

## **The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 16 - Do you know why Mom and Dad like Vivian?**

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Abigail lifted her head and looked at her curiously. She would be delighted if she could impress her in-laws. The problem between them would be resolved.

If Britney suggested something, she'd like to follow it.

Britney's eyes shone. "Do you know why Mom and Dad like Vivian?"

Abigail nodded. It was simple to answer. "She is wealthy, healthy, and good-looking," she said.

"You are also pretty, Abigail. But you don't know how to present yourself in a smart and sexy way, which Vivian knows very well." Britney swept her gaze on her. "I agree that you are thin, but you have volume where it is needed. All you need to do is eat healthy foods and gain some weight. The rest, I will tell you what to do."

She flashed a smile.

Abigail looked down at herself. She was wearing a white top and a blue skirt. She always dressed this way because it made her feel comfortable, and she didn't care if she looked good or not.

Her thoughts turned to Vivian, who had dressed sexily even for the death anniversary ceremony. She was not comparable to her in terms of appearance, style, and dressing sense. Besides, she wasn't as wealthy or as smart as Vivian.

She was feeling self-conscious. "Um... I-I don't have sexy dresses. I never tried any."

"Don't worry. I will help you." Britney's smile broadened. She seemed to be excited. "How about we go shopping?"

"Now?" Abigail exclaimed, eyes wide.

"Do you need a special day to go shopping?"

Abigail shook her head. "I-I didn't inform Christopher."

She had seen how angry he was at her for going to her mother's house without telling him. She didn't want to upset him again.

Britney was not in the mood to give up. She would do what she had planned.

"He won't say anything. Trust me. Come on." She rose from the sofa, pulling her up.

"Wait a moment. Let me bring my purse at least."

"Okay. I will wait in the car."

Abigail dashed back into her bedroom to retrieve her purse. She quickly examined herself in the mirror and pushed the strands of her hair that had fallen on the side of her face behind her ear.

Just as she was about to leave, she thought she should at least drop Christopher a message.

'I am going shopping with Britney.'

Abigail stuffed the phone into her purse and went out.

Britney was already waiting in her Kia. She drove away as soon as Abigail got in.

She took her to a luxurious boutique... all glass walls, white lights, elite customers, customized outfits, and expensive apparel.

Some were looking for bags, while others were buying shoes. A group of ladies had gathered in the jewelry section. Everyone looked from affluent families.

Despite the fact that Abigail was married to a wealthy man, she felt out of place in her simple blouse and skirt. It was her first visit to a store like this.

She was self-conscious as she walked alongside Britney, who was vibrant in her sleeveless, flared, knee-length dress. Her shoulders were sagging while Britney walked with confidence.

Britney led her to the clothing section.

A saleswoman approached and greeted them politely. She showed them the latest collections.

Abigail was staring at the gowns. Each of them was attractive but expensive. Even though Christopher had given her a credit card that she occasionally used if she needed to buy some necessary items, she had never spent a lot.

She wouldn't be able to spend so much and walk in front of him freely.

Unlike her, Britney was careless. She pointed at whichever dress piqued her interest.

"All of them..."

"Sure, Ma'am."

"Let her try first."

The saleswoman picked up the dresses that Britney had selected and asked Abigail to follow her.

Abigail, who was not paying attention to her, felt as if the world had turned upside down when she saw the saleswoman holding so many dresses.

"Wait... Are these all for me?" she asked with bewilderment.

"Go and try first. We will buy whichever looks good on you."

"But..."

"Go..."

Britney pushed her into the trial room and then shook her head helplessly.

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Christopher finally ended his discussion with Brad on the new deal they had signed a few days ago. He unlocked his phone and checked the messages he had received.

"Ah, man... it is tiring these days." Brad leaned back on the sofa and put his legs on the central table. "I need a break."

Christopher's attention went to Abigail's message. He tensed as he thought she was not feeling well and quickly tapped on the message.

'I am going shopping with Britney.'

He breathed a deep sigh, his muscles relaxing. He was pleased that she had informed him before going out.

The thought of his wife and sister getting along well made him content.

He was not aware that he was smiling.

Brad froze in his place, his eyes centering on him. He was somewhat taken aback.

Even though his smile was faint, it was genuine. It wasn't the strained and phony one Brad had grown accustomed to over the last two years.

His friend was smiling. It was a matter of joy to him.

"Well, well... What makes you happy?" he inquired, intrigued.

Christopher's cold demeanor resumed when he looked back at him. He didn't appear to be smiling just now. It seemed like Brad had interpreted something wrongly.

"You were looking at something on your phone and smiling," he asserted to prove what he saw was real.

"Can't I check my phone?" Christopher wondered if he had smiled while reading Abigail's message.

'Never...'

He lifted his chin and adjusted his tie. "You can take a few days off if you want."

"I need alcohol and a gorgeous chick to suck my cock." Brad's eyes sparkled. His thoughts were drifting.

"That's what you do every weekend. Aren't you tired?" Christopher glared at his friend.

"This is the fun that you don't know about," Brad smirked.

"Not interested." Christopher rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, I know. But I am not boring like you."

"Why don't you settle down?" Christopher strode to the worktable.

"The way you settled down! No way..."

Brad stopped talking as his mind turned to a face that he had liked for all those years. Sadly, she never paid attention to him.

'If she comes into my life...'

He chuckled and looked at Christopher, only to meet his fierce glare. He immediately drew his legs down and straightened himself.

Only then did he realize he had said something that had offended him.

"I will go for lunch. Are you coming?" He stood up.

Christopher did not respond.

"Okay. I am leaving." Brad quickly took his ass out of the cabin.