

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 17 - Start making your own decisions.

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Abigail had been trying on dresses for the past half an hour. She was exhausted by this point, but she still had a few dresses to try on. She took a look at the dress the saleswoman had just handed her.

"Do I still have to try them?" she inquired, raising her gaze to Britney.

"Try them all."

Abigail couldn't deny Britney's authoritative tone. She went back into the trial room.

She finished trying on all the dresses in half an hour and breathed a long sigh of relief. Her legs had given up. Britney yanked her up just as she was about to sit down.

"Come on. Let's pick some matching shoes and bags." She dragged her away.

Abigail wanted to stop her, but Britney had already brought her to the shoe section.

She was having difficulty walking in those stilettos.

"These are a little too high for me. I am unable to walk."

"If you want to compete with Vivian, you must wear them."

Abigail was defeated. Her competitor was too gorgeous and smart. She had to do it if she wanted to win Christopher.

She continued practicing walking in those high heels. She struggled at first, but she eventually managed to walk.

"Enough with the practice. You can do it at home later."

Britney showed her a pair of matching bags.

They went to the billing counter.

Abigail felt shivers in her back when she saw the amount on the bill, cold sweat pricking her neck.

Britney smirked as she looked at her pale face. "You are a member of the Shermans. Don't look at the bill that way. It is embarrassing."

She gave her bank card to the woman behind the counter.

"Wait..."

Abigail stopped her. She couldn't let her pay. It was a matter of her husband's pride.

Christopher would be upset if he found out she let Britney pay the bills despite the fact that he gave her a credit card.

The amount of the bill... Well, she would talk to him later.

"I will pay."

"Are you sure?" Britney was skeptical about her.

Abigail nodded confidently and gave the woman the black card.

Britney flashed a bright smile at her, saying, "Now you know how to spend your husband's money."

Abigail didn't smile back at her. She closed her eyes and tried to picture Christopher's expression when he would check the bank alert.

Would she be able to face him?

She let out a small sigh as she took the card and slipped it back into her purse.

"Have a good day, ma'am. Please visit our store again." The lady smiled as she handed her the carry bags.

Abigail could only flash a crafty smile.

"Let's go to the salon." Britney linked her arm with hers and took her out of the boutique.

"Salon?"

"Yes... New dresses, new look... You must change your hairstyle."

Abigail couldn't take her gaze away from her long, wavy brown hair. She would tuck it into a chignon or let it loose at other times. She currently had it pulled back into a ponytail.

She believed that her long hair complemented her personality and that it was unnecessary to change it.

"Isn't it nice?" she asked as she brushed her hair.

"It's good but old-fashioned. If you want to get Chris' attention, you should do as I say."

Abigail pondered for a moment. She did tell him she was willing to go to any length to entice him.

Despite her best efforts, she had failed to make an impression on his heart in the past two years. She would change her appearance if it meant attracting him.

She agreed to go to the salon.

In just a few minutes, they arrived at a high-end beauty salon, which was not very far from the boutique.

Britney was quite familiar with the staff members there and asked the hair stylist to cut Abigail's hair. She even chose her hairstyle as if she knew exactly what would look best on her.

A few minutes later, the haircut was completed.

Abigail looked at herself in the mirror. Her hair was cut to her jawline in a blunt style, with bangs falling over her forehead. This new look complemented her oblong face and completely transformed her appearance.

She looked younger and felt as if she had returned to the age of 18. She stroked her bouncy hair.

"That's nice." Britney moved in closer, her eyes shining unusually. "Chris will surely like it."

Abigail liked the new look and thought Christopher would like it as well. She smiled shyly. Her flushed cheeks were hidden under her hair.

"Don't forget to put on the cream dress when you welcome him," Britney suggested, "and apply some lipstick."

Abigail blushed even more.

"Do you intend to stay here for the rest of the day?" Britney pulled her out of the salon. "Let's have some coffee. I need to talk to you about something else."

Abigail followed her quietly, wondering what else she had to say.

They came to a nearby café and took an empty table. The barista served the coffee in no time.

"Tell me Abigail: What is your plan? How are you going to make Mom and Dad happy?"

Abigail shrugged. "I don't have any plans. I hardly ever spoke to Dad. And Mom... she is scary. I'm not sure how to please them."

"For that, you have to know what they don't like about you," Britney said. "Your inability to give a child to this family is not the only reason they dislike you. They have issues with you for many reasons. I'm not going to waste time counting them. You should also stop thinking about that. Concentrate on how to raise yourself to the level of Vivian."

"Umm... What do you want me to do?" Abigail asked, puzzled.

"You should start looking for a job," Britney advised. "I will help you in finding a job. Your health condition is not as poor as before. You have improved a lot. Now you should focus on your career."

As she sipped her coffee, she cast a thoughtful glance at her.

Abigail was completely absorbed in her thoughts. She deduced that Christopher would not allow her to work.

"No. I don't think he will allow me."

"Tsk... Abigail, you should start making your own decisions. Don't keep thinking about whether Chris will like it or not." Britney sounded vexed. "If you stay locked inside the house as an obedient wife, cooking for him, Vivian will steal him in no time."

Abigail immediately imagined Christopher and Vivian together. She clasped the cup unconsciously.

"I will start looking for a job," she readily agreed.

"That's the spirit. I will always be there for you. Don't tell him anything about it until you get a job. Got it? You should plan a surprise for him."

Abigail nodded, and Britney smirked.