

## The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 19 - Gloria's offer

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"You know I cannot leave her," replied Christopher sullenly as he drank.

"We need to let go of certain things," Brad advised. "You should leave it, which is giving you pain. You are making her life miserable too. Someone out there must be willing to love her. Let her live her life, and you live yours."

Christopher's expression darkened even more. What pricked his heart was another man willing to love her. He drank the remaining alcohol in one breath and slammed the glass down on the table.

"She is my woman now," he hissed.

"You don't love her," Brad countered.

"It makes no difference." Christopher poured another drink for himself.

"Enough..." Brad held his wrist and stopped him. "Don't drink too much."

"I want to get drunk." Christopher pushed his hand away and drank it all at once.

"Christopher. I recall you saying you wouldn't get drunk."

Christopher paused, his mind immediately recalling the night six months ago. He had already drunk three large pegs and another one would really make him inebriated. He didn't want to make the same mistake he had made.

When Brad took the glass from his hand, he didn't protest.

"Let me drive you home," Brad offered.

"Take me to your place." Christopher preferred staying at his friend's place to avoid being intimate with Abigail under the influence of alcohol.

Brad nodded slowly. He pulled him up and led him out of the private chamber.

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The next day...

Abigail was so tense that she hadn't gotten enough sleep. She had continued to check to see if he had returned from time to time.

She was overcome with grief when he did not return home last night. She had called and texted him several times since she awoke. But he never returned her calls or messages.

It made her even sadder.

"Where has he gone? Whom should I call?"

Abigail was worried. She considered calling his office, but she decided against it because she was afraid he would be even more upset with her.

After mulling it over, she chose to call Brad.

Ring-Ring-Ring...

She chewed the insides of her cheeks while waiting for the call to connect.

"Abi, are you okay?"

Brad was always worried about her. It was nothing new to Abigail. Whenever she met him or talked to him, he spoke nicely to her and treated her well.

"I am fine, Brad. Thank you. Um... Is Christopher with you?"

"Oh, yes... um... Don't be tense. We worked late last night, and I invited him to stay at my house. We are currently working on a new project."

"Oh..." She nodded, relieved. But she asked, "Will he come home tonight?"

"Of course, dear. I'm not going to ask him to stay at my house tonight." He laughed.

"This was not what I meant." She couldn't help but smile. "Okay, I won't bother you anymore. Bye."

Abigail was happy that Christopher was okay. She was not worry-free, though.

Christopher was angry with her because of her new look. That was the reason he left.

Abigail regretted changing her appearance. She shouldn't have listened to Britney.

'I will apologize to him when he gets home,' she thought.

Knock-Knock...

She turned to the door and saw a maid.

"Madam, the Sherman family's butler is here, and he is expecting you."

Abigail was taken aback and couldn't figure out why he had come. "Okay. Ask him to wait for a while. Give him some juice and snacks."

"Sure, madam."

Abigail frowned, perplexed as to why he had come to see her. She went into the closet and got ready. At this point, she couldn't help but think of what Britney had said. To divert her in-laws' attention away from Vivian, she needed to get dressed properly and look attractive.

She checked herself in the mirror again before leaving.

A man in his late forties sat on the sofa, sipping juice.

Abigail looked down at him as he stood beside the stairwell. She was so stupid that she hadn't noticed that even the Sherman family's servants were dressed neatly, despite the fact that it was their uniform.

She was the only one who dressed up in her comfortable t-shirt and skirt like she used to do before marriage. She squared her shoulders and walked down the stairs, her heels clacking.

The butler was in awe when he looked up at her. He had forgotten to set the glass down. Or perhaps he was just trying to finish the juice, which he failed to do. His mouth remained open.

His eyes roved over her.

Abigail was dressed in a blue dress that fell asymmetrically to her knees.

It was a full-sleeved dress that fit her perfectly. Her new hairstyle gave her a more youthful appearance. She was lovely.

Abigail smiled. "Good morning. Is everyone all right at the mansion?"

He came to his senses and put the glass down, rising to his feet.

"Good morning." He smiled back at her. "Gloria Madam would like to meet you. Please accompany me."

"Oh! Can you tell me why?" She couldn't help but be curious.

"I am merely a servant. I simply carry out their orders. Please..." He motioned for her to follow.

"Okay."

She followed him out.

Several minutes later...

They arrived at the mansion. The butler took her to Gloria's bedroom.

"Stay here. I'll notify her first." He asked her to stand outside the room and went in.

Abigail stood there stiffly, nervous. Her palms were perspiring. She wasn't sure what Gloria wanted to discuss with her.

The butler came out and nodded for her to enter.

Abigail took a deep breath and walked into the room. She saw her sitting in a reclining chair on the balcony, sipping coffee. She put her hand on her tummy and approached her slowly.

"Good morning, Mom." She mustered a smile. "You wanted to talk to me."

Gloria looked up at her and couldn't avert her gaze for a while. She resumed her indifferent look and sipped the coffee.

"Nice dress," she said as she motioned for her to take a seat on the sofa in front of her.

Abigail sat down, trying hard to appear normal. However, her stomach was knitting tighter in anxiety.

"How is your health now?" Gloria asked without any emotion in her tone.

"I am fine, Mom. The doctor said my condition had improved. I no longer feel discomfort or fatigue."

"That's good. I am glad that you recovered. You should be grateful to Christopher for taking such good care of you."

"I am always grateful to him," Abigail replied with a grin.

"Then you should also think about him, shouldn't you?" Gloria's eyes became sharper than before. "You should think about his happiness, which is not with you."

She put the cup down and raised her chin high. "Two years ago, he made an impulsive decision to marry you. As his mother, I cannot let him ruin his life because of that decision. You should end this marriage. It is best for you as well as for him."

She took a chequebook from the stool beside her and tossed it on the coffee table in front of her. "Fill the amount up as much as you want and leave my son."