

Chapter 10 If he can stand up - Healing my disabled husband - Tracy Swift

Aimee stood silently to the side, completely at a loss for words. The turn of events had left her speechless, as she never expected things to unfold this way.

She had approached Camdyn, seeking his assistance to let her work alongside Patrick as his doctor, hoping it would facilitate future treatments. But now, she couldn't help but feel that Patrick had set her up, luring her into this situation.

Just moments ago, she had confessed to Patrick that she was an average and ordinary doctor. If she were to successfully cure him later on, wouldn't that prove her initial statement wrong?

Initially, Aimee had planned to secretly help and treat him, attributing any positive outcome to the expertise of the expensive specialists hired for the job. This way, she wouldn't be breaking her promise to her teacher.

However, Patrick had placed her in a direct dilemma, forcing her to reconsider whether she should treat him or not. Unable to make an immediate decision, all she knew was that, in this moment, she didn't want to see him at all.

Turning to Camdyn, Aimee said, "Grandpa, it's getting late. Mr. Hayden needs to rest, and you should as well."

Upon hearing this, Camdyn immediately responded, "Yes, yes, you've had a tiring day. It's important to get some rest."

Afterward, he glanced at Patrick and added, "Pat, take good care and rest. I'll come to see you tomorrow."

Patrick nodded, exchanged a significant look with Aimee, and let them leave.

Once they were back in their respective rooms, Patrick turned to Trace and said, "Go and investigate all the surgeries she has performed. Let's assess her skills."

Trace promptly set out to fulfill the request, though he couldn't comprehend why Patrick felt the need to do so.

*

Back in her room, Aimee's usually calm expression was replaced by a rare display of anger.

She grabbed a pillow and struck it twice, muttering furiously, "What a jerk! Just stay paralyzed for the rest of your life, causing unnecessary trouble while lying there. What if he actually manages to walk again?"

Seated on the bed, consumed by anger, Aimee couldn't help but recall the look Patrick had given her before she departed. It only served to infuriate her further.

Aimee tilted her head and flopped down onto the bed, venting all her frustration by hurling a barrage of expletives at Patrick.

Just then, her phone rang.

It was a message.

Aimee retrieved her phone and saw that it was from Matilda, the money-hungry woman.

Matilda said, "I have the medication. Pay up."

Aimee felt a headache coming on. Why did she have to deal with this vampire? If it weren't for her wealth, this unscrupulous businesswoman would have bankrupted her within minutes.

After transferring the money, Aimee asked, "How long will it take?"

"Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. Be there in Innisrial on time. Shall I deliver it to you or will you pick it up?" Matilda inquired.

Aimee's mouth twitched. This conniving woman never missed an opportunity to make money.

Without hesitation, Aimee replied, "Send it here."

"Tsk, I was trying to save you some cash," Matilda hypocritically remarked, "You truly are a wealthy woman. So generous."

Aimee resisted the urge to roll her eyes. After dealing with Matilda for so many years, she knew exactly what to expect.

Even if she chose to pick it up in person, Matilda would find a way to charge her for something reasonable. So why waste the money and effort?

After arranging the time and place, Aimee ended the conversation with Matilda.

She rose from the bed, retrieved the set of mini instruments she had prepared, and immersed herself in studying them intently.

Originally, Aimee could have cured Patrick without the use of the instruments, but it would have taken longer and caused him more pain.

However, now that she had researched and understood the principles behind these instruments, she knew how to utilize them to their fullest potential, providing the strongest support to Patrick's body.

By combining her teacher's medical skills, the medicines provided by Matilda, and her newfound knowledge of the instruments, Aimee was confident that she could help Patrick recover within a month.

Yet, in doing so, she would be going against her teacher's teachings and have to apologize to him.

Aimee grew increasingly melancholic, her chin resting on her hands as she stared at the instruments before her.

Ever since she was taken in by the Read family at the age of seven, the day before bidding farewell to her teacher, he had earnestly instructed her to conceal all her abilities and anything that set her apart from ordinary girls.

She couldn't let anyone know about her night vision, her resistance to cold, or her photographic memory.

Aimee understood that being ordinary meant innocence, while being talented would attract suspicion and manipulation. She had to feign clumsiness in order to survive safely.

However, she was a doctor, and medicine was her lifelong passion.

She couldn't simply stand by and do nothing once she realized she had the ability to cure him.

With pursed lips, Aimee whispered to herself, "I will break this rule just this once. Please forgive me."

*

The next morning at eight o'clock, Aimee left the hospital and headed to a café.

As soon as she walked through the door, she spotted a stunning woman in a red dress waving at her. Numerous gazes from the surrounding patrons fixated on her, filled with amazement, admiration, jealousy, and suspicion. But the woman remained unaffected by it all.

Matilda beamed with a bright smile, and as Aimee took her seat, she slid an Americano in front of her, saying, "No sugar, no milk, refreshing."

Aimee glanced at the coffee and replied, "I'm already quite clear-headed, so I don't need the coffee."

Especially black coffee like this, it was a disaster for Aimee. She couldn't bear the bitterness assaulting her throat—it was an insult to her taste buds.

Matilda pursed her lips and remarked, "I don't think your mind is as clear as you claim."

Leaning forward, she spoke in a voice only Aimee could hear, "Otherwise, why would you go crazy and spend nearly ten million just to acquire such a tiny bottle of something?"

Aimee retorted, "A quarter of that is your commission."

The implication was clear—if Matilda wasn't so money-hungry, Aimee wouldn't have had to pay such an exorbitant price.

Leaning back, Matilda stated, "It's understandable for you to spend money because of our relationship. But the one you bought the medicine for, what's your relationship with him? Is it worth your investment?"

Aimee held the bottle in her hands, her gaze fixed on the white pill inside for a long moment.

Indeed, what was her relationship with Patrick that she would spend such a significant sum of money on him?

Aimee suddenly felt remorseful for spending so much money. It seemed incredibly unwarranted.

Observing Aimee's expression, Matilda smiled and said, "I'm relieved to see that look on your face. At least you still care about your money. Otherwise, I would have assumed you were captivated by his looks and willing to spend money on him."

Aimee raised her eyes, fighting the urge to cover Matilda's mouth.

Matilda laughed even more audaciously and suggested, "How about I give you a tip? He seems quite wealthy. While he's lying there unable to move, you could take advantage of the situation and fleece him a few times."

Aimee contemplated for a moment, realizing that such an act would be inhumane.

When she envisioned Patrick lying in bed, handing her money, she couldn't help but feel a twinge of pity for him.

Slipping the bottle into her bag, Aimee ceased her conversation with Matilda and rose from her seat, leaving the café behind.