

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 31 - The Training

Chapter 31: The Training

Later that afternoon...

The first day of training for Abigail went well. She learned a lot about the company and how it dealt with its valued clients. She enjoyed it and was eager to learn more. At the end of the day, she was tired and excited at the same time.

She was getting ready to leave for home when she remembered what had happened in the morning. Her face fell.

Abigail couldn't tell what Christopher's mood would be like. She was used to his calm, composed, and gentle demeanor, not this frantic and enraged one. She had seen him get angry quite a few times and knew how bad his temper was.

His rage was the thing she dreaded the most.

Abigail was disturbed. She wanted to go home early. She would now inform him of the training before he found out from the outside.

She exited the training room, swinging her bag over her shoulder. When she saw Jasper approaching, she came to a halt in the track.

"How was training?" he inquired.

"It was fantastic. I'm having fun with it." She smiled.

Jasper wanted her to spend some time with him. He wished to take her out to coffee or anywhere she liked to go, but he was not sure how to ask her.

"Are you going home?" he asked instead of inviting her to join him for coffee.

"Yeah."

"Uh... I will give you a ride," he offered.

"There is no need. I will get a taxi."

Jasper was restless but couldn't persuade her because he assumed she would perceive him as clingy. "All right," he said, keeping his emotions in check. "Be on time tomorrow."

"Sure." Abigail waved goodbye and walked away.

Jasper stared at her until she was no longer in his line of sight, his face gradually becoming gloomy.

Abigail looked for a taxi. She thought it would be easy to get a cab here, but she didn't get one after waiting for nearly half an hour. If she had known that getting a taxi here would be quite difficult, she would have accepted Jasper's offer. She sighed and thought of walking to the nearest bus stop.

As she walked down the street, a familiar car pulled over beside her.

"Britney!" Abigail was taken aback.

"Abigail!" Britney seemed to be as surprised as she was. "What are you doing here?"

"I... um..." Abigail subconsciously glanced back at the office building.

Britney's eyes widened as she asked, "Did you come here for an interview?"

"No... I..."

"Get in the car first."

Abigail stepped in.

"Now tell me what you were doing here." Britney curiously looked at her.

"I'm here for training," Abigail explained.

She was still a little upset with her for how she had talked to her that day. So, she was replying to her shortly.

Britney was even more surprised, mouth agape. "Training! How did you manage that?"

Britney was well aware of this company and knew how difficult it was to secure a job there. Getting a training spot here meant a guaranteed job, and

the employees here were all highly skilled. She was perplexed as to what quality Abigail possessed to be accepted as a trainee at Essence Concierge.

Abigail was silent. She couldn't possibly tell her that she knew the CEO of the company. She had refused to accept her favor. How could she tell her that she had begged Jasper to hire her?

"It is my good fortune, I must say," she mumbled.

"Your fate!" Britney was skeptical. She wanted to know more, so she asked, "Shall we go for a coffee?"

Abigail wanted to say no, but she was afraid of upsetting her. She didn't want to sour their relationship, so she decided to accompany her. After all, it was only 5 p.m., and Christopher would never come home so early.

"Okay."

Britney pressed the gas pedal. "Getting a taxi here will be difficult at times. You can take the subway, which is only a few minutes away."

"I see... You appeared to be familiar with the neighborhood."

Britney laughed. "I know every street in the city. I don't lock myself in the house."

"I see what you are saying." Abigail was aware that she was mocking her.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Abigail," Britney tried to correct herself. "I said that because I used to roam around a lot. Please don't take it any other way."

"I didn't mind at all." Abigail forced a smile.

"I am relieved."

They arrived at a small café, where tables were set in an open space.

"Did Chris know that you have joined Essence Concierge?" Britney asked as soon as she took her seat. She didn't tell her that "the Sherman Group" was the biggest client of the company. Her sparkling eyes were filled with wonder.

Abigail's face fell when Britney mentioned Christopher. "I haven't told him yet."

Britney didn't fail to notice the glumness in her expression. She suspected that something was not right between Christopher and Abigail. Her lips curled into a sneer that quickly faded.

"Is there any problem with Christopher? I heard he was staying with Brad these days. Mom and Dad were very upset to hear it. Did you argue with him?"

Her tone was full of concern.

Abigail couldn't hold back her emotions any longer. She let out her pent-up frustration. "I don't know what's wrong with him. When he saw my new look, he became enraged and left. He had returned home the day before, but he was still furious. Then this morning... he was all right— calm, gentle, and caring... but he suddenly became upset because I asked him if he was going to work or not. Phew..."

She rested an elbow on the table and held her head up. "I don't have this many mood swings even during PMS."

"I don't know what to say." Britney let out an audible sigh. "It is said that a man acts sweet one minute and rude the next when he is cheating on his wife. I can't say Christopher is untrustworthy, but keep in mind that Vivian is now working in his office. Men are men. How long can he resist the charm of a gorgeous woman when she is all set to lure him?"

Abigail blinked, agitated. She pictured Christopher and Vivian kissing madly with each other. She shrugged, defeated.

Behind the closed door, anything could have happened. What was she going to do?

"I'm doing everything I can to attract him. He is not paying attention to me." She sulked.

"I doubt it," Britney snapped. "If you really tried that hard, he wouldn't have been attracted to another woman."

Abigail's thoughts wandered. She couldn't argue with what Britney said.

This morning, everything was so romantic. Christopher was so close to her. They could have shared a kiss if she had acted a little more wisely. But she had ruined the mood just by mentioning the office.

She now realized where she had gone wrong in the morning. She would rectify her mistake.

"I will try harder," she mumbled, and Britney smirked.

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 32 - Proof of love.

Chapter 32: Proof of love.

Abigail got home after sundown, only to find Christopher in the hall with a glum face. She swallowed a gasp and stalled on the track.

'He came early again!'

Under his stern gaze, she was tense. She was certain he would explode right away. The target of his rage was her, and there was no protective shield around her. The stormy, hot air of his fury would blow her away. The consequences could be disastrous.

He may decide to leave and never return to her.

She was only trying to save this marriage, but everything seemed to have gone wrong. She wanted to cry.

"I can explain," she said, deciding to inform him of her training.

"Explain?" His eyes narrowed. "I came home early with the intention of taking you out to dinner. But you were not at home!"

Abigail felt bad and regretted not coming back right away. She shouldn't have gone with Britney.

Christopher had made plans for a date, but she ruined it... the same way she had ruined his mood in the morning.

He had only taken her out once when they were newlyweds, but Abigail had become ill and had to be hospitalized. He hadn't taken her out since, fearing she would again fall sick.

Her recovery was fraught with complications. She had frequently become ill and had to be rushed to the hospital. It was because of the doctor's prompt attention and Christopher's care that she recovered well.

Abigail became depressed after recalling everything. She could have had a pleasant evening with him, but she ended up angering him.

"Please, listen to me first," she said, approaching him.

"You want to explain! What are you going to say? A lie?" He frowned even harder. "I used to believe that my wife waited for me at home docilely. I was so wrong. I never knew that you went out to meet your friends when I was at work."

He held up his hand and added, "I wouldn't have minded if you told me. What is there to hide? You can go shopping, to the movies, on a picnic, to the spa, or wherever you want. I just want you to inform me. Why are you not willing to tell me? Who is this FRIEND you are meeting with sneakily?"

He again stretched the word "friend."

Abigail could see suspicion in his eyes, and it broke her heart. Her sadness had been transformed into rage.

She had been trying to find a way to reach his heart, and he suspected her of cheating on him. She had always expressed her feelings for him. He was the one who never admitted to loving her. But he didn't think twice about doubting her.

It was a humiliation of her undying love for him.

"I did nothing wrong," she retaliated. "You have no reason to suspect me. I never question your whereabouts or the people you meet. You stayed most of the time outside. I have never suspected you."

Christopher was stunned and at a loss for words.

Abigail didn't want to stretch the conversation. She walked up to the bedroom.

It added to his fury. Christopher thought she was avoiding her. He pursued her and locked the door behind him.

Abigail turned around and faced him, then glanced at the closed door in surprise.

In a blink, he came closer to her.

She took a step back, only to be drawn closer to him.

"Who is this friend? Your neighbor?"

This was not the Christopher she remembered. Even though he didn't love her, the Christopher she knew never doubted her loyalty. He would never hurt her, but the current Christopher didn't realize that he was hurting her.

Abigail pressed her lips together tightly to deal with the pain in her arm. She had the sensation that he would crush her bones. She refused to make a sound, let alone respond to him.

Christopher, on the other hand, was becoming more and more enraged. He didn't know that Abigail was this stubborn.

Her true self was slowly revealing itself in front of him.

"Are you not going to respond to me? Is he your boyfriend? Your lover?"

"Enough, Christopher." Abigail pushed him away with all her might. She hurriedly moved back. "Just stop it. I won't be able to hear anything."

Christopher was taken aback. This moment only lasted for a few seconds. His rage reached the boiling point.

He pushed her against the wall in an instant. He leaned over and slammed his hands against the wall.

Abigail shuddered and squeezed her eyes shut, terrified. She thought he would kill her in a fit of rage.

"You said you wanted to explain... now explain it to me..." He hissed. "I'm curious about your relationship with that man... You kept saying that you loved me and that you were keeping a relationship with your old friend... your neighbor?"

Abigail cocked her head as she looked at him with disbelief. Christopher was not only insulting her, but he was slandering Jasper as well.

She clenched her fists.

"Still silent? Is he really that important to you?"

"Christopher, please... stop it."

"I won't... until I get the answers."

"I have never cheated on you," she snapped. "You are assuming things."

"Is that so? Prove it."

"What?" Her eyebrows creased.

"Prove that you have no relation to that man," he demanded vehemently.

"Prove that you are still loyal to me."

Abigail looked straight into his eyes. She never anticipated that she would be asked to demonstrate her devotion to him. At this point, she became desperate.

She pulled him in closer by his collar and kissed his lips. She was not very good at kissing, but she kissed him harshly... This kiss embodied her frustration, rage, and pain.

Christopher was dumbfounded. He was too shocked to react. He gaped at her with great surprise, the nerves in his brain sparking.

This was yet another side of Abigail that he was not aware of.

"I proved my loyalty and love for you," she said, leveling her gaze at him. "I love you, Christopher. I have no hesitation in declaring my love for you. I fell in love with you the moment you proposed to me. I still love you. But do you love me?"

Tears began to collect in her eyes.

"Kiss me if you love me."

Christopher didn't move. He was still staring at her, shocked and surprised.

Abigail shook her head, a bitter smile on her lips.

"I got the answer."

She pushed him away and stormed out of the room.

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 33 - Going out to dinner

Chapter 33: Going out to dinner

Christopher took some time to come back to his senses. "Abi..." He murmured, realizing that she was not inside the room. He suddenly felt empty in his stomach.

Such a sensation was unsettling. It gave him the impression that he had lost something valuable.

He dashed out of the room and saw her leaving. He ran up to her and stood directly in front of the main door, blocking her path.

Abigail was determined. She wouldn't stay here when he was so suspicious of her.

"Leave my way," she said.

"No... You are not going anywhere," he stated unequivocally.

"I have no reason to stay here. Your parents are right. This marriage should end. I am not suitable for this family... for you..." Her voice broke at this point. "Vivian is perfect for you."

"What nonsense! Why do you bring her up? Hiss..." He wrinkled his nose in annoyance. "Why are you even saying all this? Do you think I will leave you?"

He grabbed her arm once again and snarled, "I married you to keep you by my side forever."

His voice was deep, full of authority. His demeanor exuded possessiveness.

"I will never leave you. Try to run away from me... I'll bring you right back here. I don't care if I like you or not. You are mine, and that is all that matters."

He held her head and kissed her. His kiss was fiercer than hers.

Abigail was out of breath. Her entire body went numb. She felt as if she would stumble and pass out.

"This is to remind you who you belong to," he said, releasing her. "Go get ready. We are going out."

Abigail remained rooted there, numb. Her heartbeat could be felt on her lips.

Christopher held her hand and took her to the bedroom.

Abigail followed him in a daze, her mind replaying the kiss he had just given her. She had not closed her mouth yet as if she had been relishing the sensation of his lips on hers.

Something hit her in the face, jolting her back to reality.

It was a dress.

She held it and looked around, only to discover that she was inside the closet.

"You have got fifteen minutes to get ready." He walked out.

Abigail was still in a daze. She, however, put on the dress and paired it with stilettos. She applied light makeup and went out in reverie.

The sudden, fierce kiss was what was going on in her head.

She was so disoriented that she forgot to bring her purse with her. Her phone was also left in the room. Her befuddled mind was incapable of comprehending that the weather was cold and that she needed to bring her overcoat.

Christopher had not returned to normal yet. He was still mad. When he saw her walk down the stairs, he went out. He didn't even properly check her.

Christopher's Bentley was running down the road in the next few minutes.

The silence gradually calmed him, and his mind recalled the events that had occurred at home.

Abigail had kissed him unexpectedly, and he had then kissed her in a frenzy. All of this was unplanned and unexpected.

He had first kissed her on that drunken night six months ago. He again kissed her this evening. But he had not savored the feeling this time either.

Christopher subconsciously brushed his lips with his fingers, glancing at her.

Abigail was static in her place as if she were a statue. Her eyes were transfixed on the road ahead. Her fingers were interlaced in her lap.

It was only then that Christopher noticed her sleeveless red wine dress. He vaguely remembers picking out a red dress and tossing it on her. He hadn't realized the dress's neckline was a deep V-cut at the time.

Her cleavage was on display.

Christopher couldn't stop looking at her again and again. Every time his eyes went to her cleavage.

He regretted selecting that dress, thinking the other men would look at her lustfully. He was irritated. There was another feeling in his heart that he couldn't put into words.

He wasn't sure why he felt that way. Didn't he resolve that he would never be intimate with her again? How could he think that way?

He had forgotten what he had vowed. He had kissed her and then desired to have sex with her!

Surprisingly, he didn't feel bad about it. Instead, his desire grew stronger.

He wiped his chin and tried to focus on the road.

They arrived at the restaurant, where Christopher had already reserved a table.

He led her inside, his hand on her lower waist. His eyes moved to her back unwittingly, and he realized it was a backless dress.

Christopher suddenly felt a headache. He didn't remember buying her such provocative dresses and figured out she had purchased all such designer, sexy outfits the day she went shopping with Britney.

'Britney...' He ground his teeth.

"Where is your overcoat?" He finally broke the silence.

"Hmm?" Abigail realized she hadn't brought any warm clothing with her. She looked down at her hands, which were empty. She had no purse or phone.

"I forgot," she murmured.

"Forgot..." He grunted as he took off his jacket and draped it over her shoulders.

He escorted her to the corner table and pulled the chair out for her in a gentlemanly manner.

"You should be aware that the weather is chilly. Why are you so careless?"

"I will be more careful," she said docilely, not wanting to irritate him further. She had had enough arguments with him for an evening and didn't want to start another one.

She had also decided to inform him of her training at the Essence Concierge. So it was best if she didn't do or say anything that would anger him.

Christopher was pleased with how obedient she had become, in contrast to her defiant attitude. He would never be angry with her if she always obeyed him. His mood improved as he took his seat and checked the menu.

A waiter soon came and took the order.

"And pistachio ice cream for dessert," he added at the end.

Abigail raised her head and looked at him in surprise. She didn't expect him to remember that she liked to eat pistachio ice cream. She was now more determined than ever to tell him everything.

The waiter left.

She pursed her lips and then released them, nervous. "I need to tell you something," she murmured.

Christopher peered at her, curious as to what she had to say.

"You wanted to know why I was meeting my old friend these days. It's because..."

Abigail stopped talking abruptly, her pupils dilating. Her entire body tensed. The next minute, she sprang to her feet and ran away.

"What?" Christopher was dumbfounded.

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 34 - Awkward situation

Chapter 34: Awkward situation

Christopher went after her and noticed her entering the restroom. He also followed her, not caring about the other ladies inside. He didn't care about their weird looks at him. All he wanted to know was whether or not his wife was in discomfort.

"What is going on?" he asked, preventing her from closing the door to her cubicle.

Abigail glared at him and hissed, "Don't you know anything? Get out and bring some pads or tampons for me."

She pushed him away and closed the door in his face.

Christopher stepped back in a reverie, the words "pads or tampons" replaying in his head. He had never had a chance to buy this stuff. He even didn't know what was the difference between them. Furthermore, he wasn't sure if she needed both or if one would suffice.

He, however, walked out slowly.

Christopher drove to a nearby convenience store. He dazedly looked around as he walked in and then saw stacks of sanitary pads and tampons on the shelves. He had no idea which one was good.

'Maybe all are the same,' he thought.

Christopher was hesitant to pick up one as he saw a few ladies around that section. He looked left and right and grabbed a blue packet when no one was looking at him. He hurried over to the billing counter.

It was a relief that no one was standing around the counter. After paying the bill, he dashed out and drove back to the restaurant.

Christopher walked quickly over to the restroom. He hesitated to enter, unlike before, when he rushed in regardless of the presence of other ladies. He stood outside, unsure whether to go inside or wait for someone to come out.

Meanwhile, two women in short tube dresses came to the restroom and gave him a strange look. Their lips formed a provocative smile.

"Hello, handsome," one of them with purple hair said.

"Waiting for your girlfriend?" Another one with golden hair asked.

They came in closer to him.

Christopher retreated, a scowl flaring up on his face.

"Why don't you come with us?" The purple-haired woman asked, coming in closer to him and running her fingers down his arm. "We will have a lot of fun."

"Yes... We will give you such a pleasure that you have never experienced before," the other one said, taking his hand in hers. "You will forget about your girlfriend."

Christopher gave them a stern look. He'd have smacked them by now if they hadn't been ladies. He didn't mistreat them, however, because he thought he could ask them to give Abigail the thing he was holding.

Despite his irritation, he managed to smile. "I apologize, ladies. I'm sorry to disappoint you. I'm married."

He showed them the wedding ring he was wearing.

"I am waiting for my wife. Um... It would be very helpful if you could give her this."

He handed the small paper-carrying bag to the purple-haired lady and added, "Her name is Abigail."

The two women exchanged puzzled looks at each other and then looked at him strangely. They realized what had happened and smiled at him again. It was a friendly smile this time, not a provocative one like before.

"How sweet! Your wife is extremely lucky. We will definitely help you." They giggled and walked in.

"Damn women," he grumbled, his face turning dark. He walked back to his table, his appetite gone.

Abigail was relieved. She thanked the two ladies and came out of the washroom, her face flushing crimson. She had never expected something like this to happen.

She always kept a packet of tampons in her bag in case of an emergency. But she had forgotten to bring her bag. Her bad luck was really bad that her period had arrived right when he had brought her out on a date.

It was embarrassing.

Abigail wanted to run away, not knowing how to face him. She believed he would chastise her. Simultaneously, she was grateful to him.

Abigail knew it had been an awkward situation for him as well.

He always helped her whenever she needed it, no matter if he was angry or not. He had not said no to her or asked her to deal with her problem on her own. Despite his uneasiness, he went to buy sanitary pads.

How could she not love him?

She was happy and embarrassed simultaneously, her heart thumping as she saw him sitting at the table.

The waiter was serving the food.

Abigail sat down, smiling at him. But Christopher glowered at her instead of returning her smile.

Abigail didn't mind at all. She was already happy with him.

"You forgot to bring your bag," he hissed.

Abigail lowered her head. She knew he would scold her. "It was all your fault." She dared to blame him for everything, which was not a lie.

If he hadn't kissed her, she wouldn't have forgotten to bring her purse and phone.

"Because of me!"

Abigail nodded, not lifting her head. "You shouldn't have argued with me in the first place. I wasn't doing anything wrong, but you questioned my loyalty and challenged me. Then..."

She didn't say the rest of the words.

Christopher remained silent as well, recalling her unexpected kiss followed by his impulsive kiss. He couldn't blame her.

He had been in shock as well after that kiss and had chosen a provocative dress for her at random without properly checking it. He lowered his head and began eating quietly.

They didn't say a word for the next few minutes.

Christopher remembered that she had wanted to tell him something before rushing into the restroom. He became curious as to whether she was trying to tell him about that man... her boyfriend or a neighbor.

'Whatever...'

He poked the shrimp with the fork and said, "You were about to say something."

"Oh, um... I-I am meeting this old friend of mine for a job," she revealed.

"A job?" Christopher's brow pinched in surprise.

"Yes... I have already started the training."

"You have started job training!" He repeated in a trance-like state. "Where?"

He was befuddled, not able to figure out why she suddenly needed a job. Shouldn't she be staying at home in a relaxed manner? Why did she want to get into the stressful environment of the workplace?

When he heard her say, "Essence Concierge," his racing thoughts came to a halt.

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 35 - Who knows what is stored for the future?

Chapter 35: Who knows what is stored for the future?

Abigail didn't raise her head the entire time and didn't notice the change in his expression. She continued to speak, "I am sorry I haven't informed you. I thought I'd give you a surprise."

Surprise!

Christopher was shocked, not surprised.

"That day, when..."

"What made you think you needed a job?" Christopher asked in a frenzy. He was too curious to know the reason and didn't listen to what she was saying. "If you need more money, just let me know. I will give you as much money as you want. All I want is for you to stay healthy and fit. The stressful work environment is not suitable for you. You are not going to join the company, and that's final."

He declared his decision without listening to her wish.

"I have already joined the company," Abigail retorted, looking at him, "and I have started the training. There is no way I will abandon it in the middle."

She didn't think twice about opposing him. "I am all right according to the doctors. How long will I be locked inside a house? I used to work before the surgery."

She sulked, displeased.

"Are you arguing with me again?" Christopher's expression turned ugly.

Abigail knew he was growing enraged. She looked at his hand, which was gripping the fork tightly.

"I need this job," she said, her tone soft this time as if she were trying to persuade him. She didn't intend to anger him. "I want to be self-sufficient. You

are the boss of the Sherman Group. People expect your wife to be smart and beautiful. I want to raise that level so that people stop considering me unworthy of you."

She lowered her head again. "Life is uncertain. Who knows what is stored for the future? Your parents don't like me, and they want you to marry Vivian, who is far smarter than me. You may also develop feelings for her."

She chuckled as she thought he had not fallen for her despite spending two years with her, bitter bile rising to her throat. She was not sure if she would ever be able to win his heart.

"I need to be independent," she said unequivocally.

Christopher wished he could chastise her. He only resisted because he didn't want to yell at her in front of so many people.

"You want to be independent; I have no problem. You can work if you think it is necessary. But don't bring up Vivian all the time. I'm not interested in her, regardless of what my parents think or wish, okay?"

He wiped his hands, not willing to eat anymore. He glanced at her and stated coldly, "If you wanted a job so desperately, you could have asked me."

Abigail gave him a stern look. "Yeah! And you will gladly let me work."

"Humph..." He snorted. "Why did you go to the Essence Concierge? Did that friend of yours help you?" He curled his lips slyly.

"Yes, I talked to him, and he asked me to start the training," she replied promptly. "He is kind enough to give me the opportunity."

Christopher squinted at her, not knowing who that man was or what position he held at the company. He assumed the man was in a higher management position based on her words.

"Who is he?" he inquired, intrigued.

"His name is Jasper Wilkinson, the founder, and CEO of Essence Concierge."

Her eyes twinkled as she expressed her admiration for him. Elsa and Jasper had always been like family to her. Their success was her success. That was what she thought.

She was too preoccupied with her thoughts to notice his bitter expression.

"He came from a poor family and was orphaned when he was a child," she continued. "However, he worked hard and started a small business that grew so large over time. His sister is a close friend of mine, and she is now a pilot. I am extremely proud of them. Both have demonstrated that one's family background has no bearing on one's ability to achieve success and wealth. All you need to do is work hard."

Christopher's ears were red-hot. The revelation that Jasper Wilkinson was her friend itself was shocking to him. On top of that, she was praising him.

He didn't want to know Jasper's backstory or how he had grown as a successful person. He didn't like it when she praised another man in front of him, and the reason was yet to be figured out.

He was experiencing a strange sense of insecurity.

Such agitation and uneasiness were unfamiliar to him, and he had no idea why he felt this way.

Oblivious to what was going on in his mind, Abigail kept saying, "I have not met him for the past few years. I thought he would not recognize me. But he swiftly allowed me to join the training. I will work hard and will not disappoint him. So, please don't ask me to stop going there. This job is important to me."

Christopher's pupils constricted even more. He deduced that she was unaware that "the Sherman Group" was Essence Concierge's primary client. The corners of his lips curled deviously as an idea crept into his mind. However, he didn't reveal it to her.

She had shocked him, and now it was his turn.

"Okay, I get it," he said flippantly, indicating that he was not interested in talking about it. "Since you have already decided to start working, I won't stop you. Just make sure you don't get sick. I will forbid you from leaving the house the moment I discover that your job is affecting your health negatively. You cannot disobey me at the time."

Abigail readily agreed to this. She believed her condition had improved and that she wouldn't get sick as frequently as she used to.

"Thank you. I will be more cautious." She beamed with a smile.

They came back home in an hour.

Christopher phoned Brad as he walked into the study.

"Did you renew the contract with the Essence Concierge?" he asked when the call connected.

"Not yet. Why? Do you need to include any more clauses?"

"I will talk to you tomorrow," Christopher said.

When he ended the call, he had a wicked grin on his face.