

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 2 - Divorce her

Chapter 2: Divorce her

Abigail woke up at the crack of dawn. The person, who had slept beside her, was not on the other side of the bed. He had gotten up earlier than she had. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't wake up before him.

It was embarrassing at times.

She quickly got out of bed and went into the bathroom, expecting him to return from his jog. After taking a quick shower and changing her clothes, she went to the kitchen and prepared breakfast.

Despite the fact that the villa had plenty of servants, she preferred to cook on her own. She loved watching him eat with fervor whatever she cooked.

Christopher had arrived just as she was about to finish preparing breakfast. His black t-shirt was clinging to his torso, and sweat beads dripped from his hair. He wiped his sweat with the towel and picked up the tabloid as he strode up to the bedroom.

Although he didn't glance at her, she had not forgotten to say "Good morning" to him. She craned her neck to look at him.

"Morning," he murmured as he entered the room. His voice was so low that she couldn't hear him.

"Morning, morning... You cannot say it properly." She shrugged and squeezed the oranges.

She set the table with French toast and freshly squeezed orange juice and waited for him.

When she heard heavy footfalls on the stairs, her heart skipped a beat. She looked at him walking over, took a seat in his chair, and started eating quietly.

She gawked at his handsome face, standing by the dining table.

Christopher had not changed much in two years. He was well-groomed; his angular jaw was clean-shaven, and his black hair was slicked back at the

sides, giving him an intimidating but professional appearance. He was wearing a tailored grey suit and expensive shoes.

Everything about him was exquisite... even the way he was holding the fork and knife with his slender, long fingers.

This handsome man was the boss of a multinational business conglomerate, the Sherman Group. He was all hers.

Her lips curled unwittingly.

He put down his fork and looked up at her, making her stiffen.

"Staring is not good. Sit down and eat."

Her cheeks flushed with embarrassment. She pulled the chair out.

Ding-Dang...

She was about to sit down when the doorbell rang. "I will go and see."

She hurried to the door and opened it. Looking at the familiar person, she grinned.

It was her mother-in-law, Gloria Sherman.

"Good morning, Mom. What a pleasant surprise! Please come in."

Gloria looked at her from head to toe. "You are getting thinner than before. You don't eat, do you?"

She walked past her and up to the dining area elegantly.

"Mom." Christopher stood up and hugged her laterally.

"Oh, my boy. You have forgotten to come and see me." Her voice was delightful, but her expression was not. She appeared to be dissatisfied with him.

"Please take a seat and join us for breakfast." Christopher glanced at Abigail and signaled her to serve his mother food.

Abigail quickly served her toast and poured a glass of juice.

Gloria held up her hand. "Enough, enough... Sit and eat. Look at yourself. You are becoming thinner day by day. How will you bear a child? Two years have been wasted. How many more years do you want to waste? Huh..." She sighed despondently. "It appears that my wish to see my Christopher's son will not be granted."

"Mom..." That one word was full of frustration. "Don't put pressure on us. We are not trying for a baby."

"Not trying for a baby!" Gloria exclaimed, sounding shocked. "Christopher! Do you intend to leave this family without an heir?"

"Mom, please." Christopher stood up frantically, the chair screeching backward. His furrowed eyebrows and his dark eyes terrified Abigail.

She had never anticipated that he would react so furiously.

"Abi is still recovering," he snapped. "She is unfit to bear a child. Her heart is weak. What if there are complications during the pregnancy? What if her heart stopped working? I cannot take a risk?"

His words seemed to be caring, but Abigail felt a jab in her heart. Last night, she told him that she was fit to conceive. Christopher had not believed her. He only wanted to take care of her heart, not her feelings.

Her eyes welled up with tears.

"Then divorce her." Gloria's cruel words resonated for a few seconds in the air.

Abigail's hands shook, and she knocked the glass over, spilling the juice on the table.

"I-I am so sorry..." She apologized, rising to her feet. She took out tissues and dabbed them in the orange liquid. The whole thing appeared to be even worse. The juice streamed and dripped to the floor.

"Abi, stop." His voice was cold and deep.

"I-I will clean it up." She rushed to the kitchen to fetch a napkin.

"Abigail..."

Her steps halted on the track. His thick voice traveled deep into her stomach.

"Go to the room and wait for me."

She turned around and said, "The mess..."

"Go..."

She didn't dare oppose him. She turned and strode into the room with her head bowed.

Christopher brought a napkin and cleaned up the mess.

Gloria looked at him with disbelief, her heart churning with resentment. "You are doing all this stuff that a servant should do. I never imagined seeing you like this. It is all because of that sick woman. Why are you still sticking with her? Huh? There are a lot of ways to look after her. You didn't need to marry her in the first place."

Her mouth twitched with disdain. "Give her as much money as she wants and ask her to leave you. Don't ruin your life after her."

His silence made her even more distressed. She had never liked Abigail since the beginning. To her, Abigail didn't deserve to be the daughter-in-law of the Sherman household. Yet, she accepted her because her son married her. When she realized Abigail couldn't bear a child, she became desperate to end this marriage.

"Listen, son. Be wise. This woman is unable to give an heir to the family. Leave her."

Christopher silently sat back on his chair and started eating as if nothing had happened.

"Do you remember Oliver Simons' daughter Vivian? She has returned after completing her studies and is going to join her father's company. Why don't you go and see her?"