

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 4 - That woman is not suitable for our family.

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Christopher sat in a private room in a pub. He had not touched alcohol since the night he got drunk and had sex with Abigail six months before. He didn't want to repeat the mistake again. But he came here today to get drunk.

Brad, who had been sitting quietly beside him and observing him for so long, couldn't keep his mouth shut any longer. "You have been acting mute ever since you came." He glanced at the glass of whiskey in his hand and added, "You have not taken a sip yet, and here, I finished two pegs already. Why did you come here? What is the matter?"

Christopher looked at the amber liquid in the glass and gulped it down all at once, then slammed the glass down on the table. His face contorted as the burning sensation traveled down his throat to his chest.

Brad, too, wrinkled his nose. "Quite strong, right?"

Christopher loosened his tie and leaned back on the sofa.

"Hey... Are you planning on having fun tonight? Should we go out and look for a girl?" Brad smirked.

Christopher shot him a murderous glare. He would have killed him if Brad hadn't been his best friend.

"I know, I know... you are a loyal type of person." Brad raised his hands in the air as if surrendering. "I am still single and can have fun."

He poured himself another glass of whiskey. "I am wondering why you came here after six long months. I remember you saying that you would not touch alcohol. What caused you to change your mind? Did you argue with Abigail?"

Abigail's name echoed in the back of his mind. Christopher was even more restless. He undid two buttons on his shirt from the top.

"She left," he murmured.

"She left you!" Brad exclaimed, eyes wide.

Christopher glared at him. He clenched his fists and opened his mouth.

Buzz-Buzz...

His thigh jolted as the phone vibrated, forcing him to swallow the words he was about to say. He took the phone out of his pocket and saw his father's number.

Before answering the call, he took a deep breath and regained his composure.

"Yes, Dad."

"Come to dinner tonight. Don't be late."

Beep...

It was the way his father talked to him always... short and sharp as if he were giving orders.

Christopher clenched his jaw as he reflected on the past.

His father was not always like this. He used to love him very much. But he had changed his attitude toward him ever since that horrific accident.

He blinked and turned to the other side, attempting to forget that painful memory. He stood up and slid his phone back into his pocket.

"Are you leaving?" Brad also got to his feet.

"Hmm... going to dinner at the mansion." Christopher walked out of the private room.

"Have fun," Brad shouted from behind him, and Christopher nodded slightly.

In the mansion...

Everyone had gathered in the dining hall by the time he reached there.

Adrian Sherman, his father, was sitting in the chair reserved for the head of the family. Gloria was on his left, and his uncle, Austin Sherman, was on his right. Around the table were his sister, aunt, and cousin.

"Chris..." Britney, his sister, ran over to him and tightly hugged him, her face bright with a grin.

Christopher's reason for smiling was his sister. Otherwise, he would have forgotten how to smile a long time ago. He loved her so much. His arms automatically encircled her.

Britney closed her eyes and clung to him. She bent her neck backward to look at his face. "We have been waiting for you. Come."

She held his wrist and took him to the dining hall.

He greeted everyone and took his seat between his mother and sister. All of them were gloomy except Britney.

Adrian scowled at him. "You are late." His tone was as cold as ever.

Christopher also hardened his face and replied coldly, "I was with Brad."

Adrian glanced at the housekeeper, who was standing a little away from him. "Serve the food."

The food was served as soon as the order came.

Everyone started eating.

Christopher cut the steak and brought a piece to his mouth.

"Your mother told me everything about what happened this morning."

He closed his mouth and put the fork down when he heard his father's icy voice.

"What your mother said is the best for the family as well as for you," Adrian continued. "You should consider it."

"There is nothing to think about," replied Christopher emphatically. He slightly tilted his head to the side to look at his father. "I am not leaving Abigail."

"Christopher, son... listen to Mom... You shouldn't ruin your life because of a sick woman. You have a promising future ahead of you."

Christopher looked at his mother's worry-clouded face. He didn't like seeing her like this, but she was asking for something he couldn't do.

"That sick woman is my wife, and I'm not going to leave her." He turned his gaze toward his father.

Adrian slapped the table and growled, "That woman is not suitable for our family. Her mother is a waitress at one of our establishments. How are we going to face society if it is revealed? I'd rather die in shame."

Christopher's brow furrowed furiously. He was losing his cool. His father was only concerned with family status, which is why he kept his and Abigail's relationship private. Only close family and friends were aware that he had married a sick woman out of sympathy.

"I haven't opposed this relationship until now because of your happiness. But there is no reason to accept it now that I know she is not able to give an heir to this family. Divorce her. I will talk to my attorney. He will prepare the agreement. Don't worry. We will not do injustice to her. I will give her the farmhouse and a substantial amount of money that will suffice for the rest of her life."

His every word was loaded with arrogance and pride.

Christopher tightened his fists, turning his knuckles white. "I am not leaving her and that's final. You cannot make me change my decision."

He stood up and turned to leave.