

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 10 - Death anniversary

Chapter 10: Death anniversary

The next day...

When Abigail woke up early in the morning, she felt achy all over her body. She was also sneezing and had a slight headache. She felt feverish. However, she ignored the discomfort and got ready to go to the ceremony.

"Achoo-Achoo..." She sneezed again as she walked out of her room.

"God bless you." Rachel frowned at her. "Are you not feeling well?" she asked worriedly as she came out of the kitchen and served breakfast.

"I am fine." Abigail sat down on the chair. "Achoo..."

Rachel's face was unsightly. She moved over to her and put her hand on her neck and then on her brow.

"You have a fever," she said, frowning even more.

"It is only mild. I have taken medicine. The fever will pass." Abigail acted as if she had not been feeling any discomfort. She pulled the plate of toast toward her and started eating.

"You should rest," Rachel advised. "Call Christopher and tell him that you are not feeling well and that you will not be able to attend the ceremony. He will understand."

"I know, mamma. He will understand. But my in-laws will be disappointed." Abigail sighed. She didn't want Christopher's parents to be upset with her.

They were already dissatisfied with her. Their displeasure with her would only grow if she didn't show up to the ceremony.

"I need to get to the mansion on time." She ate another toast.

"What if the fever gets worse?" Rachel was worried.

"It will not," Abigail assured her confidently. "I told you I took medicine. The fever will go away by the time I reach there." She smiled.

Rachel knew how stubborn her daughter was. No one would be able to change her mind if she decided anything. But she was her mother and couldn't stop worrying about her.

"Okay, I will let you go only if you tell Christopher about it," she stated sternly.

"Can I hide anything from him?" Abigail raised her eyes at her. She would not tell him about her fever, but she said so only to dispel her mother's tension.

Rachel finally accepted defeat. She sat down in a chair and murmured, "Call me when you get there."

"Sure."

After eating breakfast, she went out of the house. A taxi that she had already booked through Uber was waiting for her outside the gate. She waved at her mother and immediately suppressed another sneeze. She forced a smile at her and then stepped into the car.

The taxi began to speed down the street.

When she arrived at the mansion, she could see several luxurious cars parked in the open parking space. Her Uber taxi appeared out of place. She let out a small sigh as she unzipped her purse.

After paying the bills, she got out of the taxi and made her way to the house. Her gaze landed on the familiar Bentley, and she knew Christopher had arrived.

She saw both familiar and unfamiliar faces as she entered the hall. She swept her gaze around the room, looking for her husband. Before she could find him, Gloria approached her with a scowl on her face.

She stiffened under her furious look.

"You are coming now," Gloria grunted out in a low voice. "See, the guests have already arrived, and the daughter-in-law of the family is late."

"I am sorry, Mom," Abigail apologized, her head bowed.

Gloria snorted in annoyance. "Don't keep standing here." She walked away to attend to the guests.

Abigail loosened her tense muscles and took a look around the hall. Pamela was talking and smiling with a woman, and Gloria was walking over to a man who was standing beside Adrian. She had no idea who that man was. She could tell it was an important guest by the way Adrian and Gloria were smiling at him.

She saw Eddie and Austin with the other guests, but Christopher was nowhere to be seen. She wondered where he had gone.

"Abigail..."

She turned her gaze to the sweet voice coming from her left and saw Britney approaching. She returned her smile.

"Why are you standing here?" Britney asked.

"I was..."

"Looking for Christopher!" Britney finished her sentence.

Abigail's pale cheeks were tinged with red. She lowered her head, sinking her teeth into her lower lip.

"Hahaha..." Britney let out a soft laugh. "He is here... attending to an important guest. Come with me. I will introduce you to some of my friends."

She linked her arm with hers and led her to the other end of the hall, where they met a bunch of young ladies.

"Hey, guys... Meet Abigail, my sister-in-law."

"Oh! Is this your sister-in-law?" A blonde in a black pencil gown asked, inspecting Abigail from head to toe. She appeared surprised. "When did your brother get married?"

"She is skinny," a woman with red hair said before Britney could respond. "Does she not eat?"

"Maybe the Sherman family doesn't treat their daughter-in-law well," another one mocked, giggling.

"Don't tease her," Britney interjected. "She is not well, you know."

"Oh! What happened to her?" The blonde asked, still observing her from top to bottom.

"Why are you talking like this? I'm introducing her to you, and you are making fun of her?" Britney twitched her lips.

Abigail squeezed her hand and silenced her. "I was born with congenital heart disease. Two years ago, I received a heart transplant. Now I have recovered."

She didn't hesitate to tell them about her health condition.

"Oh!" Everyone's mouths formed a big 'O'. Some looked at her with surprise, while others sneered.

"Tell me, Britney, what your older brother saw in her that made him decide to marry her!" The blonde said it contemptuously. "There are so many beautiful women. He could have chosen anyone of them."

She brushed her hair, implying that she was far more beautiful than she was.

"I thought Christopher would marry Vivian," the red-haired woman said. "Wasn't their marriage almost final back then? What caused him to marry her?"

Abigail was uneasy, facing their curious glances. She wanted to walk away, but Britney stopped her.

"Chris chose her, not Vivian. Okay?" Britney looked at her friends with annoyance.

"Vivian..." said the blonde quietly, nodding to the right.