

## **The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 11 - My main concern is the heart inside your ribcage.**

### **Chapter 11: My main concern is the heart inside your ribcage.**

Everyone turned to that side and saw a gorgeous woman standing not very far from them. Based on her gloomy appearance, it was clear that she had heard Britney's last sentence.

They were all gawking at her. Abigail was the most surprised one. She didn't even bat her eyes as she stared at her.

Vivian was tall... taller than she was. Her voluptuous figure was enticing and could capture the attention of any man. The black gown she was wearing emphasized her curves in a sexier way. The deep V-neck exposed her cleavage. Such a gown was inappropriate for a ceremony such as a death anniversary. But she looked stunning in it and didn't seem vulgar.

Her eyes, which were as blue as the sea, were as sharp as razors yet spellbinding.

Abigail couldn't take her gaze away from her. She was agitated and insecure at the same time. Such a lovely lady could easily entice Christopher.

'What if he falls in love with her?' Abigail clasped her dress on the sides unintentionally.

"Vivian!" Britney forced a smile. "I thought you were talking with Chris.

Vivian didn't even bother to look at Britney. Her gaze was fixed on the frail woman in front of her. Her mood had already soured due to Christopher.

Gloria had sent her with him to have a chat, but Christopher had completely ignored her. He had called his friend and talked to him, not paying attention to her. So, she came back. When she faced Abigail, a pang of jealousy stabbed her heart.

She couldn't help but observe her carefully. A contemptuous feeling arose in her mind as she looked at her frail stature. She wondered why Christopher was sticking with this unattractive woman.

She snorted derisively.

Abigail, on the other hand, was extremely disturbed when she heard that Vivian was with Christopher. She figured out why she couldn't find him. Her heart was filled with resentment. She was sad too.

"Excuse me." She turned around to leave.

"Abigail, wait for a moment." Britney stopped her.

"I will..." Abigail covered her mouth with her handkerchief and suppressed a sneeze.

"What is it? Are you not feeling well?" Britney's voice was louder than before, but not loud enough to draw everyone's attention in the hall.

Christopher heard it correctly. He immediately turned to them and spotted Abigail rubbing her nose. He frowned a little and walked over to her without thinking of anything.

"I am fine." He heard her say that.

"Are you sure?" Britney asked.

Christopher turned Abigail toward him by her arm and looked at her, who was gaping at him in shock. He could feel the heat radiating from her arm. He instinctively put his hand on her brow. His face was pinched.

"You have got a fever. Why didn't you tell me?"

"It's only mild. I..."

"Mild? Are you a doctor?" He scowled at her, displeased.

She shook her head, not knowing what to say.

Christopher didn't waste any time interrogating her. He dragged her out under everyone's inquisitive stares.

Vivian was taken aback by his actions. She was even more envious after seeing it. Only the prospect of a slight fever vibrated Christopher so much that he whisked his wife away from his grandfather's death anniversary ceremony.

Her mood turned even bitterer. No one had ever treated her that way. Her ex-boyfriend was only interested in her money. He never showed any affection for her. She was irritated when she realized how fortunate Abigail was.

She turned around and walked up to her father.

Gloria stopped Christopher and Abigail.

"Where are you going?" she asked furiously. "Can't you see the guests are still here?"

"Abi is not well. I am taking her to the hospital."

"Humph... She is always sick. When did she last feel well? She won't die if you wait for some time."

It was enough to drive Christopher insane. His face turned dangerously dark.

"I clearly understand the purpose of today's ceremony. It's not to remember Grandpa. I have done what I should do for him, and now I don't have to stay here."

He walked out, taking Abigail with him.

Gloria glared at their retreating form, muttering, "I must do something to drive her out of his life."

The way they left the mansion embarrassed Abigail. "It was not necessary. You could have waited some time. What is the point of upsetting the elders?"

"When you decide to keep quiet, don't open your mouth," he snarled.

His enraged expression made Abigail cower in her seat in fear.

Christopher drove the car away, eyes flinty in rage.

"You are overreacting," she muttered, pouting. "I took medicine for my fever. It will subside... Achoo..."

She quickly put her handkerchief over her mouth. Her cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

On the other hand, Christopher was puffing in anger.

She was sick with a cold and a fever, but she didn't think to tell him. Christopher remembered her calling him even when she had the slightest headache. He used to rush home, skipping all of the important meetings. But she had changed.

'She has changed!'

He threw her a sidelong glance. "You didn't call me. You didn't even tell me when you arrived at the mansion. What are you trying to prove?"

He furiously increased the speed of the car.

"I... It is not serious," replied Abigail.

"It is not for you to decide," he snapped back.

Abigail was defeated. She looked out the window, still unable to accept that he had taken her out of the mansion in the middle of the ceremony.

"You shouldn't have acted that way," she said. "There were so many people present, and you just walked out. Mom and Dad must be feeling awkward."

Screech...

The car came to a screeching halt. Before she could even realize it, they had arrived at the hospital. Abigail looked at the tall, rectangular building in a daze.

"Uh..." She inhaled sharply when she felt a tug on her arm. She turned to him frantically, only to be met with his fiery gaze. Her stomach tightened up.

"My main concern is the heart inside your ribcage. I don't care what other people think."

Abigail stared at him, emotions overcoming her. "You only care about the heart, not about me!"

Tears pricked the back of her eyeballs.

His grip on her arm loosened. He drew back, saying, "Let's go."

He opened the door and got out of the car.

Abigail's eyelashes drooped. "Why do I feel like you don't care about me?" she mumbled, tears falling onto her lap.