Healing my disabled husband novel chapter 20

Aimee was not in a good mood when she hung up the phone.

She had a vague feeling of bad premonition in her heart, always felt that this thing would not be so smooth.

If she hadn't been unable to get away on her side, she would have wanted to make a trip to Lasnain herself to make sure nothing was wrong.

After settling down, Aimee stood up, took out the iced medicine from the refrigerator, and gently went to Patrick's room.

After injecting the solution into Patrick's vial, Aimee went back to set up the machine and then, as she had done last night, watched over Patrick at his bedside.

Today's dosing was increased and Patrick's pain was more pronounced than last night.

Aimee could hear Patrick's heavy breathing from the pain, but, strangely enough, he didn't wake up.

Standing with her arms around Patrick's bed for a long time, the more Aimee thought about it, the more impossible it seemed.

Unless Patrick has some special skill, how can he not open his eyes?

She leaned down and her gaze fell straight above Patrick's eyes.

In the daytime, she thought Patrick's eyes were beautiful, the pair of peach blossom eyes even when looking at people indifferently, but also with a hidden style.

At this moment, looking at the small mole on the end of his eye, Aimee felt even more special and sexy.

She landed on top of Patrick's eyelids before she could react to what she was about to do.

Fingertips light touch, as if there is a current from the fingertips into the body, so Aimee involuntarily curled up a finger.

This electric sensation was strange and frightening to her.

She grunted and jerked upright, hiding the messy hand behind her back.

Only, it was as if there was still electricity on her fingertips, making Aimee's little face flush.

Her gaze remained fixed on Patrick's face for a moment, her eyes closed as if she was oblivious to what she had just done.

Aimee secretly thought, "This guy, did he sleep too much, or did he pass out from the pain?

There were beads of sweat on Patrick's forehead, and Aimee bit her lip and slowed down the flow of the medicine a bit.

She murmured, "You bear with it, be strong, get through the initial period, adjust your body to the point where you can have surgery, and you'll all be fine."

In fact, Patrick is lucky enough to have such sophisticated instruments to assist him, which has relieved a lot of his pain.

You know, the patient that her teacher cured endured a lot of pain off the bone.

Thinking of the man's wailing, Aimee's mouth curled up and she said to Patrick, "You're pretty good, you're more tolerant than I expected."

At the moment, Aimee's body was bent so low that her warm breath fell on Patrick's face as she spoke.

Patrick's already sensitive and fragile nerves from the pain are, at this moment, even more unbearable.

Such close proximity is simply torture for Patrick.

A torment that comes from Aimee and that she does not know anything about.

Aimee drew tissues to wipe Patrick's sweat delicately until dawn, when she recovered the instrument, but was not able to leave immediately.

In a moment of weakness, the drip was slowed down as a way to ease Patrick's pain.

As a result, it directly led to the situation that Aimee is now anxious to the point of no return.

She raised her hand several times to adjust the drip to the fastest speed, but in the end, her heart gave out.

She could only hope that she would not be so unlucky, that Patrick would not suddenly wake up, and that the old Hayden would not suddenly come over.

However, it is often the case that the more you are afraid of something, the more it will come.

Aimee heard the sound of the doorknob being turned, followed by the old Hayden having walked in.

Seeing her here, the old Hayden was clearly frozen.

"Aimee , what are you doing in Pat's room this early in the morning?" the old Hayden asked.

This had never happened before, and every time Aimee came to Patrick's room, it was with him, which only made the old Hayden feel that Aimee had not yet considered herself to be Patrick's wife, and was still intentionally avoiding suspicion about entering his room.

He didn't know that Aimee had been coming in in the dark since the first night.

Now it's even stayed all night and hasn't left.

Naturally, Aimee won't be talking to the old Hayden about this.

She guaranteed that if she had told the truth, the old Hayden would have thought that she was not going to plot against his precious grandson.

Aimee smiled calmly and said, "Grandpa, I woke up early today and thought I'd come over to see Master Patrick."

Patrick, who had been lying on the bed with his eyes closed, ticked the corners of his mouth imperceptibly, and inexplicably felt a touch of helplessness at Aimee's nonsense.

He opened his eyes slowly, his eyes were heavy, as if he was woken up by the sound of them talking, his voice was tinged with mute, "Grandpa, so early, is there something wrong?"

The old Hayden hears Patrick's voice and doesn't care why Aimee is in Patrick's room early in the morning.

He strides over to Patrick and asks with concern, "How are you doing, Pat, are you feeling okay today?"

The old Hayden noticed that Patrick looked even worse today than he did yesterday.

The face is pale, not to mention, under the eyes are very sunken piece, looks incomparably haggard.

The old Hayden was so worried that he immediately pulled Aimee over, "Aimee, take a look at Pat, what's wrong? Why does he look so bad?"

Aimee tensed her lips, seeing Patrick's face drained of energy by the leprechaun, she was also puzzled.

Obviously, she guarded him for a night, he was asleep, but he looked like he had stayed up all night.

Aimee wrinkled her brow, always feeling that something had been overlooked by her.

She stares into Patrick's eyes, trying to see something in them.

However, Patrick's beautiful peach blossom eyes were only written with the impatience of being woken up and no other emotions were seen.

Aimee was defeated in the end and spoke in a warm voice, asking, "Master Patrick , are you uncomfortable anywhere?"

Patrick, however, said coldly and irrelevantly, "I don't want to talk to a liar."

Aimee looked at Patrick in disbelief for a long time before she raised her finger and pointed at herself.

The liar he was talking about, wasn't he talking about her?

Aimee asked incredulously, "Master Patrick , when did I lie to you?"