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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?"

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The old Hayden, as if afraid of being questioned by Patrick, left Patrick's room after leaving a harsh word.

Patrick tasted the old Hayden's words playfully, it was as if he was the granddaughter-in-law and Aimee was the biological granddaughter.

He had a vague suspicion that, perhaps, Aimee was somehow related to his grandfather.

Of course, he wouldn't have thought there was any blood ties between them, otherwise, Aimee wouldn't have been his wife.

So, what is the reason again?

Let the old Hayden take Aimee so seriously.

Patrick contemplated for a long time, but did not come to a conclusion.

He called Trace in and said, "Go and check out all the people Aimee has been in contact with since she was born, and the Reed family as well.

Trace received the order and went to work, but it was a real headache.

As early as the moment the old Hayden brought Aimee to Patrick, they have gone to check the Reed family, check Aimee, so to speak, up and down, the ancestral graves of the Reed family have been checked.

Now, Patrick asked them to check again, and for a while, there was nowhere to start.

Just when Trace was about to risk death to Patrick to ask for an explicit, to see if he could give him a reminder of what to start with, Bailey Hughes, who

has been working with him, suddenly suggested: "Trace, why don't we try to contact the hackers The Growlers, let their people check, not that there is no information in the world that The Growlers can't find? There is no information that The Growlers can not find?"

Trace pondered for a long time, and then said: "I'm afraid it's not possible, we had a conflict with The Growlers before, but they let us bleed 800 million in seven minutes, if Master Patrick knows that we asked The Growlers people to help, will not be happy. "

"But, Trace , our people can't find out anything else." Bailey said.

Trace is also worried about pulling hair, but in the end is afraid to secretly contact The Growlers behind Patrick's back.

After hesitating for a long time, Trace finally entered Patrick's room again as if he were dying, lowering his eyes, not daring to look at Patrick, and asking tentatively, "Master Patrick, can we ask The Growlers for help?"

Patrick's eyes suddenly went cold at his words, and his gaze fell on Trace's face without a moment's hesitation, bringing him an unbearable pressure.

Trace's head hung even lower, and he really wanted to kill himself for what was wrong with him, for daring to mention The Growlers in front of Master Patrick.

Others are not clear, but he is very clear.

When Master Patrick and The Growlers fought how fierce, although the final Master Patrick won, but, The Growlers did make Master Patrick lost eight hundred million.

Although, to Patrick, \$800 million is not much.

But Trace knows very well how much Patrick hated the way The Growlers came to provoke them at that time, that arrogant attitude, so that the always unperturbed Patrick, for the first time so clearly to kill each other written on the face.

That was also the first time that Trace saw Patrick go down for the first time in person and save the day when several of their top hackers were powerless to fight, and beat The Growlers to the punch.

It was also after that time that some of the bigwigs who were arrogant and still prejudiced against Patrick, completely hunkered down under Patrick's operation and really looked up to him.

Trace did not hear Patrick's instructions for a long time, so he had to raise his head boldly and peeked over towards Patrick, but he was looking at himself with a smile, and when he looked over, he said, "Trace, are you telling me that the people I have are not as good as The Growlers? I can't do it, and I have to ask my nemesis to do it?"

"No, Master Patrick," Trace wanted to hammer himself to death as he tried to calm himself down and said to Patrick, "It's just that the best person we have is you, Master Patrick."

Patrick was almost laughing at Trace's words.

"So, now you're telling me that either, I'm going to do it myself, or, I'm going to get help from The Growlers?" Patrick could only be angry that he couldn't move now, otherwise, he would have already kicked Trace's neck.

Support so useless head, what is the use, might as well throw it away.

Trace didn't dare to say more, even though that's what was on his mind at the moment.

Patrick was so angry that he calmed down, he suddenly turned to Trace and said, "Okay, you go find me The Growlers, I want to see what they can find out for me."

Trace looked to Patrick in shock, to make sure he wasn't saying the opposite, then swallowed and said, "Then Master Patrick, I'll really go make the arrangements."

Patrick didn't bother to talk to him anymore and said directly, "Don't go and do your job, you want to be beaten up, don't you?"

Trace immediately ran out of Patrick's room.

Although, now Patrick is not likely to hit him, but also does not prevent him is also really scared ah.

It was just strange that Trace couldn't understand how their Master Patrick suddenly agreed to it.

When did they, Master Patrick, become so nice to talk to?

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Innisrial General Hospital.

Aimee had been busy all morning, and when she arrived at the cafeteria, she was blocked by Liam.

"Dr. Read, come and eat, what do you want to eat, it's on me." Liam said.

Aimee gave him a look, a touch of impatience slipped through her eyes, but still said politely, "No, Dr. Thomas, I have an operation this afternoon, so I'm just going to buy some things and go back."

"How can that be? The busier you are, the better you have to eat. Don't be polite to me. Auntie's Cornish Pasty is good today, you have to try it." Liam said.

Aimee wrinkled her brow speechlessly and said, "This person is really annoying."

She really came for the Cornish Pasty that was unique to today, but this person was in her way and it really affected her appetite.

Aimee said, "No really, Dr. Thomas, I'm in a hurry, so I won't talk to you anymore, bye."

After saying that, Aimee lifted her feet and walked in the direction of the other side of the sandwich shop, cursing Liam in her heart and glancing at the Cornish Pasty she had been thinking about.

Of course, Aimee's little gesture was not seen by Liam, who simply watched her back, saw her enter the bakery, bought a sandwich and a bottle of orange juice and left.

A doctor from the same department patted Liam's shoulder and said, "Dr. Read is the most famous and cold beauty in our hospital."

Liam tugged at the corner of his mouth and said, “Blake, tell me honestly, am I not good looking? Or am I not good at it? How come all the other doctors and nurses are jumping on me, but she’s the only one who’s been so indifferent to me.”

Blake said, “Dr. Read, indeed, is very special.”

At least, in the doctors and nurses he knows, he has not seen such a one.

The doctor is very hardworking, treating patients with great care, according to her degree of dedication, medical skills should have soared long ago, the title should have been evaluated, but, it is such a hard-working doctor, but not even a few of the real main surgery, but involved in a number of major operations, but also because of her teacher’s relationship.

Blake said, “I actually don’t think that Dr. Read is quite fit to be a doctor.”

Liam looked at him, but did not have any displeasure because of his words, but also seemed to be very agreeable.

For talented doctors like them, Aimee’s kind of doctors who just work hard but don’t improve are really on a different path from them.

But it happens that Aimee has such a beautiful face that when he first saw it, even though she was covered in blood and her face was covered in blood, it did not reduce her face value, but was more beautiful and charming.

With just that one look, Liam had already told himself in his heart that this woman, she wanted.

But who would have thought that he has been coming to Innisrial General Hospital for more than a year, not to mention catching up with Aimee, not even a few words with her.

Especially recently, Aimee’s impatience with his accosting was obvious, and several times she looked at him with an icy look, giving him a surprisingly cold feeling all over his body.

Liam does not believe in this, he has never fallen in the body of a woman.

For Aimee, he was determined to win.

Aimee didn’t know what Liam was thinking after she left.

She was walking back with her sandwich and orange juice when the phone rang.

It's a very specific beep.

Aimee stopped in her tracks and fished out her phone to look over.

This is a small program that the four of them use to contact each other when they have something important, only the four of them know, but they usually do not use this contact, in order to cooperate with Aimee, they all use WeChat.

This has led to the fact that the sound, which has not been heard for a long time.

The sudden ringing at this moment made Aimee surprised and suspicious of what was happening.

However, when she read the message on it, Aimee was simply furious.

"Aimee, we were just contacted by someone from Master Patrick asking us to look into individuals."

Through the screen, Aimee can feel the person who sent the message, gloating look.

Because, after that phrase, followed by, is her name.

Good lord, it's so interesting to have her check herself out.

Aimee pursed her lips and asked, "What's the bid?"

"At the moment, according to our lowest price, 90 million." The man returned.

Aimee beamed with discontent, actually 90 million dollars to check her information, is not too naive.

"Well? Refuse?" The man asked directly without waiting for Aimee to reply.

Aimee tugged at the corner of her mouth and said, "Why should I refuse? Such a good opportunity, not to add money to earn a fortune, is silly?"

The man quickly replied, "What you mean is"

“Tell him the money isn’t there, no check.” Aimee said.

The implication is that as long as the money is in place, everything is fine.

But as for how much money is in place, it’s not just whatever she says.

“Okay, I got it, don’t worry, I promise to get this done for you.” The man returned.

Aimee exited the program and didn’t bother with the matter any further.

The expression on her face also became incomparably more complicated.

Patrick is now really suspicious of her and has actually approached The Growlers to check her out.

It seems that she has indeed exposed herself.

Aimee is a bit depressed, she is already very careful, where did she go wrong and let Patrick start investigating herself.

The more she thought about it, the more Aimee felt that only last night, maybe she was found out.

But that bastard man, actually endured a night, just watching her busy work for him.

It’s really too much.

Aimee wants to go back to Hayden’s Mansion and confront Patrick about what’s in his head and how he can bully people.

Even, she no longer wants to treat him, so as not to cure is also an annoying spirit.

Aimee bit into the sandwich as if she was biting into Patrick’s flesh instead of the sandwich.

Asshole, asshole, asshole.

She was really angry.

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Trace soon received a reply from The Growlers, saying that it was possible to check, but that the money would have to go up.

How much is the increase, but did not say how much, but let Master Patrick weigh himself to see how much the news is worth in his heart.

When Trace reported this response to Patrick, he couldn't help but spit out, "I've known for a long time that The Growlers have a dark heart, but I never thought they would be so shameless now."

Patrick felt that there was something strange behind this matter, The Growlers price increase is not surprising, but, The Growlers the meaning of this statement, but it seems to know what, but deliberately not to tell him.

Let him willingly pay to buy the news, but also he has to weigh the price himself.

This is exploring Aimee's place in his heart.

Patrick found it absurd and unbelievable.

He thought about it for a moment and said to Trace, "One point eight hundred million, tell them that price."

Trace was immediately stunned and stared at Patrick's face for half a day, as if trying to figure out if he had heard wrong or not.

The Reed family, Aimee, whichever one it is, is not worth the \$1.8 billion it costs, which is a full two times higher than The Growlers' reserve price.

"Master Patrick, are you really going to quote that price?" Trace thought it was just too outrageous.

Patrick looked at him askance and said, "What, are you very dissatisfied?"

Trace's heart stuttered, how he felt he sensed a murderous aura in Master Patrick's tone.

It was a kind of, if he didn't do it honestly, it was a murderous anger against him and his wife.

Trace immediately shook his head like a rattle and said, "I'm going to get back to The Growlers."

However, Trace went over there in just ten minutes to bring back even more ridiculous news.

"Master Patrick, the people at The Growlers say you are not sincere." Trace said.

He tries to curtail his presence as much as possible and only states the facts.

However, the expected Master Patrick's anger did not happen, instead, I saw amusement in Master Patrick's face.

Patrick tugged at the corner of his mouth and said directly, "Three point six billion."

Now, Trace is even more unnerved.

Even if Master Patrick has money, he can't spend it so recklessly.

It's ridiculous to double up and still give it to your nemesis.

Trace hesitated for a moment, but still risked his life and said, "Master Patrick, that is The Growlers, before they have screwed us eight hundred million, and now give them so much money, it is not worth it."

He didn't believe that, in addition to The Growlers, he couldn't really find anyone who could get this done.

We can't really be bullied by The Growlers like this.

However, Trace's words seemed to be a reminder to Patrick, and he said directly, "Then tell them I'll pay 800 million."

Trace is practically on his knees for his Master Patrick.

I know his Master Patrick has a lot of money to spend, but he can't be that capricious.

Why give it to The Growlers when you have so much money to share with him?

Patrick didn't bother to explain to him, but said, "Go now."

Trace was in tears, but he had no choice but to refuse the orders of his master, Patrick.

He was only able to go and reply to The Growlers with a message, wishing countless times in his heart that they would stop being insensitive and know how to take things as they come, and that they would take the \$800 million and get it over with.

However, this time the message replied to the past, is like a stone sunk in the sea, a long time did not get a response.

At that time, Aimee had already walked out of the hospital and had just gotten into a cab when she heard the message beeping inside the app.

She took out her phone and took a look, and saw that the one who ranked second had swiped thousands of messages all by himself.

"Damn! Patrick, he's sick!"

"Is he brain-dead!"

"He's feeling smug and arrogant about winning over us last time, right?"

"Did he forget how to get the eight hundred million we took?"

"How dare you ask for 800 million now?"

"I think he's humiliating us, and I have the evidence!"

"I'll buy a plane ticket and fly over there right now and give him a good beating!"

"....."

Aimee patiently read through the message and finally did not hold back and laughed out loud.

Patrick, who was fantastic, managed to annoy the mildest of them all and managed to get people to Innisrial.

She suddenly also wanted to see what Patrick was prepared to do until he was faced with what he would face.

So Aimee cheerfully replied, "I'll be waiting for you, Alan."

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Back at Hayden's Mansion, Aimee runs into Casey as soon as she enters the door.

Seeing her enter, Casey rolled his eyes at her, grunted, and then, turned around and ran away.

Aimee looked at Casey's back speechlessly, having a headache with this spoiled child.

After returning to her room and putting her things away, Aimee went to Patrick's room.

Although Aimee felt speechless after she lost her temper towards herself during the massage in the morning, she still had to do her best to perform the image of a good wife.

Only, as soon as she entered, Aimee met Patrick's playful, inquisitive eyes.

She was now even more certain in her heart that Patrick, one hundred percent, had found out that she was in his room at night making small movements.

However, since he won't break it down, she continues to play dumb too.

She walked over, her eyes clear and innocent, her voice gentle as water, "Master Patrick, are you feeling well today? Let me give you a massage."

Patrick said to Aimee, with a slight hook at the corner of his mouth, "Not bad."

Aimee asked, pretending to be surprised, "Is there something good going on? It looks like you're in a good mood today."

“Found a very crafty cat, thought it was funny and wanted to tease her more.” Patrick said.

Aimee is lifting the quilt hand unconsciously clenched, clenched into a small fist look.

If she hadn't been clutching the blanket to distract her, she really would have been unable to resist throwing her fist at Patrick.

How dare you call her a cat, or a cunning cat.

Aimee felt that she did not beat him to death because he was a patient.

She, on the other hand, is a little angel with a beautiful heart and the greatest love for her patients.

Aimee lifted the covers to reveal Patrick's left leg.

She said, “Master Patrick , I'm really sorry, I really thought you were resting last night, that's why I didn't come, don't worry, I'll give you a good massage and make up for yesterday's too.”

Patrick looked at her with amusement, acting so well behaved and obedient as if he could do whatever he wanted to her.

He said, “That is not necessary, too much is not enough, just do what you should do every day, will not make up the next day.”

Aimee tensed her lips, really annoyed with Patrick's blatant sarcasm.

Does she look that stupid?

I don't think she understands his words.

Aimee laughed dryly and didn't say anything, just focused on giving Patrick a massage.

However, she couldn't help but sneak a pinch on Patrick's calf.

Anyway, he can't feel the pain, so he's still letting her do whatever she wants.

Aimee did not know that Patrick's gaze had been falling on his calf, although, from her angle, it was a little difficult to see Aimee's movements clearly, but he had off-court help.

Just now he had already told Trace to recount all Aimee's little actions to him.

So Patrick heard Trace say to him inside the headset, "Master Patrick, Miss Read her, pinch you."

Trace's voice is small, with the fear of being angered.

Patrick's eyes narrowed and his gaze fell on Aimee's face for a long time.

Until Aimee was a little uncomfortable with him staring at her and fake-fashioned her trouser leg for him, ready to go around to the other side and massage his other leg.

Patrick suddenly said, "Since the two of us are now married, you can't bully me because I don't only feel."

Aimee's movements were halting, and she looked towards Patrick suspiciously and asked with a sarcastic smile, "What do you mean by that?"

"I have heard that there are some masseurs who will go too far and feel that it is a manual labor that makes them particularly unhappy, and they will lay hands on the patient who cannot move, for example, pinch and twist, anyway, the paralyzed patient, who can not feel anything, is completely a lamb at the mercy of others." Patrick said.

Aimee's heart skipped a beat and burst.

If she hadn't been sure that Patrick was really a paraplegic with no feeling from the neck down, she would have wondered if he was pretending to be sick in bed and wasn't actually paralyzed at all.

Aimee laughed: "How come? Everyone is a very kind person, moreover, the ones you are talking about, are masseurs with no professional ethics and corrupted character, I am not a masseur, I am a doctor, I have the most benevolent heart, there is no way I can poison my patients."

Patrick listened to her serious words, her face not red and heart not jumping nonsense.

If he wasn't sure Trace wouldn't dare to lie to him, he would have believed this woman's bullshit.

He gave a low chuckle and said, "It better be."

Aimee continues to smile with a harmless, innocent look on her face, almost as if she didn't raise her hand and swear to Patrick that she could never do such a thing.

Patrick's eyes were a little more intense, not saying anything more, but the eyes seemed to be telling Aimee that he had already seen her through.

Aimee bit her lip, and finally did not dare to do anything to Patrick again, but gave him a regular massage.

However, Aimee still has a mark on Patrick's mind.

She's going to go talk to Alan later and say that 800 million is not enough, she wants 1.6 billion.

Anyway, when the time came for her to check herself out, she asked Alan to help create a fake message and give it to Patrick.

Aimee doesn't know that she wants to get Patrick \$1.6 billion empty-handed, but Patrick is thinking of something else.