

## **The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 14 - Do you love me, Christopher?**

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Later that day...

Abigail decided to cook the dishes she had prepared for their wedding anniversary. The dinner plan for that day had not worked. So, she planned it all over again.

After all, he had brought flowers for her.

She had been working in the kitchen since sundown. She noticed him coming home and going upstairs to his bedroom.

He didn't spare a glance at her, and she didn't mind.

He had brought her such joy.

Abigail smiled and focused on her cooking.

Christopher came out after some time and headed toward his study. The sweet aroma of the grilled chicken whisked into his nostrils, and he paused for a moment to inhale it.

He looked down into the kitchen and noticed her busy cooking. As he walked into the study, he felt a sense of accomplishment in his heart.

The chicken was properly grilled. The potato wedges were baked. The salad and corn casserole were also ready.

Abigail set the table and looked up at the study. She thought she would sit down and wait for him, but then she changed her mind and went to call him.

Knock-Knock...

Her breathing became shallow as she expected him to answer the door at any moment. She crossed her fingers.

A few moments had passed, and the door was still closed.

She was a little surprised. Thinking that he had not heard the knock, she called out to him, "Christopher."

The other side of the door was deafeningly quiet.

Abigail chewed the insides of her cheeks. She became restless, assuming something had happened to him. She grabbed the metal doorknob, which was cold to her palm, and twisted it.

The door clicked open, and she peered into the room.

She didn't see him behind the coffee brown massive worktable.

Abigail entered the room, pushing the door open widely.

"Christopher..." Her voice was just above a whisper.

She could count on her fingers how many times she had come to the study in the past couple of years because Christopher never allowed her to enter unless there was something important.

Tonight, she was excited and came here without much thought.

The laptop on the table was closed. A file sat quietly beside it. The heavy brown curtains on the left had been drawn closed.

Abigail stepped forward and stood by the cream sofa. Her wandering gaze landed on the door right next to the worktable.

'Never enter this room, understood?'

These cold words of Christopher's that had imprinted themselves in her head again rang in her ears.

She looked at the room, pondering what he was doing inside. The curiosity to find out what was inside that room occasionally piqued her mind, but she never dared to come and investigate.

At this moment, she wanted to peek into the room. She remained glued to the spot, thinking whether to leave or call out to him.

Before she could decide, the door pulled open and Christopher came out.

He paused and looked at her with a squint.

Abigail tensed, her eyes wide. The chills pricked at her nape.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, closing the door instantly.

His gaze was too sharp as if he wanted to slash her just by glaring at her.

Abigail parted her lips. The words she wanted to say remained stuck in her throat. It appeared that the part of her brain that controls speech had stopped working.

"I don't like it when you do things you have been told not to do. The next time, keep that in mind. Do not enter if I do not answer the door." His tone was not as cold as it had been previously, but the warning was clear.

She nodded. "The dinner is ready. If you are free, come and eat," she said dryly, then walked out.

Christopher let out a soft sigh, eyes closed, pinching his nose bridge.

He went out.

Looking at the dishes displayed on the dining table, he was stunned.

He glanced at Abigail, who was sitting in her chair. He thought it was only grilled chicken, but she had prepared other dishes as well.

Christopher would have been overjoyed if she had done that on another day. But she just had a fever the day before. Instead of taking a rest, she had been cooking all these dishes.

He wanted to scold her.

Since she had cooked with so much effort, he thought he would eat first and talk later. The other reason was that the delectable dishes made his mouth water.

He couldn't wait to taste them. He sat down in his chair and began eating quietly.

Everything was according to his taste. His rage faded gradually as he continued to eat.

Abigail was relieved. She couldn't stop her lips from curling, watching him eat with pleasure.

They finished their meal quickly.

"The doctor asked you to rest if you remember," he said, wiping his hands on the tissue. His cold demeanor had returned. "Why did you prepare so many dishes when there are only two of us to eat?"

Abigail was hurt, hearing his emotionless, cold tone. She expected him to say something nice.

"There is nothing wrong if you appreciate a little." She stood up to leave, then paused and added, "On our second marriage anniversary, I prepared the same dishes and waited for you, hoping we would have dinner together. You came late."

She had to take a breather as her throat constricted with emotion.

"I thought we would have that moment tonight."

She rushed up to the bedroom.

Christopher gawked at her running away, perplexed as to whether he said something wrong. He was simply expressing his concern.

Then again, he was noticing the change in her attitude. Or was he so ignorant that he had never paid attention to her closely?

'Throwing tantrums!'

Why did he feel the need to appease her?

The thought of Abigail being angry with him agitated him.

"Shit..." he muttered and went to check on her.

He heard her faint sob when he entered the room. He slowly walked over, keeping his eyes on her back.

She turned to the other side, clearly conveying the message that she was not willing to talk to him.

It irritated him. At the same time, his agitation grew.

"Listen..." He licked his lips, not knowing how to convince her. "I was worried. What if your fever returns? Do you want to spend another night at the hospital?"

The hospital had become her second home since she was a child. He couldn't scare her with that.

She didn't look at him.

Christopher sat down on the bed, slowly recounting what had happened that day, "I signed an important deal that day. I was quite busy. The whole day was spent in meetings. I was hungry and tired. So, I ate at the office with Brad. I forgot about the anniversary."

He slightly tilted his head to look at her. "The next day, I came back early. You were not at home."

Abigail finally turned to him. However, Christopher withdrew his gaze.

"First, wipe your tears," he murmured.

"Do you love me, Christopher?" she asked.

He immediately turned to her, a frown flaring up on his brow.