

Chapter 8 Worth my effort to find her - Healing my disabled husband - Tracy Swift

Aimee stared at her arm for a while, pouting with disappointment. She had hoped to dedicate herself to medicine, but her attempt to connect the circuit had resulted in an electric shock and temporary numbness in her arm. It took her some time to recover from the shock.

Aimee decided to hide the evidence of her experiment and went into the bathroom to freshen up. Aware that her electrified skin shouldn't be exposed, she found a long-sleeved shirt to wear.

When she entered the dining room, Camdyn noticed her attire and asked, "Aimee, it's nearly 40 degrees today. Aren't you feeling hot in those clothes?"

"Grandpa, I'm not feeling hot," Aimee replied.

In reality, her body had a unique condition that prevented her from feeling cold but left her susceptible to heat. To alleviate her discomfort, she had applied an ice patch to her back, which helped with the heat while wearing long sleeves.

Because of Patrick, she had taken these precautions. Aimee stirred the polenta in her bowl and noticed that Camdyn had already finished his breakfast. Setting down her spoon, she looked at him and said, "Grandpa, there's something I want to discuss with you."

Camdyn inquired, "What is it?"

"I want to try and heal Mr. Hayden's body, Grandpa," Aimee declared.

Camdyn was momentarily stunned by her words before responding, "Aimee, it's not that I don't trust you. I know you're a talented doctor. However, I've consulted renowned doctors from around the world for Pat's condition, but nothing has worked. Aimee, I don't want to be disappointed once again."

Aimee pursed her lips, understanding Camdyn's concerns fully. She explained, "Grandpa, I'm not promising that I can definitely cure Mr. Hayden. I simply want to help him as a doctor. By doing so, his health won't deteriorate further until you find a more capable doctor. I can ensure his discomfort is minimized, and his body will be better prepared for future treatments."

Camdyn nodded gratefully and looked at Aimee, saying, "Aimee, I'm genuinely happy that you're willing to treat Pat."

Aimee smiled and replied, "Grandpa, you know Mr. Hayden's aversion to doctors. I'm afraid he'll be very angry if I reveal my profession."

While Aimee could treat Patrick secretly, her profession as a doctor couldn't remain a secret. Cooperation with Camdyn was necessary in some instances. After much contemplation, Aimee decided it was best to be transparent with Camdyn first.

Camdyn understood Aimee's intentions and nodded. He said, "Alright, let's tell Pat today. If he dares to lose his temper with you, I'll help you handle him."

Aimee smiled and thanked Camdyn, "Thank you, Grandpa. I'll get to work now. When I return in the evening, I'll study Mr. Hayden's case and develop a treatment plan for him."

Camdyn nodded, relieved, as he watched Aimee leave the room.

The butler, Riley, remarked, "Mr. Hayden, I didn't expect Miss Read to be so caring."

Camdyn glanced at him and replied, "She's not like the rest of the Reads. She's worth the effort I put into finding her as Pat's wife."

"Mr. Hayden, your approach is quite risky. What if the Read family sends another woman?" Riley expressed his concern.

"You still don't understand them well enough. They fear losing valuable opportunities. Marrying Pat would mean a life of a widow, and they're not willing to sacrifice their own lives like that," Camdyn explained.

Riley sighed but said no more.

Fortunately, things were progressing according to Camdyn's plan, which was the best outcome in a difficult situation.

Aimee spent the day working in the outpatient department, diagnosing patients without taking breaks. She hastily ate a piece of bread during her

lunch break, neglecting to drink water. She devoted her entire lunch break to researching a treatment plan for Patrick.

Finally, it was time to finish work, and Aimee removed her white coat and hurriedly left the hospital. As she stood on the road, she was about to hail a cab using her mobile phone when a car pulled up in front of her. The driver's window rolled down, and a man poked his head out, asking, "Dr. Read, where are you headed? I can give you a ride."

"No, Dr. Thomas, my car will be here shortly," Aimee declined.

She raised her mobile phone to show that she had already ordered a car, which was on its way.

Liam Thomas seemed particularly persistent with Aimee today, insisting that she take his car. "Dr. Read, we're colleagues. You don't have to reject everyone like this. I'm just offering you a ride, nothing more."

Aimee didn't want to waste any more words with him; she was growing increasingly irritated. She replied, "Dr. Thomas, I'm really in a hurry. I won't trouble you. I'll go ahead. Goodbye."

Coincidentally, the car she had ordered arrived, and without looking back, Aimee got into the car. She quickly informed the driver of her destination and then lowered her head to type a message on her mobile phone.

The driver kept an eye on the road and soon noticed a black Land Rover tailing them. He spoke up, "Hey, young lady, did you have a fight with your boyfriend? The car behind us has been following."

Based on what he had seen when they were talking earlier, he assumed they were very familiar with each other. Their good looks and pleasant company made him naturally think of them as a couple.

Aimee turned her head upon hearing this and saw Liam's car trailing behind them. She tapped a few times on her mobile phone, sent a message, and then said to the driver, "He's not my boyfriend. He's just a colleague. Maybe he needs to go in the same direction."

Hearing Aimee's calm tone and seeing that she wasn't angered, the driver realized he had jumped to conclusions. He didn't say anything further.

However, as they made a turn, a loud crash came from behind them. The driver instinctively glanced in the rearview mirror and saw the Land Rover colliding with a pickup truck.

The truck's tires were still spinning in place. It appeared that the brakes had failed, and the Land Rover had dented the truck's body. The scene was one of tragedy.

Aimee also heard the noise from behind, but she didn't show the slightest curiosity. She remained focused on her phone screen.

The driver had initially wanted to strike up a conversation with her, expressing his sympathy for the truck's unfortunate situation. However, Aimee was clearly engrossed in her phone, indicating a strong addiction to the internet.

The driver sighed, feeling slightly irritated.

Aimee glanced at the message on her phone. It was a conversation she had with someone named Matilda Duncan.

Aimee said: Stop him.

Matilda replied: The fly is caught. Bring me the money.