

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 26 - Possessive Christopher?

Chapter 26: Possessive Christopher?

This question made them think for a while.

Jasper was curious as to why she needed a job so suddenly, despite the fact that she had no financial issues. Based on her health, she should relax at home. Going out to work would only exhaust her and make her stressed.

He wasn't against her working. He would also not put her under a lot of work pressure, but it would be preferable if she stayed at home in a stress-free environment.

That was why he was curious as to why Christopher had allowed her to work.

Abigail was thinking about what she would reply. Could she tell him that she was looking for a job to impress her husband?

She would never let an outsider know that her husband had no feelings for her.

"Oh, I... um... ahem... I want to show my husband that I am fine now; my health condition has improved, and he no longer needs to be concerned about me all the time. So..." She smiled slightly as she pushed her hair behind her ear. "You know, he is kind of protective."

Jasper's fingers curled gradually, and his hands formed fists under the table. Her smile and flushed cheeks revealed how much she adored her husband. It was clear that Christopher took good care of her.

It was undoubtedly reassuring to know she was in capable hands. Her life was easy and peaceful with a loving and caring husband. But this thought disturbed him as well.

He could be her loving and caring husband as well. Only if he had a little courage to tell her back then that he loved her, she would be his.

He had blown the opportunity. His disposition deteriorated. "You could have worked for his company," he said curtly.

"He will never let me work," she replied quickly. "I can't even think about asking him to let me work for him."

"Do you think he will let you work in Essence Concierge?" He got excited to hear what she would say.

"Not at all. He will be upset, very upset." Abigail swallowed nervously as she recalled how enraged he had become when he noticed her new look.

Christopher had not returned home since that night.

She had no idea how he would react if he learned that she had started working. She wouldn't tell him until she got a job.

"I won't tell him until I get a job," she said.

"I see."

Jasper was overjoyed to discover that she had come to see him without informing Christopher. He had no idea why he was satisfied or why he had the feeling of victory over something.

It was a bold move on Abigail's part, and she had chosen to join his company after initially refusing to do so.

Maybe it was the reason he was feeling that way.

Jasper was not sure what the exact reason was, but he was delighted. His mood also lifted. Now, he would enjoy the meal.

The food was served, and they started eating.

Christopher, on the other hand, was not interested in the meal or the client. He was answering Mr. Tony with one or two words while checking his phone.

Brad was the one who was talking with Mr. Tony.

Christopher was bored. He lazily looked at the people dining outside the private chamber through the one-way glass wall. His gaze was drawn to the familiar face, which was pretty.

With that bright smile, that face appeared to be appealing. He thought he was seeing things at first because he had been thinking about her all the time.

'How could she come here?' He scoffed at himself.

He had been checking the phone so frequently to see if she had called or messaged him that he had begun to imagine her in other women.

'How absurd!'

He thought his brain had tricked him. When he looked back, he again saw the face. Shouldn't it be different? Why was Abigail's face still there?

He blinked and narrowed his eyes to get a better look at the woman sitting across the table from the private chamber.

The face didn't change, much to his surprise.

The nerve impulses sparked inside his brain. It was clearly Abigail.

'What is she doing here?' he wondered inwardly. 'Who is he?'

Only then did he look at the man, who was sitting with his back to him, because of which he couldn't see his face.

Christopher ruthlessly removed the shell of the lobster and ate it furiously. As he watched her smile, his chest burned.

He felt as if he had been robbed. He had no idea how upset he would be to see her smile at another man as if he were a possessive husband.

Was he possessive?

'No, not at all...' He denied it straight away. According to his beliefs, he was not that type of person. But he couldn't figure out why he didn't like watching it.

'Who is that man?' He was curious to find out who had claimed what should have been his sole right. He wished he could strangle him and squeeze his life out of him.

Brad, on the other hand, was taken aback by the way he ate his lobster. It was as if a ferocious beast was ripping its prey apart.

He was furious as well for not paying attention to the client.

Mr. Tony actually wanted to talk to him about the new scheme they had launched and asked several questions, but Christopher answered him in one or two words as if he wasn't interested in sharing the technology with him.

It was Brad who had been elaborating on everything.

Brad was so annoyed that he wanted to slam the plate on his head. He would have done that without hesitation if Mr. Tony had not been around.

"Christopher, could you please answer Mr. Tony's question?" He asked solemnly, attempting to catch his attention.

Christopher turned to him and then looked at Tony. He had not heard anything. His entire concentration was on Abigail.

If he asked him to repeat the question, it would be embarrassing. It would also reveal that he was not paying attention to him, which was impolite.

"Brad, you are well versed in the technology. Please, narrate it to him." He deftly gave back the responsibility to him.

Brad could do nothing but say, "Sure."

Christopher moved his gaze outside the private chamber, but he couldn't find Abigail or the man.

'Where did they vanish?'

He became restless.

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 27 - Familiar ice cream shop

Chapter 27: Familiar ice cream shop

Abigail and Jasper left the restaurant and decided to walk to the ice cream shop that was close by.

It was the same parlor where Abigail and Elsa used to come often. The pistachio ice cream there was quite good, and Abigail liked to eat it very much. Unfortunately, she was not allowed to eat ice cream often because of her health issues.

Her condition had improved now, and she was eager to enjoy her favorite dessert. So, she couldn't say no when Jasper invited her to join him for ice cream.

They walked silently beside each other.

Jasper was ecstatic. This silence seemed so peaceful, and it was possible because Abigail was with him. Otherwise, the silence left him feeling lonely.

He caught a glimpse of her and noticed a faint smile on her face. Her eyes were filled with glee.

He was quite familiar with it. He remembered how excited she used to get whenever an ice cream truck passed through their neighborhood.

Abigail would run out of her house toward the van, only to be chastised by her mother.

Jasper would buy ice cream and have his sister deliver it to her.

Abigail would express gratitude to Elsa, and Jasper would smile contentedly.

As he reflected on the past, the corners of his lips curled. He was, however, unaware of it.

Meanwhile, he noticed a young boy on a bicycle riding quickly toward them. He assumed the boy would hit Abigail. So, he moved over to the right, guarding her.

His visage became icy cold as he glared at the boy. It was as if he was going to yank him off his bike and thrash him.

The young man swiftly turned the bicycle slightly to avoid colliding with Jasper and scowled at him. His expression showed his displeasure. He appeared to want to say something, but nothing came out of his mouth. When he met his cold stare, he lowered his head and drove away.

Abigail was unaware of their heated exchange of stares. She entered the ice cream shop, intending to buy a large box and share it with Christopher.

Abigail remembered he hadn't returned home as soon as his name came to mind. She wasn't sure if he would return tonight or not. She eventually decided to take a small cup and eat it sitting there.

At the very least, she would have Jasper with her. Eating alone was tedious.

When Jasper arrived, she had already placed her order for the pistachio ice cream and found a table to sit at.

Jasper took his seat and was about to ask her what flavor of ice cream she had ordered when he heard her say, "I miss Elsa. This place is very close to my heart. We often came here when we were in college."

She took a look around. "Nothing much has changed. Thank you for bringing me here."

She rested her wandering eyes on him.

"I understand how special this place is to both of you," Jasper said. "Whenever Elsa is in town, she likes to come here. You might also come here often."

Abigail drew her chin down. She hadn't been to this side of town since she got married. Besides, Christopher was very particular about what she ate. He would not allow her to consume anything that would make her sick.

After the surgery, she had become weaker and more susceptible to illness. There was no doubt in his mind that he would allow her to eat ice cream.

He bought her a container of ice cream after her condition improved in the last few months. That only happened once... six months ago. He hadn't brought any ice cream since then, and she hadn't asked for it either.

"I haven't been here in two years," she said. "Christopher buys me ice cream whenever I want to eat."

She didn't tell him the truth.

"Okay." Jasper nodded.

He didn't like it when she talked about her husband, even though he knew she was married. He simply looked at the ice cream in front of him instead of eating it while Abigail was enjoying it.

She licked her lips, relishing the flavor. She looked up and noticed him staring at the bowl in a daze.

"Your ice cream has started to melt."

"Yes, I... will eat." He took up the spoon. "What is your decision? Are you willing to join my company?"

"Yes," Abigail replied without hesitation. "I am willing to take the training."

Jasper was relieved. It was only then that he started eating the ice cream.

"Tomorrow at 10 a.m.," he murmured.

"I'll be there on time," she promised.

On the other hand, Christopher became agitated when he couldn't find Abigail. He wasn't even sure if he had seen her or if it was all in his head.

Christopher, who had refused to return home, finally decided to go back. He wanted to be certain that the woman he had seen in the restaurant was not her. He thought Abigail couldn't come here to meet a man.

However, what he had witnessed appeared to be so real. It couldn't be a figment of his imagination.

Christopher was disturbed. He was curious to know whom she was meeting with.

He was eager to get home after the luncheon.

Brad was delighted to hear it, but he was also taken aback. "You are leaving! Why? Do you dislike the food that my maid prepares?"

He pretended to be disappointed, only to earn a scowl from him.

"Didn't you ask me to go back?" Christopher shot back. "I am now going back. Aren't you happy?"

"Me? Huh..." Brad sighed exaggeratedly. "You are my buddy. I enjoy it when you stay at my place. Now that you are leaving, I will miss having dinner, watching football, and going to work with you. But I can't ask you to stay another few days at my house. Abigail must be wondering what spell I cast on you to keep you from returning to her."

He chuckled, patting him on the shoulder. "Go home. She will be delighted to see you."

Christopher snorted. Based on the way she smiled at that man, she seemed to be enjoying her days.

She didn't seem to miss him at all.

Christopher felt insecure for the first time. He had a feeling that she had been ignoring him. Instead of checking on him to see when he would get home, she was having fun with another man.

He needed the answer. He would ask her what she was up to.

"I may not come tomorrow. Deal with the meetings."

"Don't worry. Have fun with your wife."

Brad waved to his friend as the Bentley sped away.

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 28 - The suspicion

Chapter 28: The suspicion

Christopher got home, hoping to see Abigail. To his surprise, she was not home. It was established that the woman he saw at the restaurant was Abigail.

He was still skeptical that Abigail had gone to meet a man.

'Did she start seeing someone?'

He wondered how she had developed feelings for another man in just a few days. Could she have been in contact with that man all those days?

Christopher became suspicious.

"She said she loved me. This is what she is doing behind me!" He furiously pulled the phone out of his pocket and dialed her number.

Abigail, on the other hand, had just gotten into a taxi after coming out of the ice cream shop when she received his call. She was taken aback to see his name blinking on the phone. Simultaneously, she was happy.

Christopher eventually called her.

"Hello..."

"Where are you?"

When she heard his cold voice, her smile vanished. His question was even more frightening.

Abigail assumed he had found out she had gone for an interview. She bit her fingertips.

She couldn't lie to him. So, she said, "I... came to meet a friend."

"A friend?" A scowl formed on his face.

Christopher didn't know that she had a male friend. In fact, he didn't know any of her friends. Nobody had ever come to see her in the past two years other than her mother, and he had never tried to know anything about her friends.

To him, Abigail was a simple woman who enjoyed being alone, reading novels and crocheting. That was what he often saw her doing, sitting on the patio. It was beyond his imagination that such a woman, who was always quiet and docile, could go out alone and meet a male friend.

He began to believe he didn't know her at all. It was as if Abigail had been living a lie for the past two years, and now she was revealing her true colors.

"Who is this friend?" He couldn't stop himself from asking.

Abigail was stunned for a brief moment. His personality dictated that he had no interest in her friends or relatives. This was an unexpected question from his side.

"I will tell you when you get home," she said, reminding him that he had been ignoring her these days.

"I am home," he grunted out, sounding irritated.

"Oh! I-I am coming." Abigail hung up the phone, her heart thumping.

'I am home,' resonated in her ears.

She was nervous. She had not expected him to return home on the day she came out for the interview.

What was she going to tell him?

She thought she could keep everything a secret until she got a job, and it would not be a problem since he was not at home. Besides, he had never returned home so early.

Abigail blinked and blinked, trying to figure out what had caused him to come back so suddenly.

'Has his rage subsided?' she asked herself, feeling instantly stupid.

Of course, he came back home because he was no longer angry with her. But after not finding her at home, he might be enraged again. It was clear from his tone.

"Could you please drive faster?" she urged the driver.

The driver glanced at her in the rearview mirror and increased the speed.

Abigail finally arrived home half an hour later. She took the elevator and went to the fourth floor.

Ding...

Her heart jumped to her mouth as the elevator stopped and the door opened. She clasped the strap of her bag and walked out. Her legs refused to move as she imagined his furious look. Side by side, she was guilty of keeping things from him. It was what bothered her the most.

She was scared of facing him.

When she walked into the hall, she saw him sitting on the sofa, watching a football game on TV. She stood there, afraid to move.

Christopher shifted his gaze to her, his expression glum.

Abigail's heart seemed to be breaking all previous records for speed. She had never been so terrified of Christopher. It was as if she had stolen something and then been apprehended.

She, however, stretched her lips and approached him. "I wouldn't have gone out if you had told me you were going to return."

"You mean you often go out to see your FRIEND when I'm not at home?" He emphasized the word "friend".

"No... I didn't do that," Abigail defended herself. "The person I met today was my neighbor, and..."

She stopped speaking because she believed she didn't have to clarify herself. That thought occurred to her because she could detect the suspicion in his eyes.

There was nothing wrong with her going out to see old friends.

"I can see my old friends whenever I want," she stated unequivocally. "I never inquire as to who you are meeting with. So..."

"What exactly do you mean?" Christopher grunted, cutting her off in the middle.

"Nothing..." Abigail, too, was upset and lost interest in speaking.

He hadn't asked her how she was doing these days, but he had begun to suspect her for no apparent reason.

"I will go freshen up first." She walked away.

Christopher jumped to his feet and took large strides over. He was right in front of the stairs, blocking her path.

Abigail took a step back, nervous under his cold gaze.

"You still haven't answered my question," he grumbled.

"Can we stop it here? This discussion will not get us anywhere."

"Are you trying to avoid me now?" His scowl deepened.

"No... I am avoiding this topic," she retorted. "You will say something that will hurt me, and then I will ask you where you have been these days. We will end up arguing with each other. So, please... leave it here."

"I see... You are thinking I have been seeing another woman lately. You went out to meet a friend to get even with me... A man? Right?"

Her mouth dropped open. She was stunned to hear his allegation. She realized he was in the mood to argue with her, but she didn't want to.

"Impossible," she muttered under her breath, and she walked past him.

Her attitude added to his fury. Christopher yanked her arm and drew her back. He used a lot of force, causing her frail frame to stumble on his chest.

They were staring at each other.

Christopher found himself drawn to her, who looked prettier than ever in her new haircut. His expression softened, and he let go of her arm. He simply turned aside as if he were not willing to look at her. He was not asking her anything else as if he had no more complaints.

Abigail couldn't figure out what had caused him to change his demeanor so abruptly. It was exactly like the day he became agitated and left without listening to her.

She considered asking him why he disliked her appearance so much, but she decided against it. She would talk to him later when he calmed down. Without saying a word, she went into the room.

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 29 - The dilemma

Chapter 29: The dilemma

They avoided talking to each other after that. Christopher had not come out of the study while Abigail was busy cooking.

They were also silent during dinner.

Abigail glanced at him from time to time, hoping to strike up a conversation. She assumed he was still upset based on his cold and indifferent appearance.

She was afraid her words would enrage him even more and cause him to leave. As a result, she decided to remain silent.

Christopher, on the other hand, was waiting for her to say something. Shouldn't she be questioning him about why he had not returned home these days?

But she was silent as if she didn't care at all. That could be why she stopped calling and texting him.

She had gone out and had fun with her old friend... her neighbor!

Christopher couldn't help but clench his teeth when he recalled how she had smiled at that man. He was curious about the neighbor who had earned her smile, which was supposed to be his alone.

He glanced at her. When he saw her eating with her head bowed, he didn't ask her anything.

She used to ask him if the food was good. She had always smiled at him. Sometimes, he had seen her staring at him.

Things had changed. Abigail was not even looking at him, let alone smiling at him. She would smile at her old friend.

'Her neighbor?'

Christopher's appetite had already gone. He wiped his hands and mouth and walked away.

Abigail stopped eating and looked at his plate. She had rarely seen him not finish his meal. She could tell he was upset.

She intended to talk to him about the job interview while she was cooking. Her bravery had worn thin by that point. She didn't want to upset him further and thought of talking to him later.

"Maybe tomorrow," she murmured.

She put the dishes in the sink and then warmed some milk. She poured the milk into a glass and went back to her room.

Christopher was reading a book, leaning against the headboard.

She moved over to him and said, "You haven't eaten properly. Please have some milk."

Christopher raised his head to look at her. He took the glass.

Abigail was relieved to see that he didn't refuse to take the milk. She quietly went to the closet.

Christopher looked at the glass, the corners of his lips curling slightly.

It was the Abigail he was familiar with.

He appreciated it when she showed concern for him. His displeasure with her began to fade. If she resumed her previous docile demeanor, he would also compromise with the things that were making him distressed. He would not run away from her.

Abigail came to bed. She looked sexy in her satin pink nightgown.

Christopher had never looked at her in such a way before. He was not sure why he couldn't take his eyes off her. His thoughts were racing.

He had been sharing the bed with her for the past two years and had never felt this way. Was it because of her new haircut? Or was it because he was insecure after seeing her with another man?

She said, "Good night," and lay down with her back to him.

Christopher kept staring at her back, confused. It was true that he undoubtedly disliked seeing her with that stranger. At the same time, he couldn't deny that he was becoming more attracted to her because of her new appearance.

For the first time in two years, he could feel his heart beating slightly faster than usual. It was similar to a teenager meeting his crush.

'Am I moving on?' he wondered mindfully.

Something had changed within him. Something pleasant was happening around him. It was too early to say anything, but he liked the change and the new feeling.

Christopher turned off the light and lay down, facing her back. He gently placed his hand on her arm and turned her toward him.

Abigail knew what he was going to do. It wasn't anything new for her. She closed her eyes, anticipating his kiss on her chest. She felt no movement from his side.

When she opened her eyes, she saw him staring at her. Her heart stopped for a split second before racing wildly the next.

Christopher reached out to push her hair away from her face, his fingers brushing against her cheek.

She shuddered slightly, goosebumps covering her nape and arms. She fluttered closed her eyes, only to open them again.

His eyes appeared to be deeper than usual.

Abigail wasn't sure if it was due to the dim lighting in the room. She was anticipating many things. Maybe her long-awaited wish would be granted tonight.

'Maybe...'

She shuddered once again when she felt his fingers running down her jaw.

His fingers paused right beside her lips, which were inviting him. He wished he could taste them. He inadvertently touched the corner of her lower lip.

It was only then that he came to his senses. His eyes flickered, and he drew his hand back instantly. He dumbfoundedly looked at her, perplexed as to what he had been trying to do.

What he couldn't do was be intimate with her. He had been avoiding it for all those days. How could he even think about it?

He had been still regretting what had happened six months ago. He couldn't do it again. Despite knowing everything, he got carried away as if he were under some kind of spell.

The rising desire undoubtedly bothered him. What surprised him was that he no longer felt guilty, as he had six months before.

A voice within asked him to make her his once again. The fine muscle under his eyes throbbed.

"Good night," he said and shifted his weight to the other side, his eyes wide.

His ears were burning.

'What is going on?' he wondered, befuddled. He couldn't stop his racing heart.

He was not supposed to feel that way about her, but he didn't feel bad at all. It gave him the impression that he was getting over his past.

His painful past... Some fragments of memory that he had kept close to his heart, refusing to let go.

'Am I really moving on? Or is it because of her hairstyle?'

When he was entangled in the dilemma of his thoughts, Abigail was depressed thinking that he did not love her at all.

Her excitement and joy had all vanished. Her heart pricked with sadness.

'How can I win your love?' she asked inwardly.

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 30 - The mood swings

Chapter 30: The mood swings

The next morning...

Abigail woke up at her usual time. She was surprised to find herself in his arms. She stared at his face, which was so close to hers, with her wide eyes, wondering why he had been still in bed.

'Shouldn't he be out jogging?'

Abigail couldn't understand how he had been sleeping until now. She had always seen him get up before her and go for a jog. It was the first time she had seen him asleep when she woke up in the morning.

He had his arm around her waist, much to her surprise.

Abigail's heartbeat was becoming increasingly rapid. She was supposed to be getting ready for work soon, but she had forgotten and continued to stare at him.

She had always been drawn to his good looks. How could she keep her thoughts from racing when he was so close to her, his arm around her waist?

Abigail was ecstatic. Even though he was sleeping, she was in his arms, surrounded by his warmth. She'd like to stay like this for a while, savoring the sensation.

She gently placed her hand on his chest, feeling his strong heartbeat.

Their hearts tuned with each other, and she grew more excited.

Abigail crept closer to him, wanting to nestle into his chest.

Christopher opened his eyes and drew her to his chest subconsciously.

Abigail became frozen, eyes wide, and her breathing stopped.

Christopher stared at her groggily. "What time is it?" he asked lazily.

"It's..." She turned her head to look at the table clock. "7 o'clock."

"Hmm..." He closed his eyes again, not leaving her.

Abigail was taken aback once more. She expected him to get ready for work, but he was going to sleep again. She wondered if he had taken the day off.

She grew restless.

If he didn't go to the office, she wouldn't be able to go to work. She couldn't tell him about the job because it hadn't been confirmed yet. She was certain he would not let her work. If she officially joined a company, she believed he wouldn't be able to stop her from working.

Abigail didn't want to be late for her training on the first day. She feared Jasper would change his mind.

One thought rushed into her mind that made her concerned.

"Are you not feeling well?" she asked worriedly.

He closed his eyes without responding. He actually didn't know what to say.

"No... I mean... you didn't go jogging," she said hurriedly, sensing his displeasure.

He closed his eyes without replying to her. Actually, he was not sure how to answer.

He had woken up early to find her lying close to him. He had relished her closeness and warmth. So, he abandoned his plan to go jogging. He remained on the bed, putting his arm around her waist. He had no idea when he had dozed off again.

He couldn't possibly tell her all this and preferred to remain silent.

She moved away, saying, "I will go freshen up."

"It's still early." He drew her back, this time wrapping his arm around her waist more tightly.

Abigail had completely forgotten how to breathe. She stiffened once more. It was all too much for her to take in.

Christopher, who had always kept a safe distance from her, was now hugging her close to his chest. What had caused him to change his mind about her?

Abigail was perplexed. She would never go to work if she could stay like this forever. She considered working solely to attract his attention. She was willing to remain a docile housewife if he began to love her.

She, however, was curious as to whether he was staying at home or going to work.

"Are you... are you not going to the office?" she asked.

Christopher's brow pinched as he opened his eyes and looked at her. He immediately remembered her meeting with her friend. He assumed she had planned to go and meet her friend... her neighbor when he left for the office.

"Why are you asking this?" he asked back.

"Um... I-I need to..."

"You want me to go to the office!" Christopher didn't even listen to what she was saying.

"I... I have never seen you take a day off when I am not sick."

"You are right. Why would I take the day off? Isn't that right? "I'll go to the office." He jumped out of bed. "Don't bother to make breakfast. I will eat at the office." He stormed into the bathroom.

Abigail sat up, mouth wide open.

He was so gentle and calm not long ago. He became enraged out of nowhere, and Abigail had no idea why.

She had simply asked him if he was going to the office, which she thought was fine.

Christopher's mood had been switched abruptly these days.

Abigail was not sure what would make him upset. She believed he had grown more complex than before.

"I'd be more careful. Otherwise, he will not return home again."

She sighed in dismay.

Christopher again yelled at his juniors, who were terrified to approach them. Even if their work was excellent, he would find a flaw and chastise them. Because of their nervousness and fear, they kept making mistakes, which irritated him even more.

Nobody dared approach him.

Christopher remained locked inside his cabin and told his secretary to cancel all the meetings for the day. He was trying to work, but his attention was moving to the phone from time to time.

His doubt grew stronger over time. Christopher intended to call home to see if she was present. He was hesitant to do it as well because he didn't want to act like a suspicious husband. He had faith in Abigail and was confident she would not deceive him.

However, he couldn't get the images of her smiling at that stranger out of his head.

"Damn it..." He slammed his fist on the table. "What is happening to me?"

Brad had just barged into the cabin when he heard him mumble.

"That's exactly what I want to know," he snapped angrily. "What's wrong with you? You are yelling at everyone again. You were not like this before. Are you still arguing with Abigail?"

"Why are you bringing her up?" Christopher retaliated.

Brad nodded knowingly as if he had understood the problem. "I get it. Now I know why you are upset. Didn't you say you weren't going to come to the office? What brings you here?"

He regarded him with suspicion, his hands on his hips.

Christopher leaned back on the chair, pinching his nose bridge. Thankfully, he didn't snap back.

"You know what: You should go back home early. Spend some quality time with your wife. Take her shopping or out to dinner. Your problem will be resolved."

Brad's annoyance quickly faded as a nefarious thought entered his mind. His lips curled wryly. "Or I can take you somewhere. You will meet gorgeous ladies. Choose any one of them and enjoy the night. Your fatigue and irritation will vanish..."

Before he could finish his sentence, a pen flew at him and hit his head.

"Ouch..." He rubbed his head, sulking. "Solve your problems on your own." He stormed out.

Christopher couldn't get his mind off his suggestion. He reasoned that taking her out to dinner would be a good idea. His agitation gradually subsided, and he was able to focus on his work.