

Healing my disabled husband novel chapter 13

Aimee's hand squeezed the spoon and looked towards the door suspiciously.

Riley's voice came in through the crack in the door that wasn't closed, "Miss Casey, of course it's no problem if you want to go in, it's just that, Miss Barr she can't."

"Riley, why are you acting like this, Elsie is here with me to see Pat, she is so dedicated, how can you not let her in." Casey Puckett said petulantly, looking at her embarrassed bosom friend.

Although she has been in awe of Riley since she was a child, she is really upset that he is so disrespectful to her.

Riley, knowing Casey's nature, said patiently, "Miss Casey, Master Patrick does need to rest, and old Hayden told him not to let anyone disturb Master Patrick's rest."

"Then I can always go in by myself, really, Elsie is not an outsider, and Grandpa is too unreasonable." Casey said.

Before she pushed the door in, she gave Elsie Barr a wink that meant to tell her that she would call her in later.

Elsie carried the insulated bag in her hand and hesitated for a moment, but did not hand it to Casey.

It was cooked by her and she had to hand it over to Pat herself to make it happen.

She had heard from Casey before that Pat had hardly eaten since his accident. She had specially gone to a top chef to teach her how to make soup, and she believed that once Pat tasted her soup, he would definitely regain his appetite and understand how much she meant to him.

Casey opened the door and shouted enthusiastically toward Patrick, "Pat, I'm here to see you."

Only, instead of Patrick's concern for her, she was met with a room full of weirdness.

That's when Casey saw that Patrick's bed had been shaken up and he was leaning against it with a beautiful woman standing beside it, holding a bowl and squeezing a spoon as she fed him.

And her grandfather, sitting aside on top of the sofa, full of love, was filled with relief at the scene before him.

Casey looked at it all incredulously for a long time, before reacting.

Her brother, who actually allowed a strange woman to come near him.

This realization gave Casey a sense of menace, and her eyes fell on Aimee's with irritation, questioning, "Who are you? Why are you in Pat's room?"

Aimee was not impressed by this girl with little manners. Instead of answering Casey's question, she scooped up another spoonful of millet porridge and fed it to Patrick's mouth, her voice soft, "Eat some more."

She had noticed before that Patrick basically didn't eat much, relying on nutritional fluids to support his body.

This is not impossible, but the energy that food can provide to his body is something that nutritional solutions cannot fully achieve.

Aimee still hopes that Patrick can eat more.

Patrick eyelashes lightly raised, looking at Aimee that little porcelain white face, now very close to his own, so that he can see clearly her face tiny fluffy, clean and flawless, without any bit of makeup, but so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off.

Aimee didn't see Patrick's reaction for a long time, so she brought the spoon to his lips again and asked, "What's wrong? Are you full?"

"Not yet." Patrick said.

When the sound fell, he incorporated the spoon into his mouth and took the millet porridge into his mouth.

This millet porridge does not need to ask, he knows, this is Riley personally cooked, the taste he is too familiar with.

But for some reason, Patrick felt that today's millet porridge was extraordinarily sweet.

Aimee took three more bites, and Patrick finished the bowl of rice porridge.

the old Hayden's eyes are wet red, to see his grandson eat, he hung so long heart, finally put down a little.

Aimee drew a tissue and wiped Patrick's mouth, but saw Patrick staring at himself the whole time.

She asked suspiciously, "What's wrong?"

"Like, not enough to eat." Patrick said.

A statement that caused the crowd to freeze in unison, even Trace and others behind the screen, could not believe what they heard.

The old Hayden even stood up from the sofa and said, "Not full? Not full, grandpa will go and serve you another bowl, no, grandpa bring the whole pot to you, as much as you want to eat."

With that, the old Hayden tried to run outside.

Aimee called out to him, "Grandpa, there's no need to go get it, Master Patrick has had enough."

A large bowl of millet porridge is enough for a patient like Patrick who has not eaten properly for a long time.

The old Hayden stopped in his tracks, looked at Aimee, and was about to say something when he heard Casey explode. "What's wrong with you? Didn't you hear Pat say she wasn't full? It's not like we're eating your food, what do you care?"

She said, she came to Patrick's front and said, "Pat, you still want to eat something, it's just that Elsie came with me, she made the soup for you, I'll ask her to come in, and save Grandpa a trip."

Patrick swept her coldly, his voice carrying a bone-chilling tone,

"I told you not to bring irrelevant people to me."

"Pat, how can you say that?" Casey was not happy to hear this, and said with a beak, "Elsie grew up with us

how can we call her an irrelevant person? If you say that, how sad

Elsie will be when she hears it."

Patrick no longer pays attention to Casey, to this sister, he has always

been indifferent.

Casey, seeing that her pouting was

to no avail, looked over at Aimee and said, "Hey, who the hell are you, are

you our new servant? Why don't you get out of here?"

Aimee was finishing up her plate

and was about to bring it out when she heard Casey's words, but she

stopped moving.

She raised her eyes to look at Casey,

with a smile at the corner of her mouth, and swept her eyes up and

down Casey, for a long time before saying quietly, "Introduce yourself

my name is Aimee, I am Pat's new

wife, you can, call me sister-in-law."

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