

The Billionaire's Sick Wife Chapter 9 - Familiar and unfamiliar behaviors of Abigail

Chapter 9: Familiar and unfamiliar behaviors of Abigail

Christopher paused for a moment to reflect. He missed her cooking. He hadn't eaten properly the night before due to his restlessness and his dislike for the dishes the maid had prepared. He had been enjoying the food she had prepared for him for the past two years. Only she could satisfy his refined palate.

He became hungry just thinking about the delectable dishes she prepared. He stepped out and followed her into the house.

It was not his first time visiting here. Yet, he couldn't stop looking around the house. It was Abigail's ancestral house. Although it was old, her mother had kept it well-maintained.

The house had three bedrooms, a hall, a kitchen, and a back porch. A wooden stairwell led to the attic on the right side of the hall. A hearth stood directly in front of the sofa, above which was a framed photo of 7-8-year-old Abigail with her parents.

She appeared frail, but her smile was warm and had the ability to melt anyone's heart. Christopher couldn't take his eyes off her in the photo. Despite her illness, Abigail was able to smile so brightly. It took him by surprise.

He wondered how she had dealt with her illness and the prospect of death at such a young age.

"Please take your seat. I will go start cooking." Abigail went into the kitchen and took out the things she had bought.

Christopher drew back his gaze, returning to reality. He sat down on the brown three-seater sofa and looked at the TV. He thought of turning it on and looking to see if any football matches were going on. He abandoned the plan when he realized he wouldn't be able to enjoy the game on such a small-screen TV.

He pulled out his phone and checked the emails, his gaze moving to the kitchen. He saw her chopping the vegetables.

This was his first time seeing her work in the kitchen. It was only then that he realized he had not paid much attention to her while she had been cooking for him.

An inexplicable emotion flashed through his mind. After considering something, he put the phone down and went up to the kitchen.

"Do you need any help?"

Abigail was so lost in her own thoughts that she had not noticed him coming. She was startled when she heard his deep voice and accidentally cut her finger.

"Uh..." she gasped and dropped the knife instantaneously, looking at her index finger. Blood began to flow from the wound.

"Can't you be a little more cautious?" He chided her as he held her hand and put it under the tap water. His face pinched with displeasure. "Where is the first aid box?"

"There," she said, pointing to the cupboard. "I'll do it."

"Don't move." He gave her a warning look before opening the cupboard and taking out a white, rectangular box. He got a bandaid and wrapped it around her finger.

Abigail was staring at him the entire time, her heart overwhelmed with emotions. How could she not fall for someone so caring? She wished he would start loving her as well.

"Be careful when working with a knife," he said and raised his eyes at her, only to see her staring at him.

He also held her gaze, her hand was still in his. For the first time, he noticed how beautiful her amber eyes were. Her clear eyes, framed by curled lashes, were enticing, and he found himself drawn to them.

She blinked and pulled her hand back. "Thank you."

Christopher suddenly became disoriented when she turned away. He lowered his gaze to his empty hand. The feeling of emptiness moved to his heart, agitating him.

He shoved his hand into his pocket and said solemnly, "No need to cook for me. I will leave."

He walked out of the kitchen.

"No, please don't go." She chased him down and grabbed his arm instinctively.

Christopher paused and glanced at her hands on his arm, then moved his eyes to her face.

She let go of his arm and took a step back. "I-I will cook. Don't go." Her gaze was pleading.

Christopher was pleased in his heart when he saw his docile wife back. He was comfortable when she acted timid. He was familiar with it. Her defiance made him restless. That feeling was irritating and suffocating.

"It will not take long. Please wait for a while."

When he saw her pleading, his annoyance vanished. "Okay. I will stay. Call me if you need any help."

He walked over to the hall.

Abigail heaved a small sigh secretly and went back to the kitchen.

She finished cooking almost an hour later and set the table.

The chicken breasts were properly baked and tasted delicious. Christopher ate with fervor. His disposition was cheerful. He wished he could stay with her a little longer, but he had already received a call from his secretary, reminding him of an afternoon meeting.

He put the knife and fork down and said, "I will come to pick you up in the morning."

Abigail thought for a while. The villa was an hour away by car. To make it to the ceremony on time, he had to get up early and come here to pick her up.

She didn't want to trouble him. So, she denied it, "It's okay. I'll take a taxi there."

Her reply brought his annoyance back. His happy mood turned sour instantly.

Why couldn't she just say "yes" and smile at him? Shouldn't she feel happy that he would come here early in the morning to take her along?

But, no... She turned him down. She appeared to have decided to oppose him in everything. What kind of vengeance was she planning on exacting on him?

Christopher's brow wrinkled, with two vertical lines forming in the middle of his eyebrows. He had noticed her changes ever since he had forgotten to wish her their second marriage anniversary.

'I see. She is venting her frustration on me.'

He stood up. He was not going to bend down either. To make up to her, he returned early that day. He had even brought flowers for her. It was she who had left without asking him.

She should be the one to apologize.

"Fine," he muttered that one word as he strode out.