

## **The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 15 - Do you find it difficult to give me what I want?**

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### **Chapter 15: Do you find it difficult to give me what I want?**

Christopher's silence pierced her heart like a knife. He asked her to wipe away her tears, and she shed even more.

"I don't know why I feel like you have no feelings for me," she said, her voice cracking. "It is not true, is it?"

His gaze became even sharper.

"Am I not attractive?" Abigail asked impatiently, grabbing the corner of his sleeve. "Do you dislike the way I dress? I will do a complete makeover. Please let me know how you want to see me. I'll try everything you want to see in a woman."

She moved closer to him and placed her palm on his cheek. "I adore you and am willing to do anything to please you."

Christopher held her hand and drew it down. "You don't have to change yourself. You are good the way you are. If you want to please me, take care of yourself. Do not do anything that will make you sick. You need to stay healthy to keep your heart functioning properly."

"My health condition has improved. The heart is also functioning well." She tried to convince him. "We should try for a baby. Look... the elders are also wishing the same. We should fulfill their wishes."

"Baby is not important to me," he looked ahead, his facial muscles tensing, "I told you that. Don't think about what Mom and Dad are saying. I'm capable of dealing with them."

More tears seeped through her eyes.

Abigail had had enough of his apathy. "But I want more," she murmured. "I want your love."

Christopher's brow was pinched. His expression was becoming glum. He was making every effort not to say or do anything that would insult her.

Her relentless persuasion was upsetting him.

He was losing his cool.

"Do you find it difficult to give me what I want?" she inquired.

"Enough, Abi... Stop crying..." His breathing became heavier.

"This is not the answer I seek," she snarled.

He sprang to his feet and walked out.

"Christopher..."

Her voice rose above the normal range in which she spoke. It was filled with annoyance.

He paused right in front of the door.

"Are we going to stay in this marriage this way for the rest of our lives? ... you looking after my health! Why did you marry me when you were not willing to love me?"

She got off the bed and walked over to him. Taking his hand in hers, she pleaded, "I am your wife, Christopher. Take a look at me. Do I not attract you?"

Christopher quietly stared at her. He was unfamiliar with Abigail's demanding personality.

This was yet another unknown side of hers that he discovered.

It was annoying.

He knew he couldn't act angrily and was afraid she would fall sick again. First, he needed to calm her.

"Your health is always my priority." His voice was gentle. His expression also softened.

There was no trace of anger on his face.

"Everything comes after that." He wiped her tears away. "I vowed to take care of you. I will avoid doing anything that could be harmful to your health. Try to understand."

He brought her back to bed. "Just being out in the cold for a while makes you sick with a fever," he explained. "You should know from this how weak you are. So, think carefully before making a request that could be harmful to your health."

He brought the first aid box and sat down on the bed.

"Eat."

He put a tablet in her hand.

Abigail's eyes were brimming with tears as she looked down at the white tablet.

"Do me a favor. Stay healthy, Abi."

She grinned through her tears as she swallowed the tablet without defying him.

"Sleep. I've got things to do." He cupped her face and placed a soft kiss on her forehead.

It happened instinctively, and he was not sure why he did that.

His expression changed abruptly.

He hurriedly exited the room.

Abigail, on the other hand, became a frozen statue in her place.

The spot where his lips met her brow was still tingling.

She lifted her head slowly and touched that spot, still unable to believe what he had done.

Christopher used to kiss her on the sternum, right where her heart was. It was the very first time he kissed her brow.

Her lips curled gradually. She began to believe he genuinely cared about her health. She was simply overthinking things.

He would think about the baby once he knew she had recovered well.

Her doubts had been dispelled, and she was content.

Christopher came back to the study. He was disturbed, wondering if he really did that.

He touched his lips. The sensation of her warm skin lingered on them. Surprisingly, he didn't feel bad.

The sense of satisfaction distressed him further.

He stormed into the room next to the work table and shut the door with a bang.

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A couple of days went by smoothly. Abigail's fever had not returned. She felt energized this morning.

Although Christopher had resumed his cold attitude, she didn't mind.

She was still happy. She initially thought about finding the donor. After hearing his words that day, she changed her mind.

It no longer mattered to her whose heart it was, as she figured out Christopher cared about her.

His extra care for her heart stemmed solely from his concern for her. After all, she would be fine as long as her heart was fine.

Abigail expected him to meet all of her demands once he was certain she had improved.

Her mood was light, and she planned to decorate the room before Christopher returned home. She changed the curtains and replaced the old flowers with new ones. She planned to light some scented candles.

A maid came in and informed her that Britney was expecting her.

"Britney!" Abigail was a little surprised by her unexpected visit. She went out of the room and noticed her sitting in the hall.

Britney smiled and rose from the sofa. "Hi... How are you feeling now?"

"I am all right," replied Abigail as she walked over to her. "Are you just passing by?"

In the past two years, she had never noticed her coming here. It was natural for her to ask that question.

"Can't I come to see you?" Britney pressed her mouth tight, pretending to be hurt.

"You can..." Abigail offered her a friendly smile and motioned for her to sit down.

"Sorry, I couldn't go see you at the hospital," Britney apologized to her. "Mom and Dad are still upset with Christopher."

Abigail dropped her gaze to her fingers on her lap. "They are upset because of me," she murmured. "They think I am not suitable for the family."

"Don't say that." Britney gripped her shoulder to comfort her. "Christopher chose you. Mom and Dad will understand him gradually... But you have to impress them."

She added the last sentence after some time.