

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 5 - The argument

Chapter 5: The argument

"Stop right there."

Christopher ceased his step right when his father's loud voice boomed. He stiffened in place.

"I am not done yet. Sit down."

"Brother-in-law, please don't put pressure on him." Pamela, his aunt, was the one who spoke. "If you are only worried about the heir of the family, don't be. My Eddie can solve the problem."

Pamela quieted down when she sensed her husband's scorching glare. She pulled her face up and turned aside, annoyed.

Christopher wouldn't stay, but he couldn't leave when his sister tugged on his wrist and cast him a pleading look. He sat back in his chair.

"Pamela, we are talking about Christopher, not Eddie." Gloria gave her a warning look, making it clear that she was not allowed to speak in the middle of the conversation.

Pamela's face turned even uglier. She was humiliated in front of everyone, and her husband was sitting quietly as if he were a mute audience. She wished she could give a befitting reply to Gloria. Facing Austin's stern glare, she didn't dare open her mouth.

When everyone quieted down, Adrian began to say in a deep, solemn tone, "The Shermans and Simons are old friends for so many years. My and Oliver's fathers were close friends. They had always wanted to marry the two families, but..."

He paused and gave a nasty look at Austin. He resumed his cold demeanor and added, "Oliver once expressed his desire to marry his only daughter, Vivian, to you. I believe we should consider this and strengthen the bond between the two families that was severed because of someone's mistake."

He again glared at Austin, who just hung his head down. He returned his attention to his son. "You are well aware of the tension between the two families. It should not stretch further. Think wisely and act promptly."

Christopher's lips formed a sneer. "You only think about the family, not about me. That's why you are forcing me to divorce my wife."

"Why are you not understanding?" Adrian exclaimed, his face trembling in rage.

Gloria became concerned at the sight of his reddening face. She put her hand on his tightly clenched fist on the table. "Adrian, please calm down. Your blood pressure will rise. Let me talk to him."

Adrian snorted and looked away.

Gloria shifted her fiery gaze to Christopher. "Why are you so stubborn? That sick woman is good for nothing. Is it that difficult for you to understand?"

"Her name is Abigail," Christopher grunted out, gritting his teeth.

"Look at him... He is going to drive me insane," Adrian roared again.

"Adrian, please..."

Adrian quieted down when Gloria stopped him. However, his anger had not subsided yet. It only combusted him from within.

"Christopher, son... We all want you to be happy. Abigail is not capable of giving you that. You can still take care of her even after divorcing her. Think about yourself and the family."

Pamela couldn't stay quiet. "Why are you people putting so much pressure on Christopher? I agree that Abigail is not well. A heart transplant is major surgery. It takes time to heal. I am sure she will be able to bear a child once she is fully recovered."

When no one stopped her, she gained more confidence to continue, "The Shermans and Simons can still marry. My son, Eddie, is ready to marry Vivian."

Christopher instinctively glanced at Eddie, who also looked at him. He kept his cold gaze fixated on him, and Eddie simply shrugged, clearly conveying that he was not at all interested.

"I just want to laugh at your stupidity, Pamela," Gloria scoffed. "Do you think Oliver will be willing to marry his only daughter to Eddie after what your husband did to them? It is nothing but your willful wish."

Pamela's teeth turned sour when she heard her mention the sore point. She was furious but could do nothing other than swallow the humiliation.

Everyone at the table had gone strangely quiet.

Gloria didn't care about their troubled looks, as she had to convince her son anyhow. "It is fortunate that Oliver still wants to keep a friendly relationship with us, considering the friendship between the two old men. This is an excellent opportunity to mend the relationship. Think about it carefully."

"I got married. I am not leaving her even if you don't like her." Christopher rose from his chair and stormed out, not paying attention to his mother's cries.

"What am I going to do now?" Gloria wailed, placing her hand on her sternum.

Adrian's eyes were burning as he watched him leave.

"Chris..." Britney chased him down and stopped him by holding his hand. "Are you leaving? You haven't eaten anything." Her tear-filled eyes sparkled like crystal balls.

"Why are you crying?" He gently wiped the tears that had fallen down her cheeks. His tone was soft.

"You really love Abigail!"

"She is my wife," Christopher said, returning to his indifferent expression.

A disappointed look crossed her face for a split second. She mustered a smile and said, "I know how much you care about her. She is lucky. I will talk to Mom and try to convince her."

"There is no need. Don't get involved in this. I don't want Mom and Dad to scold you." He patted her head.

"It is painful for me to see them scold you. I want to help you."

"Just be happy. Go in. I will call you later." He got into his car and drove away, glancing in the side mirror at Britney, who was waving at him. He stretched his hand out the window and waved back at her.

Christopher was driving absentmindedly, his mind wandering back to his argument with his father. He didn't know how to convince them. But he was determined that he would never leave Abigail, no matter what.

Everyone has their own purpose in this life. His purpose was to take care of Abigail, who was also the reason he kept living.

Christopher exhaled deeply, trying to suppress the unbearable agony in his heart. As he took in his surroundings, he was taken aback. He wasn't sure how he ended up in the neighborhood where Abigail's mother lived. He parked his car on the side of the road and gazed out the window at the old house.

For a moment, he thought of going in and asking her to come along. But instead, he called her.

"Hello..."

He silently heard her voice, then asked with an icy tone, "Did you take your medicines?"

"You called me to ask this." She sounded vexed. "Don't be alarmed. I will take good care of "the heart." She emphasized the last two words.

Christopher was speechless for a moment. He was about to respond to her, but the call got disconnected before that.

"What the hell happened?" He frowned at the dark screen of his phone. "Damn, she is making me angry."

He drove away, tossing the phone into the dashboard.