

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 8 - A change in attitude

Chapter 8: A change in attitude

Abigail blinked as she tilted her head slightly, wondering if he had wings.

his gaze to the crowd that had gathered around Abigail. His icy aura was enough to make them retreat. He moved up to Abigail, his gaze dropping to the mess.

The floor was littered with tetra packs of juice, canned food, and milk packets. The milk was still dripping from the packet that Lorette was holding. Aside from that, the rest of the items appeared to be in good condition. Nonetheless, those people expected Abigail to pay for all of them.

He could have simply thrown the money at them and walked away. However, it was a matter of justice. Why would he pay extra?

"She said it was an accident. When she already apologized, why are you making a fuss over it?"

The staff members didn't dare open their mouths. They didn't know a sophisticated man would approach and take this frail-looking woman's side. They were terrified, wondering if they had offended someone influential. Even Lorette was quiet. She was not anticipating Christopher to show up.

"The other items are not damaged. You can just pick it up and sell it. Why are you forcing her to pay for them?"

Everyone just hung their heads down.

Abigail moved in closer to him and murmured, "Leave this matter. I will go and pay."

"Why are you willing to pay more?" His brow furrowed in annoyance. He was standing up for her, and she was giving up.

Abigail was speechless for a moment. Her mouth set into a grim line as she murmured, "I just want to leave."

Christopher really wanted to walk away, leaving her to deal with the situation on her own. His all efforts to protect her from this bunch of bullies seemed futile. When he was losing his cool, a man who appeared to be the shop's manager or owner rushed over and apologized to him.

"We sincerely apologize for the inconvenience, Mr. Sherman. Madam is not required to pay anything extra. It was just an accident."

His face was pale. He was aware that Christopher was capable of purchasing the entire shop. Meddling with him might cause more losses for him. He had no idea what kind of relationship Christopher had with this woman. But he suspected that they shared a close relationship based on how protective Christopher appeared toward her.

"Please, Sir, Madam... Come with me. I will help you in paying your bills." He glared at the staff members and said coldly, "Clean the mess."

He took them to the billing counter.

Lorette snorted dejectedly and walked away with her husband.

After making the payment, they came out.

"How can you defend yourself in more adverse circumstances if you can't handle such a minor situation?" Christopher glanced down at her, displeased. "You shouldn't have given in to those bullies."

"They were not listening to me, and I was getting late. I wanted to go home."

Abigail was irritated as well. She didn't have the energy to answer his questions after being in such an embarrassing situation. She turned and walked away.

"Why is she behaving so strangely lately?" he muttered as he followed her. "Give it to me." He took the carrying bag from her.

His finger brushed against the back of her hand, which was cold. He felt as if he had touched the ice. It caused him to frown.

"You are freezing." He set the bag down, then took off his suit jacket and draped it over her shoulders.

Abigail stared at him with a gaping mouth, her hands clutching the jacket around her shoulders. The discomfort from the cold subsided instantly, and the warmth traveled straight to her heart. Her pulse rate was increasing as she kept looking at his handsome face.

"Where is your overcoat?" His sharp question broke her trance.

She withdrew her eyes. "I-I... forgot."

Christopher's face turned ugly in annoyance. He wanted to chastise her for her carelessness. He rubbed his forehead to suppress his growing anger.

"Come..." He grabbed the packet and strode over to his car.

Abigail followed him quietly.

After loading the carrying bag into the back seat, Christopher got into the car.

Abigail had already taken the passenger's seat. She turned to him and asked, "How did you come so quickly? You were at the office, weren't you?"

Christopher froze in the middle of buckling up the seatbelt. He had been restless since last night, worried about her well-being. So, he had come to see her. When he noticed a large lock hanging on the door to her mother's house, he called her and heard the commotion.

He fastened the seat belt and said, "I was nearby," and started the engine.

"Oh..." She gazed outside through the window. She couldn't tell if it was a coincidence or a planned one.

First, she encountered Britney, and then Christopher showed up. Why were they passing by this neighborhood?

She stared at him, dithering over whether to ask him or not.

He sensed her gaze on him and glanced at her.

She immediately looked aside, pretending to look around at the changing scenery outside. She couldn't, however, hide her flushed cheeks.

"Tomorrow is Grandpa's death anniversary," he said. "Mom expects us to arrive on time."

"Okay. I will be there on time," she replied.

Christopher was annoyed to hear her response. He thought he would take her home with him and expected her to say that she'd like to come along.

"You are staying here!" he stated coldly.

"Yes... I cannot go back so suddenly. My mother will be surprised."

Christopher couldn't take her defiant attitude. He had seen her obey him and always nod in agreement when he said something. But her attitude had changed dramatically. Abigail had started acting against his will.

Christopher didn't like this change in her. He wanted his docile wife back. He wanted her to submit to him and follow his words like she used to. In that instant, he thought to turn the wheels and drove back home. He, however, pulled over in front of her old house.

Abigail got out of the car and took the bag from the back seat. She was about to go inside when she realized it would be impolite not to invite him in.

She bent down to peer at him through the window and asked, "Would you like to have lunch with me?"