

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 21 - We will meet often.

Chapter 21: We will meet often.

Christopher busied himself with work as it was his other means to vent his anger and frustration. He lost track of time and failed to notice that everyone had left the office. Only the night support staff members were present.

"Are you still not leaving?" Brad barged in without knocking on the door.

"You are also here," Christopher said, not taking his gaze away from the laptop screen.

"I was about to leave. When I noticed the lights on in your cabin, I came to check on you."

Brad sagged into the couch and exhaled deeply. He looked at him for a moment before saying, "Abi called me this morning. She was asking about you."

Christopher's fingers on the keyboard paused momentarily and then again started moving swiftly.

"You should go home. She must be worried."

When Christopher recalled her new look, he became restless. He wouldn't be able to look at her.

"Are you planning on renewing the contract with the Essence Concierge?" he asked, changing the topic abruptly.

"Yeah. It is quite easy to hire temporary employees from them. I have no problem renewing the contract."

Christopher nodded at the file that he had kept on the side of the table. "I have made some changes to the contract. Talk to them."

"Okay."

Brad walked over to the table and took the file. "I will check it at home. Good night." He turned to leave.

"Wait for a while. I am almost done. I am staying at your place."

"Huh? Why?" Brad gave him a surprised look.

Christopher was annoyed. "What? Can't I stay at your place? Do you remember how frequently I used to stay at your house?"

"I haven't forgotten anything. But you have a wife now at your house, waiting for you. Shouldn't you go back to her?"

"She is what I am avoiding," Christopher murmured under his breath.

"Did you say something?" Brad asked, squinting at him suspiciously.

"Nothing. Go home. I will stay in a hotel."

"Ugh..." Brad rolled his eyes. "I don't know why you are upset with poor Abigail. Anyway, no need to stay in a hotel. You are coming with me."

Christopher thanked him dryly and followed him out the door, carrying the laptop.

Later that night...

Christopher went to bed after dinner. He had no idea why he felt the need to check Abigail's messages.

There had been no recent messages or phone calls from her. It took him by surprise.

'She didn't call to see when I was coming home?' He frowned irritably.

"Why should I care?" He tossed aside the phone and lay down, clutching the pillow to his chest.

When he closed his eyes, Abigail's face flashed in the back of his mind. He opened his eyes frantically.

It had never happened to him before.

'Am I missing her?' he wondered.

"No way..." He denied it, shifting his weight to the opposite side. "I need to sleep."

He forcefully closed his eyes. Abigail's face didn't appear in the back of his mind.

Christopher became even more restless because of the emptiness he had been feeling in his chest. He clutched the pillow even tighter as if it could fill the void.

Abigail, on the other hand, had not slept yet. She had been checking the job vacancies in a job portal. She submitted her resume in the hopes of receiving a call. Then she narrowed it down to a few companies where walk-in interviews would be held in the coming days.

Her eyes were stinging from staring at the phone screen for so long. She stretched her back and rubbed her stiff nape. She even let out a long yawn.

"What time is it?"

It was 11 pm, and Christopher had not back yet.

She realized he was not coming back tonight either. Sadness washed over her.

Instead of calling him to see if he was coming, she typed 'Good night' and hit the send button.

Buzz-Buzz...

Christopher checked his phone right away and saw her message.

The simple two words 'Good night' were both relieving and irritating.

Instead of asking when he would return, she simply said, 'good night.'

It made him feel unwanted.

Christopher thought he would get up and drove back home. He was genuinely curious as to what she meant by sending that message.

"I don't care."

He again ignored the uneasiness in his heart and went to sleep.

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Christopher came to the office on time the next morning and found Vivian waiting for him in front of his cabin. His mood immediately turned sour. Since his father had already approved her training here, he couldn't treat her rudely. Furthermore, the elders of the two families were attempting to mend the broken relationship.

"Good morning, Vivian." He motioned for her to come inside. "You are early."

"I didn't want to make a bad impression on my boss on my first day," she explained, smiling.

Christopher smirked deviously. "Please have a seat."

"Thank you." Vivian sat down and rolled the round crystal ball-shaped pendant around her neck.

Christopher also sat down in his chair. "What makes you want to work here? Do you have any doubts about your father's company?"

He was obviously mocking her, but his expression was solemn. Such an expression would not let the other person understand what he had on his mind.

Vivian was also smart. She didn't like his question although she was not sure if he was mocking her.

"You are right," she replied calmly. "I can take the training in my father's company. It is not difficult for me. Everyone will help me and give me special treatment. This is where I have a problem. I don't want to be treated specially."

"Uh-huh?" He nodded with curiosity.

"I'd like to work in a challenging environment," she stated confidently. "This will help me in learning more."

"All right. Welcome to The Sherman Groups. You will start working from now on under Brad Glover."

"What? But I was supposed to report to you." Vivian frowned.

"Are you challenging my decision?" he asked sharply.

"No... I..."

"I don't work with trainees. Brad can tell you better. Of course, you can come to me if you need something or if you encounter any problems. I'd love to help you." He smiled. "Just inform my secretary before you come into my cabin. All right, Miss Simons?"

He made it clear that she couldn't take the advantage of the connection between the two families and come to his cabin without permission.

Vivian clasped the folder in her hands, rage boiling within her. She, however, couldn't argue with him. She flashed a crafty smile.

"Yes, absolutely fine, Mr. Sherman. We will meet often."

She rose from the chair and walked out elegantly.

"Fuck..." Christopher grumbled, irritated.

He checked his phone, hoping to find Abigail's message. To his surprise, there was no message from her.

She didn't even say good morning to him.

He hissed and dropped the phone, his annoyance growing.

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 22 - The memory of an old friend

Chapter 22: The memory of an old friend

Britney called Abigail early in the morning.

"Hey, Abigail. Are you busy?"

Abigail, taken aback by her frantic voice, placed the toast on the plate she was about to eat. She was afraid Gloria had done something to cause her marriage to fall apart.

"What's the matter?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Get ready. I am coming."

"Get ready for what?" Abigail was stunned even more.

"For a job interview, of course. I am coming. Be ready."

Beep...

"Interview for a job! So suddenly! How am I going to face it without preparation?"

Abigail didn't like it when someone put pressure on her. She preferred to work at her own pace. Besides, she was perplexed as to why Britney was rushing so much.

She thought she would say no to her, so she ate her breakfast calmly.

Britney arrived in no time. She scrunched up her face in annoyance when she saw her still eating breakfast.

"What is it? You are not ready yet!" She moved over to her frantically.

"Sit down and have coffee first," Abigail said calmly and asked the maid to serve her some coffee.

"Okay! You are not going for the interview, are you?" Britney tossed an envelope she was holding on the dining table and cast her a quizzical look, crossing her arms across her breastbone. She was seemingly annoyed.

Abigail looked at her calmly and replied, "I am not prepared for the interview. How am I going to face it? Sit down."

Britney pulled the chair out and sagged into it dejectedly. "I did so much for you, and you don't appreciate my efforts."

She picked up the envelope and waved it in front of her face. "I asked a friend to hire you, and she talked to her father, who wanted to speak with you. The job was almost guaranteed. You simply need to go there and speak with him."

She tossed the envelope on the table furiously.

Abigail looked at the envelope, feeling guilty. She had no idea Britney had done so much for her. But she couldn't accept the favor.

"Thank you so much, Britney, for thinking about me. I really appreciate your efforts, but I am sorry. I cannot accept this job."

"Why?" Britney's expression was full of resentment.

"I want to be hired based on my qualifications and experience, not on a favor."

"Pfff..." Britney sighed and rolled her eyes. "Getting a job when you don't have much experience is difficult. Be wise and go there."

"I am sorry, Britney." Abigail was firm in her decision. She didn't think it was right to take the favor when her in-laws were so hostile to her.

When they would learn about it, they would only humiliate her even more, saying she had no qualifications to get a job.

"Okay, fine... I'm not going to force you. I thought I would assist you. Since you are unwilling to take my help, I will leave."

Britney grabbed the envelope and stood up. She didn't forget to pinch her in the heart by saying, "Vivian has started working under Chris. She will soon get his attention and start dating him. You will remain locked here, cooking for him."

She had completely lost her cool. She couldn't stop herself from hurting her verbally. "I know very well that Chris doesn't like you. His taste is unique, and you are not the type of woman who can draw his attention. I am trying to make you according to his taste so that you can keep him away from Vivian. But you..."

Her eyes shone with loathing. It was unclear whether her hatred was for Vivian or Abigail.

"You can do whatever you want. I'm not going to assist you any longer."

She stormed out the door.

Abigail remained frozen in her place. She was crying, but no sound came out of her mouth. She was not sad because Vivian had started working at Christopher's office.

The fact that she was not someone who could entice him pierced her heart.

Abigail gradually realized why she couldn't win him over, even after two years of marriage.

He never liked her. It was possible that he would never fall in love with her.

Abigail was broken at this point. She could see the end of this marriage very clearly.

Christopher's parents were doing everything to draw his attention to Vivian. Sooner or later, he would break up with her.

What would she do?

Abigail became desperate to protect this marriage. If he liked a smart, gorgeous, working woman, she would become one.

She wiped her tears away and checked for walk-in job interviews. She scrolled the screen down. Her finger and eyes came to a halt at one name.

"Essence Concierge," she mumbled, her mind racing.

She was familiar with this name.

It was her old friend, Elsa's brother's company. An image of a gray-eyed man crossed her mind.

Elsa used to be her neighbor. Her family's financial situation was similar to hers. Their condition had improved since her brother, who had excelled in school, had established a business.

They later bought a property in a posh neighborhood of the city and moved away.

Elsa often helped her in the past. But there had been no contact with her in the past few years.

Abigail's heart was filled with conflicting emotions. She didn't know where Elsa was or what she was doing.

Elsa had asked her to join her brother's company back then, but she had declined because she would not accept any favor.

Elsa had been angry with her, just like Britney. Since then, she had not kept in touch with her.

Abigail became agitated when she looked at the company's name.

Life had brought her to the point where she had to beg the man she had previously refused to accept his favor.

'What would he think about me?'

Abigail was embarrassed. She couldn't approach him about a job.

"No, no... I cannot."

She put the phone down. Her agitation grew. After some deliberation, she decided she should at least talk to him.

Maybe he would give her a job suitable for her.

"I will go see him," she murmured.

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 23 - Jasper Wilkinson

Chapter 23: Jasper Wilkinson

Abigail got ready quickly and took a cab to the Essence Concierge. She restlessly fiddled with the strap of her bag.

The requirement was for the PA of the CEO, and Abigail was not qualified for it.

She was going there with the hope that he would give her a job based on her qualifications and the bond she had with his sister in the past.

When she looked back in time, she realized she had made a hasty decision. She should have waited for the calls from the companies to which she had applied.

She realized she had been carried away by Britney's words at this point. A little bit of consideration was needed.

"Uh..." She let out a sigh. "There is no time to be sorry now that I'm on my way," she muttered under her breath.

The taxi finally stopped in front of a building... all glass and steel.

She looked at the 15-story building in front of her as she got out of the car. She hadn't been to this part of town in a few years and didn't know that the once two-story building had been transformed into a skyscraper.

'He has become a wealthy man now,' she murmured in a daze.

She was not sure if he would recognize her. How was she going to ask him to give her a job? She didn't even have contact with Elsa.

Standing in front of the building, she considered turning around and fleeing.

Her inner voice told her to go and meet him.

Abigail clasped the strap of the bag and walked in through the gate.

The front desk lady guided her to go to the top floor.

Abigail took the elevator and came to the top floor, where there were glass walls all around. Several male and female candidates were seated in the chairs placed in two rows in front of the CEO's room.

On the nameplate, "Jasper Wilkinson" was written.

Abigail stood there and stared at the name, her stomach knotting. She couldn't help but think of the cold and serious face. She had always been scared of Jasper, even though he never talked to her rudely.

He was, in fact, helpful. But she had no idea why she had feared him. Perhaps he was too strict with his sister. She had a sneaking suspicion that he would reprimand her as well. After so many years, she still had the same feeling when she mumbled his name in her mind.

A blonde in a black suit approached her and asked, "Are you here for the interview?"

Abigail regained her composure and nodded. "Yes."

"Please take a seat and wait your turn." The immaculate lady motioned to an empty chair.

"Oh, thank you." Abigail sat down.

The woman handed her a document and said, "Please fill in your details and give it back to me."

She walked up to her desk, which was right next to Jasper's cabin.

Abigail's gaze followed her, and she reflected on how intelligent and professional the woman was. She looked at the other candidates, and they all seemed smart, well-qualified, and experienced.

Whether men or women, all were wearing suits. She was the only one who came in a white top and a gray skirt. Luckily, she had put on a navy-blue jacket.

She believed that her outfit could also be considered appropriate for an interview. She quickly filled in the details and gave the document back to the blonde, who smiled and asked her to wait.

Abigail took out her phone as she sat back on the chair, thinking whether to call Christopher or not.

'Maybe he will not pick up,' she murmured to herself.

She was also afraid that he would figure it out and learn that she was not at home. She wouldn't tell him until she got a job because she knew Christopher wouldn't let her work outside. Her goal was to become self-sufficient and intelligent, with an attractive personality to draw his attention.

She was a little guilty of not telling him.

"I will keep it secret for the time being," she comforted herself.

Christopher, on the other hand, became aggravated. He had been reprimanding his subordinates since the morning. He was picking small mistakes and making them big. Nothing could make him satisfied.

"This is what you call a report," he exclaimed angrily. "You have been here for a few years, and it appears that you haven't learned anything. Do you require training?"

The secretary was about to cry. She had always made reports like this, and Christopher had no problem with that. She couldn't understand why he wasn't satisfied this time.

"If you need further training, talk to Brad. Take it away." Christopher pushed the file toward her.

With teary eyes, the secretary picked up the file and walked out.

Buzz-Buzz...

Christopher immediately checked the phone, hoping it was from Abigail.

It was, however, a text message from Brad.

'Are you coming for the luncheon with Mr. Tony?'

Christopher was disappointed. He set the phone down without replying to his message. His mood deteriorated further.

The work seemed to be forced. It was stressful. He wanted to leave everything and go back home. Then again, his anger at Abigail only increased as he thought she was ignoring her.

'Why should I care?'

He forced himself to keep working.

Knock-Knock...

"Come in..."

Brad came in, pushing the door. "What's wrong with you? Why did you scold Lara?"

Christopher mirrored his scowl and asked back, "Did she complain about me?"

"Oh, come on, Chris. You have been acting weird lately. You need a break. Go home early."

"I have got a lot of work to do." Christopher kept checking the file he was looking at, ignoring the fact that he was also eager to get home. He was curious about what Abigail had been up to, but he refused to call her.

Brad was irritated. For the first time in his life, he felt that he didn't know his friend.

"I don't know what is going on with you. If you are upset with Abigail, talk to her. Don't vent your frustration on others."

The mere mention of Abigail's name made his mood worse. Christopher was losing his cool. He didn't want to yell at his friend. So, he simply asked him to leave.

"Are you not going to the luncheon?"

"Yes, I am." Brad put his hands on his hips. "Mr. Tony wants to talk to you if you remember. Are you sure you're not coming?"

Christopher had no desire to meet with any of his clients at this moment. Then he reasoned that a change of environment would help to lift his spirits.

"OK, fine. I am coming with you." He ultimately agreed to join him.

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 24 - Meeting with Jasper

Chapter 24: Meeting with Jasper

Abigail waited patiently for her turn. She had also skipped lunch because she expected her name to be called at any moment.

The majority of the candidates' interviews were completed. Other than herself, there were only two men left.

The blonde came forward and announced, "The eligible candidate for the PA's post has been selected. You may leave now. Thank you for coming."

The two men grumbled and walked away, muttering bad words.

Abigail also rose from the chair, her face turning pale in disappointment. She didn't even get to see him, let alone speak to him. She had planned to ask the blonde if she could meet Jasper but didn't say anything in the end.

Just as she turned to leave, she heard her say, "Wait a minute, please..."

Abigail paused and looked back at her.

"Miss Abigail, right?" The blonde smiled warmly at her.

Abigail wanted to correct her and say, 'Mrs. Abigail Sherman.' She had clearly mentioned it while filling in the form. In the end, she didn't say anything because she didn't think it was necessary. After all, she wasn't going to get a job here.

She, however, smiled back at her and said, "Yes."

"Mr. Wilkinson wants to talk to you. Please come with me."

Abigail was ecstatic.

Jasper was aware of her presence. Perhaps he had seen her name on the list of candidates for the interview.

She became a little nervous too as she took steps toward his cabin.

The blonde opened the door slightly and peered into the room.

"Mr. Wilkinson... Should I send her in?" she asked politely.

"Yes..." A deep voice could be heard from the inside.

The woman opened the door widely and motioned for her to go in.

Abigail thanked her and walked in, clasping the bag's strap. Her gaze was drawn to the man behind the massive coffee-brown work table.

This man's personality had not changed much from the one she remembered. He was still cold and serious. However, his eyes sparkled as if he were excited.

When Jasper saw her enter, he stopped rotating the pen on his fingers. He had no idea she had been waiting outside his cabin since the morning until he

saw her name on the list a few minutes ago. If he had checked all of the candidates' names beforehand, he would have canceled the interview and attended her.

He couldn't stop his heart from beating so fast.

'Two years...' he murmured in his mind.

Ever since she had gotten married, he had stopped checking on her. When he saw her standing right in front of him, he couldn't believe his eyes.

She was here for the interview. But he wanted to believe that she had come to meet him.

'Did she have me in mind? Did she ever remember me?' Jasper wanted to know.

"Hello," she said, pulling a smile over her lips.

Jasper blinked, coming back to reality. He was still sitting in his seat, and she was standing by the door.

'What an impolite man I am,' he muttered to himself as he stood up.

"Hello..." He walked over to her. "Please have a seat."

He drew the chair out for her.

"Thanks." Abigail sat down.

Jasper looked down at her, holding the back of the chair. His fingers were only a few inches away from her shoulders. He wanted to stroke her arms and ask if she was all right. He had not forgotten how she used to suffer because of her heart problem.

How could he stand by and watch her suffer?

He was the one who arranged her surgery through the NGO back then. He had only wanted to see her and had considered marrying her. Sadly, she was not meant to be his.

He thought he would never show his face to her. When she came to him on her own, his mind started racing wildly. All his suppressed desires flared up.

He wished he could express his feelings for her. Unfortunately, she didn't love him.

Abigail bent her neck to look up at him.

Jasper withdrew his hand and walked back to his chair. "I didn't expect to see you here," he said solemnly, hiding his delight and excitement.

"I came for a job," she said.

"To be my PA!"

Abigail lowered her chin, embarrassed under his inquisitive stare. "No... I don't have the qualifications or experience to be your personal assistant."

Jasper's limpid gray eyes flickered. He was desperate to let her know how important she was to him.

'Just say it. I can do anything for you.'

He was anxiously waiting to hear what she had to say.

"I'm looking for work. I would be grateful if you could give me a job in your office. I worked in a consultancy firm for a year." She hurriedly showed him her certificates.

Jasper didn't have to check her documents. He went through them only to show her that he would not be favoring her. He recalled how she had declined his offer to work here.

It was the same reason he had never disclosed to her that he had financed her heart transplant surgery.

He closed the folder and gave it back to her. "Look, uh... we don't have any openings right now, but... you can join the company as a trainee. Our company is primarily concerned with the satisfaction of our clients. We help our clients with accounting, onsite assistance, day-to-day administrative support, and so on. We also provide professional translators and temporary workers for them."

When he saw her face turning pale, he realized his words were scaring her.

"We trained our employees. So, don't worry. You will learn everything. Once the training is completed, you will become a permanent employee. Are you willing to join?"

He crossed his fingers under the table.

Abigail didn't reply immediately. She took her time to consider his words.

Jasper was anxious as he assumed she was going to say no.

"Take your time to think. You don't have to answer right now. I'm going out to eat. Please join me."

His heart was pounding. He had no idea how he mustered the courage to invite her to lunch. Perhaps he didn't want to say goodbye to her so soon.

"Um... actually..." Abigail was about to decline the lunch invitation.

"I believe you haven't had lunch yet," he said, cutting her short. "We will talk about the company so you can get a better idea. It will help you decide what to do."

Abigail couldn't say no to him. After all, she needed a job.

"Okay," she said.

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 25 - Why do you need a job?

Chapter 25: Why do you need a job?

Jasper finally smiled, a wave of relief washing over him. It would be his first time dining with her when Elsa was not around.

He would treat it like a date. He couldn't help but think of Elsa's delight at seeing him with Abigail. This thought alone was joyful.

The corners of his lips curled slightly.

"Let's go." He stood up and walked out quickly, hiding his joy.

Abigail followed him out, her bag slung over her shoulder.

They came to the parking area and got into his red Mustang.

The car began to move down the road.

His fingers were drumming on the steering wheel. Jasper was ecstatic. Today, one of his dreams came true.

He had always wanted to take her on a long drive, and she was finally sitting beside him in his car. This sensation improved his mood. At this point, the exhaustion and annoyance he had felt after interviewing the candidates vanished.

He couldn't help but take a glance at her.

She was silently looking out the window, not even looking in his direction.

He suspected she was uncomfortable with him.

"Um... Did you talk to Elsa?" he asked after a while, assuming she would like to talk about her childhood friend.

"No..." She lowered her gaze to her lap, embarrassed yet again. She had not spoken to Elsa in years, but she came to her brother and begged for a job shamelessly. "I don't have her contact number."

Jasper's visage turned serious. He had been upset with Elsa because of how she had treated Abigail at the time.

It was not her fault entirely.

Elsa loved him so much. She only wanted to bring Abigail closer to him, which is why she pushed her to join the company. She was upset not only because Abigail had rejected her offer, but also because he had never gathered the courage to confess his feelings to her.

He gripped the steering wheel, disturbed by his memories. Because of his lack of confidence, he had simply watched Abigail marry another man. He was depressed but never expressed it. He believed she was not meant for him. That was why she had never fallen in love with him despite the fact that they grew up together.

Why hadn't she noticed him? How come she never realized why he was always there for her when she needed it?

"She is upset with me."

Her words broke the trail of his thoughts. When he glanced at her, he saw a bitter smile on her face.

"You must be thinking I am shameless," Abigail mused. "I declined to work for your company. Now I come to you for a job." She turned to him. "You don't have to be kind to me. I won't mind if you don't want to hire me."

Jasper became restless, assuming she was not going to join the company. Even if he couldn't make her his girlfriend, he could at least watch her every day. No matter what, he wouldn't let her walk away this time.

Maybe someday a miracle would happen, and she would come to him.

"What nonsense!" he said hurriedly. "I always wanted you to work for the company. I still want that."

Abigail was taken aback to learn that he still wanted her to work there. That meant he had no reservations about hiring her. It was relieving. At the same time, she felt guilty.

She realized Elsa was only showing her love for her by offering the job, not doing a favor for her. She had misjudged her and made her upset.

"Thank you," she murmured, forcing a smile.

Jasper could see how depressed she was and thought it was because Elsa had severed the relationship with her. The truth was that Elsa had gone abroad for further studies at the time and had only recently returned.

"Elsa is now a pilot," Jasper announced proudly. "She recently joined a well-known commercial airline. She will be back in a week. I'm sure she will be delighted to see you."

A wide smile surfaced on her face. Abigail was overjoyed for Elsa.

"Wow! It's fantastic news."

She remembered how excited Elsa had been as a child whenever she saw an airplane flying in the sky.

'I will fly an airplane someday.' These were her words.

Abigail was delighted to know that her friend had ultimately fulfilled her dream.

"I am looking forward to seeing her."

Her smile began to fade as soon as those words left her mouth.

"She must not want to meet with me," she admitted dejectedly.

"You don't know Elsa if you think like that," he scoffed.

"I know her." She pouted a little, displeased to hear it.

"Hah..." He chuckled and pulled over the car in front of a restaurant. "We have arrived."

She looked at the high-end Italian restaurant, memories from the past flooding through her mind.

It was the same restaurant where Jasper had brought her and Elsa the day he had founded the company. That day, Elsa asked her to start working with her brother. Abigail had not taken it seriously at the time and had jokingly said yes.

Since then, Elsa had often pestered her to join the company.

Abigail had assumed it would be a favor to her if she took the job. So, she instead joined a small consultancy firm after graduation, which enraged Elsa and drove her to break up all ties with her.

Looking at the familiar building, she recalled all the past events and became even more depressed.

Jasper opened the door for her.

She stepped out of the car, wondering why he had chosen this place to dine.

'Is this his favorite restaurant?' she murmured to herself.

"Let's get in, shall we?"

She nodded and followed him inside.

They took an empty table in the corner.

Jasper checked the menu and asked, "What do you like to eat?"

Abigail was caught between the present and her memories of the past. She couldn't think of anything.

Jasper noticed her hesitation. "If you trust me, allow me to choose the food," he said in a gentlemanly manner, gazing deeply into her eyes.

"Okay." Looking into his sincere eyes, Abigail felt particularly at ease and was willing to accept his arrangements.

Jasper motioned to a waiter and placed his order. "Steak, seafood soup, grilled salmon, and mixed vegetable salad."

"Sure..." The waiter left.

Jasper returned his focus to her.

"Why do you need a job?" he finally asked the question that had been bothering him since he saw her name on the list.