

## **The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 41 - Dinner at Elsa's place**

### **Chapter 41: Dinner at Elsa's place**

"Work for him!" Abigail exclaimed, shell-shocked. All her confidence vanished straight away, and she even began to regret agreeing to help him.

"This is a terrible idea. He won't let me work and will cancel the contract the moment I walk into his office. Furthermore, I am a trainee who began training only a week ago. I'm not yet qualified to work for a client. I'm afraid I can't assist you. I am sorry."

Abigail said all this rapidly in one breath.

"Please help me this time," Jasper said in a pleading tone. "I will always be grateful to you and will do anything for you. I swear."

Abigail's shoulders stooped, and her back hunched a little. How could she say no when he was pleading like that?

At last, she nodded and said, "I will try."

"Thank you so much, Abi..." Jasper was relieved and excitedly took her hands in his. "I promise I will always be there for you whenever you need it."

Abigail was stiff in her place, looking at him in surprise. What he did was something she had never expected. However, someone was extremely delighted to see the scene. Her pretty face lit up with a bright smile, and her eyes glittered with hope.

Jasper gradually realized that he had been holding her hands... her soft hands... felt warm against his palms. His heart suddenly started racing. It was the first time he had held her hands, and he subconsciously squeezed them gently.

This sensation warmed his heart. Joy and excitement erupted within him. It was the most beautiful moment of his life, and he would never forget it.

He wished he could hold her hand all the time and keep her close to him. He would fight Christopher and marry her if she just gave him a hint. But Abigail

seemed to be shocked. Although she didn't make an attempt to pull her hands back, she didn't appear to be comfortable.

It was distressing.

He didn't want to leave her hands, but he drew his hands back and turned away, feeling hot on the cheeks. His ears turned bright red. He was unsure whether it was embarrassment or nervousness that made him unable to look at her. He always controlled his emotions and couldn't understand how he had gotten so carried away.

What would she be thinking about him?

'Does she think I'm a vile man who takes advantage of her?'

Jasper was extremely embarrassed. He was also afraid that she would stop talking to him. He wanted to say sorry, but no sound came out of his throat.

Abigail moved to the far end of the sofa, increasing the distance between herself and him. She felt awkward. She had known this man for more than twenty years and had never seen him act like this.

She reasoned that the excitement had caused him to hold her hands.

Her actions aggravated his feelings, and a pang of guilt pierced his heart. He chided himself inwardly for his careless behavior.

Elsa's cheerful disposition began to deteriorate. Her smile had also faded by this time. She wanted to slam her forehead into the wall.

Her brother had previously failed to confess his feelings for Abigail. Even after two years, he hadn't forgotten her or moved on with his life.

Elsa had noticed him staring in loneliness at Abigail's photo. It bothered her that he was missing his beloved. She felt he owed it to Abigail to express his feelings for her and acknowledge the things he had done for her.

Abigail would make her decision later, after learning everything.

She would stay with her husband if she loved him. But if she had hidden feelings for Jasper, as Elsa suspected, she could return to him.

Elsa felt helpless as she watched them act like strangers. She had gone to the kitchen to give them some space to talk. When she noticed them holding hands, she realized her attempt had been successful. But then they drew back and stopped talking to each other.

She had not heard their conversation. So, she couldn't tell why they were acting so weirdly.

Elsa walked up to them. "Uh? Why are you two so quiet?" She scowled at Jasper, showing her dissatisfaction. "Abi..." she turned to her and added, "Does he scare you?"

Abigail shook her head and parted her lips as if she were about to say something.

"Then why are you not talking to him?" Elsa asked, not allowing her to speak. "I thought you two would find a common topic to discuss since you joined his company. But it appears that you are afraid of him. Is he a strict boss at work?"

Elsa was aggressive. Her tone was sharp as well.

She, however, quieted down when she met Jasper's warning glare. She immediately remembered what he had warned her about earlier. Despite her eagerness to see them together, she couldn't force any of them. She regretted her uncontrolled actions.

"No, he doesn't," replied Abigail slowly.

"Hahaha..." Elsa laughed. "Don't take my words seriously. I was just kidding. The dinner is ready. Let's go and eat."

She pulled her up and led her to the dining hall.

The food was served quickly, and they started eating.

Elsa cut a large piece of chicken pot pie and put it on Abigail's plate. "I remember how much you enjoy eating it. I'm not as good at making this as your mother is, but I tried. Tell me how it is."

Abigail put a small piece of chicken pot pie into her mouth and ate it. She liked the taste.

"It's good."

"Is it?" Elsa exclaimed joyfully. "Next time, I'll have Aunt make some for me."

"Yes, we can spend the entire day with Mamma," Abigail said.

Her agitation and uneasiness gradually subsided, and she enjoyed the meal.

They chatted happily after dinner, reminiscing about the past. Jasper, on the other hand, remained silent. Abigail didn't think it was strange because she was used to him being quiet and serious.

Elsa drove her back to her house. She got out of the car and hugged her longingly.

"Oh, Abi... It was an awesome evening."

"I enjoyed it as well." Abigail hugged her back.

She had no idea a pair of prying eyes were watching her from the terrace.

## **The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 42 - Natural beauty**

### **Chapter 42: Natural beauty**

Christopher returned home a few minutes ago and noticed she had not come back. He was upset, assuming she had been having fun with Jasper. He came to the terrace to clear his mind.

The cold breeze did, indeed, gradually calm him down.

Just then, he saw a red Maserati pulling over in front of the gate. He squinted at it curiously and saw Abigail stepping out. His furrowed eyebrows relaxed, but his face hardened when he saw the door to the driver's seat also open.

He clenched his fists unconsciously, thinking Jasper had come to drop her off at home. When he noticed a woman exiting the car, he relaxed his tense muscles.

It might be Jasper's sister, he thought.

He felt the irritating insecurity again as he watched them hug each other.

They seemed to be quite close to each other. His suspicions about Abigail and Jasper's relationship grew stronger. Otherwise, she wouldn't have gone to Essence Concierge for a job, and Jasper would not have readily allowed her to join the company.

Images of Abigail smiling at Jasper flashed through his mind.

He coldly looked at the Maserati moving away. He was now more determined to end all collaboration with Essence Concierge. Then he would work on how to keep Abigail from working there.

Abigail walked into the house and took a look around. The lights in the kitchen were turned off. The servants did not appear to have cooked.

She looked up at the study room, wondering if Christopher had returned.

Meanwhile, a maid approached her and said, "Madam, you have returned. Sir arrived just a few minutes ago. I saw him going to the terrace. It is getting late. Shall I serve his food?"

"Hmm... I will go call him."

Abigail walked up to the terrace, pondering what he was doing there.

The terrace was vast, with seating arrangements on one side and flower pots on the other. It was great to spend the evening here and watch the sun go down.

Abigail came here frequently to watch the sunset, but it was unusual to see Christopher here. As she approached him slowly, she looked at his broad back.

Christopher glanced at her over the shoulder when he heard the footsteps.

"You had fun with your friends," he said.

In the dim light, Abigail couldn't see the sneer in the corner of his lips.

"Yes. I had a great time." Her voice was low. Even though she couldn't see his bitter expression, she could tell he was not pleased. But she told him the truth.

"You never told me that you had such a wealthy friend," he said, his tone contemptuous.

He had gone to see Jasper's residence and was astounded to discover the luxurious villa in such a posh neighborhood. He couldn't figure out how Jasper had become so wealthy in such a short time.

Any woman would be interested in a man who was so rich, handsome, and successful, and Abigail was no exception. She had known him since she was a child, so she was naturally drawn to him.

This notion was enough to drive his sour mood even worse.

He had to keep his wife under his control, and he knew what to do.

"I'm going on a short business trip next week," he stated solemnly. "You are welcome to join me if you wish."

Christopher could have told her directly to come with him, but he didn't, as he wanted to know how she would respond.

Abigail was pleasantly surprised. She had not expected him to invite her on a business trip. She was ecstatic and overjoyed at the same time.

After learning that he had caused trouble for Jasper, she had been upset with him. That discontent had vanished quickly. She had considered talking about the current issues with Jasper, but she had forgotten everything.

Her entire focus was on the trip.

It was a great opportunity to get closer to him.

Abigail was excited. She couldn't wait to go on vacation with him. Although it was a business trip, she would treat it as a vacation... the honeymoon.

"I'd love to... but will you be comfortable?" She still asked this question, hiding her delight. She was concerned that her presence would interfere with his work.

Her question, however, had a negative impact on him. His mood worsened as he assumed she was not willing to come with him because she wanted to spend time with Jasper.

He leaned forward, resting his elbows on the parapet wall. The corners of his lips curled into a scornful smile.

"I wouldn't have told you to join me if there was a problem," he said, his tone icy. "You can opt to not come with me if you don't want to. You have recently joined a job training."

"There will be no problem," she said quickly, fearing he would change his mind. "I will go with you."

She wasn't concerned with the training or the job as long as he was willing to love her.

Christopher was astounded to hear it and turned around to face her. His heart skipped a beat when he noticed such a beaming smile on her face. Even in the dim light, he could see her sparkling eyes.

A smile like that was contagious and could make anyone smile. Christopher was also not exceptional. He smiled, relieved that she was interested in coming with him.

"Good... Then I'll make the necessary arrangements."

"Thank you..." Abigail was so excited that she threw herself at him, her arms tightly wrapped around his neck.

For a brief moment, Christopher was stunned, feeling a fluttering sensation inside his chest. He stood firm, not even batting his eyes. He had the impression that the void in his heart was being filled. His colorless life, in which he followed a strict routine and duties, appeared to be painted in a variety of colors.

He wanted to rejoice for the first time in a long time. He wanted to listen to a soothing, melodious song with Abigail by his side. He yearned to do everything he had done in the past.

He gently put his hands on the sides of her face and looked into her eyes, which were restlessly moving back and forth as if she were unable to look directly at him.

Her eyelashes were flapping like butterfly wings. Her lips were slightly parted, but her smile had faded by this point.

Christopher had never looked at her so closely in two years. He never knew that she was pretty... a natural, pure beauty. He had only considered her frail

and sick but had never tried to see how attractive she was. When she was so close, he found himself drawn to her. His desire was flaring up.

His gaze was settled on her lips. That day, he had kissed her impulsively. Tonight, he wanted to kiss her again with all his senses engaged.

Just as he thought about it, she drew back.

"Uh... I will go serve your food. Come quickly." She turned around and ran away.

Christopher had a smile on his face as he watched her flee, his mood improving. He believed he would get his obedient wife back after this trip.

## **The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 43 - Surprise or shock?**

### **Chapter 43: Surprise or shock?**

Monday had arrived. Abigail's heart was thumping loudly as she stood outside the gate of the Sherman Groups and looked at the skyscraper. She had come to work as a substitute secretary for Christopher.

Her mother had called her the day before and told her that she was not well. So, Abigail had been with her mother and forgot to tell Christopher that Jasper had assigned her to this job. She had come from her mother's place and didn't have the chance to tell him in the morning either.

She was terrified and nervous because she had no idea how he would react. This fear had stopped her from calling him. She would simply apologize to him if he scolded her.

With this determination in her mind, she walked into the building.

The lady at the front desk asked her to go to the top floor.

Abigail thanked her and proceeded to the elevator, clutching the folder that Jasper had given her to hand it over to Christopher.

Her heart began to race even faster when the lift began to move. She could picture Christopher's cold, accusing eyes.



The elevator came to a halt.

She took a deep breath and went out, only to run into Brad.

"Abi?" Brad's brow furrowed in surprise. "You came to meet Chris." He smiled.

"Um... Actually, I am here to work as his substitute secretary."

"What?" A deep frown flared up on his brow. "Are you kidding me?"

"No... I am telling the truth. I came from Essence Concierge."

"Holy hell..." He groaned, passing his fingers through his hair. He was angry with Jasper. "That bastard played smartly," he muttered under his breath.

"Is he inside his cabin?" she inquired, swallowing hard.

Brad squinted at her, wondering when she had started working. "Yes..." He gave a curt nod. "But... do you have any idea he has dismissed all the ladies who have previously come to work for him?"

She nodded with her head bowed. "I am aware of it."

Brad threw his arms in the air. "Still you came... Why?"

"I am only following my boss' order."

"By the way, when did you start working for Essence Concierge? Ugh..." Brad shrugged, frustrated. He held up his finger and said, "Listen carefully... Nowadays, he is quite mad. He may yell at you. But, but... I will help you, all right? If he scolds you, come to my cabin."

He pointed at the door on the right side of the lobby. "That one is my cabin." Then he directed his finger to the room across from his cabin. "That is your husband's... I mean... your current boss' cabin."

Abigail felt a tight knot in her stomach when she looked at the nameplate beside the door.

Christopher Sherman (President)

The name engraved on the marble seemed to be as cold as his personality.

"Thank you, Brad... sigh... I may come to your cabin soon to sit and cry." She sulked.

"You are welcome, dear." He patted her on the shoulder. "I hope he will not get mad at you. Good luck."

Abigail walked over to the president's office, her heart pounding. She lifted her hand and knocked softly on the door.

"Come in..." His voice was deep and cold.

Abigail twisted the knob and pushed open the door, entering slowly. She saw him sitting behind the large brown work table. She could feel the heartbeat in her throat as she met his sharp gaze.

"You?" His eyebrows furrowed.

Christopher had not seen her since the day before. When he saw her coming to his office, he was happy. Although he was not expecting to see her here, he was pleased that she came to meet him.

He would have sent the driver if he had known she was going to come here.

"What is it? You got up this morning with the intention of surprising me."

He kept a serious expression on his face, not showing any signs of excitement. He was a little confused to see her in a beige top and gray skirt and wondered why she was wearing such formal attire as if she had come to work.

It was indeed a surprise.

'This surprise is going to shock you,' Abigail thought as she lowered her gaze to the file in her hand.

She curled her lips slightly and put the file on the table. "Please check it," she said in a soft tone.

Christopher looked at the file suspiciously. "What did you bring? Your medical report?"

He immediately opened it and found a note. His eyes narrowed further as he started reading it.

'First and foremost, I want to apologize, Mr. Sherman, for disappointing you. I'm sending you someone who, despite her inexperience, is very dedicated to her work. If you guide her a little, I believe she will not disappoint you this time.

Please give her a chance before dismissing her. If you are dissatisfied with her, you are free to terminate our collaboration.

I did, however, sign the contract you sent to review the changes. I have no objections to any of the clauses...

Jasper Wilkinson (President and CEO of Essence Concierge).'

Christopher raised his eyes at her, squeezing the note. His burning rage exuded through his eyes. He had been planning on discontinuing the collaborations with Jasper. He had also thought of other plans for Jasper and his company.

Christopher wanted to cause so much trouble for Jasper that he would eventually give up on his company and consider selling it. He would have taken over the business. But Jasper had foiled his plan with a brilliant move.

Even if Abigail made mistakes, he couldn't dismiss her. Jasper was well aware of this and used her to secure the contract.

Christopher wanted to rip the documents apart, but he kept his cool. He couldn't make rash decisions because Abigail was involved.

Jasper was an old friend of hers. Every action he took against him could irritate her, and Christopher couldn't afford to make her unhappy now that he was taking her on a trip in a few days. If he enraged her, she would most likely refuse to accompany him and return to her mother's house.

Jasper would seize the opportunity to approach her.

Christopher could not allow this to happen. He would figure out another way to teach Jasper a lesson. As of now, he would renew the contract.

"You think you are qualified to work here," he scoffed as he took a pen from the pen stand and signed the contract.

It was a tough question to answer. She couldn't say no because he would ask her to leave right away.

Jasper had sent her here with a lot of hope, and Abigail couldn't let him down.

She couldn't say yes either, as she was not trained. Such a response would only demonstrate her arrogance, which was also undesirable.

"My boss believes in me, which is why I'm here," she explained politely. "I'm not familiar with the work here, but I'll do whatever you ask. Please guide me."

Christopher's eyes sparkled while his visage turned dark. "Go get me a cup of coffee."

She speechlessly gaped at him.

'Coffee!' She wondered if he had considered her coming here to do household duties. She was furious but could not disobey him.

"Sure, Mr. Sherman," she responded professionally and turned to leave.

"I hope you remember how I like to have my coffee," he said.

Abigail clenched her fists. "I remember. Please wait for a while. I'll get your favorite coffee right away."

## **The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 44 - An unexpected encounter**

### **Chapter 44: An unexpected encounter**

Abigail went outside and discovered Brad pacing back and forth in front of his cabin.

He hurried over to her and asked, "What did he say? Is he mad at you? Did he scold you?"

Brad seemed to be more anxious than she was.

"I am not sure if he is angry or not. He didn't chastise me, but he did tell me to bring him coffee."

"Coffee?" Brad wrinkled his brow and rested his hands on his hips.

She nodded. "Could you please show me the coffee corner?"

"Uh... yeah... It's on the floor below. There is a recreation area. You will find a coffee machine there."

Abigail strode away after thanking him. She walked into the recreation room. Some employees were playing table tennis, while others sat and talked. When she looked around the room, she noticed the coffee machine in the corner. She went over there, grabbed a disposable cup, and took some black coffee in it.

The coffee was steaming hot, with vapor rising upward. Abigail added a sugar cube to it.

"You are Abigail, aren't you?"

A thin voice from behind drew her attention, and she turned around.

Abigail recognized her. She suddenly became enraged at seeing her. It was because of her that she had started doing a job going against Christopher's will. At this point, she remembered how she and Christopher had argued with each other.

Abigail blamed her for all of this. She wishes she could stay here and keep her husband from falling into the witch's trap.

"It's me. I have started working here... as Christopher's secretary."

"Christopher's secretary?" Vivian chuckled. "You? Are you really qualified for the position?" Her gaze dropped to the coffee cup in her hand.

"You are only eligible to make coffee for him and bring lunch for him from the cafeteria," she mocked her.

"If it had been like this, he would have asked me to leave right away," retorted Abigail. "I am at my husband's office to work for him."

She purposefully mentioned the word "husband" to remind her that Christopher was married.

"I don't think there is a problem if he told me to bring him coffee or food. Other people don't even get a chance to do it. So, stop worrying about what I'm going to do here. "Pay attention to yourself."

She walked past her.

Vivian couldn't take her derogatory remarks. She moved toward the coffee machine and deliberately pushed her from the side.

The coffee spilled over and dropped on Abigail's hand.

"Hiss..." Abigail pulled her face up. Hot coffee burned her delicate skin, turning it bright red.

"Oh, God! Are you all right?" Vivian acted as if she had accidentally pushed her. She had no regret in her eyes.

Abigail glowered at her, suppressing the pain in her hand. She didn't need her fake sympathy. Without responding to her, she went out of the recreational room.

Vivian's face grew cold as she watched her walk away.

Abigail came back to Christopher's cabin and put the cup on the table, drawing her hand back quickly and hiding her hands behind her back.

Christopher noticed the odd look on her face. He tried to look at what she was trying to hide.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing." She shook her head.

"Don't lie. I can tell you are hiding something."

"No... I am fine. Seriously..." She nervously swallowed.

Her response was enough to raise his doubts. Christopher stood up and walked over to her.

Abigail tried to step back, but he grabbed her arm and stopped her from moving. When he noticed blisters on the back of her hand, he lost his composure.

"What the hell happened? Did you drop hot coffee on your hand?" He glared at her.

Before she could explain, he dragged her out. "How irresponsible you are! You cannot do a simple task, and you expect to work here. You know nothing but make me worry."

He drew her into the elevator, which whisked them down to the underground parking area. He ushered her into the car.

"Christopher, I am fine... These are just minor..."

"Are you?" he snapped as he hopped into the car and ignited the engine. "Blisters had formed on your hand. Can't you see? What on earth are you doing?"

He furiously drove away.

Abigail lowered her head and checked her hand. "I..."

"Don't..." He silenced her. "If you're going to apologize, don't do it. I am taking you to the hospital. Let the doctor treat you first. We will talk later."

Abigail kept quiet and didn't open her mouth the entire way to the hospital.

The car stopped in front of the hospital where Abigail frequently came for check-ups.

Christopher could have taken her to any of the clinics nearby, but he preferred to come here because he wanted to speak with her doctor. Before going on the trip, he wanted to make sure that she was fit and that her heart was functioning properly.

He took her to the OPD first to treat her wounds. After waiting for some time, their turn came. Christopher's phone rang just as they were about to enter the doctor's chamber.

It was from the office, and he needed to take it. Abigail entered the chamber alone, and Christopher walked a little away from there to answer the call.

"Yeah... What is the matter?" he asked. "No, no... Don't make any changes. Let me check it first. Check on the issues I have pointed out... Hmm... I will be back in an hour... between, you can talk to Brad. Yup... And one more

thing... I want to check the surveillance footage of the recreation room from half an hour ago... Right... in my cabin when I get back. Okay?"

He became frozen when he caught a glimpse of a familiar figure coming out of a chamber.

His eyes were glued to the young lady in a white coat. His heart was pounding as he subconsciously tightened his grip on the phone.

He had not anticipated seeing her here. His thoughts were in disarray.

Sweet and bitter memories from the past flooded his mind.

His chest became heavy with emotion as he murmured in a daze, "Anastasia..."