

Chapter 5 Expect some changes - Healing my disabled husband - Tracy Swift

Trace had always been obedient to Patrick's orders, which was why he refrained from taking any action when he discovered Aimee's presence in the room.

As soon as Patrick woke up from the operation, a small earpiece was implanted in his ear, allowing his assistants to listen to his commands at any given moment.

These assistants were like brothers to Patrick, having faced numerous perilous situations together over the past decade. After what had happened to Patrick, they all desired retribution.

However, Patrick had instructed them not to reveal themselves unless he specifically ordered them to, regardless of what they witnessed in his room.

But even though this woman had been brought in as Patrick's wife by Camdyn, Trace and the others remained hostile towards her.

Trace suggested, "Mr. Hayden, if you don't like her, I can have someone take care of her."

Patrick furrowed his brow, a sense of inexplicable darkness flickering in his eyes.

"We live in a society governed by law, and we are civilized people," he stated.

Trace fell silent, feeling a sense of unease creeping over him.

Patrick never admonished his enemies to be civilized individuals.

Sensing the hint of danger, Trace refrained from speaking further and simply said, "Mr. Hayden, rest well."

Patrick remained wordless, his gaze fixed on the ceiling.

He truly wished to uncover the woman's true intentions, who had sent her, and what connection she had to the person seeking his demise.

Unaware that Patrick had taken notice of her actions and regarded her with suspicion, Aimee returned to her room and promptly located a stack of white cardboard. She spread them out on the floor and began to draw.

Using her memory as a reference, she meticulously sketched all the instruments she had seen.

It was the only solution she could think of.

Aimee couldn't immediately operate the instruments in Patrick's room because she hadn't yet examined Patrick's case, and her knowledge of these instruments was limited. Adjusting the buttons recklessly could potentially harm Patrick's recovery.

Therefore, Aimee decided that until she thoroughly understood how these instruments functioned, she wouldn't attempt to use them directly. Instead, she would create miniaturized versions herself.

Tonight, she had documented the functions of all the instruments and drawn detailed blueprints. Once she acquired the necessary materials the following day, she could start building them herself.

Another talent of Aimee's was her remarkable ability to replicate anything she had seen with precise accuracy.

Though she couldn't engage in research and invention, Aimee excelled in imitation.

Regrettably, since returning to the Read family, she had never had the opportunity to utilize this talent again.

After she finished her drawings, dawn had already arrived. Aimee folded the sketches and tucked them into her backpack.

She had another surgery scheduled for this morning, so she would have to ask someone to purchase the materials on her behalf.

Thus, Aimee departed two hours earlier than her usual time for work, turning into an alley near the hospital and stopping at an ordinary breakfast shop.

The owner of the breakfast shop was a woman in her forties. When she saw Aimee enter, she greeted her warmly, "Good morning, Aimee. Bread and milk, as usual?"

Aimee nodded and settled herself at a table near the kitchen.

She placed her bag on the floor and engaged in friendly conversation with the owner, pretending that nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

"Lydia, could you add more cheese, please?" Aimee requested.

Lydia responded with a smile and brought over the bread and milk within a few minutes.

Aimee picked up the bread and took a bite, savoring its deliciousness as always.

After finishing her breakfast and settling the bill, Aimee said to Lydia, "I'll exit through the back door to do some shopping."

Normally, she entered and exited through the main entrance, as it was close to the hospital gate.

Only on rare occasions, when Aimee needed to grab some groceries from a small supermarket behind it, she would inform Lydia and slip through the kitchen's back door. Otherwise, she would have to take a longer route.

Lydia sighed, "Alright, how many times have I told you? You don't need to let me know about these things."

Aimee flashed a smile, didn't linger, and made her way into the kitchen.

As she walked, she pulled out some sketches from her bag, which contained a detailed list. She then stashed the list in one of the kitchen cabinets.

Without wasting a moment, Aimee continued walking briskly.

She headed to the supermarket, bought a packet of sugar, and then proceeded to the hospital.

Everything unfolded as usual, smooth and flawless.

After Patrick heard Trace's report, his suspicion grew stronger.

Trace explained, "Mr. Hayden, Miss Read does visit that breakfast shop before every operation. So, despite having breakfast with your grandfather this morning, she only had a glass of milk and a piece of bread. It might be her way of boosting her spirits."

Patrick's frown deepened upon hearing this, "Might be?" His gaze fixated on a spot on the chandelier as he spoke coldly, "Trace, since when did you start relying on guesswork to make judgments?"

Even through the screen, Trace could sense his boss's displeasure, and he quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Hayden. It's my mistake."

He knew better than anyone else that Patrick detested such speculative judgments. Today, he had truly slipped up.

Patrick instructed, "Keep monitoring."

"Understood," Trace promptly replied.

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Aimee's surgery that day was a simple one, completed in just half an hour.

She wasn't on duty and wasn't initially assigned to perform this operation. However, due to a family emergency involving another doctor, she was asked to step in and help.

After the operation, Aimee left the hospital.

She went straight to a shopping mall, indulging in the typical female experience of browsing and buying clothes and shoes she liked.

After spending the entire afternoon shopping, Aimee slipped into a bathroom within the mall. There, she changed into the new clothes, along with some items someone had prepared for her in advance. Finally, she hailed a taxi and returned to Hayden's Mansion.

Coincidentally, as Aimee arrived, Camdyn emerged from Patrick's room and noticed the bags she carried. Curiously, he inquired, "Went shopping, did you?"

"Yes, Grandpa," Aimee replied, "I bought some new clothes and I'm looking forward to some changes."

Camdyn didn't show any disapproval and simply suggested, "Can you go and talk to Pat later? I hope you can reach out to him first and the two of you can bond."