

THE SPARE WIFE

Chapter 13

After Abigail finished washing up, she placed the blankets on the couch and snuggled in when a knock came at the door. She jerked upright with a bounce as she whispered urgently to Sean, who was in bed, “Did you lock the door?”

Sean narrowed his eyes at her and asked loudly, “What’s the matter?”

“Mr. Sean, it’s me,” Dahlia said. “Old Mrs. Graham prepared some pudding earlier and would like you to try some. I’ll be coming in now if you’re still awake.”

The knob turned and opened with a click.

Abigail literally jumped up from the couch and stuffed the blankets under the bed while Dahlia was passing through the corridor into the bedroom area.

After that, she flipped open Sean’s blankets and slipped in like a fish. The moment she slipped in, she accidentally hit his chest and they both grunted.

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Chapter 131 Don’t Like to Eat in Bed

This noise sounded amorous at night, and Dahlia stopped abruptly while walking in. Then, she asked tentatively, “Mr. Sean and Ms. Abigail... May I come

in?”

Sean gritted his teeth as he glanced at the head with the top sexposed hidden beneath the blanket. An unreadable, dark look washed over his eyes.

“Come in,”

Abigail played along and climbed out of the blankets. After she straightened her messy hair, she greeted Dahlia with a smile, “Hi, Dahlia,”

She was about to get out of bed when Dahlia hurriedly stopped her. “You don’t have to get out. I’ll bring it to you and take it away once you’re finished.”

As Abigail stole a look at the blankets which were not completely hidden, she was certain that Dahlia would realize what was happening if she was here and came to a quick decision—pinching Sean hard under the blankets.

She had no idea which part she had pinched, but it was hard and even hurt her fingers a little. Sean’s expressionless face winced for a second as he was

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the unfortunate recipient of her actions, and blood rushed to his face. So, he hastily got up on the bed and extended his hands to Dahlia. “Pass it to me.”

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Dahlia passed it to him as instructed. “Okay, you can feed her, then.”

Sean’s hands turned rigid for a second, and his thin lips smirked. Then, he deftly placed the tray on the bedside table next to him, picked up the bowl,

scooped some pudding with the spoon, and delivered it to Abigail's lips.

At this point, Abigail was speechless and confused. Frankly, she didn't know what Sean was expecting her to do and looked him in the eyes steadily. He raised his brows, shifting his gaze from her face to the spoon and hinting at her that he wasn't going to put it away.

Even though she wasn't a pretentious person and had sincerely loved him for three whole years, she still found it a little awkward to be so lovey-dovey with him in front of others, especially since it was the first time. She knew it was just a pretense, but her heart still fluttered against her chest. On the other hand, her rationale was reminding her that Sean now belonged to Joan.

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Chapter 131 Don't Like to Eat in Bed

Since she didn't expect that Sean would help her, she thought about it for a second before saying, "I don't like to eat in bed."

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Dahlia watched in dismay as the pudding that had already reached Abigail's lips didn't end up in her mouth and hurriedly tried to smooth over the situation. "Oh, it's only this one time. Don't fuss over it. Mr. Sean has never fed

anyone food in his life!"

Abigail breathed deeply and ate the pudding Sean was feeding her when

she realized that Dahlia wasn't going to leave until she had the pudding. As they were sitting and facing the same direction, Sean would occasionally touch her face while holding the spoon.

Her skin was smooth and soft, just like satin, and her cherry-red lips were stained with the sugary liquid from the dessert, giving off a glossy shine and looking like a ripe peach under the light.

He gulped discretely as he held the spoon still in the air for a while. "Is it delicious?"

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Chapter 13 I Don't Like to Eat In Bed

Dahlia hastily chirped in, "Would you like to try, too?"

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The last thing Abigail wanted was to share a spoon with him because it gave her the idea that they were sharing an indirect kiss.

Therefore, she snatched the bowl from him and finished the pudding in a gulp as she raised her brows at Sean provocatively. "It's yummy." But you can't have any of it.

Amused by her reaction, he chuckled loudly, and Dahlia looked at them once more before hastily keeping away the tray and leaving quietly.

In the meantime, Lina was still waiting at the door, and it was all she could do to stop herself from sticking her ear to the door to eavesdrop. When Dahlia

came out with an empty bowl, her eyes practically sparkled. “They finished it?”

“Yes, but it’s a shame that Ms. Abigail is the only one who ate it,” Dahlia answered softly.

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“It’s not a problem. As long as he’s a man, he won’t be able to turn her down,” Lina said. This time, I’m sure I’ll get a grandchild! “Clean the bowl and don’t leave any traces behind,” she added, sounding satisfied.

Read The Spare Wife - Chapter 13

Read Chapter 13 with many climactic and unique details.