

## Spare Wife 542

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Embrace Again

Cameron and Abigail stepped into the yard.

Completely drenched, Lina pushed aside Analise, who was sitting on her, when she saw Abigail. She tugged at her soaking wet hair and examined Abigail closely.

After a while, she finally recognized that the elite businesswoman in front of her was none other than Abigail.

It's been over half a year and look at her now, so confident and powerful. No wonder that old hag Analise constantly bullies me and even starves me. It's because her granddaughter has become successful, so she has someone to support her!

On the other hand, Abigail only glanced at her before entering the house.

Suddenly, Lina realized something. She didn't dare to cause trouble for Abigail like she did before and even felt a bit afraid of her.

"Old lady, aren't you going to change your clothes? Do you want to be laughed at?" Analise reminded her.

"Do I need you to tell me? Old hag!" Lina was furious.

It's your fault I became a laughingstock. You two are just... Although she felt wronged, she couldn't find the right words to express it.

When Abigail entered Sean's room, she sat directly on the comfortable recliner and crossed her legs.

"Both of the old ladies downstairs are about to bring the house down with their fighting. Don't you want to intervene?"

"To be honest, I watch them fight every day, and I find it quite entertaining. Stuck in his room, Sean felt quite bored. He had been reading until the afternoon, but he couldn't resist the allure of the spectacle unfolding below-the two old folks fighting in the yard.

She didn't understand his perspective. "You should still stop them occasionally. Your grandmother was drenched in water. What if she gets sick? Older people are more susceptible to illness. You shouldn't spoil Grandma too much."

"For so long, Old Mrs. Quinn has spoiled me like a child so I think it's fair to let her have some fun. Besides, my grandmother used to bully you quite a bit in the past, so why not let your grandmother stand up to her?" he said, lowering his voice with a pleased expression on his face.

Uncomfortable, she adjusted her hair with her hand. "Let's not dwell on the past."

"Got it," he immediately replied.

"How is your body? Do you still feel pain in your chest?" She suddenly became serious.

In response, he raised his hand to press against his chest. "It's okay, no more pain."

He still felt a slight ache when he breathed, but the doctor had said that the recovery process would take at least six months.

Abigail nodded. "That's good. Okay, you read your book. I'll sit here for a while and leave after having dinner."

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Though he wanted to ask her to stay, he didn't say anything. He knew she didn't enjoy being here, so he didn't want to upset her.

After that, he sat down and continued reading the book he had wanted to read earlier.

Meanwhile, Abigail leaned back on the couch and took out her phone to reply to messages from her employees.

After reading for about ten minutes, Sean looked up and noticed that she had fallen asleep on the couch. Perhaps she was too tired from work...

He came down from the window nook, grabbed a blanket, and gently covered her with it. When he saw her hair covering her face, he gently moved it behind her ears.

He then squatted beside the couch, watching her for a while before standing up. After adjusting the temperature slightly higher with the remote control, he returned to the window nook to continue reading his book.

Abigail slept for two hours before waking up, and when she saw that it was already dark outside, she immediately sat up. "Why didn't you wake me up?"

"Is your work exhausting you?" he asked.

His room had a soothing aroma. Combined with the flowers and plants in the room, it created a warm atmosphere.

"Not really. It's just that flying on the plane is quite tiring," she stubbornly replied.

Yet, he didn't question her further. "Grandma has prepared dinner for you. After you eat, Cameron can take you back."

She nodded and yawned. As she took a step, she suddenly realized that her foot had fallen asleep.

"Ouch!" she exclaimed, reaching out to support herself on the coffee table. However, Sean had already taken a quick step forward and held her waist.

He steadied her, his eyes filled with concern. "Are you okay? Did you twist your foot?" As he said that, he looked at the ground. "Did the rug trip you?"

Abigail was wearing disposable slippers, which had soft soles and were easily caught by the rug.

“No, it’s probably because I held one position for too long, and one of my legs fell asleep,” she explained as she moved her leg.

He hummed in understanding. When he looked up, she was also looking at him. Their eyes met, and a shift in his emotions became evident from his eyes.

Likewise, her heart skipped a beat. She instinctively pulled away and said, “I’m fine now. I’ll go have my dinner.”

Scan reluctantly released her.

After leaving his room, Abigail combed her hair and sighed with relief. She then quickly headed towards the stairs.

They had once been a couple, sharing the most intimate moments. So, she knew very well the meaning behind his gaze. Although she briefly reminisced about their past in that moment, she quickly regained her composure since all of that was in the past.

Back on the first floor, Colby saw Abigail and immediately smiled. “My dear, don’t overwork yourself. You should rest more.”

She responded with a hum without elaborating.

Quickly, Analise served her a meal. After Abigail finished eating, she looked satisfied. “Your cooking is still my favorite.”

“What’s wrong? Don’t the company’s chefs do a good job?” Analise looked at her affectionately from across the table.

With a smile, Abigail adjusted her hair. “Even if they do a good job, it’s not as delicious as your cooking.”

Just then, she saw Lina walking out of the kitchen.