

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 3 - I want to die.

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"I am not meeting any woman," Christopher flatly refuted.

"You don't want a baby!" Gloria was so furious that her breathing became erratic. She wanted to smack her forehead and cry.

"Baby is not important to me. The only thing that matters to me is taking care of her heart. I cannot let her die."

"Oh... She is the one and only person you care about more than your own mother! She is more important to you than your family. Oh, Lord, what am I going to do?" Gloria leaned back in the chair, her hand on her sternum. She felt as if the world was crumbling around her. When she tried to see into the future, all she saw was darkness.

"My wish to see your child will not come true." Cold sweat beaded on her brow.

A violent resentment toward Abigail arose in her mind as she believed her son's life was going to ruin because of that sick woman.

"You were not like this before. You changed after you married her. Certainly... certainly, she bewitched you. She has done something with you. She has conspired to turn you against me. That's why you are not listening to me."

She cried and whined.

"I am running late for the office." He wiped his hands and mouth with the tissue. "Come. I will drop you off at home." He rose from his chair.

"There is no need." Gloria glared at him as she stood up and took her purse. "I can go home by myself. Humph..."

She walked away, then paused and turned back to him. "Your grandfather's annual death anniversary is two days later. Don't be late like last year."

She stormed out.

"Uh..." Christopher sighed in a helpless manner, his gaze dropping to the plate of toast. He remembered that Abigail had not eaten breakfast.

He poured a glass of juice, picked up the plate, and strode into the bedroom. He saw her seated on the bed stiffly, her back to the door. His legs moved over to her.

"Eat." He uttered only one word coldly as he put the plate and the juice glass on the side table, then walked into the closet.

It always made him restless whenever he saw tears in her eyes, and he knew she was crying. So, he didn't bother taking a glance at her face.

However, his action hurt her even more. Abigail wanted him to comfort her and assure her that he wouldn't leave her. She simply looked away, not willing to eat.

He came back with a strip of tablets in his hand. A frown flared up on his face as he looked at the untouched food.

"Why haven't you started eating yet?" he asked, sounding annoyed.

She acted mum.

He tossed the strip on the table and commanded, "Eat."

She didn't even flex a muscle.

"Tsk... You need to take medicine. Don't you want to stay fit?"

"I want to die."

"Abigail..." He grumbled, his dark eyes darkening even more. "Don't talk nonsense. You are not a child."

"I was dying, but I was happy. And now..." Her voice cracked.

She didn't finish the sentence, but her unspoken words echoed in his ears.

He sat down, close enough to brush up against her knees. "You don't have to be concerned about what Mom said." His voice was gentler than before. "I am not breaking up with you, okay?"

Only then did she look at him. Their eyes locked at that moment.

Abigail's heart began to pound. She noticed warmth in his eyes for the first time. She started anticipating that he would say that he loved her and would never leave her.

"Don't cry." He gently wiped her tears away. "It's only stressing you out. Stress is bad for your heart. It raises your heart rate and blood pressure while also releasing stress hormones. It can result in arrhythmia and, eventually, heart failure. You should eat properly and take your medications on time, okay?"

She gawked at him speechlessly. The excitement that had just bloomed in her mind died down. Reality stood stiffly in front of her once more, reminding her that he was only concerned about her heart, not her feelings.

When she didn't say anything, he assumed she had understood him. He picked up a toast and took it to her lips.

She dazedly opened her mouth and took a bite, still staring at him.

He handed her the juice glass.

She swallowed and said, "You must be late for work. I will eat."

"Finish everything." He put the plate back on the table and stood up. "Don't forget to take the medicine."

He walked out.

Abigail watched him leave. She had dealt with his apathy because she assumed this was his personality. She had hoped she would be able to win his heart someday if she obeyed him.

All her efforts and dedication seemed to be in vain.

She had a feeling that Christopher wouldn't love her. After hearing Gloria's words, she began to think that he would leave her sooner or later.

She became emotional again and suddenly started missing her mother a lot. She put the glass down and went into the closet, deciding to go see her mother.

After changing her dress, she put some clothes, medicines, and other necessities into a bag and left the villa.

Christopher had been busy working as usual. The glass door to his cabin was pushed open, and a young man came in with a wide smile on his face.

"I thought you would not show up today." He sagged into the sofa and put his legs on the central table, his ankles crossed.

Christopher glanced at his best friend, Brad Glover, who was also his business partner. "What made you think I wouldn't come?" he asked as he returned his attention to the laptop.

"Huh... You came the day before since there was an unavoidable meeting and stayed till late at night. Shouldn't you spend at least one day with your wife? After all, it was your wedding anniversary yesterday."

Christopher moved his eyes toward Brad, "marriage anniversary" ringing in his ears. It was only then that he figured out why Abigail had been waiting for him last night.

She might have been planning to have dinner with him, and he, who had forgotten about it, had eaten at the office. On top of that, he had not asked her whether she had taken her meals or not.

'Did she take medicine last night?' he wondered, rubbing his chin.

Looking at his worried face, Brad scowled and snarled, "Don't tell me you forgot to wish her."

Christopher looked at him with a poker face.

"Huh..." Brad threw his arms in the air and got to his feet. "I am going out to have lunch." He stormed out.

Christopher gazed at the door getting closed. He took the phone to call her but paused right before he was about to press the call button. Instead of dialing her number, he slipped the phone into his pocket and walked out.

Half an hour later, he arrived home, holding a bouquet of flowers. A few servants who were cleaning the house looked at him strangely as if they were surprised.

Christopher didn't pay attention to them and went straight to the bedroom. The person he was looking for was not there.

He stepped out onto the balcony and gazed down at the patio in the backyard, where Abigail enjoyed spending time. He, however, didn't see her there either.

"Where can she go?" He frowned as he fetched his phone from his pocket and called her.

"Where are you?" He asked as soon as the call connected and even before she could say "Hello."

"I am with my mother and will stay with her for a few days."

The moment he heard those words, he became irritated. It was the first time she had gone out without asking him. He wondered when she became disobedient.

"Okay." He ended the call and threw the bouquet into the trash furiously before going out.