**A Wife, Most Enjoyably**

by hiddencait

**Summary**

Margaret has few complaints about her new role as a wife.

**Notes**

For reasons.

“Darling, have you seen my cameo broach? The one your mother gave me for Christmas last year?” Margaret called, knowing her husband had a welcome habit of finding things she lost. It was unfortunately tied to a tendency to gloat about it, which was far less welcome, but she’d realized some years past that it was an annoyance she would happily live with. After all, if she would continue to set things where they did not belong, he could hardly be blamed for his justified amusement when only he could find them later.

“It was on the corner table by the fireplace. You took it off there, if I remember correctly.” John looked almost as if the cat who’d stolen the cream, and she scoffed at him. Sure enough, however, there it lay on the table just as he’d said. Why ever would she have taken it off there? It was hardly the… Margaret blushed scarlet as she remembered why, in fact, she’d started removing her jewelry in the sitting room instead of their bedroom. She’d removed a great deal more than just her broach by the end of things, and not a stitch of it had been in the bedroom. Their maid had been positively scandalized later upon finding John’s shirt collar and Margaret’s stockings shoved under the settee.

It was lucky for Margaret that even in Milton some things were of just too delicate a nature even
for gossiping servants to discuss. That or Alice was too intimidated by her Master Thornton to consider him as a... passionate husband. She certainly seemed shy enough in his presence; Margaret didn’t doubt she was one of those who remembered him only as the dour factory owner instead of the, well, admittedly still somewhat dour in public, but far more approachable for the working class than he’d used to be. His friendship with Nicholas had wrought a change in the way her husband interacted with his workers.

A change for the better in her opinion, though perhaps not in the eyes of his fellow owners. Never mind them, Margaret thought; John was happier than they in this easing of the role he played with his workers. And wasn’t the happiness of her husband what a wife was most concerned with? She was certain that was true. At least his unhappiness tended to be reason for concern, and his joy was something Margaret could so desperately indulge in herself. So, indeed, ensuring his pleasure was something she considered well worth the time and effort.

As it was now, of course. She tried to remember what, exactly, she’d wanted the broach for. Unfortunately for the broach, her husband had that familiar gleam in his eyes, and Margaret had a deep suspicion she’d be forgetting something else on a table somewhere.

At least they were already in the bedroom this time. Surely that made things much more sensible.

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