

## Chapter 7 Seeing you as an eyesore - Healing my disabled husband - Tracy Swift

At one o'clock in the night, Aimee stealthily entered Patrick's room, enveloped in darkness.

She had spent some time assembling the instruments in her room according to the blueprints, but she encountered a problem.

There was a circuit that puzzled her. Despite following the instructions she had written down the previous night, the circuit seemed to contain a piece of data that served no purpose. Regardless of whether it was connected or not, it had no effect on the overall functionality of the instrument.

Aimee began to doubt if she had made a memory error and recalled the wrong circuit configuration. However, with her photographic memory, such a deviation was unlikely.

Determined to get to the bottom of it, Aimee returned to Patrick's room once again.

Just like the previous night, Patrick slept soundly, his deep breathing filling the room. Aimee could tell that he was in a deep slumber, possibly even having pleasant dreams.

Feeling slightly bolder tonight, Aimee approached Patrick's bedside after confirming his deep sleep.

She gazed down at his serene sleeping face, pursed her lips, and muttered softly, "Such a handsome face. Why must you be so infuriating and harbor thoughts of bullying me? Wishful thinking."

After saying that, Aimee raised her small fist and shook it in front of Patrick's forehead, whispering, "You're fortunate that you're currently a patient, and I'm a kind-hearted doctor. Otherwise, I'd give you a good beating."

Imagining the scene of Patrick being beaten and begging for mercy on his knees, Aimee couldn't help but burst into laughter.

She quickly covered her mouth, guiltily staring at Patrick. Ensuring he hadn't stirred, she quietly stepped back a few paces.

She had gotten carried away for a moment, and it had been quite risky.

"Aimee, Aimee, don't forget what the teacher told you," she reminded herself, squeezing her fingers and adjusting her breathing.

With cautious steps, Aimee moved towards the instruments, this time not merely observing them with her eyes but actually pressing a button.

Her actions sent shockwaves through Trace and the others on the other side of the screen.

Everyone abruptly stood up, their gazes fixed on Aimee. Someone even rushed to the door, raising their hand to grasp the doorknob.

If it weren't for Trace's timely gesture, they would have already rushed in to apprehend Aimee.

One person couldn't contain his anxiety any longer. "Trace, if you don't intervene, Mr. Hayden will..."

Trace cast a sidelong glance at the individual, then shifted his attention back to the screen, observing Aimee's next move.

These instruments were equipped with alarm systems. The moment anything abnormal was detected in Patrick's body, an alarm would sound.

Trace hesitated, wondering if it would be too late for them to intervene once the alarm went off.

However, Patrick had made it clear that unless he gave the order, they were not to interfere with anything Aimee did.

Patrick wanted to handle Aimee himself, and Trace understood that.

He couldn't disregard his boss' instructions and jeopardize their operation just because of his concerns.

For now, all they could do was wait.

The expected alarm failed to go off, and Aimee's actions seemed inconsequential. She had simply pressed a button on the instrument twice before leaving Patrick's room.

Patrick opened his eyes and stared at the spot where Aimee had stood for a while before asking Trace, "Did you see what she did?"

Trace promptly replied, "Mr. Hayden, Miss Read pressed a button twice."

"Come here," Patrick ordered.

In a matter of seconds, Trace appeared in Patrick's room.

Patrick instructed him to press the same button that Aimee had pressed, but nothing abnormal occurred.

Trace suggested, "Mr. Hayden, should we apprehend Miss Read and interrogate her about her intentions?"

As soon as the words left his mouth, Patrick regarded him as if he were a fool.

"Then why don't you just ask her when she plans to kill me?" Patrick retorted.

Realizing the foolishness of his suggestion, Trace immediately lowered his head, expressing his remorse.

If Aimee truly intended harm, confronting her in that manner would only drive her away.

"Apologies, Mr. Hayden. I made a stupid suggestion," Trace admitted.

"Go back. You're a nuisance," Patrick dismissed him.

Trace left the room promptly, raising his hand to pat his forehead, feeling regretful for his mistake.

Meanwhile, back in her own room, Aimee carefully re-examined the miniature instrument.

As it turned out, her memory of the instrument and its wiring in Patrick's room was accurate.

But that was precisely the issue.

It was unscientific. No matter how she analyzed this precise instrument, there was a button that served no purpose whatsoever.

After disassembling the circuit once more, studying it meticulously, Aimee arrived at a conclusion—someone had tampered with the instrument. They intended to keep Patrick permanently paralyzed in bed, even employing these instruments as part of the treatment. Due to the non-functional button, the instrument's effectiveness had been significantly reduced, if not completely reversed. It was highly likely that Patrick's condition would gradually deteriorate, leading to his eventual demise.

Aimee furrowed her brows. Although it was merely her conjecture, she had a strong intuition that her hypothesis was about 90% accurate.

So, who could be behind this?

Someone who sought to render Patrick severely paralyzed while orchestrating his death without arousing suspicion.

Suddenly, Aimee felt an intense urge to uncover the truth. She didn't want Patrick to die.

Perhaps it was the warmth and precious family affection she had received from Camdyn that made her incapable of witnessing such a beloved grandfather lose his cherished grandson and suffer such agony.

For the first time, Aimee felt compelled to break her promise to her teacher. The desire to heal him overwhelmed her.

With this determination in mind, Aimee no longer hesitated.

She retrieved a notebook from her old suitcase and swiftly flipped through the pages.

In Patrick's case, she recalled her teacher once successfully treating a similar condition.

To her knowledge, the patient in question had not been in good physical shape. However, after their recovery, they became obsessed with various extreme sports well into their sixties or seventies.

Although Patrick's condition was more severe, Aimee firmly believed there was a possibility for him to recover.

However, the first prerequisite was for her to thoroughly study the instruments and understand how to reestablish the circuit that had been tampered with.

Aimee found the treatment method documented in the notebook her teacher had given her, and she began studying the instruments anew.

Finally, in the broad daylight, Aimee tested the correct circuit connection on herself.

Yet, her arm was jolted by a powerful current, causing her left arm to go numb until she lost consciousness. The area where the magnetic sheet had been attached also turned a purplish hue due to the electrification of the skin.