

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 7 - Accident at the supermarket

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Abigail pursed her lips tightly and set the mug down.

Britney kept her gaze on her. "Dad called him for dinner last night. Mom and Dad asked him to marry Vivian."

Abigail finally raised her eyes at her.

"Oh... you must have not known about Vivian. Her father is a good friend of Dad's. In fact, the Shermans and Simons have been friends for a long time."

Although Britney's expression was solemn, her eyes sparkled with an unusual light. "I heard a lot about the Simons, such as how well Vivian and Chris' grandfathers got along. Both parties were eager to take their friendship to the next level by marrying off their children together. But the relationship between them turned sour because of an unfortunate incident."

She gazed down at the coffee and ran her finger around the rim of the cup. "Vivian's father recently contacted Dad. He wants to reconcile and end the enmity between the two families."

She looked at her in the eyes.

Abigail also stared at her. She had nothing to say. So, she preferred staying quiet. Her heart was tearing apart, though.

Nobody liked her in the Sherman household, and she was well aware of it. They were just looking for a reason to get rid of her. Why would they want a sick, lowly woman? Her family status was not a match for the Shermans. Why wouldn't they like to marry their son to a woman from an affluent family?

Abigail could understand everything.

"Everyone in the family knows that you are unable to give birth to a child," Britney said. "I am so sorry... please don't take me wrongly. I am only telling you what happened last night." She hurriedly tried to explain herself as she squeezed her hand.

Abigail wanted to say that she was capable of bearing a baby but chose to remain silent. Since her husband was not willing to believe it, what was the point of telling her?

She lowered her head and said slowly, "Two years ago, Christopher came to me on his own and asked me to marry him. I said yes to him. I will be his legally wedded wife as long as he wants me."

"I know, I know..." Britney patted the back of her hand and gave her a friendly smile. "He cares about you. And he refused to break up with you. His behavior upsets Mom and Dad, but I am sure they will understand him and stop pressuring him. Don't be alarmed. I will always be there for you and Chris."

Abigail mustered a smile. She was relieved a little to know that Christopher still wanted to be with her.

"However, one question keeps popping into my head. I'm curious why he chose you out of all the women. Did he say anything to you?" Britney's eyes seemed to be edgy this time.

Abigail felt uneasy, facing this question. It was an unsolved mystery to her as well.

"I don't know," she murmured.

"It's okay. Don't overthink it." Britney smiled at her once again. "I will tell you if I find out."

Abigail felt increasingly uncomfortable. The surroundings seemed to be closing in on her. Her lungs seemed not to be expanding even if she was trying to inhale deeply.

"I-I need to run errands," she said, rising to her feet. "I will go first."

"Do you need me to come along with you?" Britney asked, ready to help her.

"No, no... There is no need. I can manage, really." Abigail forcefully stretched her lips.

"As you see fit." Britney got up, grabbing her purse. "You are coming to Grandpa's death anniversary, aren't you?"

Abigail wouldn't want to face any of them after learning everything. Since she was still the daughter-in-law of the Shermans, she needed to attend the ceremony.

She gave her a curt nod. "Of course, I'll be there."

Britney grinned widely. "See you tomorrow then."

Abigail left the café quickly. When the cold air hit her face, she felt relieved. She inhaled deeply as if she had been holding her breath for a long time and made her way to the supermarket.

She absentmindedly put some fresh vegetables, fruits, and chicken breasts in the shopping cart. She wanted to know who that woman, Vivian, was. What was it about her that made everyone in the family like her so much? Would Christopher also start liking her?

She was so preoccupied with her thoughts that she didn't pay attention to her surroundings and accidentally pushed her shopping cart into someone else's, which collided with the shelf, causing several items to fall to the ground.

All the people on that side turned around and looked at the mess.

Abigail's face flushed in an instant with embarrassment. "I am so sorry," she apologized to the man whose cart she had accidentally smashed into.

"It's okay," the man said politely. But the woman next to him didn't seem pleased with what had happened.

Abigail knew her. It was Lorette, who lived in the same neighborhood as her mother.

Lorette had been envious of her because she could never compete academically with Abigail, who always got good grades despite her illness. Her jealousy grew even stronger when Abigail married a wealthy man. When she found her alone, she wanted to humiliate her.

"You should pay more attention to your surroundings," she said coldly, resentment filling her heart.

The man tried to silence her, but Lorette continued to say, "This is a public place, not your father's castle. Other people come here to shop as well. You cannot simply knock down the others..."

She kept speaking harshly.

Abigail didn't hear the rest of her words as she received a call. She shakily took her phone from her purse and answered the call.

"Hello..."

"Your sorry is not enough." Her attention went to Lorette, who approached her.

"You damaged this milk packet." Lorette held up a milk packet with milk dripping from it. "Who is going to pay for it?"

"I will pay. It is my mistake... I-I will pay."

"Abi... Where are you?"

Abigail faintly heard a familiar voice on the phone. She had not checked the caller while answering the phone and didn't know it was Christopher.

"I... am... at a supermarket..." she stuttered.

"Look at her... She is talking on the phone after creating such a mess."

A few staff members joined Lorette because they also wanted to take advantage of Abigail and make her pay for the items, whether they were damaged or not.

Abigail had no idea when the phone call had been disconnected. She tried to persuade them that it was all an accident, but no one listened to her.

"You have to pay for all this," one of the staff members said.

"Look... I am willing to pay, but most of the items are not damaged. Why do I have to pay for that?" Abigail voiced for herself.

"We will not allow you to leave until you pay."

"Who will stop her?" A deep and icy voice from behind drew everyone's attention.

Abigail's heart skipped a beat when she saw the familiar figure standing arrogantly not very far from her. She gaped at him with wide eyes.

"Christopher," she murmured, puzzled as to how he had arrived so quickly.