# Healing my disabled husband novel chapter 19

Aimee was unaware of what was going on outside and went straight back to her room through another door.

Her room, which was originally connected to Patrick's room, was a long detour from the front door, but from the back door, as long as the respective doors were opened.

After Casey's fuss, Aimee had no time for herself.

Not wanting to lose any time in treating Patrick, she returned to her house and took out the potion and began to mix it.

After giving it to Patrick once last night, Patrick's body feedback was quite good, which gave Aimee more confidence that she could cure Patrick.

In particular, Patrick has a very good physical base and surprised Aimee with the response he was able to give.

So, tonight's measurement, Aimee is adding some.

She used a conservative measurement last night, fearing that Patrick's body might not be able to handle it.

The good thing is, what was feared did not happen, but turned out to be better.

After mixing the potion, Aimee will put the solution into a small refrigerator and keep it on ice for four hours so that it will work best when injected into Patrick's body.

Taking advantage of this time, Aimee opened her computer and logged on to a long-dusted web page.

Instantly, crackling message alerts kept popping up.

Aimee's face instantly darkened, staring speechlessly at the computer screen, waiting for all the messages to finish prompting, and not a click to browse through, but directly shut down all.

She sent a message out, "Whoever gives me another pop-up message, get the hell out."

Instantly, those who were leaping in front of the computer screen, ready to send a message to Aimee, stopped moving.

Even, a few fingers have been placed on top of the enter key, immediately move their hands away from the enter key.

Fortunately, they did not press the enter button, otherwise, it was so hard to get in, because the action was too fast, pissed off their boss and was thrown out, it would have been too much to lose.

Aimee waited for a minute to see that everyone was still well behaved before she continued tapping on the keyboard.

"That neuron restoration project from three years ago, restart it up, I have a very good patient here, when the time comes, come over to two people and join me on the operating table."

Now, who cares about Aimee's threats, pop-up messages keep coming out and nearly crashing Aimee's computer.

"Boss, choose me, choose me, my current technology is NO.1, only I can match the boss your technology."

"Boss, look at me, I can suffer and can be cute, I am the boss of your little source of happiness ah."

"Roll, the boss you ignore him, the oldest choose me, the turn should also be your turn to suffer the Tenth disciples."

Aimee did not bother to read those messages, only said: "I will choose the candidate depending on the mood, you do not have to kill each other framed, now, I want you to do one thing first."

## "Boss you say."

Aimee : "I am missing a medicine here, I have written the ingredients, give you three days to make it for me and send it to Innisrial."

At the same time, Aimee sent a document with only a few equations, but the crowd was silenced in unison after seeing it.

They are the ones who are offended, what their boss wants, where can that be something ordinary.

Finally, someone tentatively asked, "Boss, this is a component, we do not have ah here."

Aimee smiled with her cheek and said, "These kids are so cute.

If she could just have it, would she have come online to find them?

She tapped a few times on the keyboard and messaged back, "So yeah, that's why I gave you guys three days to get it done."

#### Crowd: "....."

They felt that their boss was giving them a hard time and, they were convinced that they had enough evidence.

Aimee didn't have to ask to know what they were thinking, and shook her head helplessly, before giving a new instruction.

"There will be an auction tomorrow night at Lasnain, and when that happens, one of the finale lots will have this ingredient in it for you." Aimee said.

The crowd was confused, and no one had a reaction for half a day.

Aimee was speechless and directly named one of them, "Kareem , you are the closest to Lasnain, now you leave for there, I've already had the invitations prepared, tomorrow night, you go and get that lot for me."

## "Yes, boss."

Aimee finished her explanation and ignored the messages they kept sending her as they buzzed around again, closed the page and prepared to pack up and go to Patrick's room.

Just then, Aimee's cell phone rang, a hidden number.

Usually, those who want to contact Aimee will only call her unless there is something extremely important, and generally, will only send her a WeChat, or at most, just pop her a WeChat call.

This direct phone call now made Aimee's face sink instantly.

Without any hesitation, she answered it directly.

The person who called was Asa Wells, the same person Aimee had arranged to provide Kareem Bond with tickets to the auction.

Asa was obviously relieved and nervous the moment Aimee answered the phone, and said to Aimee: "Aimee, I just got the news that the lot you want, Dreule's Hank family also wants it, and they have already made arrangements to win it, so we may not be able to win. We may not be able to win over them."

Aimee's face became even more ugly, her fingers clasped on the desktop, tapping one by one.

Hank family, which is her old enemy.

Once upon a time there was constant fighting, and occasionally she felt there was no point in letting them go a few times.

In the past few years she has lost interest in some things and has almost forgotten the existence of the family.

I didn't expect that she would have to go up against them again on the rare occasion that she wanted to get one of something again.

This feels, really, fucked up.

Aimee gave an abrupt, soft laugh, full of mockery, and said to Asa, "Then let them dump all their money."

You've taken care of everything, haven't you?

Oh, then she let the Hanks clearly understand once, what is called the water is difficult to close.

Asa has not heard Aimee in such a tone of voice for many years, unconsciously swallowed, half a day before saying, "Yes, Aimee, do not worry, this matter, I will help you to do."

Aimee responded, and before hanging up, suddenly thought of something and said to Asa: "If, however, you don't get the shot, grab it for me too."