

## Chapter 14 Call me sister-in-law - Healing my disabled husband - Tracy Swift

Aimee's grip on the spoon tightened as she paused, her gaze shifting suspiciously towards the door.

Through the partially open door, Riley's voice could be heard, "Miss Hayden, there's no issue if you want to go in, but Miss Barr cannot."

"Why are you doing this, Riley? Elsie came with me to see Pat. She's so caring. How could you deny her entry?" Casey Hayden protested, a hint of coquettishness in her voice. She glanced at her embarrassed best friend, clearly displeased.

Despite having revered Riley since childhood, she was now upset that he wasn't standing up for her.

Understanding Casey's temperament, Riley patiently explained, "Miss Hayden, Mr. Hayden really needs rest. Your grandfather has made it clear that no one should disturb him during his recovery."

"Then I'll go in alone. Elsie isn't a stranger, and Grandpa is being unreasonable," Casey retorted.

Before she could enter, Casey gave Elsie Barr a discreet wink, indicating that she would call her in later.

Elsie held a thermal bag hesitantly in her hand, deciding not to hand it over to Casey.

She had personally cooked the food and intended to give it to Patrick. She had even taken lessons from a top chef to learn how to make soup because she had heard from Casey that Patrick had hardly eaten since the accident. Elsie believed that if Patrick tasted her soup, he would regain his appetite and understand her care for him.

Casey swung open the door and cheerfully called out to Patrick, "Pat, I'm here to see you!"

However, instead of Patrick's concern for her, an unfamiliar atmosphere filled the room.

It was only then that Casey noticed Patrick's raised bed as he leaned against the headboard. Standing beside the bed was a beautiful woman, holding a bowl and a spoon to feed him.

Casey's grandfather sat on the nearby sofa, a look of affection on his face as he observed the scene.

Casey watched in disbelief, taking a while to process what she was seeing.

Her brother had allowed a stranger to approach him.

This realization triggered a sense of threat within Casey. She glared angrily at Aimee and demanded, "Who are you? And why are you in Pat's room?"

Aimee didn't hold a favorable impression of Casey's impoliteness. Instead of answering her question, Aimee scooped another spoonful of millet porridge and gently urged Patrick, "Have some more."

She had noticed that Patrick hardly ate, relying mostly on nutrients through intravenous solutions.

While it was a viable option, Aimee believed that the energy provided by food couldn't be fully substituted by the solutions.

Aimee hoped Patrick would eat more.

Patrick lifted his eyes slightly, locking onto Aimee's face, which was so close to him at that moment. He noticed the fine fuzz on her face, immaculately clean and devoid of makeup. She was stunning, captivating his gaze.

Aimee waited for Patrick's response, but it took him a while to react. "What's the matter? Have you had enough?"

"Not yet," Patrick finally replied.

With that, he continued to eat the porridge.

Patrick knew there was no reason to doubt the millet porridge. He recognized that it was cooked by Riley himself, and the taste was familiar to him.

Yet, for some reason, he found today's porridge unusually sweet.

Aimee continued feeding him three more times until Patrick had finished the entire bowl of porridge.

Camdyn's eyes welled up with tears as he watched his grandson eat, a great sense of relief washing over him.

Aimee took a tissue and gently wiped Patrick's mouth, noticing his lingering gaze fixed on her.

Curious, she inquired, "What's the matter?"

"I'm still not full," Patrick replied.

His words left everyone stunned, even those watching from behind the scenes like Trace couldn't believe what they were hearing.

Camdyn abruptly stood up from his chair and declared, "Not full? Then I'll bring you another bowl. No, I'll bring you an entire pot. Eat as much as you want."

Camdyn was about to rush out of the room when Aimee stopped him. "Grandpa, there's no need. Mr. Hayden has had enough."

A large bowl of millet porridge was sufficient for a patient like Patrick who hadn't been eating well for a while.

Camdyn halted, gazing at Aimee. Just as he was about to say something, Casey exploded, "What's wrong with you? Didn't you hear Pat say he's still hungry? It's not your food, so why do you care so much?"

Leaning towards Patrick, she added, "Pat, would you like to eat something else? Elsie just arrived with me. She cooked soup for you. I can ask her to come in. Then Grandpa won't have to go to the kitchen."

Patrick cast a cold glance at her and responded with an icy tone, "I've already said it. Don't bring irrelevant people to me."

"Pat, how can you say that?" Casey became upset upon hearing his words. She pouted and grumbled, "Elsie has been with us since we were kids. How can you call her irrelevant? It would break Elsie's heart!"

Patrick paid no further attention to Casey. He had always been indifferent towards his sister.

Realizing her coquettishness was in vain, Casey shifted her gaze to Aimee and exclaimed angrily, "Hey, who are you? Are you our new servant? Get out now!"

Aimee was about to collect the dinner plate to leave when Casey's words halted her in her tracks.

Raising her eyes to meet Casey's gaze, Aimee smiled. Her eyes studied Casey from head to toe, and after a moment, she calmly stated, "Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Aimee, and I am his wife. I am your sister-in-law."