

## **The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 12 - Exaggerated actions**

### **Chapter 12: Exaggerated actions**

Christopher opened the door to the passenger seat and motioned for her to come out. Abigail sneakily wiped her tears away and stepped out. She quietly followed him in.

Their turn for a check-up came soon, and they entered the doctor's chamber.

The doctor examined her thoroughly.

Her blood pressure was normal. Her pulse rate was slightly elevated because of the mild fever, but it was nothing alarming.

"There is no need to be admitted here," the doctor reassured, scribbling something on the prescription pad. "She'll be fine in a couple of days. Just take a good rest. Give her these medicines."

He tore the paper from the notepad and gave it to him.

Christopher's worry had not been dispelled yet. He wanted to make sure her heart was okay. To confirm it, he asked, "Is there any risk to her heart?"

"She is absolutely fine," the doctor assured him again. "Let her continue this medication. The fever will go away in a few days."

"I don't want to take a risk. I'd appreciate it if you could keep her under observation for a day."

The doctor didn't say anything. He just kept looking at him for a good minute, then he finally nodded. "All right."

"Thank you."

Christopher turned to her and found her staring at him. He knew she had a lot of questions in her mind. He didn't care. All that mattered to him was her well-being. As long as she was fine, her heart would function normally.

He stood up and extended his hand toward her.

Abigail took his hand and walked out of the chamber, dazedly looking at him. She didn't know where he was taking her. She simply followed him without thinking about anything.

It was as if she were a robot under his command. He would press some buttons, and she would react accordingly.

He paused and turned to her. "Sit here for a while. I will go reserve a room."

He sat her on a chair and walked away.

Abigail watched him go to a counter. She should have been relieved that he was taking such good care of her, but she was agitated. The agony within her choked her.

She had not felt sick in the morning, despite the fever. She had also been okay at the mansion and hadn't felt this terrible even after listening to the derogatory remarks of Britney's friends and encountering Vivian.

Christopher's actions disturbed her greatly.

Abigail was exhausted as if she had depleted all of her energy. She had the sensation that she was going to pass out at any moment. Her head was heavy. Her eyes were moist. It made her feel like she was really very ill. She could feel her heart pounding in her throat.

The heart...

She put her hand on her sternum.

'Whose heart is this?' This question arose in her mind at that precise moment.

Abigail had never wanted to know who the donor was. She was only grateful to the family for agreeing to donate the heart of the patient, who was dying. It was the first time she was eager to know about it.

She looked back at him, wondering if he knew anything about the donor's family.

Christopher came back and said, "I got a room. Come."

He took her hand in his and walked ahead. He brought her to an executive ward.

"Take a rest now. I will go get your medicine." He went out after putting her to bed.

Abigail lay quietly, her gaze fixed on the white ceiling. The desire to find out who had given her the heart grew.

The NGO that had arranged her surgery had never revealed the identity of the donor. Abigail was well aware that the hospital would not reveal anything either. But she wanted to find out. She wanted to make sure Christopher had no connection with the donor. She wanted to believe what he had said at the time he had proposed to her.

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

She was skeptical of his words, yet, she wanted to believe them. His actions prompted her to figure things out.

How would she do? To whom could she ask for help?

Britney...

This name flashed in the back of her mind.

Abigail remembered her promising to find out why Christopher married her. She thought Britney could help her find out who the donor was.

As a member of the Sherman household, Britney had sources and wealth. It would not be difficult for her to extract information from the hospital or the NGO.

'I will talk to her,' she thought.

Ring-Ting-Ting...

The ringtone of her phone was loud in the quiet room. She reached for her purse beside the pillow and fished her phone out.

It was her mother's call.

"Mamma!"

"I was worried. You didn't call me. Are you okay?" Rachel sounded anxious.

"I am fine, Mamma... but..." She sulked, depressed.

"But?" Rachel exclaimed, seemingly tense.

"He brought me to the hospital and now," she said, sweeping her gaze around the room, which resembled a hotel room with a sofa, cupboard, and television, "I am in an executive ward, lying on a bed, talking to you."

She let out a helpless sigh.

"Are you in a hospital?"

Abigail sat up when she heard her mother's panicked tone. "I am fine. Nothing has happened. Even the doctor advised me to stay at home and rest. It was Christopher who urged him to keep me here for a day."

She shrugged, displeased with his exaggerated actions.

"Who knows why he is acting like this?" She muttered to herself.

"Oh, dear..." Rachel breathed out a deep sigh. "I was terrified. Anyway... I am glad to hear that Christopher cares for you so much." This time, her voice was cheerful. "Rest there for a day. I will bring your belongings tomorrow morning."

"Oh, I see. You are chasing me out, right? You don't want me to be with you." Abigail's mouth was pressed tight in a pout.

"Hahaha..." Rachel burst out laughing. "No, sweetheart. I am not chasing you out. You are welcome to stay with me at any time. But you should accompany your husband. Obey him and be happy with him."

"Hmm... happy, happy..." Abigail tried to smile a little. She would grin delightfully when she found out that he liked her.

"Okay, okay. Rest now," suggested Rachel.

"Bye."

Beep...

Abigail put the phone down and lay back.

"All is well, Abigail." She patted herself on the sternum in an attempt to calm down.

The door opened with a squeak and Christopher walked in, alerting Abigail.