

## THE BILLIONAIRE'S SICK WIFE

### 45 The unbearable pain

Abigail's wound was tended. She thanked the doctor and came out. She didn't see him around.

"Where has he gone?"

She remembered him saying that he would be back in a minute, but he had not come to talk to the doctor. She assumed he was still on the phone.

Abigail assumed that some issues had arisen at work. Just as she turned to go to the pharmacy, she saw him in the lobby.

He was with a woman. With the white coat the woman was putting on, she appeared to be a doctor. But she looked sad, and Christopher seemed to be comforting her.

Abigail's eyes were on his hands, which were resting on the woman's shoulders. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly. She didn't like the way he was looking at her.

Such tenderness in his eyes... He seemed to care a lot about that woman.

Christopher cupped her face and wiped her tears away. "Stop it now. You have to be strong." His voice was soft and soothing.

"Two years, Chris... I am unable to forget anything." Anastasia sobbed and hugged him.

Christopher hugged her back, patting her head gently. His eyes dimmed with sorrow.

Abigail pressed her mouth with her hands, her heart breaking. An excruciating pain radiated from within.

The scene in front of her jolted every nerve ending in her body. Tears stung the back of her eyeballs.

She spun around and dashed out. She ran down the pedestrian without caring about the onlookers' curious gazes, tears falling down her cheeks. She couldn't get the image of Christopher and the lady doctor hugging out of her head.

Christopher was extremely gentle with her. His eyes were full of longing as if he had a deep connection with that woman.

Abigail could tell that he adored that lady.

'Who is she? What is his relationship with her?' She kept asking herself.

During these two years of marriage, he had never looked at her with so much affection, even though he

took care of her. Was it because of that woman that he never fell in love with her? Was it his ex? Why didn't he marry her if he loved her?

'Why did he propose to me?'

Abigail's thoughts were flooded with various questions. She was so disturbed that she didn't stop running despite the fact that she was out of breath. Her lungs hurt. Her chest was tight. She was dizzy. Everything was becoming blurry.

She tripped and fell on all fours, and her knees hurt. Her already injured hand ached even more, but it was nothing compared to the agony in her heart. She cried quietly with her head down. All her attempts to win his love seemed to wash away.

Christopher couldn't be hers. He had never been hers. He had always belonged to someone else's

since the beginning.

'Maybe they split up because of some reason.'

After seeing him with that woman, she believed he would take her back.

What was she going to do now? Should she stand up for her rights? Should she leave this loveless marriage quietly?

The thought of leaving him made her feel even worse. She had the sensation that something was stuck in her throat and that she couldn't swallow it or vomit it out.

It was suffocating.

She would rather die than end her relationship with him. Only death could keep her apart from him. She

dragged herself to her feet and limped away, unsure of where she was going.

In the hospital...

Anastasia wiped away her tears and tried to smile.

"Look at me, I'm sobbing like a baby. You must be thinking I am weird."

"You can express your feelings freely. But don't cry any longer." He consoled her.

"Please come to my chamber. Standing here and talking is inconvenient." She took his hand in hers and led him into her chamber.

Christopher didn't stop her. He was so lost in her that he had completely forgotten about Abigail.

"When did you come here?" he asked, sitting down on

a chair.

"A month ago," she replied feebly.

"You didn't call me." He sounded like he was complaining.

Anastasia held his gaze for some time and said, "I didn't think it was necessary."

"Ana..." His face fell. He was upset and depressed at the same time.

"Mom and Dad didn't agree with my decision to return here," Anastasia explained. "But I wanted to come back. This place holds so many memories for me."

Her voice shook. Tears burned her eyes once more.

"I wanted to be here. To forget the pain, I ran away.

But... it never made me feel better. It only got worse. So, I came back. Maybe one day I'll be able to forget everything and move on."

She looked him in the eyes. "And how about you, Chris?"

Christopher did not respond. He continued to stare at her blankly, his face expressionless. He gradually remembered Abigail.

"I got to go now." He rose from the chair. "I haven't changed my phone number. You can reach me at any time. Please let me know if you need anything."

"I am fine, Chris. Don't worry about me."

He gazed at her for a while and then came out. He looked in the doctor's chamber but couldn't find Abigail.



'Where has she gone?'

He went to the pharmacy, thinking she might have gone to get medicine.

She was not there either.

A frown appeared on his brow as he dialed her number.

"The number you have dialed is currently switched off." All he heard was an automated female voice.

"What the hell? Why did she turn her phone off?" He scowled at the black screen.

Christopher anxiously looked around the hospital and called the office, assuming she had left. However, she had not returned there.

How a moron he was! Why would she go back to the office when she was injured?

She could have gone back home.

Christopher sighed and called home, only to learn that she was not there. His frown deepened as he began to worry.

"All right. Maybe she is on her way. Call me immediately when she gets home." After instructing the servant who answered the phone, he ended the call and came out of the hospital.

"Where are you?" he mumbled worriedly.

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