

# THE SPARE WIFE

## Chapter Chapter 1

‘Your husband has cheated on you.’

When Abigail Quinn received the text message from her best friend, she had just taken an ovulation injection and was resting on the bench of the outpatient clinic, trying to suppress the piercing pain in her abdomen. Her hair was dark and her skin as fair as snow, but there was no trace of blood on her face now. Even so, that didn’t overshadow her stunning looks and passersby kept turning their heads to look at her.

Then, she inhaled deeply and tapped with a trembling finger, and opened the picture on her cell phone to take a look. It was a picture of Sean Graham holding a woman in a pink haute couture dress while walking out of a hotel. The man’s usually cold and stoic face looked tender as he lowered his head at the woman in the picture.

Abigail knew who that woman was, Sean’s first love, Joan Palmer.

After a while, she snapped back to her senses, searched for Sean’s number, 62%

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and called him. She waited for a long time for the busy dial tone to end and the man’s aloof voice finally echoed from the other end of the call. “What’s

the problem?”

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“Are you coming home tonight?” Actually, she wanted to ask if he even wanted to return home.

Alas, it was clear that her call itself had already caused Sean to feel annoyed.

Thus, after a few seconds of silence, he said impatiently, “Is there an important issue we need to discuss?”

Tears immediately welled up in her eyes, his indifferent voice stabbing her heart like a knife, but she expertly masked her sadness. “Did you forget what day it is today?”

They had been married in secret for three years, and except for that monthly coitus, they rarely met with each other. Today was their wedding anniversary, the day when he should return home. When they were in bed last month, he promised her that he would spend the day with her.

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Unfortunately, he only cut her off and grumbled in annoyance, “I’ll be back later. Don’t worry.”

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After that, he wasted no time hanging up. Abigail’s heart sank to the pits as

she listened to the monotonous dial tone. Then, he threw back her head and composed herself by taking a few deep breaths. Finally, she called her best friend, Luna Smith, to come and pick her up.

Ten minutes later, sounds of hurried footsteps echoed from the other end of the corridor. The woman appeared cool and eye-catching as her clean-cut short hair dyed in blue with streaks of silver flipped along with her movements as she briskly walked down the corridor.

To Luna, the astonished looks that greeted her were no longer a surprise, and she raised her bushy brows as she went straight to Abigail. When she saw that Abigail's face was so pale that she could rival a ghost at this rate, she felt sorry but couldn't stop herself from reprimanding her in a hushed voice, "He's living the life of his dreams with Joan. What's the point of you taking the ovulation injection?"

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Abigail hung her head without a word. Her marriage with Sean was not a

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happy one because it was his grandfather, Colby, who forced them together.

However, Abigail didn't refuse the marriage when it was proposed to her and

even secretly rejoiced because nobody knew that she had held a torch for

Sean for many years. It was only after their marriage did she discover that

Sean had a first love named Joan Palmer, and Colby thought she was not good enough for the Graham Family. That was why he used Abigail to make her give up.

As Sean was too embarrassed to acknowledge Abigail as his wife, they had kept their marriage from the public for the past three years. Nonetheless, Abigail didn't care about that and thought that she would one day be able to melt his icy heart. She hoped that one day he would be able to forget Joan and genuinely want to spend his days with her.

Now that Joan had returned, Abigail realized just how silly she had been.

Once she arrived, she took a shower and stared at the lingerie she had

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specially prepared for the night with a bitter heart. One more time, she told herself. Whether it's for myself or for Sean, this will be the last shot.

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In the middle of the night, a pair of big, cold palms carrying a little trace of humidity held Abigail by the waist. The man's hot breath was right next to her ears, and she felt her body burning from the warmth. She blinked awake and raised her legs instinctively. Before she could do anything, Sean grabbed her ankles and swiftly pinned them down. Then, he rolled on top of her and hovered above her legs intimately.

Although her eyes were still groggy from slumber, she quickly realized what

was happening. So, she laced her arms around his neck before raising her neck and arching her back to welcome him.

The man's eyes swept over her clothes, and his breath raised a couple of degrees. "You called me back just for this?"

Abigail's muscles turned rigid for a second, but she put on a smile the next second. "Yes. I just came up with a new position."

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Whenever they were together, she was always the one taking the initiative.

The ovulation injections, supplements, and even sexual positions; as long as it was anything that could help to conceive, she was willing to give it a try.

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When Sean was reminded that everything she was doing was only for the

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