

## **The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 20 - I will leave if he asks me to.**

### **Chapter 20: I will leave if he asks me to.**

Abigail looked at the chequebook, her heart filling with sorrow.

Gloria went above and beyond today when she attempted to assess her son and daughter-in-law's relationship with money.

Abigail was sad. She struggled with the urge to cry. Her eyes still became watery.

"I am not with him because of his wealth," she said slowly. "I like him. He asked me to marry him. I will not leave him even if you offer me the whole world." She raised her eyes at her. "I will leave if he asks me to. I won't demand any money. I am not materialistic."

She pushed herself to her feet. "If you don't have anything to say, I will leave."

Gloria fumed in anger. Her ears and face were burning.

"You think you are qualified to be the daughter-in-law of the family," she fretted. "You are nothing... no family status, not highly educated. You are not comparable to Christopher. He must be ashamed of you, which is why he never takes you to a party. Forget about the parties, your marriage to him has not yet been made public. Do you believe you can be with him forever? He will kick you out of his life once he finds the right person."

She held the chequebook up in front of her and added, "Be wise. I am willing to give you as much money as you want. Live your life happily away from him."

"Sorry, I don't need your money," said Abigail emphatically. "I will leave."

She walked out, her steps wobbly. She had the sensation that someone was squeezing the life out of her. Her lungs were congested.

She gripped the handrail tightly as she carefully walked down the stairs, afraid she would tumble down.

Abigail had guessed many things about why Gloria had called her on the way here. She never anticipated that her mother-in-law would offer her money to leave Christopher. Her mother-in-law seemed to be compensating her for the days she had spent with Christopher.

The agony and humiliation were unbearable. Because of her love for Christopher, she was able to deal with the pain.

She believed she would win him as long as she didn't give up.

Gloria's remark that she was not qualified to be the daughter-in-law of the family pricked her heart.

Abigail didn't think she was inferior to anyone else, even though she was not highly educated. She had at least completed her graduation. She could get a job if she tried hard enough.

She might not become as smart and wealthy as Vivian, but she could become self-sufficient.

'I will not give up,' she said to herself as she walked out of the mansion.

Although she pretended to be strong, she still broke down in tears when she came out. She called Christopher, hoping her pain would be relieved a little if she talked to him for a while. But Christopher had turned into a heartless man since last night.

He didn't pick up when she called again. He appeared to have decided not to speak to her any longer.

She became more depressed. She was willing to fight the entire world for him, and he was completely uninterested in her.

"You are hurting me," she murmured. "This is not how you should treat me."

She put the phone back in her purse and wiped her tears away. "Okay. I will not disturb you anymore."

She stretched her hand and stopped a taxi.

The taxi sped away once she got in.

=====

Christopher looked at the phone and ignored it when he saw Abigail's name. He was still angry with her and refused to speak to her. He continued to work.

Knock-Knock...

"Come in..."

He glanced up and saw his young secretary, dressed in a white shirt and black skirt, come in.

"Hello, Mr. Sherman." She placed the file on the table that she had brought with her. "This is the file for "Essence Concierge," which you asked for."

"Hmm..." Christopher took the file and started checking.

"I got a phone call from Mr. Adrian Sherman's office. He is expecting you."

Christopher closed the file and looked at her. He was a little taken aback to know that his father had come to the office.

Since Adrian had delegated the company's responsibilities to him, he had not come to the office on a regular basis unless there was a board meeting.

Today there was no board meeting, and Christopher had no idea why his father was there.

"Okay..."

The secretary hesitantly looked at him instead of leaving.

"What is it? Do you have anything else to say?"

"I want to take a few days off the next month," the secretary said.

Christopher frowned at her. "Why are you informing me now?"

"Because you didn't grant me leave last time. That's why I am informing you beforehand." She pouted slightly, seemingly displeased.

"A month ahead!" Christopher was irritated.

"At the beginning of the next month, which is two weeks later," she corrected.

"Fine..." He gritted his teeth.

"Thank you, Mr. Sherman." She gave him a professional smile and walked out.

Christopher scowled at her departing form and wondered, "Did she think I was cruel?"

He shrugged and buttoned up his suit jacket as he stood up and walked out. He went to his father's cabin, which was one floor below his.

Knock-Knock...

He rapped on the door.

"Come in..." He heard his father's deep, icy voice.

He pushed open the heavy wooden door and went in.

"Dad..."

"Sit down."

Christopher sat down across from him. "Does anything happen that I am not aware of?" he asked curiously.

"Nothing special." Adrian pushed a file toward him. "Vivian will work under you from tomorrow."

It was an order.

Christopher's face turned black as he checked Vivian's joining report. "Why does she want to work here?"

"She wants to learn how to handle business."

"This is absurd." Christopher tossed the file down. He knew exactly why she was joining here.

"Her father owns a large corporation," he grunted. "She can learn it from her father. There is no need for her to work here."

"I have already given the approval," Adrian snarled. "Are you challenging my decision?"

Christopher could say nothing other than snort in anger.

"She could have joined her father's company, but she wanted to work under you instead. She doesn't want to work in a comfortable zone. She is up for any challenge, and you should admire her for it. I'm not interested in hearing anything. She is coming tomorrow. Be kind to her."

Adrian waved his hand, signaling him to depart.

Christopher stood up. "If you have already decided everything, you didn't have to inform me either."

He stormed out.

Adrian clenched his fists as he glared at the door.