

## Spare Wife 548

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You Might Drown In Spit

No need I can handle it myself” Alsigail didn’t want Lina to interfere in her affairs

Standing by the door. Lina stared directly at her and asked, “Do you still hold a grudge against me because of what happened before? Do you think Em a malicious old lady?”

Instantly, Abigail tell silent.

Lina’s eyes turned red, and she spoke self-deprecatingly. “I know I’m not worthy of you anymore. Even Sean isn’t. I don’t know why I did those things in the past.”

Old Mrs. Graham, you used to look down on me and Grandma for no apparent reason Now, I have achieved success at work and become a different person. In your mind, the granddaughter-in-law who used to obey your every command doesn’t exist anymore, replaced by the glamorous and accomplished me” Abigail understood Lina’s current state of mind all too well.

In the past, Lina had never treated the weak and helpless kindly. Now, as Lina tried to please her stronger self. Abigail wondered if she should accept it. The answer was no

Awkwardly, Lina watched Abigail and pulled at her clothes in embarrassment.

“It doesn’t matter whether I forgive you or not. You can consider Grandma a friend, but just treat me like a guest,” Abigail said calmly, walking toward the balcony.

Not caring didn’t mean she had to accept the hurtful things Lina did to her in the past. The thought of Lina’s vicious face still made Abigail angry.

After leaving Abigail’s room, Lina felt somewhat aggrieved, but when she saw Sean, she immediately lowered her head and walked quickly toward the staircase.

Sean followed her. “The hurt from the past can’t be erased by you trying to please her now. You know that, right?”

“Yes, but I’m doing this because you pursue her so relentlessly. If you didn’t pursue her, would I still need to do this?” she said angrily.

“Grandma, even if you apologize sincerely to her, it won’t change anything, but you still need to apologize to her and Old Mrs. Quinn,” he said seriously.

An overdue apology might not make a difference, but it was still necessary.

“She won’t accept my apology. Forget it. If you two get married, you don’t have to come back.” Lina said.

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"You're being stubborn again." He sighed helplessly.

"Am I? I know I was terrible in the past, but look at how cold she is to me now." Tears welled up in her eyes.

"It's impossible for her to forgive you right now," he said calmly. "You're asking for forgiveness for the things you did wrong in the past after yielding a little. Aren't you overestimating yourself?"

Shocked, she eyed him.

Looking at her, he continued, "She's Alana. Do you realize how many big celebrities in the entertainment industry seek her designs? She has tens of millions of followers on Instagram. If each of them spits at you, it can drown you."

"Why? Are you trying to threaten me?" Lina asked indignantly.

Yet, Sean remained calm. "I'm not threatening you. Her relationship with me hasn't been exposed yet, but sooner or later, it will come to light. If people find out you've caused trouble and made her suffer, you'll be publicly shamed. Netizens despise mistreatment of daughters-in-law by mothers-in-law."

When she heard that, she was taken aback, and her face was filled with a dazed expression.

Tens of millions of followers? That's a huge number! In the past, Joan acted all high and mighty with just a million followers.

"Find an opportunity to apologize sincerely to her." As he said that, he patted her shoulder.

Feeling reluctant, she pursed her lips but didn't say much more.

Just as Abigail was hanging her clothes, there was a sudden knock on her bedroom door. "Come in," she responded casually.

Sean opened the door and walked in.

The moment she saw him, she felt a bit uncomfortable. Why did he come to my room?

"Is there something you need?" She looked at him, her actions slowing down.

"Don't take what Grandma said tonight too seriously. Elderly people are always like that." He didn't want to speak too much on behalf of Lina, as he was mainly worried that Abigail might feel pressured.

"I know. I won't let it bother me. From the moment I left your house, I stopped caring about her," she said.

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She couldn't get along with Lina, and that was her honest thought. The repugnant image of Lina was deeply etched in her mind.

He made a hum of acknowledgment and didn't know what else to say. He looked at her for a moment before turning to leave.

After taking a shower and blow-drying her hair, Abigail began designing on her tablet while sitting on the bed.

She continued drawing until around 10 PM. Just then, Analise brought a glass of milk and gently opened the door. When she saw Abigail, she gave her a mischievous smile. "Still not sleeping?"

Abigail set down her tablet with a faint smile on her face. "Yeah, just drawing. Thank you, Grandma."

The temperature of the milk placed on the bedside table was just right. She felt a warm sensation in her heart after taking a sip.

"What did the old lady talk to you about?" Analise asked, sitting on the edge of the bed with a kind smile.

"Nothing much. She just wanted to please me, but I didn't accept it," Abigail said frankly. Regardless of Analise's persuasion, she wanted to express her stance.

"I understand your feelings. Don't worry, you don't have to put up with it. You're not the same Abigail as before; you're Alana now." With a smile, Analise patted her head.