

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 36 - Christopher's weird demand

Chapter 36: Christopher's weird demand

The next morning...

Christopher called his secretary as soon as he arrived at the office.

"Yes, Mr. Sherman." The secretary had her notebook ready in case he asked her to take some notes.

"You are free to leave early today, and there is no need to come from tomorrow onwards," Christopher said flatly, not even looking up at her.

The secretary was taken aback, believing he was dismissing her because of recent mistakes she had made. She became terrified.

"Why, Mr. Sherman? I will work more efficiently. Please accept my apologies. I'm not going to make any mistakes."

Her eyes turned misty.

Christopher dropped the file he had just picked up and glared at her. "Didn't you want to take leaves?"

"Indeed, Mr. Sherman. But it's on..."

"I am extending your leave. Do you not want to spend more time with your family?"

"Uh?" The secretary was taken aback yet again. "Leave? Um..."

She couldn't decide whether she should be happy or worried. What if it was his other way of dismissing her? He could send her the termination letter via email.

"You don't want to take leaves!" Christopher furrowed his eyebrows. "Do you want me to hand you the termination letter right away?"

"No, no... Mr. Sherman... I have already planned to take leaves. I am grateful that you have extended my leave. Since I have come to the office, I will work till the end of the day."

"You can leave now." Christopher waved his hand dismissively.

"Please call me if you need anything. I will come immediately." The secretary said it purposefully, fearing Christopher would be angry with her. His cold stare was enough for her to shut her mouth and rush out of the cabin.

Christopher still glared at the door as he picked up the intercom and pressed number 1.

"I need you here right away," he said before putting the receiver down.

Brad came a few minutes later. "What is the urgency? Say whatever you want to say quickly. I have a meeting in half an hour."

He sagged into the chair across from him. He purposefully rubbed the side of his forehead where the pen had hit him the day before, despite the fact that it was no longer painful. His action was simply to express his dissatisfaction with him.

"My secretary is taking a couple of weeks off," Christopher said. "I need someone temporarily in her place to look after my schedules. You often managed to hire temporary employees whenever needed. Can you arrange one for me?"

He knew where Brad had hired those employees, but he had not mentioned the name of the company.

"No worries. I will contact the Essence Concierge." Brad's response was casual, as he had no idea what Christopher was up to. "I will renew the contract with them."

"Wait..." Christopher stopped him. "Don't renew it now. You can do it when my secretary returns to work in two weeks."

Brad looked at him skeptically. However, he nodded and agreed with him, "Okay. I can wait two weeks. Mr. Clark was impressed with our new technology and wanted to implement it in his company."

Finally, he broke the good news to him.

"Great... The credit goes to you." Christopher, who had not smiled in days, finally gave him a warm smile.

Brad scowled at him. "Certainly... It is because of me that he has shown interest in the project. Otherwise, you have planned to sabotage our meeting with him."

Christopher's thoughts returned to the restaurant scene, where he had seen Abigail with her male companion.

'Jasper Wilkinson.' He subconsciously clenched his fists.

He wouldn't have known his docile wife had been meeting her wealthy, handsome neighbor if he hadn't gone to the luncheon that day.

He was truly grateful to Mr. Clark for expressing his desire to meet him, despite the fact that he had not paid much attention to him at the time.

"I consider myself fortunate to have such a good friend and partner." He grinned.

"I know how talented I am." Brad was pleased to hear his compliments. His displeasure with him had faded by this point. "Okay. I need to get ready for the meeting. I will later discuss with you what Mr. Clark said."

Brad left.

Several minutes later...

Vivian entered his cabin.

Christopher assumed his secretary had come to inform him of something, which is why he said "Come in" when the door knocked. When he saw Vivian, his face became hard.

"I told you not to come to my cabin until I gave you permission," he stated coldly.

"Come on, Christopher. Don't be rude. We used to be friends in the past." Vivian came over and sat down in front of him, her fingers touching the round crystal pendant. "Moreover, you just permitted me to come in."

She smirked.

Christopher didn't like how casually she spoke to him. They were at work, not in a café drinking coffee.

He, however, kept his rage in check and asked, "Is there any problem?"

Vivian pouted slightly and held up a folder. "Brad asked me to prepare the report. When I went to hand it over, I couldn't find him in his cabin. So, I came to you."

She put the folder on the table in front of him.

Christopher glanced at it and said, "Brad is in a meeting. You should have waited for him. Take it away and give it to him."

"But Brad told me I could report you while he was away," Vivian said, acting innocent. She made a depressed expression as if she had been wronged. "I'm only doing what he says."

Christopher finally took the file and assured her, "Okay. I'll look into it. You can leave now."

It was only then that she smiled.

"Oh, thank you so much. I knew it. You will never let me down. You truly care about me. By the way, Brad stated that he had high hopes for the new technology. I'm delighted that Mr. Clark is interested. All the very best."

She flashed a beaming smile at him before leaving.

Christopher was rendered speechless when she mentioned the new technology. He couldn't believe Brad had given such sensitive information to a trainee. He became enraged and considered confronting Brad.

As soon as Vivian stepped out of the cabin, she received a phone call from her father.

"Dad..."

"Collect all the information about the new technology," said a deep voice on the other end. "Do it as soon as possible before Mr. Clark signs the contract with them."

"I am trying," she hissed, sounding irritated.

The other end was silent for a while. Then she heard her father say, "Be careful."

Unlike the commanding tone he had just used to speak to her, his voice was gentle and caring this time.

"I will," Vivian said before hanging up the phone.

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 37 - The suggestion

Chapter 37: The suggestion

As per Christopher's demand, a temporary employee was sent from Essence Concierge.

The woman, named Sandra, was smart and professional. Her working ability was not less than that of Christopher's secretary.

Christopher was dissatisfied with her, regardless of how good she was. He didn't care how intelligent or clever she spoke. He had different plans in mind.

"For the afternoon's meeting, you need to prepare a presentation," he said. "Don't think that I will go easy on you since it is your first day working here."

"I am confident in my ability, Mr. Sherman. I will not let you down." Sandra smiled.

Christopher would have been impressed with her, noticing her confidence. But he had determined not to be impressed by any of the employees that Essence Concierge would send.

"Uh? All right. You have half an hour to get everything ready."

Sandra's smile began to fade. She expected to have time to familiarize herself with the work Misha had been doing because the meeting was scheduled for the afternoon. It was going to be difficult to prepare a presentation in half an hour without knowing anything.

Christopher sneered inwardly when he saw her flustered face. He would have given her a little time to get familiar with the environment, but Sandra had shown overconfidence in her abilities. He wanted to teach her a lesson.

"Don't waste time standing here," he said, checking the time on his wristwatch. "You have got 25 minutes. If you feel you won't be able to finish it in time, you can simply leave."

"No, no... I will prepare right away." Sandra hurried out.

Christopher leaned back in his chair, smirking. "Let's see how you finish it."

Half an hour later...

Christopher had completely forgotten about Sandra. He and Brad were busy discussing the new technology they were going to launch with Mr. Clark. When he saw the new email from Sandra, he remembered that he had asked her to prepare the presentation.

He was surprised that she had completed her task on time. He checked the email right away out of curiosity.

It couldn't be considered impressive, but rather simple and decent.

If the circumstances had been different, Christopher would not have objected. He, on the other hand, was looking for an excuse to kick her out, and Sandra had provided him with the opportunity to point out her flaws. He was happy.

"What makes you smile?" Brad asked, curious as to what was making his moody friend happy.

Christopher was not even aware that he had been smiling. He made a stern expression and said, "I am just amused. You always praised the Essence Concierge employees, but I never had the opportunity to work with any of them in person. So, I thought I would test them on my own before renewing the contract. But I am disappointed with the lady they sent."

He shrugged. "Because you said they were very good at work, I had high expectations of them. But I'm not sure about them right now."

"Did she make a mistake?" Brad looked at his laptop, curious as to what blunder Sandra had made.

Christopher showed him the presentation. "Do you think I can attend the afternoon's conference with this presentation?"

Brad scrunched up his face as he checked the presentation. He was also not satisfied with it. He thought the trainees could make a better presentation than this one.

"Oh, that's not bad, but it's not appropriate for the meeting we are going to," he admitted dejectedly. "Sandra worked for me, and she was excellent. Maybe she rushed through it. If she got some time..."

"Are you trying to defend her?" Christopher fretted. "If she is so good, she should have done it properly. She cannot take the whole day to do simple work."

"I see what you are saying. Just leave it this time. I am sure Misha had already prepared the presentation. You can put that one to use today." Brad asked him to adjust this time, but he had no idea of the nefarious thought in his mind.

Misha, Christopher's secretary, had indeed made the presentation before leaving. But Christopher didn't reveal it.

"I cannot waste my time with her," Christopher stated sternly. "Ask her to leave, and I will think about whether to renew the contract with them or not."

"Hey, man... Calm down a bit. You cannot make a hasty decision." Brad was displeased this time. "Okay... If you are dissatisfied with her, I will tell her to leave. I will ask them to send another one. We have been working with them for the past three years and are pleased with their work. Don't forget that they are providing us with other services too. Because of one employee, we cannot discontinue working with them."

"All right..." Christopher held up his hands in defeat. "Arrange someone fast."

Brad breathed a sigh. "I will talk to Jasper personally."

The mere mention of Jasper dampened Christopher's otherwise upbeat disposition. He had unwittingly regarded him as a challenger and felt a strange sense of competition with him. He was curious as to how Jasper had gotten so close to Abigail.

The question of whether or not Jasper liked Abigail was causing him concern.

Christopher had never taken an interest in knowing about this man, but he was now interested in getting to know him well.

"Jasper Wilkinson, right?" Christopher rubbed his chin, his expression thoughtful. "I haven't had the opportunity to get to know him. How is his personality?"

"Oh, he is nice and friendly. He doesn't talk much. But once you become his friend, he will not let you get bored with him." Brad smiled, clearly pleased with Jasper. He was unaware that his friend's mood was deteriorating.

Christopher felt as if he were losing his wife as well as his best friend. Both his wife and friend didn't hesitate to praise Jasper.

He became even more agitated. "All right, all right... I get it." Christopher waved his hand dismissively. "Shall we continue working if you are done praising him?"

"I was just responding to your question," Brad snorted angrily. "I'm not sure what's wrong with you lately. You are always in a foul mood. Why don't you go out on a vacation with Abigail? You will feel refreshed."

"Uh? You are driving me away so that you can renew the contract with Essence Concierge!"

Despite the fact that Christopher made it clear that he was not interested in going on vacation, he couldn't stop thinking about the suggestion his friend had made.

"Ugh..." Brad sighed and rolled his eyes. "I am not saying anything. Let's get the job done first. I am starting to feel hungry."

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 38 - A phone call

Chapter 38: A phone call

It had been a week. Abigail felt relieved because Christopher didn't object to her going to work. Every day, she came home early and cooked for him. She was exhausted, but she was relieved that he was with her.

With no arguments with him, life seemed to return to normal. It was like the days when they had just married.

Christopher used to come home from work early and didn't work late at night at that time. He had been doing the same thing lately. He went to bed early every night.

Despite the fact that he made no attempt to approach her or be intimate with her, which was undoubtedly upsetting, she felt relieved. At the very least, they weren't yelling at each other.

He was not getting angry with her.

Abigail had always wished for a life like this. She had almost forgotten about her in-laws' dissatisfaction with her and Vivian working at Christopher's office.

She had come back early today as well and was preparing dinner in a happy mood.

Ring-Ting-Ting...

She went to pick up her phone and noticed an unknown number on the screen. She furrowed her eyebrows in curiosity and then released them as she swiped the screen to answer the call.

"Hello..."

There was a dead silence on the other end of the phone.

She became even more curious, her brows pinching.

"Hello..."

"Abi..."

Abigail's breathing briefly stopped when she heard the familiar voice that she had not heard for years.

"Elsa..." she murmured, still in a daze, her fingers pressing against her lips and her eyes watering.

"Elsa?" She called out to her again as if skeptical. "Is this really you?"

"Yes, it's me... you, moron... You never tried to contact me. I am still mad at you... How could you have forgotten about me? You don't care about me!"

Elsa started sobbing.

"You said you would never talk to me," Abigail also whined. "I thought you would call me, and I waited and waited for your calls. But you never called or texted me."

She sniffed, struggling with the urge to cry.

"You are right... It was my fault..." Elsa was sobbing so hard that she couldn't speak. "It was me who stopped talking to you. I was the one who never checked on you, even after your surgery. I chose my pride and rage over our friendship. I am so sorry, Abi..."

"Don't say sorry. It was not entirely your fault. I also showed my stubbornness without knowing your good intentions. I could have called you as well, but I didn't. Actually, my ego was what kept me from contacting you."

Abigail wiped her nose, her voice breaking. She wished she could rush over to her and console her.

"Abi... I have returned home and will be here for two days. Will you come to meet me?" Elsa asked in a low voice, not sounding confident.

Abigail remembered Jasper telling her that Elsa would be back in a week. She grinned and wiped her tears away.

"Of course, I will meet you."

"Really?" Elsa squealed. "Okay... then... how about we have dinner together tomorrow at my house?"

"Yeah, sure... I will be there," Abigail said, not considering whether Christopher would let her go out.

"Oh, dear... I am so excited to meet you."

"I am excited too." Abigail grinned.

"Okay, Abi... I am hanging up now... I will go arrange things for tomorrow."

"Bye..."

Abigail couldn't believe she had just spoken with Elsa. She was grinning from ear to ear and didn't notice Christopher giving her a disapproving look.

She put the phone down and turned to go back to the kitchen, which is when she saw him. When he met her with his cold stare, she felt a knot in her stomach. Before she could say anything, he walked up to his room.

Abigail pressed her fingers together, realizing her mistake. Her relationship with Christopher had just returned to normal, but she had done something that irritated him once more. She was sorry she agreed to meet with Elsa.

She chewed the insides of her cheeks, pondering how she could persuade him. She slowly went to the bedroom.

Christopher was on the balcony. His tie and coat were on the settee across from the bed. His back was stiff, and he exuded a cold aura.

Abigail didn't need to look at his face to tell if he was angry or not. She knew it already. She put the coat and tie in the closet and went over to him.

He stiffened his posture and tightened his grip on the railing when he sensed her coming in closer.

Abigail stood behind him, maintaining a safe distance. She had not forgotten how hard he had squeezed her arm that day. She subconsciously touched her arm, recalling the bone-crushing pain.

"It was Elsa, a good friend of mine," she said, her voice barely audible. "She invited me to dinner, and I couldn't refuse."

He said nothing. All he did was stand there stiffly, looking at the dimly lit patio.

He used to see Abigail sitting there all the time, but now it was empty. It gave him the impression that that part of the house had been abandoned. This feeling was unsettling.

The next day was Saturday, and he had planned to spend the whole day with her. He had thought he would take her wherever she wanted to go. But she had already made plans.

His wife, who never did anything without his permission, had begun making her own decisions. He didn't like it and wanted to get his obedient wife back. If she wanted to go out to dinner, he would take her.

"I had no idea you had a friend named Elsa," he said.

"You must have forgotten. I told you about her. Elsa and I have been friends since we were kids. We grew up together. She is..."

Christopher turned to her with a scowl on his face, making her stop talking abruptly. "Your neighbor?" he asked with surprise.

"Yes."

"I see..." He nodded, his thoughts drifting.

It turned out that she was going to meet Jasper's sister. That meant Jasper would also be there. His expression turned ugly.

He had been dismissing all of the Essence Concierge employees who had come to work for him. He assumed he was causing problems for Jasper. However, Jasper was one step ahead of him.

'That man is trying to snatch my wife!'

Christopher cocked his head. He would never renew the contract.

"Go ahead. Have fun with your friend and impress your boss." He curled his lips deviously.

Abigail forced a smile, unsure if he meant it honestly or if his words had other hidden meanings. She was relieved, however, that he had finally allowed her to go there. She would make up with him later.

"Thank you. I will go serve the food. Please be quick."

She went back to the kitchen, still considering what he had said.

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 39 - Wealthy Jasper

Chapter 39: Wealthy Jasper

Abigail hailed a cab to come to her friend's place. She initially thought of asking Christopher to drive her here, but he had left in the morning and had not returned yet. She didn't call him because she assumed he was too busy at work and instead took a taxi.

She took a look around the posh residential area, which had luxurious villas on either side of the road. Each villa had plenty of open space surrounding it, with towering trees separating them.

The car pulled over in front of the last villa on the right side of the road.

Abigail looked at the two-story white structure in awe. The villas she had seen before had spacious outdoor areas, but this one outdid them all with a massive backyard.

Abigail was awestruck and wondered how wealthy Jasper had become in such a short period of time.

Even many wealthy people avoided purchasing a home in this neighborhood, preferring to stay a little outside of town where property prices were lower and build a large house to their liking. Christopher had done the same thing.

Abigail had no idea how wealthy Jasper was. It was surprising and delightful at the same time that he had grown into a successful, rich guy despite coming from a poor family. Not only Jasper, but Elsa was also successful.

She was really happy for them. Her face was bright with a smile as she walked up to the house. She adjusted her dress as she raised her hand to press the doorbell.

The door opened before she could even press the bell, revealing the pretty, familiar face.

"Abi..." Elsa smiled as she examined her from head to toe, a surprised expression on her face.

Abigail was wearing a beige dress that flared from the waist and ended just above her knees.

"You are... beautiful..." Elsa said. "This hairstyle... looks good on you. Awe..." She clutched her shoulders. "You look like a doll." She checked on her again. "You have changed a lot. I recall you wearing a plain t-shirt and pants. Take a

look at yourself... You are wearing a sexy dress. Are you trying to impress me or someone else?"

"No..." Abigail laughed. She couldn't tell her that she had recently changed her appearance to attract her own husband. She could only pretend that she had been wearing such outfits all those years.

"Come on... Be honest with me. I won't mind if you say you are trying to impress your boss." Elsa winked at her mischievously.

Abigail didn't take her words seriously because she was used to Elsa teasing her in this way. She had never thought of attracting Jasper's attention.

Jasper was only her friend's brother to her, not more than that... and she believed Jasper also only considered her as his sister's friend.

"Jasper is not the type to be impressed by how someone dresses," she said.

Jasper, who had been quietly watching her from inside, was disappointed to hear her words. It was unfortunate that he couldn't tell her how attracted he was to her.

He couldn't express his desire in the past because he was afraid of being rejected. He couldn't do it now because she was someone else's wife. All he could do was watch her covertly from afar. His desire to hold her in his arms and make love to her would remain buried in his heart.

He averted his gaze. "Elsa... It's cold outside. Are you planning to stand there the entire night?"

"See... How worried he is about you." Elsa laughed and dragged her inside. "You have no idea how happy I am... to see you here."

She added the last few words after a while, glancing at her brother.

Jasper simply turned aside. His action gave Abigail the impression that he didn't like her presence.

She felt awkward, thinking Elsa had not talked to her brother before inviting her to dinner. She lowered her head.

"Oh, God! Why are you still standing? Sit down..." Elsa drew her down onto the sofa. She was sitting in the middle of them. "I can't believe I am seeing you."

She didn't let go of her hand. "Tell me how your work is going on."

"Everything is going well," Abigail replied. She lost all her excitement after noticing Jasper's gloomy expression. She planned to have a lot of fun with Elsa, but she changed her mind and decided to leave soon.

"I knew it. Jasper will make sure that you will not face any trouble. Right, Jasper?" She cast a meaningful look at her brother, who gave her a blank stare. She wanted to roll her eyes. "Okay... I will go check the chicken I have put in the oven."

Elsa went to the kitchen, leaving them alone in the big hall.

Neither Abigail nor Jasper said a word.

Abigail kept her gaze fixed on a painting of the rising sun on the wall opposite her. She couldn't stand the awkward silence any longer. She turned to him, who also happened to look at her.

"I just impulsively accepted Elsa's invitation and came here. If you are not happy with it, I apologize."

"Why are you apologizing? Why would I ever have a problem with you coming to my place?" Jasper immediately realized that he had become overly anxious. He kept his feelings in check and said in a controlled way, "You often came to our house. You spent time with Elsa playing, studying, and eating. We were like one big family. You are always welcome here. I am not upset with you. But something is really bothering me these days."

His countenance was shrouded with worry as he thought about the recent problems the company was facing because of Christopher. He had considered talking to her about it several times but had always backed down, believing it was inappropriate to ask for her assistance.

"What is it? Care to tell me?" Abigail was intrigued to learn what was bothering him.

"It's nothing... Don't worry. I will resolve the issues." He refused to tell her anything.

I have no doubt that you can handle the situation on your own, but please let me know if I can help."

Jasper gave her a thoughtful look before saying slowly, "Yes... You can help me."

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 40 - Jasper asked for help from Abigail.

Chapter 40: Jasper asked for help from Abigail.

Jasper's thoughts returned to the phone conversation he had with Brad the day before.

Flashback...

"This is really upsetting, Jasper. I never expected such carelessness from you. I expected you to send the best of your staff to help Christopher, but they all turned out to be amateurs. They couldn't even stay at the office for the entire day."

Jasper had never seen Brad get so furious. He had always remembered him as a cheerful person who laughed and spoke politely. But he had never heard him yell in rage.

The situation was really bad, and Jasper could tell that it was not good for the company.

"No... They are all professional and well-trained individuals who have worked for many CEOs. I have selected them personally. I don't know why they made some silly mistakes to anger Mr. Sherman." He tried to explain that no mistakes were made from his side and that he had never been negligent.

"Ugh..." Brad groaned. "Look... Christopher is very upset. He is mad at me and yelling at everyone. He has stated that he will not renew your contract."

"Wait a minute... What?" Jasper was taken aback. He felt as if everything was slipping through his fingers.

"I know they made blunders this time, and I apologize on their behalf. Please don't cancel the collaboration. We are also providing you with other services, which are all running smoothly. Please think about it again before making a final decision. I promise I will check everything in person. I will not let you down."

He became desperate and tried to persuade him.

"Huh..." Brad exhaled a deep sigh. "I am helpless, Jasper. To be honest, I feel bad too. But I cannot renew the contract without Christopher's approval. This is your last chance. If you want to continue working with Sherman Groups, you must give your all."

Beep...

End of flashback...

Jasper had been thinking about whom he should send ever since he had talked with Brad. Several times, he thought he would send his secretary or his assistant, but his work would suffer without them.

He also had other clients who he couldn't ignore just to please Christopher. Besides, there was no guarantee that Christopher wouldn't dismiss them.

Jasper had selected those ladies, who were good at their jobs and had never had any complaints from clients. He was certain Christopher was deliberately messing with him for some reason, which he didn't know. He had no choice but to send someone whom Christopher could not dismiss, no matter what.

His racing thoughts came to a halt at one name... Abigail.

Although she was just a trainee, Jasper thought she was the best option. Christopher couldn't possibly treat his wife badly, no matter how much he was dissatisfied with her work. He would rather teach her instead of ask her to leave, which he had done with the other employees.

Abigail was the best choice to counter his haughtiness.

Jasper felt a little bad about using her to get the contract, but he had no option but to do so for the sake of the company. He must stick to the Sherman Groups to grow until he got another big client.

He stared at her for a long time as he reflected on everything.

Abigail, on the other hand, waited for him to say something, but he just stared at her. She felt uneasy after looking into his intense gaze. She was curious as to why Elsa hadn't returned yet and wanted to go check on her, but she was also curious as to what was bothering him.

Going away without listening to him would be impolite. After all, he was now her boss.

"How can I help you?" she eventually asked.

It was only then that he withdrew his gaze.

"There is a problem at the office," he murmured, rubbing his palms together before resting them on his knees. "I am having trouble dealing with the situation. I believe," he faced her and added, "you can help me in resolving the issue."

"I will be delighted if I can help you," Abigail declared without knowing the problem.

Jasper nodded, his heart filled with conflicting emotions. He was relieved that she readily agreed to assist him, but he was also depressed because he assumed he wouldn't be able to see her if Christopher allowed her to work for him. He was also afraid that Christopher would permanently hire her for his company.

There wouldn't be a chance for him to see her.

He couldn't lose the contract either. It would have a negative impact on the company. The other clients might also cancel the contract, and the big companies would not want to work with them.

His dream to work with other large business conglomerates would also not be fulfilled. For the sake of the company, he had to use Abigail.

Looking at her innocent face, he became even more depressed. She had not even asked him what help he needed from her.

He pulled his eyes down to his hands. "Sherman Groups is an important client for us. We make a lot of money from them. However, recent unfortunate

events have caused Mr. Sherman to reconsider whether or not to renew the contract with us. If the collaboration is canceled, we will suffer a significant loss. I cannot afford to lose such a valued client."

He gave her a pleading look.

Abigail gawked at him, her mouth forming a large "O." She never knew that Jasper was working with Christopher. She slowly understood that Christopher was deliberately causing trouble for Jasper because she had joined Essence Concierge.

Christopher had pretended as if he didn't know about Jasper and his company when she told him about her training. He had allowed her to work but had caused issues for Jasper.

Resentment filled her heart.

She wouldn't let him trouble Jasper. "Nothing will happen to the company," she said reassuringly. "I will talk to him."

"No need to talk to him." He stopped her. "All you have to do is go to his office and work for him for a few days."