lunch."

Meanwhile, Christopher ordered the car to stop by the road opposite Soaring Design. Then, he peered at the floor that Margaret was working on through the car window.

"Mr. Lewis?" Noah could not help but ask after noticing Christopher being motionless for quite a moment.

Christopher lowered his eyes and dialed Margaret's number. "Let's go grab lunch."

When Margaret received his call, she felt rather shocked. *Isn't he eating with Megan? What's the point of calling me over?*

"I've already eaten. You and—" For some reason, Margaret did not want to see him and Megan acting lovey-dovey in front of her.

However, the man hung up the call before she could finish her sentence.

Chapter 44

Christopher's expression turned even darker in the car after hanging up the call. "Start the car," he ordered coldly.

At night, Margaret drank some black tea Elizabeth made while chatting with her.

Just then, Fredrick's voice sounded from the doorway. "Welcome home, Mr. Lewis."

When Elizabeth heard that, she quickly dashed into the kitchen and urged the chef to prepare dinner.

Meanwhile, Margaret acted like nothing had happened while drinking her tea on the couch. However, she suddenly recalled the scene of Megan and Christopher walking hand in hand into the restaurant. She was unsure what she felt about it, but she knew there was a thick fog enveloping her heart just by thinking of it.

After taking off his jacket and passing it to Fredrick, Christopher headed straight upstairs without glancing at Margaret.

During dinner, the duo sat opposite each other wordlessly, causing the atmosphere to go stale.

Elizabeth placed the final dish on the table with a smile. "This dish is called *Patter Of Tiny Feet*. Do eat more."

At that, Margaret and Christopher placed their forks down simultaneously. "Have some," Elizabeth said while scooping a spoonful of the dish into each of their bowls.

Not wanting to make things difficult for Elizabeth, Margaret started to eat. However, Christopher stood up and left the room.

Elizabeth was confused as she whispered, "Meg, did you fight with Mr. Lewis again?"

Margaret shook her head. "Nope. You can carry on with your work. There's no need to mind me."

Elizabeth headed back to the kitchen with a sigh. In the end, Margaret still did not eat a single bite of the dish.

After Christopher went upstairs, he locked himself in the study and did not come out until midnight.

Margaret had gotten used to the bed and soon fell asleep. *Perhaps the only way for us to pretend nothing is wrong is by living in separate rooms.*

A thick fog was hanging in the air in the morning, and the weather seemed to have gotten colder. Margaret found another blanket draped on her when she awoke. Thinking it was from Elizabeth, she felt touched.

When Margaret went downstairs, Elizabeth had finished preparing breakfast. "Mrs. Lewis, please eat breakfast before heading to work. It's good for your health."

Margaret knew Christopher must be in the living room upon hearing how Elizabeth addressed her.

"All right. By the way, thank you for giving me an extra layer of a blanket," she replied with a smile.

However, Elizabeth seemed surprised. "It wasn't me, though. I did think of giving you another blanket seeing how cold it was yesterday. However, I don't have the permission to go in and out of Mr. Lewis' room."

Margaret was stunned, for she had disregarded the fact that nobody could enter Christopher's room except for the housekeepers to do daily cleaning. *If that's the case, who's the one who gave me the blanket?*

Immediately, she turned to look at Christopher. He was leaning lazily on the couch while reading books, still in his pajamas. Although he seemed more laid-back and approachable than usual, she refused to believe he was the one who did it.

Cough! Cough!

Suddenly, Christopher coughed twice.

Elizabeth complained softly while heading to the kitchen, "Mr. Lewis must have caught a cold from sleeping in the study for the past few days. I'll go and grab him a cup. Mrs. Lewis, can you bring him the medicine later?"

Margaret regained her composure and followed Elizabeth into the kitchen. Then, she walked into the living room with the medicine and a warm cup of water. "Have some medicine."

Christopher furrowed his eyebrows and ignored her.

However, she handed him the two items persistently. "You'll feel better after eating *it*."

Finally, he lost his patience. "Go away."

Chapter 45

After moments of impasse, Margaret placed the medicine and cup on the table. When she sat down at the dining table, she looked at the dishes and did not feel like eating them.

Soon, Christopher went upstairs and dressed himself, preparing to leave the house.

Margaret approached him once again with the medicine and water. "Elizabeth told me to give it to you."

For no apparent reason, he consumed the medicine and turned away without a word. Margaret assumed the reason he ate the medicine was that he was fed up or that he heard it was from Elizabeth instead of Margaret.

Taking in a deep breath, she stood rooted to the spot as she held the empty cup and watched him walk away. At that moment, she felt choked up as if the thick fog outside had entered her lungs.

After calming herself down and getting rid of those inexplicable feelings, she no longer had the mood to eat breakfast. Hence, she headed straight to work.

The moment she sat down at her desk, the new supervisor, Leila Black, walked over. "Mr. Flemmington is looking for you."

Casper had transferred Leila over from the headquarters. Her short hair, high heels, and formal office attire caused one's first impression of her to be an independent and capable woman. It was difficult for one to loathe her from how impeccable she was.

Margaret nodded and walked over to Casper's office, knocking. However, the sound of loud coughing inside the office almost overpowered the knocks on the door.

When she entered the office, Casper was sneezing into a tissue. "Stop right there! Don't come any closer. I have the flu, and if you fall sick, Christopher is going to have my head. Oh, right. I'm sure you know our company has cooperated several times with Christopher's, and I've recently taken up a new project from them. I'll put you in charge of it since both of you know each other. Although it's quite a difficult project to tackle, I'm sure it'll be easier because of your relationship with him. The contract is on my table. You can go and take a look."

When Margaret reached out to grab the contract, she laughed upon seeing the medicines on his table. "It looks like everyone is quite concerned about you."

Casper sneezed a couple more times, and tears almost streamed down his cheeks by how hard he sneezed. "They looked so excited seeing me sick and rushed to send me medicine. I don't have much choice. I can't finish all of them, so you should take some. It's flu season again, so take care."

Margaret did not take any, for she knew she would catch Christopher's flu sooner or later. "You can keep it. I'll take my leave now."

When she turned around, she almost ran into someone, so she quickly moved to the side.

The person who entered was Steven, who was wearing thick layers of clothes. When he saw her, he patted his chest. "Whoa, Christopher's wife! You scared me! So you're really working under Casper?"

Margaret wanted to lecture him not to walk so fast, for it would hurt for a short person to run into someone so tall. However, she swallowed her words. "You can just call me Margaret. I'll head back to work now, so you guys go ahead."

Steven rubbed his hands together and sat in Casper's seat. "Looks like you're doing pretty well here. However, your dad is a biased one, isn't he? How could he let your older brother become the vice president of the headquarters while you end up becoming the CEO of a newly-acquired company? That's such unfair treatment!

You're both his sons, so I wonder why he treats you two so differently."

Casper glared at Steven. Although he pretended like he did not care, the light in his eyes dimmed. "I'm more than happy to have less burden, so whatever. You and Christopher are both single children, so you guys don't need to fight for your family's property. I'm different, though. There are traps hidden all around me!"

Steven changed the topic to a piece of recent news. "Something happened with Christopher and the jewelry factory he partnered with. Someone had stolen the raw materials costing about a hundred million. The factory is not big, so it's probably done for."

Casper sniffled. "It's just one hundred million. Christopher can afford it. However, it's a different story for the small factory."

Chapter 46

At the same time, Margaret had also seen the news. Upon seeing the factory involved in the incident, her heart sank. *Isn't that the factory Jodie's family-owned?*

Immediately, she dialed Jodie's number but was unable to get through. Immediately, she knew it was Jodie's way of not letting her worry. She was not the type to ask her for help.

When Margaret was wondering if she should go and look for Jodie, she received a call from an unknown number. "Hello. Is this Margaret? I'm Jack. Do you have time for us to meet up?"

It was the first time Jack contacted her, and Margaret knew the only way to get updates about Jodie was through him. Thus, she quickly replied, "Yes! Where are you right now?"

Jack answered, "I'm outside your company, in a white Cadillac."

Without bothering to ask for a leave, Margaret rushed downstairs.

After getting into Jack's car, she asked, "Where's Jo? What's happening right now? I can't reach her."

Jack explained while lighting a cigarette, "She turned off her phone as she doesn't want to trouble you. However, you're the only one that can help. You should have known what happened through the news. The raw materials already cost up to one hundred million, not including the liquidated damages they need to pay. If this goes on, her family is going to go bankrupt. I know it's selfish for me to ask you for help. However, I don't have a choice. The key to solving this problem is Christopher, after all."

Margaret hesitated. *It's such a large sum of money, though. Will Christopher agree if I beg him? Although the money is nothing much to the Lewis family, they're not obligated to help when Jodie's family is the one in the wrong.*

"What should I do?" she asked.

Jack paused before answering, "There's no way Christopher would waive such a large sum of money. Could you ask him to wait until the police solve the case? It's fine if the collaboration is called off. As for the liquidated damages... just try your best."

Margaret sighed. "I understand. I'll talk to Christopher about this. Please take good care of Margaret."

Jack shot her a smile. "Don't worry. She's very important to me and is the only woman I would love for my entire life. Thank you for agreeing to this. However, please don't tell her I came to look for you. She doesn't allow it."

When Margaret saw how earnest he was, her impression of him improved. At least from this incident, she could tell he was not that bad. As long as he treated Jodie well, she would regard him as a nice person.

After work, Margaret came back home and spent a couple of hours cooking up various dishes.

Although she disliked buttering people up, she did not have a choice.

However, Christopher did not come home after past seven. She decided to call him, fearing he would not eat dinner at home.

The call was quickly picked up. Calming herself down, she asked, "Are you coming home for dinner?"

On the other end of the line, Christopher glanced at Megan and answered, "Yes." Then, he hung up the call and said to Megan, "I have something to do. You enjoy yourself."

Megan placed her fork and knife down, losing the appetite to eat the steak in front of her. "Christopher, you said this is compensation for last time, yet you're leaving again. Did Margaret call you?"

Christopher smiled. "She's your sister, after all. Don't behave like this."

After seeing his smile, Megan felt her anger dissipating. *Since I can't stop him from leaving, I'll be a considerate lover instead.* "If that's the case, you can't leave halfway through our meal ever again. Okay?"

Christopher did not answer, only shooting her an ambiguous look. When he turned around, his expression returned to his usual coldness.

It was already eight o'clock when he returned to the Lewis residence. Margaret was starving, but she quickly regained her energy upon seeing him. "You're back!"

Chapter 47

Christopher hummed indifferently in response and went straight to take a bath as usual.

Looking at the dishes on the table that had gone cold, Margaret felt an inexplicable surge of disappointment. "Elizabeth, can you reheat the dishes?"

When Christopher came down, the dishes were already reheated. Elizabeth could no longer hold herself back and said, "Mr. Lewis, today's dishes were all cooked by Mrs. Lewis. Come on and have a try!"

Christopher seemed unperturbed. He sat down at the dining table without a word as he knew that Margaret must have something to request from him.

"If you have already eaten outside, then just leave it," said Margaret in a low voice.

Christopher picked up the fork and began eating slowly. "Stop beating around the bush. Just spit it out."

Margaret was a little nervous when Christopher exposed her thoughts. Not knowing how to start, she pondered for a long while before she replied, "Can you... spare Jo's family, please? That amount of money is way too much. They can't afford it. Can you at least wait until the police solve the case and get back the materials?"

Hearing that, Christopher put down the fork and glared at her. "So, you cooked all these dishes merely for this?"

"Yes," she replied honestly.

With his face darkened, Christopher continued, "Public matters and private matters should be separated! I don't want to talk about such stupid things with you at home. This matter is not negotiable."

Naturally, Margaret knew Christopher's way of handling matters. He had always been meticulous about the company's affairs. There was no way he would stop looking into this matter just like that.

"Christopher, I didn't ask you to let them off. But, can you give them a chance? A hundred million might be nothing for you, but it's everything to them. They can't afford to pay you this amount," Margaret could not bear to see Jodie suffer. The mere thought of seeing the pampered Jodie lose everything she ever owned was unbearable to Margaret.

Christopher replied coldly, "In what position are you telling me these? As Jodie's friend? Or as my wife?"

Margaret was stunned by that question. She did not know how to answer.

Losing his patience, Christopher got up and went to his study upstairs. The sound of him slamming the door could be heard clearly downstairs.

Elizabeth walked forward and looked at the dishes that had not been eaten much. "What a waste! All your hard work is wasted as well. Meg, since you know that this will worsen your relationship with Mr. Lewis, you should not have involved yourself in this in the first place."

Margaret shook her head and replied, "Jo is my only friend. She treats me very well, and I can't forget her kindness. I must help her. No matter how Christopher treats me, I will try my best to help Jo."

All of a sudden, Fredrick chimed in, "Mrs. Lewis, today is Mr. Lewis' birthday. You made the dishes not to celebrate his birthday but to ask him for help. Of course, he would be mad."

Margaret was dumbstruck. She did not remember that at all. From what she remembered, Christopher had never celebrated his birthday before.

I have made a big mistake! Regret welled up in her heart instantly.

At Fredrick's reminder, Elizabeth slapped her thigh in realization. "Mr. Lewis hadn't celebrated his birthday for so many years, and I've totally forgotten about it! I should have reminded Meg earlier!"

Margaret stood up and replied, "It's fine. I will go find him now."

She sounded calm, but deep down, she was so frightened that she did not even have the courage to enter the study.

After brewing a cup of coffee, she knocked on the door of the study. "Get lost!" Christopher shouted in anger.

However, Margaret knew that she should not back down at that moment. Left with no choice, she opened the door and walked in. "I didn't know that it's your birthday today."

Christopher threw the book in his hand on the ground and bellowed, "Get out of here!"

Margaret bent down to pick up the book. Just then, Christopher walked past her and went out of the study.

She had a feeling that he was not going to come back anytime soon. Therefore, she could not let him leave just like that. "Please, Christopher! You can ask me to do anything... Can you please help me? Just once?" she pleaded.

Christopher stopped in his tracks upon listening to that, pondering.

After a few seconds, he turned around and walked toward her. Reaching out his hand, he pinched her chin and asked, "Oh, anything? Hah! You are always so generous for the sake of other people!"

Chapter 48

The cup of coffee in her hand fell to the ground and broke into pieces. As the hot coffee penetrated her slippers, she felt a searing pain on the skin of her foot.

"Aren't you the same? You are gentle to everyone but me," Margaret said with her trembling voice.

“Do you think you deserve my gentleness?” Christopher scoffed and pushed the woman away.

When Margaret’s back slammed against the chair behind her, she felt a sharp pain. Enduring the pain, she stood firmly by supporting herself with her hands pressed on the desk. “Yes, you’re right. I don’t deserve it. Since you hate me so much, why would you want me to stay by your side? You should have let me go! So you don’t have to see me ever again!”

Although Christopher did not answer, one could tell how furious he was through his gaze. He was like a volcano that would erupt anytime soon.

Just as Margaret was preparing herself to endure his wrath, Fredrick walked in. “Mrs. Lewis, you have forgotten the gift you prepared for Mr. Lewis.”

Locking his gaze on the gift, Christopher’s expression was unreadable.

Margaret was taken aback by that. She looked at Fredrick gratefully and was at the same time feeling guilty.

Everyone wished that she and Christopher could live on blissfully together. Unfortunately, that had never been possible.

After placing the gift on the desk, Fredrick went out and shut the door.

Christopher calmed down for a bit. He then grabbed a chair to sit down and took out a cigarette in frustration. After shooting Margaret a glance, he threw the cigarette away. “What else do you want to say?”

Margaret took a deep breath and decided not to tell him the truth about the gift. “I’ve said everything I want to say.”

Silence soon filled the air, In the end, she still failed to stop him from leaving.

After Christopher left, Margaret cleaned up the study silently. Seeing that the bookshelf was a little messy, she arranged the books.

Suddenly, a photo fell out of a book, and she picked it up curiously. It was the photo taken when she was eight. That was the day she moved into Christopher’s house. In that photo, she was holding his hand.

She had seen that photo in the newspaper before, and she wondered why Christopher kept a copy of it. *Why does Christopher have this photo with him? Did he keep it with him purposely?*

Soon after, she shoved off that thought. *Maybe he just took it and forgot where he placed it. Besides, the book with the photo in it is very old and is not the type of book that he likes to read. I bet he hasn’t touched it for years.*

It was another sleepless night. After Christopher left his home, he went straight to Nocturne Bar. Steven and Casper arrived later, and they called a few hostesses to cheer Christopher up.

Their table was full of expensive alcoholic drinks. Steven, who always had the most fun in bars, was the playboy among the three. He was a frequent visitor there, so all the hostesses liked to throw themselves at him, and he never rejected them.

Casper's health was not in the best condition. Thus, he replaced the alcoholic drinks in front of him with juice. "I can't drink anymore. My stomach is uncomfortable recently. Do enjoy yourself. Don't mind me."

Upon listening to that, Steven teased, "You are so weak you should just live off a woman."

Casper rolled his eyes at Steven. "Oh, please. I'm not short of money, and I'm not interested at all to do that."

Meanwhile, Christopher was drinking alone silently while exuding an aloof aura. Looking at his cold expression, none of the hostesses dared to approach him.

Seeing that he was not in a good mood, Steven said jokingly, "Christopher, did you have another argument with your wife again? Let me tell you. Women have to be pampered and loved. Why can't you understand? By the way, today is your birthday. Why did she make you angry? What happened?"

Without answering, Christopher whipped out his phone and made a call.

Chapter 49

Half an hour later, the beautifully dressed Megan rushed to the bar and sat down beside Christopher, her ample chest resting on his arm. "Christopher, I thought you wouldn't ask me out today."

Stretching out his hand, Christopher pulled her into his embrace. "Drink with me."

Casper and Steven remained silent and never mentioned Margaret again.

After a while, Christopher got mildly inebriated. Megan got up and went to the restroom to answer a call. "Mom, I'm at the bar with Christopher. I may not be returning home tonight."

As she was speaking, her cheeks blushed. She was full of confidence when she looked at her beautiful reflection in the mirror. *As long as he's drunk, I'd have a chance.*

"Get pregnant with Christopher's child as quickly as possible. That's the only way to save the Jenkins family," remarked Hannah after a brief pause.

Pursing her lips, Megan replied with confidence, "Mom, I know you love me the most. I'm your only daughter in this life. Margaret is no different from a peasant! Don't worry. I'll definitely become Mrs. Lewis!"

However, Hannah's tone turned indifferent, and she did not say anything else. "I'm tired. I'll go to bed first." With that said, she hung up the phone.

It was the first time she was so cold toward Megan. The latter felt a little upset, but when she thought that Christopher was still waiting for her, she quickly touched up her makeup in front of the mirror and returned to her seat.

Steven was good at livening up the atmosphere. The moment he grabbed the microphone and announced that Christopher would pay for everyone's bill that night, the crowd burst into an uproar.

Everyone at the scene knew that it was Christopher's birthday, but the person he cared for was not there.

He was well aware that the gift Fredrick passed to him was not prepared by Margaret, but he did not bother to call her out.

His gloomy mood and the lively atmosphere in the bar contrasted sharply. It was already midnight, and he still had no intention of leaving, even though he was completely drunk.

Anxious, Megan wrapped her arms around his waist and whispered suggestively, "Christopher, you've drunk too much. Let's get some rest."

Once the man smelled the pungent perfume, he pushed her away subconsciously in disgust. His gaze and voice were cold. "Get lost!"

Everyone immediately fell silent. Only the loud music in the bar could be heard.

It was the first time Megan saw that side of him. She was at a loss of what to do and burst into tears aggrievedly. "Christopher, why are you yelling at me? I'm just worried about you."

Several hostesses, who were sitting beside them, did not dare to say anything. Christopher was known across Dellmoor for being compassionate, flawless, and polite to everyone he met.

Steven and Casper were the only ones who were not surprised. Since they had known one another for more than ten years, they knew one another best.

Worried that negative news might surface if things got out of hand, they helped Christopher up. "Let's go back."

Just then, Christopher murmured, "I don't want to see her."

"Then where do you want to go? Casper will send you there. He didn't drink any alcohol tonight and is safe to drive," said Steven.

However, Christopher did not reply, even after a long time. "I'll send him to the hotel first and only decide when he's sobered up. I'll leave now. Have fun," suggested Casper.

Since Steven had not had enough fun yet, he agreed in an instant, "Then I'll leave him to you."

Megan left the bar with Christopher and Casper. After getting into the car, Casper inquired, "Megan, are you going home? I'll send you back first before sending Christopher."

In fact, Megan was frightened by Christopher's sudden change and had not regained her senses yet. Although she still dared not approach him, her purpose was clear. "No, I want to stay and take care of Christopher!"

Chapter 50

Naturally, Casper knew what would happen if a drunk man and a woman were to stay in the same room, so he declined, "I can take care of him. You should go home."

Nevertheless, Megan would not give up and insisted with a coquettish tone, "No, I want to keep Christopher company."

Hearing that, Casper felt his head throb. Previously, he had used Christopher's phone to call Margaret twice and subconsciously memorized her number. Immediately, he sent her a text message: *Christopher was drunk at the bar last time. Please come over.*

Meanwhile, Margaret had not fallen asleep yet. When she received the message, she assumed it was sent by either Steven or Casper. Without wasting time, she got up and put on her coat.

Because she could not bear to wake the old butler, Fredrick, up in the middle of the night to drive her to the bar, she ran to the intersection more than one kilometer away from the Lewis residence to hail a taxi. As she breathed in the cold air while running vigorously, she felt as though her lungs were about to rip open.

Seeing that Casper had not started the engine, Megan grew anxious. "Casper, what are you waiting for? Let's go!"

Nevertheless, Casper leaned on the car seat and responded casually, "Wait for a while. Christopher is drunk. I'm afraid that he might suddenly feel nauseated. I want to make sure he won't throw up before going on the road. I just bought this car, so I must take good care of it."

Left with no choice, Megan could only wait in the car. After the driver sent her there, she asked him to go back because she had no plans to return home. Now, she could either ride in Casper's car or take a taxi. *No way. I don't want to ride in a taxi that has been used by numerous people. It's so gross!*

When Margaret arrived, Casper noticed her immediately and pretended to meet her by chance. Rolling down the car window, he greeted, "Margaret!"

The woman looked in his direction and quickly stepped forward. "Where's Christopher?"

Knitting her brows, Megan rolled down the car window and stared at her provocatively. "He's beside me. Why? Are you here for him? He has said that he doesn't want to go home tonight and that he doesn't want to see you!"

The next moment, Margaret saw Christopher, who was sitting beside Megan, and spotted that she was holding his arm. "I'm his wife, and I have the obligation to make sure that he's safe when he's drunk."

Once Megan heard the word "wife," she showed a look of disgust. "You! He has said that he doesn't want to go home!"

Later, Casper got out of the car and helped Christopher out. "Megan, stop fooling around. Since his family is here to bring him back, we should let him go."

Instantaneously, Megan grabbed Christopher's arm as she was unwilling to let him go home. "Christopher already said that he doesn't want to see her. Casper, you're the one who should stop making things worse."

In actuality, Margaret could not care less whether Christopher returned home or not. However, if he was together with Megan, she would not back down.

Before she could say anything, Christopher suddenly shook Megan off and said in a commanding tone, "Meg, come here!"

Obviously, he was calling for Margaret.

Margaret had never heard him address her that way before and was perplexed for a while. After gathering her thoughts, she stepped forward to support him. "Do you want to go home?"

The next instant, he wrapped his arms around her waist and nuzzled up against her neck. "Yes."

As soon as Megan heard that, she trembled with rage. *I thought he hated Margaret. Why does he still want to be with her if he despises her? Why would he get so intimate with her?*

Breathing a sigh of relief, Casper piped up, "Margaret, you didn't ask anyone to send you here? Let me send you back then. Megan, you should wait for Steven and go back with him."

Margaret ignored Megan's glare and assisted Christopher back into the car's back seat. "Thank you, Casper," she said as the car drove away.

However, Casper did not say anything and only smiled. When Christopher was sober, Casper would not care what the former wanted to do, but if Christopher was drunk, he had to make sure that he got home safely. It was the least a friend could do.

It took Margaret a while to settle Christopher down after they returned to the Lewis residence. She was so tired that she almost collapsed.

When she noticed how soundly he was sleeping, she could not help but reach out and mischievously ruffle his hair. At that moment, he was docile and non-aggressive.

Just as she was about to withdraw her hand, he abruptly grasped her wrist. "Come here!"