

Chapter 4 Don't be Haughty - Healing my disabled husband - Tracy Swift

Aimee arrived back at the Read household in the afternoon. As soon as she stepped inside, she spotted her sister, Jaylah Read, seated on the couch, engrossed in a picture book and sketching on it.

Upon noticing Aimee's presence, Jaylah rolled her eyes and taunted, her voice filled with smugness, "Heard you paid a visit to the Hayden family. How was it? How did they treat you?"

Despite Jaylah's delight in witnessing Aimee's situation, she maintained a superficial politeness.

Aimee lifted her gaze, her tone gentle, "Quite well."

At least Camdyn had been kind to her.

Jaylah scrutinized Aimee's expression, noticing her lack of arrogance, and felt relieved. She set the book aside and commented, "Aimee, marrying Patrick Hayden might not be such a bad idea for you. You're so consumed by your job. How can an ordinary man handle that? But with him, you can do as you please, with complete freedom."

Aimee remained silent. She had grown accustomed to Jaylah's sarcastic remarks, and they no longer affected her.

She patiently awaited Jaylah's next words, knowing that there was always an ulterior motive behind her sister's rare display of patience.

Sure enough, Jaylah didn't beat around the bush. She directly stated, "Now that you're married into the Hayden family, they're our family too. You know that Globalhive Pictures is managed by Patrick Hayden's brother, Miles Hayden. I'm planning to act in a television drama, and the lead role would suit me perfectly. We're relatives now, Aimee. Go talk to Miles Hayden and make sure he gives me that role."

Aimee furrowed her brow, taken aback by Jaylah's audacious demand.

After a moment of contemplation, she pursed her lips and responded, "Jaylah, I only met Camdyn Hayden and Patrick Hayden earlier. As for the gentleman you mentioned, I might not have the chance to meet him."

Even if she did encounter him, she doubted she would have the opportunity to discuss such matters.

Jaylah grew immediately furious upon hearing Aimee's apparent rejection.

"What's gotten into you? You're not even married yet, but you're already defending them. Remember, I'm your sister. Our family has supported you all this time, and you're finding excuses to refuse such a small favor. Do you want to be an ungrateful person?" Jaylah rose from the couch, her gentle facade long gone.

"Let me make this clear, Aimee. You have to sort this out for me. If you can't meet Miles Hayden, then go talk to Camdyn Hayden. I don't believe Miles Hayden would refuse when given an order." With those words, Jaylah stormed off upstairs.

Aimee finally furrowed her brow. Dealing with Jaylah, who had always been self-centered, presented a challenge.

After lingering in the living room for a while, Aimee retreated to her own room.

She fetched an old suitcase, packed some of her belongings, and departed from the Read household.

Originally, Aimee hadn't planned on moving to the Hayden Mansion so soon, but her curiosity regarding the instruments in Patrick's room compelled her, almost wishing she had wings to fly there.

However, she was aware that Patrick didn't hold her in high regard. Once her belongings were arranged, Aimee snuck into Patrick's room at one o'clock in the dead of night.

Silently and cautiously, she treaded the room barefoot, ensuring her steps wouldn't wake the person lying in bed.

Aimee fixated her gaze on Patrick's face for a prolonged moment, confirming his slumber, before turning her attention to one of the instruments.

The thick darkness in the room didn't impede her in the slightest.

It was her hidden talent, unaffected by the dark, allowing her to read, write, and see without hindrance.

Furthermore, she didn't require lengthy hours of sleep. Merely an hour or two would suffice to restore her energy completely.

However, in order to navigate life in the Read household more smoothly, Aimee had carefully concealed her exceptional abilities.

In this moment, as Aimee traversed Patrick's room, it felt as if she were strolling in daylight.

She refrained from touching any of the instruments, instead meticulously observing each one, noting their functions and modes.

Aimee didn't linger for too long. After all, it was her first time entering Patrick's room, and she took great care not to disturb his slumber.

Fortunately, once Aimee had finished observing all the instruments, she cast another glance at Patrick, reassured by his peaceful sleep.

Aimee hesitated for a moment, then made her way to Patrick's bedside to check on him.

His complexion appeared extremely pale, truly resembling that of an ill person.

However, in general, individuals with high-level paralysis tend to experience weight loss after prolonged periods of lying down, even if they don't look emaciated.

Patrick's physique remained quite muscular.

Aimee didn't dwell on it too much, assuming that Camdyn invested significant resources in providing nutrition to maintain Patrick's physical condition.

She couldn't help but think of the elderly man who still worried about his grandson even at his age.

Letting out a soft sigh, Aimee muttered under her breath, "Don't become arrogant just because you're loved. Don't make Grandpa sad."

If her own grandfather showed even a fraction of the care and concern that Camdyn had for Patrick, she wouldn't be able to bear hurting his feelings.

As Aimee quietly left Patrick's room in the darkness, unbeknownst to her, he, who was supposed to be asleep in bed, suddenly opened his eyes.

His gaze swept coldly across the room, yet in the darkness, he couldn't discern anything out of the ordinary.

In truth, Patrick had awakened when Aimee entered the room.

He could have said something to startle her, but he refrained.

He wanted to see what Aimee had in mind, what the purpose was behind this woman whom Grandpa had hired to be his wife, someone who was willing to endure mistreatment as a servant within the Hayden family.

Instinctively, Patrick already viewed Aimee as a potential threat. He even entertained the thought that if Aimee had attacked him just now, it might have been a relief. If he were to die, everything would cease, no longer burdening him.

Little did he expect that, after waiting for a while, Aimee made no hostile moves. She had merely approached him once and advised him not to be arrogant.

Patrick squinted slightly, finding this woman truly perplexing.

His assistant's voice, Trace Short, came through his headset, "Mr. Hayden, should we apprehend her?"

"No, just keep a close watch on her," replied Patrick.