


THE SPARE WIFE

Chapter 12



Colby had been an upright man all his life and would never tolerate something like this. Even if Abigail wanted to have a child, Sean would have to be a willing party as well.

Although Abigail was highly discomfited by Lina's words, she only answered obediently, "Okay."

Colby couldn't help but frown upon his wife's actions. "The kids rarely come home as it is. Don't bring this up at every chance you've got."

"Don't deny it. You want a grandchild as badly as I do," Lina snapped.

Nonetheless, he changed the topic. "Abigail, some rumors have been going around outside recently. What do you think about them?"

1/7

Abigail maintained her usual meek demeanor. "I trust that Sean will handle it well."

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2/7

Her answer was well-received by Colby. "Ignore what the masses are saying. You're the only granddaughter-in-law the Graham Family acknowledges. That woman who isn't recognized by us will never enter our doors."

“You should work harder and bear him a child. Then, he’ll come home naturally,” Lina added. When Colby was about to lose his temper, she quickly stopped herself from saying more. “Okay, I’ll stop. Stay here for the night. I’ve prepared your favorite food for dinner.”

Abigail wanted to say something, but Lina had already risen to her feet and paced into the kitchen happily.

When Colby’s stern, sharp eyes fell on Abigail’s face, they turned soft and gentle. “Don’t take Lina’s words to heart. She just wants you and Sean to have

a blissful, complete family of your own.”

“Yes, I know,” she answered softly.

He sighed at the sight of her looking so dim as though the fire in her had gone out. “How is your grandmother doing?”

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Abigail’s face softened into a warm look at the mention of her grandmother.

In fact, she appeared a great deal happier. “She’s doing well.”

3/7

“Is she still unwilling to move here and live with you?” Colby inquired.

Abigail was in a trance for a couple of seconds before answering, “She’s used to life in a village and finds the city too noisy for her liking, but I’ve asked

some villagers to help me keep a lookout for her.”

Colby was an old friend of Abigail’s grandparents, Theodore Quinn and Analise Stein, and she chatted with him about some trivial stuff regarding Analise. She even knew how often Analise fed her chickens today, which showed how attentive she was to Analise.

Colby felt as though he was looking at another person through her face as he regarded her. “Theodore is lucky to have you.”

Abigail paused for a second before breaking into a smile. “No, I’m the lucky one to be brought up by them.”

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However, he said no more on the matter.

4/7

After dinner, Sean and Abigail retreated into their bedroom. This was the first time they were spending the night in the Graham Estate after their wedding night.

While Abigail was feeling a little uneasy, Sean broke the silence. “Grandma went for a physical checkup yesterday and her heart is not as it used to be. Thank you for agreeing to her request to stay the night.”

Abigail nodded expressionlessly. “You’re welcome. This is what I should do.” For the sake of 2.8 million, I can sleep anywhere, she added silently in her heart and walked further into the room decisively.

This was their marital suite and was originally decorated in black and white

color schemes, which made the room simple and cold, but a soft carpet was just recently added. The lights were not turned on; only a red-colored, thick candle was lit on the coffee table in the living area.

Abigail stopped halfway and couldn't stop herself from recalling their first

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night as husband and wife. It didn't help that the candlelight danced at the exact same angle.

5/7

That time, she thought that they would treat each other politely on their first night together, but somehow, they found themselves tangled in each other's arms later. After that night, Sean suspected that she had drugged him and ignored her for a very long time afterward.

Her memories of this room didn't bring her any fond memories, and she could clearly remember how agonizing her first time was. To make matters worse, Sean was half-mad at the time and refused to let her rest.

So, she closed her eyes and swallowed any bitterness that was welling up within her as she recollected herself for a moment and turned around to head out. "I-I'll ask for another room from Dahlia."

Sean frowned. "Do you want Grandpa and Grandma to know that we're sleeping separately?"

A surge of hot steam rushed into her head, and she took a few deep breaths

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before saying dispassionately, "Okay, we'll sleep on separate beds, then. You'll take the couch."

6/7

The frown on his face deepened. "Why should I be the one to take the couch when I'm not the one who came up with the idea to sleep separately?" he pointed out in disgruntlement.

A speechless Abigail thought, Fine, I'll take the couch. It's only one night.

There's no reason for me to give a sh*t when he's not even worried that Joan will be jealous.

Outside the room, Lina took a look at the bowl on the tray Dahlia was holding and asked in a whisper, "Did you add it in already?"

"Yes, I added it according to the dosage. It won't cause them any damage,"

Dahlia replied in a hushed voice. "But, are you sure it's okay to do this?"

"I don't see any problem with it. She has everything to gain if she's pregnant.

If

she's still not pregnant after this, I'm afraid that she wouldn't be able to bear a child. I have to make early preparations if that happens. Now, go on and

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make her eat this," Lina instructed with a stone-cold face.

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Novel The Spare Wife has been published to Chapter 12 with new, unexpected details.