

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 6 - Hunger for power

Chapter 6: Hunger for power

Pamela couldn't get rid of the humiliating words that Gloria had said during dinner. She was puffing in anger, her chest rising and falling rapidly.

Unlike her, Austin seemed calm. He leaned back on the headboard and quietly read a book, not even looking at her, who was pacing around the room.

Pamela had had enough of his silence. She grabbed the book from him and threw it away.

"How come you are so calm?" she fumed. "Why didn't you say a word? You quietly listened to them and let them humiliate you. Why are they still blaming you for what happened to Oliver's sister? You did nothing wrong to her. Who would have thought that she would..."

"Enough already..." Austin snapped before she could say the rest of the words. The warning was clear in his eyes as he looked at her. "You will not talk anything about Christopher's matter from now on. Don't even consider marrying Eddie and Vivian. Got it?"

Pamela sagged into the bed dejectedly. She felt nothing but hopeless. She was humiliated, and then the man she loved chided her.

"I was just offering a suggestion." She sulked. "Isn't it better if Eddie marries Vivian than ask Christopher to divorce his wife? In this way, the family problem will be resolved. They should not have brought up Oliver's sister's matter."

She threw him a sidelong glance and added, "If Oliver had not gotten over that incident, he wouldn't have tried to mend the severed relationship between the two families."

"I don't know anything. You are not going to meddle in this matter." Austin picked up the book and resumed reading.

Pamela was left to deal with her rage on her own. She had always been suppressed by Gloria. She had never gained authority over the family. But the situation was taking a turn.

Christopher had married a lowly, sick woman. It was also clear that Abigail would never be able to have a child due to her poor health.

In such a case, she could seize power from Gloria's grasp.

Vivian was a smart and gorgeous young lady, the sole heir of the Simons. If she became her daughter-in-law, the power would shift to her. Eddie's children would enjoy the massive fortune of both the Shermans and Simons. Then she would rule the family like a queen. Gloria would never be able to look her in the eyes, let alone humiliate her.

But...

Her ignorant husband didn't care anything about it. Pamela twisted her fingers, her frustration rising.

Abigail buried her face in the pillow and cried quietly. When she received his call, she was excited. She expected him to ask about her, but he was only interested in whether or not she had been taking care of her heart.

'Can he ever see beyond that?'

Her mood had lightened after spending time with her mother. His phone call saddened her. She couldn't stop thinking about the time she had spent with him.

Over the past two years, she had always obeyed him and never defied him, fearing her actions would annoy him. Even when she was depressed, she put on a happy face in front of him, assuming that her sad expression would worry him. She had always prepared all of his favorite dishes. She had done nothing to irritate him.

Where did she go wrong that he had not fallen for her yet? How could someone be so cold? Her efforts seemed not to be enough to warm his icy heart.

After tossing and turning for a long time, she finally fell asleep just before dawn. Because so much was going on in her head, her sleep was light, and a slight noise from the hall woke her up.

She got off the bed and went out of her room, only to see her mother preparing breakfast.

"Good morning," Rachel greeted her with a smile. "Breakfast is ready. Go and wash up."

Abigail rubbed her burning eyes as she went back into her room. After taking a bath, she changed her clothes and came out to find her mother setting the table.

They sat down and began to eat.

"I have to leave for work early today. I couldn't prepare lunch for you." Rachel pouted slightly, guiltily peering at her.

"I will cook." Abigail laughed.

"You must also run errands. Can you do that?"

"Your daughter is not weak like earlier. You can rely on me."

Rachel was relieved to see how well her daughter was recovering. She was confident that Abigail would not fall ill again.

"Don't roam around," she cautioned her. "Get home quickly and rest well. I don't want Christopher to hold me responsible if something bad happens to you."

Abigail felt a jab in her heart when she heard her mention Christopher. She forced a smile and lowered her gaze to the bowl of oatmeal in front of her, afraid her mother would read her mind if she looked her in the eyes any longer.

"All right. I will leave now." Rachel grabbed her purse and went out.

Abigail was left alone. This loneliness scared her, as she thought it would be her faith if Christopher abandoned her.

She put the dishes in the sink and rushed into her room. She took her purse and went out.

The wind was chilly. She had come out in a hurry and forgotten to put on her overcoat. She pinched her elbows and hunched her back a little as she walked down the pavement.

There was a supermarket in the square a couple of kilometers away from here. She needed to walk down there to get some groceries.

She could see the rectangular building of the supermarket. Several cars were entering and exiting the parking lot.

A car approached her and came to a stop beside her.

Abigail paused and looked at the red Kia. The window glass rolled down, revealing a familiar face.

It was Sherman's adopted daughter, Britney.

Abigail had heard from Christopher that his sister had died in an unfortunate accident at the age of five. The Shermans adopted Britney to help Gloria recover from her depression.

She couldn't say she had a good relationship with her because she had only spoken with her a few times. But Britney had never spoken ill of her.

"Abigail..." Britney smiled. "What a pleasant surprise! Are you going to the supermarket?"

"Yes. How about you?" Abigail was perplexed as to why she was in this neighborhood, which was not on the way to the mansion.

"Oh... I was just passing by and decided to stop at the supermarket to get some ice cream." She motioned to a carry bag containing ice cream in the back seat. "Shall we go sit somewhere for a while?"

After considering something, Abigail said, "There is a café beside the supermarket. It's small and not particularly luxurious. We can sit there if you don't have any problems."

"I don't mind."

They went to the café and ordered two cups of coffee, which were served soon.

Britney gave her a long look before murmuring, "Everyone in the family wants Chris to divorce you."

Abigail suddenly took a big sip of the hot coffee and burned her mouth.