

Chapter 11 Getting someone to protect Aimee - Healing my disabled husband - Tracy Swift

At one in the morning, Aimee quietly entered Patrick's room, her footsteps muffled by the darkness. With steady hands, she approached his bed, carrying a prepared syringe filled with medicine.

Having previously observed the liquid in Patrick's infusion bottle, Aimee knew the ingredients and their effects. So, with the medicine Matilda had obtained for her, she carefully added it to the ongoing infusion, ensuring a perfect blend.

However, Aimee's actions left Trace and the others filled with fear and concern.

"Trace, shouldn't we apprehend her? If she continues tampering like this, Mr. Hayden's life will be in danger," one of them whispered urgently.

Trace shared their anxiety, but he dared not act impulsively without explicit instructions from Patrick. He could only watch Aimee intently through the surveillance screen, praying she wouldn't do anything peculiar that might harm him. Otherwise, Trace vowed to take matters into his own hands.

Unaware of the eyes fixated on her, Aimee discreetly stashed the needle in her pocket after injecting the liquid medicine. Then, she produced a wrench from her hiding place.

This unexpected move left Trace and the others astounded. Despite witnessing countless perilous situations, they found Aimee's audacity truly remarkable.

Aimee approached the device she had previously tampered with, her gaze flickering to Patrick lying on the bed. With the grace of a thief, she meticulously adjusted the instrument, inch by inch.

Gradually, the back junction box was exposed, and Aimee knelt down, employing the wrench to remove the six screws securing it.

Trace and the others were dumbfounded. Aimee appeared fragile and delicate, yet she unscrewed them with ease?

To avoid making any noise, Aimee collected the unscrewed screws in her pocket, carefully concealing them. She cradled the detached panel against her chest.

Engrossed in her task, Aimee remained oblivious to the fact that the man who was presumed to be asleep had opened his eyes.

Although Aimee remained hidden from his line of sight, a faint glimmer of coldness emanated from his gaze.

Even Trace and the others behind the screen felt an abrupt chill, prompting someone to silently increase the room's temperature.

After reconnecting the wires, Aimee rose from the floor, clutching the panel.

Satisfied, she smiled as she operated the console.

Almost instantaneously, Patrick experienced a tingling sensation in his neck—the first semblance of pain since the accident.

Patrick involuntarily let out a sigh, his brows furrowed.

Aimee detected the sound and approached gently, readjusting a few patches on Patrick's body.

Her expression exuded satisfaction. The medicinal concoction had already taken effect within Patrick's body. Combined with the instrument's stimulation, the resurfacing pain indicated a more optimistic outlook than she had anticipated.

Aimee procured a tissue, delicately wiping the perspiration from Patrick's forehead. She murmured softly, "Seems like your body is resilient. Perhaps you'll recover sooner than expected."

Surprised by the sudden onset of pain, Patrick struggled to catch his breath. But Aimee's whispered words caused his chest to heave even more uncontrollably.

So, this woman who had secretly entered his room these past nights had intentions of healing him?

Under any other circumstances, Patrick would have scoffed at Aimee's motives. However, the pain he had just experienced instilled him with hope, far surpassing the period when he felt no sensations at all.

Patrick pressed his lips together, choosing not to rush into opening his eyes.

Curiosity overwhelmed him, and he yearned to witness how Aimee would proceed with his treatment.

Unlike her previous stealthy visits, tonight, Aimee remained by his side, vigilantly monitoring Patrick's condition.

It wasn't until the crack of dawn neared that Aimee returned to the instrument, meticulously restoring the circuitry to its original state. She reattached the panel, ensuring everything looked exactly as before. Even the placement of the patches on Patrick's body was flawlessly reinstated.

Once Aimee departed, Trace rushed in hastily, only to be met by Patrick's piercing gaze.

"Mr. Hayden, are you alright?" Trace inquired, his concern evident.

Patrick replied, "Retrieve the pill bottle and have it tested."

"Of course," Trace nodded.

Patrick chose not to divulge that he had felt the pain and overheard Aimee's words. While he harbored doubts about Aimee's ability to cure him, he didn't want others to discover her potential healing capabilities.

Until he found the person responsible for his misfortune, Patrick silently resolved to keep this matter concealed, ensuring no one noticed Aimee's unique talents.

Patrick motioned for Trace to approach him and whispered in his ear, "Assign someone to protect Aimee. Let as few people as possible be aware of what transpired last night. Keep the nighttime protocol unchanged."

Trace acknowledged the instructions and left the room.

Patrick flexed his neck. Strangely, the pain dissipated once again, rendering him an unconscious invalid.

