

## THE SPARE WIFE

### Chapter 14

Meanwhile, in the room, Abigail immediately rolled out of bed as soon as Dahlia left. Unfortunately, Sean pressed her down on the bed before she could successfully escape from his clutches.

She instinctively used her hand to shove him away. As a result, she did manage to create some distance between them. "She's already gone.

There's no need for us to act now."

Alas, he simply gazed deeply at her, his voice hoarse when he asked, "Didn't you want this when you grabbed me earlier?"

A confused and speechless Abigail shrieked in dismay, "I was just reminding you not to let Dahlia come to my side of the bed! Are you a sex addict or something? How do you always relate everything to that?!"

Nonetheless, he merely ignored her while he suppressed his desire and guided her hand downwards until it landed on a certain place.

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12:18 Sun, 24 Sept

Chapter 14 There Was Only One Thought on Her Mind

At this rate, she had a strong urge to just remove her hand from her body

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forever. Sure, it would be difficult to live without a hand, but she would make it

work somehow. Still, she desperately tried to withdraw her hand from his grip, her face was flushed crimson. “What are you doing?!”

He responded by enunciating each word slowly yet firmly, “Remind me again, did you have to grab me here earlier?”

When she made a mad grasp at him a moment ago, her aim was rather unfortunate. Coupled with her panicked grip, it hurt so terribly that he suspected that she wanted his line to end with him today.

Abigail finally realized what he was insinuating. Her face turned into a rather violent shade of red, but she stubbornly retorted, “Fine. Let me go. I need to wash my hands.”

Sean’s eyes darkened. “You’re disgusted by something you use?”

She earnestly replied, “You should know that what I’m avoiding might not be an object...”

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Chapter 14 There Was Only One Thought on Her Mind

But the person? Does she really despise me that badly? Sean’s previously good mood disappeared in a puff of smoke when he thought of that.

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The hazy mist in his eyes gradually dissipated as he calmly regarded her for a few seconds. Then, he turned around and got off the bed. “You can have the bed.”

With that said, he walked straight out of the room.

Abigail didn't care where he was going; since he had already given her permission to use the bed, she would obediently make use of it.

It was probably due to the sudden change of location as she failed to fall asleep even though she was utterly exhausted. In the end, she kept tossing and turning in bed, trying desperately to get some shut-eye. To make matters worse, she felt increasingly warm, which did nothing for her already discomfited state.

Why does it feel so hot and humid when it's only March?

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Chapter 14 There Was Only One Thought on Her Mind

Abigail agitatedly undid two buttons on her sleeping gown, only to find the temperature still too high for her. Moreover, for some reason, she kept thinking about Sean's hand holding the spoon when he was feeding her the pudding earlier.

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She could tell at a glance that his fair and long arms were quite strong.

Wait, why am I thinking about him at a time like this?! She couldn't help but feel annoyed at herself for being so easily charmed by his looks. Eventually, her emotions got the better of her as she kicked the blanket off her person in a fit of ire.

Just as sleep had finally descended upon her, someone pushed open the door and entered the room.

Sean couldn't help but slightly raise an eyebrow at the sight of the person on the bed.

In the dimly lit bedroom, the moonlight was filtered by the thick and luxurious curtains, leaving only a faint glow that fell on her slim waist.

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Chapter 14 There Was Only One Thought on Her Mind

That was the place he loved to touch the most when they were intimate; both his hands could easily encircle it.

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A sly glint flashed in Sean's eyes. He had told her to sleep on the bed, but he didn't say anything about him sleeping on the couch.

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Therefore, he naturally slid under the covers on the other side of the bed. Just as he was about to close his eyes, a pair of warm, soft, slender, and fair hands caressed his chest.

Her fingers then slipped in through the gap between his buttons and slid downwards.

She acted without restraint by entwining her slender and straight legs around his body in the cover of the darkness. When her softness unintentionally brushed against him, the man's breathing gradually grew

heavy. Yet, his voice remained as cold as ever when he demanded, "You didn't want it earlier, so why play this game of cat and mouse now?"

Unfortunately, Abigail was tormented by the heat invading her senses and

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Chapter 14 There Was Only One Thought on Her Mind

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couldn't care less about the man's sarcasm. She even let out a little moan to tempt him.

Emboldened by the little noises she was making; he couldn't be considered a man if he continued restraining his desires.

Thus, he swiftly pressed her back onto the bed with one hand.

Her babbles were drowned by provocative kisses as his slightly cool tongue forced its way past her teeth, greedily taking every breath that belonged to her.

There was only one thought in her mind.

Well, the audacity of the man! I'm clearly unwell, yet he dared to insinuate that I'm the wanton one in this tattered relationship! He was the one who would do anything to sleep with me!

Hence, Abigail didn't feel like she was going against her conscience now that she had that particular thought fueling her sanity.

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About The Spare Wife - Chapter 14