

## Healing my disabled husband novel chapter 10

Aimee stood by without saying a word, speechless at how things had developed.

It is clear that she asked the old Hayden to help her as a doctor to assist in Patrick's care, just to make it easier for herself to start treatment later.

How come at this moment she feels that Patrick is setting a trap for her to jump into it?

This is good, she just said to Patrick that she is mediocre, an ordinary small doctor, and if she cured him afterwards, it would be a slap in the face.

Originally, she was thinking that she would secretly help him with his treatment, and when the time came, she would say that the experts who were heavily hired over were too powerful to possess such a medical miracle.

Then she would not be breaking her promise to the teacher.

Now well, Patrick has put her directly into a dilemma, making her rethink whether to cure him or not.

Unable to make a decision for a while, Aimee just knew that at this moment, this second, she didn't want to see him at all.

So Aimee said to the old Hayden, "Grandpa, it's getting late, Master Patrick should rest, and you should rest too."

The old Hayden sniffed, then immediately said, "Yes, yes, you are also tired all day, you also need to rest."

After that, he looked at Patrick again and said, "Pat, get some rest, and Grandpa will see you tomorrow."

Patrick nodded, gave Aimee a parting glance, and let them go.

After making sure they were back in their respective rooms, Patrick said to Trace, "Go pull up all the surgeries she's handled and see how skilled she is."

Trace immediately went to work on it, but didn't understand how they Master Patrick even had to check this.

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After Aimee returned to her room, a rare look of anger appeared on her face.

She grabbed a pillow and hammered it twice, muttering in a good-natured way, "Dog man, paralyzed for life, lying down is so able to be a demon, stand up still!"

Sitting indignantly on her bed, Aimee thought again of the look Patrick had given her before he left.

It's almost as if it's going to piss people off.

Aimee fell onto the bed with her head tilted, throwing all the curses she knew at Patrick's body.

Just at this time, the phone rang.

It's a tweet.

Aimee fished out her phone and saw that it was Matilda, the wealthy fan.

Matilda: The medicine has been obtained, pay the money.

Aimee had a headache, how did she get entangled with this vampire, if not for her wealth, she would have run into Matilda, a shady businessman, and gone bankrupt in a minute.

After transferring the amount, Aimee asked, "How long will it take to arrive?"

"Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock, on time at Innisrial, will it be delivered to you, or will you come and get it yourself?" Matilda said.

Aimee's mouth twitched, the dead woman, really do not miss any opportunity to make money.

Without hesitation, she returned, "Send it over."

"Gee, I was hoping to save you some money," Matilda said hypocritically, "rich women are rich women, big time."

Aimee resisted the urge to roll her eyes, after so many years of dealing with her, she could still not understand what she was.

Even if she personally goes to pick it up, she can get a reasonably chargeable reason, and why should she pay for it and contribute to it.

After the appointment was made, Aimee did not talk to Matilda again.

She got up from the bed, took out the set of mini instruments she had made and studied them seriously.

Originally, she would have been able to cure Patrick without the device, but it would have taken longer and the process would have been more painful for Patrick.

However, now that she has studied and understood the principle of these instruments, she knows how to use them to their maximum effect, thus providing the strongest assistance to Patrick's body.

This, combined with the medical skills her teacher had taught her and the medication Matilda had gotten her, she was able to get Patrick back on his feet within a month.

Only, then she would have to be sorry for the teacher.

Aimee's sadness grows and she stares at the instrument with her chin in her hand.

When she was taken back to the Reed family at the age of seven, the day before she was separated from her teacher, she was told seriously that she must hide all her skills, as well as all those things about her that were different from ordinary girls.

Not to let people know that she can see at night, not to let people know that she is not afraid of the cold, not to let people know that she can't forget .....

Aimee knows that she has to hide her clumsiness in order to survive safely.

But she is a doctor, and this is her lifelong passion.

She couldn't do it, knowing that she could heal, but not doing something about it.

Pursing her lips, Aimee muttered to herself, "Teacher, I'll go against this one time, please forgive me."

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The next morning at 8:00 a.m., Aimee came out of the hospital and went to a cafe.

As soon as she entered, she saw a beautiful woman with a red dress waving towards her, and countless eyes around her fell on her body, amazed, adoring, jealous, suspicious, all kinds of emotions, which had no effect on her at all.

Matilda smiled brightly and pushed the Americano in front of her after Aimee took her seat, "No sugar, no milk, refreshing."

Aimee swept up her coffee and said, "I'm clear-headed, I don't need coffee."

Especially this black coffee, which is a disaster for Aimee.

She couldn't stand to have something so bitter in her throat, it was like a torturing of her taste buds.

Matilda flattened her mouth and said, "I don't think you're too clear-headed."

She moved forward and said in a voice that only Aimee could hear, "How else would you be so crazy as to spend nearly ten million dollars on such a small bottle of something?"

Aimee said, "Here, a quarter of it, is your commission."

The implication is that if the woman wasn't so greedy for money, how could she have spent an astronomical price.

Matilda leaned back and said, "We are in a relationship, it makes sense for you to spend this money, but the one you bought the medicine from, what is your relationship, is it worth spending so much money?"

Aimee squeezed the small pill bottle, and her eyes fell longingly on the white pills inside.

Yeah, what kind of relationship does she have with Patrick that she spends so much money on.

Aimee suddenly had some pain, the money spent is really wrong.

Matilda looked at Aimee's collapsed expression, laughed and said, "I'm relieved to see this expression on your face, at least you know how to feel about money, otherwise, I would have thought that you were lusting after someone's beauty and willing to be an ingrate."

Aimee lifted her eyelids, wanting to cover the woman's mouth.

Matilda, however, laughed even more wantonly and said, "Why don't I give you a trick, I think he is also quite rich, why don't you take advantage of him lying down and can't move, and kill him severely."

Aimee thought about it for a while and decided that it would be inhumane to do so.

She felt a little sorry for Patrick when she thought of the image of him lying in bed giving her money.

After putting the vials together, Aimee stopped fooling around with Matilda and got up to leave the cafe.

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