Chapter 18: Leave her before it is too late.

Abigail did exactly what Britney had suggested. She freshened up after returning home and put on the cream off-shoulder dress she had bought.

The dress was a snug fit that flared from her waist, reaching to her knees. It fitted her perfectly.

She applied peach lipstick. With her new hairstyle, Abigail looked stunning.

She came down the hall and waited for him.

Christopher arrived at his usual time.

Abigail approached him with a grin and extended her hand to take his suit jacket.

Christopher was stunned and frozen. He forgot to take off his jacket and hand it over to her.

His pupils dilated and then shrank. He examined her from head to toe. His eyes were clouded with sadness. Then a cold expression appeared on his face.

He appeared to be furious.

Abigail was perplexed to see such a quick change in his expression. She expected him to say something nice about her. She wasn't sure what he was thinking anymore.

"Please allow me to take your jacket." She again stretched her hand toward him.

He held up his hand and stopped her, then walked past her and up to the bedroom.

Abigail turned and looked at his back, her breathing becoming erratic. She intended to ask him out to dinner, but he simply strode away without saying anything.

Her excitement vanished at that moment. She had changed her look to entice him. But this attempt of hers failed.

She wanted to cry aloud. Her inner voice pleaded with her not to give up.

She went into the bedroom. To her surprise, she found him on the balcony.

Christopher had not changed his clothes yet.

Abigail approached him slowly.

His grip on the balustrade tightened when he heard the footsteps behind him.

Abigail chewed the insides of her cheeks, unsure of how to start a conversation.

He was clearly upset, and she assumed it was because of the money she had spent.

She lowered her gaze to her fingers. "I am sorry," she started the conversation with an apology. "I spent a lot of money today."

He did not respond.

"I thought I should try a new look. So…"

He turned to face her. "Why did you choose this look?"

Abigail swallowed a gasp, nervous under his sharp glare. She brushed her hair unconsciously. "Um… I-I… Br… the stylist selected this hairstyle for me."

She didn't take Britney's name because she was afraid he would blame her.

"The hairstylist?"

She nodded frantically. She was so nervous that she wanted to cry. "I thought you would like it," she murmured.

Christopher pressed his fingers against his brow, looking into the distance. He told her not to change her look, but she didn't listen to him. He was disappointed with her.

His heart filled with sadness when he looked back at her. He wanted to close his eyes and stop looking at her, but he couldn't. He couldn't deny that she looked good.

It was also true that he wouldn't be able to watch her in this look. It was painful.

He had the sensation that his chest was tearing apart. He walked away.

"Christopher…" She held his wrist. "Please don't be upset with me."

"I am upset with myself," he said without looking at her. It was as if looking at her was forbidden.

He had told her that she didn't have to do anything to please him. But his assurances and advice seemed to be in vain.

He pulled his hand back and left the house.

Christopher dialed Brad's number as he got into his car and drove away.

Brad had been trying to woo a red-haired woman in a revealing dress by buying a drink for her. His intention was clear.

'Spend the night with her.'

His fantasy was shattered when he received Christopher's call. When he heard his friend was coming to the pub, he almost fell off the stool.

"What? Are you sure?" He walked a little away from the bar counter.

"I am on my way."

Beep…

"Damn, man…" Brad's nose wrinkled as he looked at the phone.

"Hey, handsome. Why did you come here? Are you not going to join me for a drink?" The red-haired woman smiled coquettishly, running her finger down his arm.

Brad smiled, his eyes drawn to her cleavage. He would never pass up an opportunity to have fun with a hot girl like her.

His friend was more important to him, and he couldn't ignore him for anyone else.

"Yeah, darling…"

By addressing her as darling, he did not imply that he liked her.

He never could remember the name of the woman he had taken with him to the hotel. It was just a one-time thing… having fun one night and waving goodbye the next day…

He never kept in contact with them. But he was not insensitive either. He did ask her name, which he promptly forgot. As a result, he used to address every woman he slept with as "darling" because it was safer than calling them by the wrong name.

"I'd love to have a drink with you," he continued. "But I remember something important. You need to enjoy the drink alone."

"How rude." The woman sulked and stomped away.

"Have fun…" Brad lifted his head and waved at her, his face contorting. "You ruined my evening, man."

He went to book a private chamber.

Christopher arrived after some time.

Brad was displeased. He assumed he would ignore him and asked him to compensate for ruining his night. When he noticed his troubled expression, he became concerned.

"Hey, are you all right?" His displeasure with him had vanished.

Christopher drank the drink that Brad had poured for himself.

Brad silently watched him.

Christopher had been drinking in the same way he had been extremely disturbed six months before.

He was aware of the reason at the time, but right now, he was not sure what had disturbed his friend so much.

"Did you argue with Abigail?" he asked.

Christopher finished his drink and proceeded to make another large pack.

Brad was helpless. "I'm not sure what happened between you two. But you can't keep this marriage going like this. I asked you not to marry her back then because I knew you and Abigail could never have a happy and peaceful life together. You are torturing not only yourself but also Abigail. Leave her before it is too late."