

Read Healing my disabled husband novel chapter 25 online free

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.

Read Healing my disabled husband novel chapter 27 online free

Francis and August did not help Jaylah to speak, especially Francis, looking at Jaylah's eyes, also full of strange.

This made Jaylah feel very uncomfortable.

It was Francis who told Tia that he wanted her to play the role, and said that if she didn't play it, then he wouldn't do it.

Now it is such an attitude, it really makes Jaylah upset.

Suppressing the fire in his heart, Jaylah ignored Rosie, but turned to Francis and August and said: "Mr. Snider, Mr. Graves, sorry, I thought, Mr. Snider likes punctual people, did not expect, everyone will be so early. "

She wasn't late, and Rosie's accusations against her were, quite frankly, nothing.

She deliberately brought this up to embarrass Rosie as well.

Indeed, after hearing Jaylah's words, Rosie's expression changed and she gave her a stern look and tried to say something before Francis interrupted.

Francis said, "I've always been a fan of hard-working, dedicated partners."

The implication is that you should not speculate on him with your own thinking.

Jaylah is even more angry to the point of no return, what is this, one or two, so love to give her a hard time.

She did not do anything wrong, but just stepped on the time to come, coincidentally became the last to arrive, which can also be so ironic.

Jaylah's heart was full of fire, but he had to compromise down for the role.

Tia saw Jaylah did not freak out on the spot, finally put down the heart, she does not want to be the princess of the door, by the princess herself to the whole lost.

Fortunately, things went smoothly behind the scenes.

Once the contract was signed, Jaylah was the first to leave.

Rosie, after she left, threw the script on the table and said nonchalantly: "Mr. Snider, this is not the first time we work together, what is the relationship between you and this woman, there are so many good actresses not to use, you have to use such a product, you do not want to make me feel bad?"

Francis looked at Rosie and said, "Naturally, I have my reasons."

Rosie is naturally not satisfied with this answer, directly put the word: "I but put the word here, this woman, I now let her take the scene, but, later I will follow the crew together, if she does not perform up to my requirements, then Mr. Snider, you also do not blame me too many things, I am sure to replace her down. "

Francis laughed at this and had no objection whatsoever.

This, in turn, made Rosie feel very strange, always feeling that Francis was hiding something.

In particular, Francis looked also patted August's shoulder and said to him, "Voyage no., you can take a break from the small number of scenes arranged for you in the early stage."

August is also very suspicious, but did not ask anything more.

After sending August and Rosie away, Francis called Aimee, "I've signed the contract as you said, are you sure you can put me in good hands, I don't want to be in her hands."

Aimee is busy with something, the sound is very noisy, and talking to him is full of coping.

She said, "Don't worry, you won't lose any money."

How could Aimee give such a good thing to Jaylah, especially when the script is so good that whoever shoots it will be a hit?

With Aimee's assurance, Francis was able to rest assured.

He even said to Aimee without fear of death: "Why don't you do it yourself, I think, and don't go looking for someone else for me, I think you are quite suitable."

He used to be bent on getting Aimee into the entertainment industry to be his leading lady.

He is one hundred percent sure that he can make Aimee beautiful and charming, and become the most popular actress.

However, Aimee rejected him mercilessly at every turn.

This time too, Aimee was clearly impatient and said, "Sober up, nothing else, I'm hanging up."

After saying that, he didn't give Francis any chance to speak and hung up the phone directly.

Aimee puts her phone back in her pocket and pushes her way out of the crowd with Matilda.

Matilda straightened out her clothes and just about rolled her eyes at Aimee.

"What's wrong with you? If you want to buy something, just ask someone to buy it, why are you pushing here?" Matilda's eyes fell on her new high heels, which she had only worn for the first time, and they were already trampled on, complaining, "Look at my shoes, my baby, my poor little thing."

“Don’t scream, I’ll buy you another pair.” Aimee said.

She mentioned the chicken that she had managed to snatch up to her previous and carefully surveyed it.

As Matilda said, she might have been out of her mind to come to the supermarket and grab the chicken.

Just now she was really going to be squeezed into a meat pie by those aunts and uncles.

“That’s not necessary, the shoes are not new once you wear them, you just pay me.” Matilda said.

“Yes, I’ll transfer it to you later.” Aimee said with disinterest, as if Matilda’s lion’s share of the money was nothing compared to the black thing she was holding.

Matilda finally did not hold back and rolled her eyes considerably.

She looked at Aimee in amusement, pinching her waist, and said, “I said, just a broken chicken, if you want, I can get you a container, you came to the supermarket to grab it, but now you are still staring at it so precious, what, this chicken is some kind of magic?”

Aimee looked up at her and said, “Of course, it’s for Master Patrick, I cooked it myself.”

Matilda tugged at the corner of her mouth and said nonchalantly, “Master Patrick, what kind of sin is it that you have to eat what you cooked?”

Aimee no longer pay attention to her, said directly: “tomorrow’s auction, Kareem I think I can not handle, you should personally run for me, bring me back the things.”

“Tsk, ts, ts,” Matilda said, looking at Aimee with her arms around her, “I mean, do you have a crush on Master Patrick?”

“What are you talking about?” Aimee wrinkled her eyebrows, very upset at Matilda’s words.

“You don’t like him, and you go to such lengths for him?” Matilda said, “Think for yourself, how long has it been since you’ve used so many people to achieve a goal.”

Asa and Kareem have been sent out, even if Kareem is not the strongest, but how can those who can be chosen to do the work for Aimee be weak?

With Asa at his side, Kareem can only get things done with half the effort.

And, as far as Matilda knew, Aimee had sent another group of people to covertly do a second layer of protection in case Kareem didn’t get the stuff on film, so they could just grab it.

Now she actually has to make a personal trip, something that only happened many years ago when Aimee was in a situation to grab an antique.

Now, it’s actually reenacting what happened years ago in order to cure Patrick.

This had Matilda to think more.

Aimee gave Matilda a breathless look and said, “I’m trying to heal him.”

“Okay, if you say so, I’ll believe so, and I’ll run this trip for you personally.” Matilda said.

Aimee nodded, then did not say anything else, but directly raised his hand to call a cab, “Now you go to the airport, private plane I will arrange for you to catch up, I do not need you to send me back.”

After saying that, Aimee left without looking back.

Matilda looked at the cab, which had disappeared without a trace, and was so angry that she couldn’t cry.

Good guys, really treat her like a tool person.

She fished out her phone and quickly sent a message to Aimee, “Explicit price, \$20 million for the errand, otherwise, no go.”

Almost the next second, she had received a message from the bank.

Aimee transferred 20 million dollars to her bank card.

The corners of Matilda's mouth twitched involuntarily.

She really wanted to know how rich Aimee's family was, and why she didn't care how much she asked for, she would just call the money over without any reaction.

Read Healing my disabled husband novel chapter 28 online free

Aimee returns to Hayden's Mansion and this time, instead of going straight to her room, she goes to the kitchen.

Riley was directing the chef to prepare dinner, saw her enter, froze for a moment, and then asked, "Lady Aimee is there something you want to eat here?"

"No, Riley, I want to cook a soup for Master Patrick myself." Aimee said.

Riley was stunned again, then immediately smiled and made a stove for Aimee and said, "Lady Aimee will make soup here, old Hayden and Master Patrick will be very happy if they know about it."

Aimee laughed and didn't say anything more, already started to wash her hands and make soup.

She's actually a very good cook, having followed her teacher in the mountains as a child, who taught her quite a few recipes, except that she hasn't been in the kitchen since she returned to the Reed family.

Even if there are some times simply not in time for dinner, she did not go to the kitchen to make something for herself to eat, but with some bread and cookies to pad the stomach, the hunger to carry over, and even then.

There are many things that Aimee doesn't want the Reeds to know, and she doesn't want the Reeds to have the opportunity to taunt her, so even though there are times when it feels like she has suffered a lot of aggravation, Aimee still doesn't say much.

The reason why she cooked soup for Patrick today is actually for her own treatment.

Her secret little moves were discovered by Patrick, which led to, among other things, her having some hands tied.

So, today Aimee is going to do something in the soup so that Patrick will be completely asleep when it's time to go to bed, and will not wake up no matter what happens.

But the herbs she wants to put into the soup, and can not let anyone know, so I have to play the role of the wise wife.

Aimee neatly cleaned the chicken and put it in a casserole dish to start the soup.

Riley and the Hayden family chefs were amazed by Aimee's skillful movements.

The chef even exclaimed that Aimee's cooking skills are really very good.

Aimee accepted their compliments openly and took the opportunity to say to Riley, "Riley, from now on, if I get off work early, I will cook for Master Patrick myself, and you can leave this stove empty for me."

The treatment will take a long time, and Aimee doesn't want to make such a hassle, but Patrick is so annoying that she has to fight with her.

Riley was naturally happy to hear that.

To him, this is a sign that Aimee and Patrick are in a good relationship.

He said, "Don't worry, Lady Aimee, I'll make the arrangements. If you need any ingredients, you can also tell me in advance, and I'll ask someone to prepare them in advance."

Riley just looked at Aimee carrying a large bag of things were shocked, this in the Hayden family simply will not happen, Hayden, no one will personally go to the supermarket, the food market to purchase ingredients.

Aimee thanked Riley and said, "Don't bother Riley with this, I'll just go buy it myself."

She still has some ingredients that can't be discovered, let Riley prepare them for her in advance, she those small movements, not revealed.

Riley sniffed and didn't insist, but just felt even more that this Lady Aimee was very good.

At least, for them Master Patrick, is very sincere.

Aimee started making the soup at around 3:00, and it was not until almost 6:00 that the soup was ready.

During the period, a constant stream of fragrance, is really called the crowd unconsciously drooling.

Especially the Hayden family from the seven-star hotel to dig over the chef, has not been able to concentrate on their own dishes, from time to time to Aimee side came together, smelling the soup aroma, always want to explore in the end, in the end Aimee used what the secret recipe, how can be so good smell.

Aimee was very helpless by his action, smiled and said, "Wait for the pot to come out later, you can try it."

"That would be great, I really can't resist the taste." The chef said.

Aimee stares at the casserole, calculating the time, and finally, when the herbs are at their peak, Aimee turns off the heat.

She served the soup in a small tureen, which was intended for Patrick.

As for the rest, it naturally stays for everyone to share.

The old Hayden has already smelled the aroma of coming, a pair of eyes staring straight at the casserole, that look, live as if afraid Aimee will be his old man to miss the general.

Aimee had no choice but to fill the soup and put all the other food for Patrick on the plate before she said to the old Hayden, "Grandpa, you eat first, I'll go take care of Master Patrick for dinner, you don't have to wait for me."

She knew the old Hayden, no matter what time she returned, will always wait for her to eat, she really heart his old man's body.

The old Hayden did want to wait for Aimee together, but before he could say anything, he heard Aimee continue, "Grandpa, this soup must be drunk while

it's hot, if you don't drink it quickly, it won't taste as good later, even if it's heated, it's not as good as it is now."

Once the old Hayden heard this, he stopped insisting.

He said, "Then, girl, you go see Pat first, and grandpa will have the soup first."

Aimee smiles and carries her plate to Patrick's room.

Patrick The bed was shaken up at the moment and he was leaning against it, wondering what he was thinking about.

When he heard the sound of the door opening, his eyes looked over, and when he saw that it was Aimee, a touch of surprise slipped through Patrick's eyes.

In the past, it was the old Hayden who came over at dinner time.

Because, only the old Hayden over, he will take into account the mood of the old Hayden, meaning to eat two bites.

Today the old Hayden is nowhere to be seen, and Patrick's first reaction is that something could have happened to the old Hayden.

He asked in a deep voice, "Where's Grandpa?"

"I'm eating." Aimee answered rightfully, and gave Patrick a breathless look that said, "What else could you be doing at this hour if not eating?"

Patrick felt even more strange, from his accident to now, the old Hayden only after seeing him eat, will be relieved to go to eat.

Otherwise, his old man will also follow the food can not eat.

Although Patrick was happy that the old Hayden was not affected by him today, he always felt a little strange somewhere.

This strange feeling, naturally, originated from this wife of his.

He asked, "What did you do to Grandpa?"

Aimee smiled, gave him a strange look and said, "What do you think, I can do to grandpa?"

She had to wonder if the man had some kind of delusions of grandeur.

Patrick said, "You always said something to Grandpa."

Aimee thought about it and said, "I just told him that the soup wouldn't taste good if it got cold, and Grandpa went to have some soup."

Aimee also looked at Patrick with deliberate provocation and almost said: "You, my grandson, are not as important as a bowl of soup."

Patrick is almost laughing at the way Aimee looks.

He licked his cheeks lightly and said, "You're not so bad, then."

Patrick does want to give Aimee a round of applause for being able to reassure his grandfather that he is in her hands and for not worrying about him and taking care of his stomach first.

Aimee smiled daintily and said, "Thank you Master Patrick for the compliment."

She pulled the tabletop over and put the tray up, and the first thing she opened was the tile jar.

"Try the soup that Grandpa is having, it's delicious." Aimee said.

She ladled a spoonful of soup to Patrick's lips, looking a little smug.

Patrick gave her a deep look before he opened his mouth and downed the soup.

Indeed, as Aimee said, the soup is really good.

And he used to drink all the soup fed to are different, with a different kind of aroma, not weird, but after the entrance, but also let the body have a feeling of relaxation.

Patrick even felt that there was a warm current sliding through his body.

He was sure that his home cook could not make a soup with such a taste.

So, Patrick stared at Aimee and asked, "Did you make this soup?"

Read Healing my disabled husband novel chapter 29 online free

Aimee did not expect Patrick to be so perceptive.

She ladled another spoonful to Patrick's mouth and said, "Isn't that good? I'm still a good cook."

This time, however, Patrick's lips were tightly closed and his eyes were defensive as he looked at Aimee.

"What for? Afraid I'll poison you?" Aimee frowned, annoyed at Patrick's lack of respect.

Patrick said, "It's true, I was afraid you'd do something."

Aimee's eyes flickered, if not for the fact that someone might come in at any moment, she really wanted to squeeze Patrick's mouth and pour the soup in the pot directly.

She said, "Then you don't have to think so, I just have this in mind for you, but not for grandpa, who is drinking now, so you don't have to worry."

Patrick didn't miss the emotion that passed through Aimee's eyes, and he narrowed his eyes, becoming even more certain that Aimee had tampered with the soup.

However, for some reason, Patrick is not averse to this behavior.

On the contrary, the interest is quite strong, very want to see, this looks warm, soft, docile little girl, in the end is all do what.

He also wanted to know how far she could go.

So, the moment Aimee raised her eyes and stared at him, Patrick opened his mouth and drank the soup from the spoon.

Aimee also froze for a moment, not expecting Patrick to be so cooperative.

She stared at Patrick and saw that he didn't look like he was going to dislike her, so she smiled and said, "Don't worry, I won't hurt you."

The implication is that even if she moved, it was for his own good.

Therefore, he can not have any worries.

Patrick didn't say anything else, just ate quietly and meekly what Aimee fed him.

Aimee was calculating the amount of food Patrick was supposed to eat and brought the food over.

Originally, she thought she was going to have to do something to force Patrick to cooperate and eat all the food.

I didn't expect Patrick to be so well behaved.

Once she fed the last bite into Patrick's mouth and put the spoon away, she gave a thumbs up towards Patrick, "Great food, give our Master Patrick a thumbs up."

Patrick instantly full of black lines, this woman, probably toxic.

Is this coaxing him like a kindergartener?

Aimee didn't care that Patrick's face was already very ugly at the moment, she didn't even think about it and said to Patrick, "You also know how to behave, from now on, follow this state today, eat well and don't let grandpa worry about you again."

Although she hadn't been with the Hayden family long, she could see how much the old Hayden had given up for Patrick.

Patrick was stunned at his words, and his gaze fell on Aimee's face for a long time before he said, "You're very considerate of grandpa."

According to the information he had, Aimee had not met her grandfather, let alone had any contact with him, prior to entering the Hayden family.

How is it that these two people can think so much of each other that he has to feel that between the three of them, he is the outsider.

Aimee smiled and dropped her eyelashes, not looking at Patrick.

She said, "Grandpa was pretty good to me, and I cherish that feeling of family."

It was the first time that Aimee had said such a thing in front of Patrick.

It was also the first time that Aimee showed a sense of longing for family and affection in front of people.

Patrick's eyes were deep, taking in Aimee's expression.

the Reeds were not good for her, that much he knew.

That's why she cherished it so much because her grandfather was a little bit nice to her.

Patrick's heart was inexplicably clogged with emotions that he had never felt before, and his heart was pounding with them.

He didn't even notice that he was looking at Aimee with a strong sense of heartache.

The moment Aimee looked up, she met a look from Patrick.

She was surprised for a moment, then smiled and said, "I'll send these back first, and I'll come over later to give you a massage."

Patrick did not make a sound, but his eyes remained on Aimee's face.

Aimee was a little uncomfortable by his stare, and quickly grabbed her tray and left Patrick's room.

It just so happened that the old Hayden had also finished her dinner, and when she saw her coming and saw that all the dishes were empty, the old Hayden's mood got even better.

"Aimee Ah, you've got it figured out, the old man hasn't eaten properly like this in a long time." the old Hayden said.

Aimee said, "Grandpa, don't worry, Master Patrick will eat well from now on."

Although Patrick did not promise her anything, Aimee could feel that Patrick also cared for the old Hayden in his heart.

So, to make the old Hayden happy, he will also eat well in the future.

Aimee is certain of this.

As soon as the old Hayden heard this, he became even happier.

He hurriedly said, “Good Aimee , Grandpa thank you, you are an angel to our family.”

Aimee smiled apologetically and didn't say anything else.

the old Hayden added, “Then you hurry up and have dinner while I go check on Pat.”

“Okay, Grandpa.” Aimee responded and walked towards the dining room.

The old Hayden entered Patrick's room and, inexplicably, felt that Patrick was looking particularly well.

“Pat, how was it? Wasn't the soup good tonight.” the old Hayden said.

Patrick smiled and looked over towards the old Hayden and laughed, “Grandpa, you really like Aimee .”

“She was a good girl, kind and virtuous, and grandpa was naturally pleased with her.” the old Hayden said.

“Grandpa, have you already chosen her.” Patrick said.

It is not a question, but an affirmative sentence.

He later learned that the old Hayden was secretly in contact with various nobles and secretly asked them if they would marry their daughters into the Hayden family and give him a wife.

Although Patrick was not known by every noble lady, before his accident, many nobles used every means to get their daughters to appear in front of him, expecting him to look at anyone.

However, Patrick himself does not have any heart for this kind of thing, but also feel very tired of dealing with these noble ladies, can be sent away, he let Trace to send away.

The kind of encounter does not know the proportion, must come over to provoke him unhappy, he will not hesitate to teach those parents to behave.

So, what kind of women will grandpa contact, Patrick actually has a list in mind.

But, in this list, Aimee is not likely to appear at all.

Even if Grandpa chose the Reed family, it was never Aimee's turn.

Although this can be explained by the fact that the Reed family does not want other daughters to come over and marry a paralyzed, widowed, and maybe one day when he is no longer around, they will really be widowed.

But as long as Grandpa wants it, there is always another way to put them in their place.

Then, grandfather in so many people, the final choice of Aimee , this thing, is in is too bizarre.

He said, "Grandpa, tell me, what kind of magic is in Aimee's body that made you choose her."

The old Hayden knows Patrick's nature too well, and as long as he wants to know something, he's going to get it.

And, don't even think about trying to trick him with any lies.

He glanced at Patrick , finally sighed and said, "Pat, Grandpa doesn't want to tell you, and can't tell you, Grandpa just wants you to know one thing, Aimee is really good, you can't bully her, and you can't be negative to her."

Patrick sunken eyes, seems to be expected the old Hayden will say so, but is not too big reaction.

He just wondered how his grandfather could be so tight-lipped on top of this matter.

This made him even more curious about Aimee.

The desire to peel back her skin layer by layer to see what is contained inside the desire to explore, also more intense up.

Aimee , very well, succeeded in arousing his interest.

Even, let him actually ignite a hope of trying to live.

He won't have any more closure until he gets to the bottom of Aimee.

Read Healing my disabled husband novel chapter 30 online free

Aimee came over to give Patrick a massage as promised.

Of course, before she came over, she had already mixed the solution and put it in the refrigerator for chilling, and when the time came, she returned to the room to get it.

Now, all she had to do was put Patrick into a deep sleep.

Aimee massaged Patrick's legs and didn't bother to chat with him, not even to give him a look.

Only, Patrick's unapologetic gaze was falling straight on her face in a hot, white way.

Aimee is speechless, I do not understand what the old Hayden and Patrick talked about during her meal, how to make his eyes seem to grow into her face in general?

And, Aimee didn't know what was going on, she always had a strange feeling that Patrick seemed to be trying to compete with her to see who would fall asleep first.

Obviously, according to her plan, at this time, Patrick should be feeling sleepy and ready to go to sleep.

But this man's eyes, but like a cheetah, there is no trace of sleepiness.

Aimee was finally made uncomfortable by the stare, so she turned her head to look at Patrick and asked, "Master Patrick, aren't you sleepy?"

"Not sleepy yet." Patrick said.

Aimee wrinkled her brow unnoticeably, really depressed about it.

She clearly just ran into the old Hayden when the old Hayden was yawning and saying he was going to bed early today.

How come with Patrick, he doesn't seem to be affected by the drugs in the soup at all?

Patrick looked at her expression with amusement and asked, "What's wrong? I'm supposed to be sleepy?"

"Huh?" Aimee came back to her senses and immediately shook her head, saying, "I just thought that it was time for you to take a break."

"What about you?" Patrick asked.

Aimee said, "Me? I'm here with you, of course."

She had decided today that she would stay here with Patrick and make sure she was asleep before taking the next step.

Otherwise, she is not sure of her heart.

"You're not resting?" Patrick asked.

Aimee said, "I'll wait for you to fall asleep and go back to sleep."

"If you're sleepy, you can go back to sleep now." Patrick said.

Aimee immediately shook her head and said, "I'm not sleepy, I'm really not sleepy."

This, she did not lie at all.

She only needs one or two hours of sleep a day, and as long as she gets one or two hours of sleep, she won't feel sleepy at all.

Unless, she has not slept for 30 or 40 hours in a row and, after consuming a lot of physical energy, she will be exhausted to the point of exhaustion.

The normal daily routine is not a burden to her at all.

When Patrick heard her say that, he gestured for her to sit aside.

Aimee gave Patrick a strange look, but in the end, she sat down in a good manner, playing the soft and innocent to the fullest.

Patrick said, "Counting up, you married me for a few days, I did not give you a wedding, nor did I do a little bit of responsibility as a husband to you, even the marriage certificate, it is grandfather directly get it done, you are not angry at all?"

Aimee was stunned, not expecting Patrick to start talking to her.

She stared at Patrick for half a day to make sure he really just wanted to know what she thought and didn't mean anything else before she said, "I'm not angry, on the contrary, I think it's fine."

Hayden family atmosphere, and Reed family completely different, although, she now only with the old Hayden, Patrick get along more, at most only met Casey, as for the rest of the Hayden family, she has not met, and do not understand, and not sure if they will accept herself.

However, in the current situation, Aimee is really satisfied.

The warmth that the old Hayden gave her was the only thing she had except for the years she was with her teacher, and after that, she never had it again.

This long-lost warmth makes Aimee crave and want to grab it.

As for Patrick, the husband is even better for Aimee.

She doesn't need him to do any husbandly duties at all, but rather because he can't move now, it gives Aimee special satisfaction.

If it were a normal man, Aimee would instead have to think about how to defend herself against him.

However, these words, Aimee naturally will not say out to Patrick.

Patrick, however, was blessed to have understood what Aimee meant when she said it was good.

He lightly licked his cheeks, then snorted and said, "I see you do not look like a money grubber, Hayden family in addition to money, I do not know what can give you, Aimee, can you tell me, why you agreed to marry me."

Aimee raised her eyelashes towards Patrick and said frankly, "It's my grandfather's order, I have no way to resist."

When she said this, her tone became very cold.

However, Patrick doesn't think that Aimee said yes just for that reason.

If she really didn't want to, there are 10,000 ways to stir up the marriage, there is no need to compromise anything with Mason.

Patrick said, "So am I to understand that you can say yes to any family as long as it gets you out of the Reed family, any family."

Aimee's lips are taut and straight, her gaze is unblinking as she looks at Patrick, but ultimately she says nothing.

Indeed, there doesn't seem to be anything wrong with this reason, either.

Deep in her heart, she should indeed think so.

However, even though Aimee didn't say anything, she saw Patrick's expression become extraordinarily sarcastic.

His voice also cooled down, "So, you're actually looking forward to my death now, right? Or are you going to hold back for a few years and then divorce me?"

Patrick's voice and words were extraordinarily mean, and even the way he looked at Aimee was a kind of indifference that he had never seen before.

Even the first time we met, she was brought in by the old Hayden, Patrick's gaze was not so cold.

Aimee inexplicably stiffened her entire body.

She opened her mouth to say something, but in the end, nothing came out.

But her appearance, in Patrick's eyes, turned out to be so speechless because she had been poked at her innermost thoughts.

His heart instantly became even more clogged.

From just now has been blocked, and now even feel a heartache.

Patrick looked away and continued to say to Aimee in the most indifferent voice: "You don't have to do anything for me, I can give you time to take care of your business with the Reed family, and when you do, I'll help you talk to Grandpa, we'll get a divorce, and you'll be free to leave the Hayden family. "

Aimee bit her lip, trying to explain something, but she couldn't say anything.

She stood up, her eyelashes drooping, and said, "I understand, don't worry, I won't do anything to overstep my bounds, if, you hate me to this extent, no need to condescend like this, I'll go and talk to grandpa."

Patrick's eyes deepened for a few moments, but he was exasperated by Aimee's words.

Good one Aimee, is deliberately misrepresenting him, or deliberately trying to give him a hard time, and now has the audacity to dump the pot on him.

Patrick, if he could move now, would want to grab Aimee and take a good look at her complicated little head, what kind of unbelievable things are inside it that would make her say such irritating things.

Aimee doesn't care what Patrick is thinking, she just knows that she doesn't want to pay attention to him right now anyway.

So, she said, "I won't disturb your rest, you go to bed early and have a good night."

After saying that, Aimee left without looking back.

Patrick looked in the direction of Aimee's departure and was so angry that his teeth clenched and his anger flared.

He yelled at Trace in his headset, "Haven't you finished with The Growlers yet? You're so slow to get things done!"

Trace ran in warily, dropping his head, and said to Patrick, "Master Patrick, we've been actively contacting The Growlers' people, only, The Growlers are really over the top and are now asking for 1.6 billion outright."

"Didn't I already make you guys promise? What, is \$1.6 billion out of reach?" Patrick said.

Trace shook his head and said, "Master Patrick, of course sixteen billion can be easily taken out, we are ready, but the people of The Growlers just do not give the account, we can not remit, now we have to wait for them."

Patrick was so angry that he laughed, stared at Trace for a long time, and said, "Trace, Trace, you have been with me for so many years, and now you tell me that the way to do things, is to wait? Do you not want to do it anymore."

"I'm sorry Master Patrick , it's my fault." Trace became even more powerless, how could he know that this person of The Growlers, could be so difficult to deal with.

Especially, now have negotiated the terms, The Growlers side is still stuck, clearly is deliberately and they take Joe.

Trace is also half-popular with The Growlers, but they're asking for it.

Patrick is speechless, and naturally understands the abilities of his men, which would not have been forced into this state if they had not really encountered a problem.

After a long silence, Patrick said, "Go get ready and bring my computer here tomorrow."

Trace looked up at Patrick momentarily and asked tentatively, "Master Patrick , which computer are you talking about?"

Patrick felt like he wouldn't be angry about anything else happening today.

This one or two, both rely on his inability to move, here to challenge his limits.

He gritted his teeth and said, "What do you think?"

Trace was immediately blessed and realized which one Patrick was referring to.

His eyes lit up with excitement as he said, "Master Patrick , you are finally ready to make your move."

"And get the hell out of there and do your job." Patrick said.

He really doesn't want to see this guy again.

It's really an eyesore.

Trace, not caring that Patrick was angry, immediately said, "Yes, Master Patrick, I'm on my way."