

Healing my disabled husband

Chapter 2 A Well-matched Couple - Healing my disabled husband - Tracy Swift

Outside the hospital entrance, Aimee hailed a taxi on the roadside. As she did, a sleek black car slowly pulled up in front of her.

Without delay, a well-dressed man stepped out of the car and addressed her respectfully, "Miss Reed, Mr. Hayden would like to see you."

Aimee didn't question who Mr. Hayden was, and being at the hospital gate wasn't conducive to a conversation. So she simply nodded and climbed into the back seat.

The car leisurely made its way towards Hayden's Mansion. Although Aimee wasn't particularly interested in grand estates, she couldn't help but feel a sense of awe.

No wonder the Reads took this marriage so seriously. With the Read family's insatiable greed, they probably imagined even the servants' quarters in the Hayden household to be lavishly adorned.

Aimee was led into a study where Camdyn Hayden, his hair white as snow, was engrossed in drawing.

Rather than approaching or making any noise, she stood quietly, trying to make her presence minimal.

Finally, Camdyn set down his pen and looked up at Aimee.

Her calves had grown stiff from standing for so long, but she powered through, determined not to show any discomfort.

"Miss Read, care to take a look at my writing?" Camdyn motioned for Aimee to come closer.

Aimee was momentarily taken aback, but once she understood what he was asking, she mechanically moved towards him.

Her legs were barely able to bend.

Camdyn observed her silently, his eyes deep and mysterious. He said nothing.

Aimee stood beside him, displaying the utmost respect through her posture and distance.

Then, she noticed a piece of paper with majestic words written on it: "A Well-matched Couple."

Aimee pursed her lips, understanding Camdyn's intentions clearly.

She found the right moment to speak. "Your writing is truly beautiful."

When he heard those words, a hint of pity flashed in Camdyn's brilliant eyes.

This young girl seemed unaware of the appreciation for writing; she simply chose safe words to describe it.

Letting out a light sigh, Camdyn asked, "So, do you like this writing?"

Aimee's gaze shifted from the paper to his face. When she met his sharp eyes, she involuntarily swallowed and nodded. "I like it."

"In that case, I shall gift this writing to you. From now on, you are part of my family," Camdyn declared.

Aimee replied, "Thank you, Mr. Hayden."

"Addressing me like that will displease me. I've already stated that you are part of my family, so why don't you call me grandpa?" Camdyn feigned anger.

Aimee struggled to keep up with the sudden change but decided to go along with it. She mustered the courage and uttered, "Grandpa."

"Yes." Camdyn responded happily, genuine joy emanating from his heart.

"You stood for so long earlier. Did you hold any grudge against me for that?" Camdyn asked.

"No." Aimee shook her head. In truth, she had already forgotten about it.

"That's good," Camdyn dropped the subject and suggested, "Let's go see Patrick."

"Okay." Aimee agreed, hesitating for a moment but refraining from offering her support to Camdyn.

She had even noticed Camdyn slightly limping on his left foot.

Camdyn had noticed Aimee's hesitation in just a glance, and he silently sighed once more.

Aimee was naturally wary of others, and he hoped that she would find some happiness while living with Patrick.

The two made their way through the front yard towards a courtyard tucked away in the depths of Hayden's Mansion.

As soon as Aimee stepped inside, a sense of joy washed over her.

The ambiance here was peaceful, with a subtle fragrance of flowers in the air, giving her an extraordinary sense of tranquility.

At the center of the courtyard, a small fountain gurgled and splashed, instantly bringing back memories of the mountain stream where she used to play with her teacher before turning seven.

Aimee's eyes flickered with a tinge of sadness.

She missed her teacher dearly.

When she was walking alongside Camdyn, the first thing Aimee noticed wasn't the person lying on the sickbed but the sophisticated instruments in the room, prompting a sigh to escape her lips.

The instruments at the hospital where she worked were far less advanced compared to these. She imagined that the world's most cutting-edge medical tools were all gathered here.

Aimee curled her fingers, feeling an overwhelming urge.

She yearned to get her hands on those instruments and try them out. If she understood how to use them and brought them to the hospital, perhaps even the most stubborn diseases could be conquered.

"Pat, how are you feeling today?" Camdyn reached the bed first, his voice trembling with concern.

Patrick Hayden lay motionless on the bed, staring blankly at the ceiling. His spirit seemed detached from his body, as if he hadn't heard Camdyn's words.

When Aimee approached, she beheld that lifeless face.

This wasn't her first encounter with Patrick.

The last time she had seen him, she hadn't had a chance to carefully appreciate his features.

Back then, he was covered in blood with burns all over his body. Together with her mentor and the finest doctors from various departments in the hospital, they had focused solely on saving the dying man.

During that operation, over a dozen doctors took turns performing surgery, persevering for more than forty hours to ultimately rescue him.

Aimee had participated in the first half of the operation, unaware that the pitiful figure lying before her possessed such a handsome face.