

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 13 - It is all because of your carelessness.

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Abigail, who had just stretched herself in bed, sat up again and stared at him.

His gloomy face made her stomach tight.

She opened her mouth and quickly closed it again, not daring to say anything. She had not forgotten how furiously he had glared at her in the car. Her eyes followed him, and she watched him place the medicine in the drawer.

When he directed his sharp eyes at her, she lowered her head.

"It is all because of your carelessness," he said. Each word appeared to have been passed through an ice tube. "The weather is cold, and you still came out without the overcoat the day before. You know how your health is, don't you?"

"I told you I forgot," she muttered, not looking him in the eyes.

"You forgot!" Christopher's annoyance grew. "Everyone gets dressed properly before leaving the house. You forgot to put on something warm. What else should I call it besides carelessness? Or are you trying to prove something?"

"I was not trying to prove anything. I simply forgot."

"You forgot! You said it again. Wait, what were you thinking?"

Abigail finally raised her eyes at him. She had been distressed because of him. She had gone out in a hurry to get away from the loneliness she was experiencing.

At that very moment, she wished to say everything. She wanted to tell him how much he was making her depressed. She'd like to ask him if he genuinely cared about her or if his care was only to keep her heart healthy.

Her silent stare was piercing.

Christopher could no longer take it. "I am asking you something, Abi. Answer me." He demanded fiercely.

Abigail ultimately decided not to answer him. She averted her gaze.

He smoldered with rage. He was stunned simultaneously.

His obedient wife used to smile at him and answer every question, even if she was not in a good mood.

She had changed.

She started giving him the silent treatment.

Christopher was unfamiliar with such an attitude on her part. He had never noticed something like this in the past two years.

When did she change so abruptly? Or was it her nature that he was unaware of?

"You have started acting weirdly," he grunted out, grinding his teeth. "You went to your mother's place without telling me. You didn't even drop me a message. Then you went to the supermarket carelessly, and you got a cold and a fever as a result."

His rage grew as he remembered how those stupid people had bullied her.

"Don't leave the house if you can't look after yourself."

Abigail furiously turned toward him. Even though she had heart disease, she had never confined herself to her home. She used to work before her health deteriorated.

He was the one who never let her go out alone after she married him. In the past two years, she had done nothing without his permission.

She did nothing wrong if she had gone to see her mother without informing him. Although she had these thoughts, she was unable to express them. In one corner of her heart, she had a guilty conscience.

"Can we stop talking about it?"

She didn't want to stretch the conversation further.

"Are you accepting your mistake?" he asked, his lips slightly quirking. He assumed she was about to give up.

He was enraged yet again because he had not received a response from her.

"Enough of this silence," he fumed and drew her toward him by her arm.

His one forceful tug was enough to cause her frail frame to slide toward him.

Her hand rested on his chest unwittingly. She was terrified under his fierce glare. But her cheeks flushed crimson when she sensed where her hand was. On top of that, his face was so close to hers that she could see the fine pores on his fair cheeks.

Her pulse rate increased even more. She couldn't tell if it was due to her fear or his proximity.

She kept staring at him in the eyes, which reminded her of an evergreen forest, not even flexing her muscles.

Christopher was again lost in her limpid eyes, just like earlier. Due to the mascara that she had applied, her eyelashes seemed to be thicker, making her eyes more appealing. Her amber iris stood out against the white of her eyes.

He could see himself in them. In his mind, a sudden desire to unite her surfaced.

His gaze dropped to her lips, which were parted slightly.

Her lips were plump and naturally pink. She had not applied lipstick... only a touch of lip gloss, which made them shiny.

He swallowed unknowingly.

He couldn't remember how she tasted the night he slept with her.

The memory of that night was hazy.

'Why am I thinking about it?'

He became agitated and released her arm in an instant. Without saying a word, he stormed out.

She was left disoriented.

The warmth had vanished, and she was shrouded in coldness.

Abigail pulled her knees to her sternum and wrapped her arms around her legs.

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The next day, Abigail was discharged.

Christopher had not come to pick her up. He had not returned since he left the day before. He sent his assistant instead.

The young man took the bags that Rachel had brought with her in the morning before she went to work. He opened the rear door for her.

Abigail politely thanked him and settled in the back seat.

The car started moving the next minute.

She looked at him and couldn't stop herself from asking, "Where is Christopher?"

"Mr. Sherman is in a meeting," he said robotically, not even looking at her.

His icy demeanor reminded her of Christopher.

'Like the boss, like the assistant,' she muttered to herself as she looked out the window.

The journey ended in silence.

Abigail got out of the car and strode into the five-story house. She took the elevator and went straight to the fourth floor. She didn't pay attention to the servants in the lobby and the hall and walked up the spiral stairs, which led her to the top floor.

The moment she stepped into the bedroom, her attention moved to the bunch of flowers in a glass vase on the bedside drawer.

Her mood immediately brightened. She walked over and caressed the flowers.

"Aren't they beautiful?" A sweet, thin voice from behind prompted her to turn and look at the door, only to see a maid walking in with the luggage.

"I found them in the dustbin two days ago," said the maid with a small sigh. "Sir can be strange at times. Who keeps such lovely flowers in a garbage can? I took them and placed them in the vase. Take a look: they are still fresh."

She smiled.

But Abigail's expression was a mix of surprise and shock. She returned her gaze to the flowers.

Christopher brought them two days ago!

Abigail gradually realized that he had brought them for her. Perhaps he wanted to apologize to her for forgetting to wish her a happy anniversary.

Her lips stretched wide. All her dissatisfaction and complaints about him vanished.

"Thank you for keeping them," she expressed her gratitude to the maid.

"You are welcome, Madam. Do you want me to serve you the food?"

"I'll be there after a while."

Abigail kept admiring the flowers, brimming with a smile.