

Healing my disabled husband novel chapter 7

At one o'clock in the night, Aimee entered Patrick's room in the dark again.

Party, she had already started assembling the instrument in her room according to the drawings, only, in one of them, she encountered a problem.

There was one line, and although it was fine to assemble it as written down last night, the instrument still worked fine, but Aimee found that one of the data on this line was simply a fiddle, whether it was connected or not, there would be no change.

This made Aimee wonder if she had made a memory error and misremembered the location of the line.

But there is no way that her unforgettable skills could have come up with such a deviation.

With the principle that she had to find out what was going on, Aimee went to Patrick's room again.

As last night, Patrick slept very peacefully, and she even heard his sleeping breathing, so she could tell that he was sleeping very well, and even, most likely, he was having a nice dream at the moment.

Aimee was a little more daring tonight, and made sure Patrick was sleeping soundly, so she went straight to the bedside.

She looked down at Patrick's sleeping face, nudged her mouth, and muttered in a small voice, "You have such a good-looking face, but your mouth is so bad, and you want to bully me, you want to be beautiful."

Aimee also raised her fist and shook it on Patrick's forehead, whispering, "Just be glad you're a patient now, my girl is a healer, or I'll beat you up."

Maybe it's the image of Patrick being beaten to his knees and begging for mercy, Aimee also let out a giggle.

She jerked her hand over her mouth and stared sheepishly at Patrick, making sure he hadn't heard her, before taking a few silent steps back.

It was so close, I actually got carried away for a while.

"Aimee ah Aimee , don't forget what the teacher has explained."

Aimee squeezed her fingers and adjusted her breathing before gingerly moving to the instrument.

This time, Aimee did not just observe the instrument with her eyes, but went straight to the button with her hands.

This action, directly called the screen at the end of Trace and other people stunned.

The crowd rose to their feet, their eyes fixed on Aimee, and some even rushed to the door and raised their hands to grasp the doorknob.

If Trace hadn't signaled in time, they would have rushed over and subdued Aimee.

Someone has sulked, "Trace , if we don't act, Master Patrick will"

Trace glanced across at the man, his eyes falling back to the screen, watching Aimee's next move.

These instruments, which are equipped with alarm facilities, will immediately sound whenever there is an abnormality in Patrick's body.

Trace also hesitated whether it was too late for them to rush over when the alarm went off.

Only, before Master Patrick instructed them, no matter what Aimee do, as long as there is no instruction from him, can not come out.

Master Patrick wanted to get a hold of Aimee, and Trace knew it well.

He cannot disregard his master's orders in vain and spoil his master's business just because he is worried about him.

So, all that can be done now is to wait.

However, the expected alarm did not go off, and Aimee did not do much, she just pressed a button on the instrument twice and left Patrick's room.

Patrick opened his eyes and stared at the spot where Aimee had been for a long time before he asked, "See what she did?"

Trace immediately replied, "Master Patrick , Miss Read pressed a button twice."

"You come over here," Patrick said.

In just three seconds, Trace was already in Patrick's room.

Patrick asked him to press the button Aimee had pressed again and found nothing unusual.

Trace asked, "Master Patrick, should we just bring Miss Read in and ask her what she's up to."

At the end of the sentence, Trace saw Patrick looking at himself with a look of foolishness.

Patrick said, "Well, why don't you just ask her what's ready to kill me?"

Trace immediately dropped his head, realizing that he had made the stupidest suggestion.

If Aimee really wants to harm Patrick, then if he does that, he will definitely spook the snake.

Trace said, "I'm sorry, Master Patrick, it was foolish of me."

"Get back in there and see that you're an eyesore," Patrick said.

Trace immediately exited the room and raised his hand to slap on his own head, what a pig brain.

On the other hand, Aimee went back to her room and studied the mini-instrument again.

It turned out that the instrument in Patrick's house, that line, she hadn't misremembered.

It's just that that's the problem.

A sophisticated instrument like that has a button that does absolutely nothing, how to think, is not scientific.

Aimee took the line apart again, studied it carefully for half a day, and came to the conclusion that the instrument had been tampered with, that someone wanted Patrick to be paralyzed in bed forever, and even that the instrument used to treat Patrick, because one of its functions was not used, its effectiveness was greatly reduced, or even the opposite, and it was likely that it would directly make Patrick suffered chronic effects, slowly deteriorating and gradually dying.

Aimee's brow was furrowed, and although the possibility was still only her guess, she had a strong feeling that the chances of her guessing were as high as 90 percent.

So, who could it be?

It is not enough to make Patrick paraplegic, but also to use this unnoticed way to make Patrick die.

With a sudden rush of excitement in her heart, Aimee did not want Patrick to die.

Perhaps, because the old Hayden to her affection is too warm and precious, so she can not bear to see so a dying old man white hair to send the black hair, to bear that pain.

Aimee wanted to break her promise to her teacher for the first time and wanted to heal someone so strongly.

With this in mind, Aimee didn't hesitate.

She took out a notebook from inside her old suitcase and quickly looked through its contents.

Patrick Such a case, she remembered that the teacher had cured one once.

As far as he knows, that one's physical condition is not too good, after recovery, until 60 or 70 years old, are indulging in various extreme sports.

Patrick's condition is a bit more severe than his, but Aimee still believes that a cure is possible.

However, the primary prerequisite for this has to be that she first study the instrument to understand exactly how to link the line that was tampered with.

Aimee had already found the treatment in the notebook her teacher had given her, and she resumed her study of the instruments.

Finally, at dawn, Aimee tried out the correct way to link the line on her own.

Only, her arm was electrified by a strong current, making her left arm numb to the point of loss of consciousness, and the skin of the place where the magnetic sheet was attached, was also electrified into a blue-purple color. 7