

PRETENDING TO BE POOR

Chapter 3

After a while, Rachel came out again and reached out to hand something to Shawn.

“A call.”

Rachel was a tad befuddled. Was Shawn so badly off? He was actually still using an old-fashioned, voice-only phone!

Shawn took the phone and answered it, not caring if she would overhear.

But Rachel had no intention of probing into his privacy, so she turned around and walked back into the bathroom.

Shawn’s gaze followed her, while he answered in a monotonous tone.

“Say it.”

A short silence followed.

“Yes.”

The voice on the other end sounded tentative. “Then... When are you coming back?”

“Let’s talk about it later.”

Shawn hung up the phone straight away before he threw it on the coffee table and lit a cigarette.

Standing at the bathroom door, Rachel shot a glimpse at his old phone. She wavered for a while before asking, “Do you want to have another phone?”

Shawn looked up with an indifferent face.

A cigarette clamped between his teeth, he slurred, “Are you going to buy for me?”

Rachel nodded. “If you don’t mind, I’ll buy you a new one.”

Unexpectedly, Shawn chuckled.

Rachel froze at once. Ever since they met and then got married, Rachel rarely saw this man smile. Yet, at this moment, he was really smiling, making him look less cold.

“If you want to buy me a cell phone, then buy it. If you don’t mind spending money on me, I won’t mind.”

Rachel looked embarrassed. Recalling her overt vigilance when they had gone through a property notarization before their marriage, she explained in a low voice, "Although we have agreed on a clear divide of respective properties, we are already husband and wife now, so there is no need to be so polite and detached."

Shawn flickered the cigarette in his hand and the ashes fell into the trash can. He replied casually, "It doesn't matter. I said I won't interfere with how you spend the money, and my salary is at your disposal. Just do as you see fit."

As she saw fit?

So he didn't care even if she squandered it all?

The corner of Rachel's mouth twitched. Before her roaming thoughts completely lost grip, she made haste to enter the room.

In the evening, Rachel and Shawn were having dinner face to face in awkward silence.

Rachel squirmed as she felt the atmosphere getting increasingly embarrassing, keeping her head down.

Shawn, however, was rather at ease in his baggy shorts, half-naked.

After dinner, Shawn went to the kitchen to wash the dishes, while Rachel went for a bath with her pajamas. Just as she was drying her hair, Shawn returned to the bedroom.

Rachel immediately tensed up at the sight of him inside the room.

But Shawn seemed oblivious of her nervousness; he took off his shorts and then went onto the bed.

Rachel cried out softly. She quickly closed her eyes and said stiffly, "Why are you... naked?"

He didn't even want to wear his pajamas?

It seemed that Shawn had chuckled in a low voice, but Rachel didn't hear clearly.

But the next second, she was tossed directly into Shawn's embrace. She shrieked, but he had already picked her up by the waist. Before she knew it, she was pressed under his figure.

"Shh!"

Shawn's voice was low and mesmerizing.

Rachel compressed her lips and looked at his dark eyes. Feeling the man approaching, she stiffened, not daring to

move.

"Do you need to check the marriage license again to make sure who you are now?"

"No, I... I just haven't got used to it yet."

"Then get used to it soon."

The voice disappeared when Shawn lowered his head to kiss her. Rachel wanted to resist, but she suppressed it.

She tried to relax and adapt to his kiss.

However, her pajamas were gradually taken off. Rachel suddenly pushed him away.

She saw the man gaze at her confusingly. She looked away and explained guiltily, "I'm not feeling well."

Shawn stared at her. His dark eyes were a little frightening.

However, without saying anything or doing anything more, he just turned over.

Rachel breathed a sigh of relief.

Unexpectedly, her hand was suddenly grabbed. For the following time period, she closed her eyes and could only feel that her fingers were too hot. The man moaned loudly, as if to arouse her,

After he was done, Rachel didn't know what to do except keep in silence.

Her fingers were wiped clean by Shawn, and then she heard the water running in the bathroom. Later, Shawn finished showering and came back to the bed.

Rachel lay on her side with the heart beating fast.