

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 1 - The despair

Chapter 1: The despair

Abigail was waiting for her husband to return home. It was their second marriage anniversary. Although he had not promised to come home early, she still hoped he would be back soon.

It was half past nine in the afternoon, and he had not returned yet.

She chewed the insides of her cheek and walked up and down the hall, looking at the entrance from time to time.

'Did he forget?' she wondered and then looked at the dishes on the dining table.

She had prepared his favorite dishes, hoping to give him a surprise.

"Uh..." she sighed.

She couldn't wait any longer and decided to call him. Just as she reached for her phone, the door clicked open and the long-awaited person entered.

She approached him with a smile. "I thought you would be back home early." Her voice was a little whiny. Her lips even formed a small pout, which no one would notice if they were not paying attention.

Christopher took off his suit jacket and gave it to her. "What keeps you awake? It's almost ten o'clock. You should be in bed by nine."

His tone was icy. His face was devoid of affection or longing, but Abigail was used to it.

Tonight, however, she was a little disappointed to hear him speak to her indifferently. It was their second marriage anniversary. She was expecting him to wish her.

In the morning also, he had left in a hasty manner, not even taking breakfast. Then he returned late, still not wishing her.

'Certainly... he has forgotten.' Thinking like this, she comforted herself.

She smiled and said, "I have been waiting for you."

"Don't wait for me." He strode to the bedroom after dropping those words.

Her face fell as she looked at his stiff back. Christopher had not even asked her whether she had eaten or not.

He paused right beside the stairs and glanced back at her. "Did you take your medications?" he asked, his tone gentler than before.

"Yes," she replied shortly, not happy with him.

He gave a curt nod. "Go to sleep. I have eaten at the office." He went up to the bedroom.

"Huh..." Abigail's jaw dropped. "How rude?"

Her disappointment turned to anger soon. She dumped the food she prepared with care into the dustbin and put the dishes into the sink.

"Stupid, Abigail. You shouldn't have worked so hard."

Christopher had been cold to her from the start. He did take care of her, give her everything she needed and talk to her politely. But when it came to love her, he was apathetic.

Abigail knew that he didn't love her. It was a mystery to her why he had proposed to a woman who had been recovering from heart transplant surgery two years before.

She was born with a congenital heart disease. Two years ago, her condition was quite bad, and there was no hope for her survival. Her mother had not had that much money for the heart transplant surgery. It was her destiny that had saved her back then. An NGO had arranged her surgery and saved her.

The most unexpected thing that had happened to her was a handsome young and wealthy man approaching her and proposing marriage to her.

She had asked him why he wanted to marry her. His reply was more unbelievable than his proposal.

'I vowed to take care of a sick woman for the rest of my life, and you were the one I chose.'

Although she didn't believe what he had said, she couldn't say no to his proposal. Who wouldn't want to marry a good-looking, wealthy man?

She accepted his proposal.

That was how she had married Christopher. It had been two years, and she still couldn't understand why he had chosen a sick woman out of so many rich, healthy, and beautiful women on the planet.

Recalling the past, her anger dissipated. She went into the bedroom and heard the shower running. She entered the walk-in closet and took his pajamas out.

The bathroom door opened and he came out with a towel around his waist. Looking at his bare, muscular torso, she blushed. He was so attractive that she could stare at him all day, but she quickly averted her gaze.

She took a fresh towel and shuffled her steps toward him. "Let me dry your hair."

He gave her a sidelong glance, then sat down on the bed.

She smiled and clambered onto the bed, then knelt behind him and rubbed his hair with the towel.

"I went for a check-up that day," she said after considering something. "The doctor said everything was fine. The ECG report is normal."

"Hmm..."

"So... ahem... I am thinking..." She paused for a moment before saying. "It's been two years since we married. We should try for a baby. My health condition has improved. I can conceive now."

He held her hand and scowled at her. His deep eyes seemed colder than ever.

She swallowed nervously. "You can talk to the doctor if you don't believe me," she still mustered her courage to say it.

"It's late. You should sleep now." He went into the closet, taking the towel and his pajamas.

She slumped her shoulders, feeling despair. Every cell in her body yearned for his touch, for his love. Sadly, he couldn't feel it. He shared a bed with her but never made love to her, except on the night he returned drunk.

That night, she had lost her virginity. Her mind was etched with the memory of that night. Every moment was intense, mind-blowing, and full of love.

She wished to relive those moments over and over. But that wish never seemed to come true.

Christopher had not returned home drunk ever since, let alone have sex with her.

She lay on her side and pulled up the blanket, cursing him under her breath. Her condition was not good at first, and she understood why he avoided having sex with her. Over the past year, she had improved. There was no more discomfort. She didn't fall sick frequently and was fit to bear a baby. When his cold look crossed her mind, she pouted even more.

A dip in the bed right behind her made her stiffen.

Abigail thought he would go and work. That was what he used to do regularly. It was unexpected that he was coming to bed so early.

'Did he change his mind?' she speculated.

Her heart suddenly started racing. Flutters filled her tummy.

He put his hand on her shoulder and turned her toward him.

Abigail was overjoyed. Her dream was finally going to be fulfilled. She clasped the bedspread when she noticed his gaze moving down to her sternum. For a moment, she thought he was looking at her breasts.

He lowered his head and planted a soft kiss on the spot where her heart was. He murmured, "Good night," as if he was talking to her heart, not to her. Then he lay down on his side, his back facing her.

Abigail released the bedspread slowly, her excitement fading. This was something she was accustomed to. Every night, whether she was asleep or awake, he said good night to her in this way. She was stupid to hope for something else.

A few drops of tears escaped the corners of her eyes as she looked at his back.