

## Healing 171

### chapter 171

Aimee's face was pinched by Patrick, and he deliberately used a lot of force, which made Aimee's cheek hurt.

She said, "If you don't want me to live in this room, then I can go back."

Patrick squinted his eyes, and really couldn't figure out how such a smart girl could be so dull sometimes.

He really wanted to knock her head open and see what was inside.

Could it be that some parts were missing for her, so that she can always say such annoying words?

Patrick said, "Pack up some of the things you need to use tonight, and do the rest tomorrow."

Aimee let out an "oh", and obediently went to pack the things she needed.

Patrick suppressed the gloom in his heart after all.

Fortunately, she was so obedient that he can not be so frustrated.

Otherwise, he really wanted to doubt whether it was all his illusion that the two of them had clearly made up their minds.

Aimee quickly packed up what she was going to use.

She looked at Patrick and said, "Let's go."

She wanted to see where Patrick was going to let her live.

Patrick didn't say much, took Aimee's hand, and walked to a main building.

His room was on the third floor, and he led Aimee into it, and Aimee was amazed by the sight.

The decoration style was completely different from the courtyard. Although this room revealed a masculine domineering feeling everywhere, it did not appear indifferent at all.

Especially the furnishing layout of this room exuded a unique atmosphere.

Aimee had been married into the Hayden family for a long time, but this was the first time she came to this room.

She looked around and said, "Did you design this yourself?"

The style of the room was actually very different from that of other places.

Patrick nodded and said, "All the bedrooms are designed by the owners themselves."

Aimee wasn't curious about other people's bedrooms, but she was a little curious about Casey's one.

That strange girl, she didn't know what kind of style she will make.

However, she probably didn't have much chance to visit Casey's room.

Naturally, she would not trespass in such a private place as the bedroom.

Casey hated her so much, so naturally she wouldn't invite her in.

Thinking about it this way, Aimee still had some regrets.

After a quick tour of Patrick's bedroom, Aimee thought of a question.

Aimee asked, "What did you bring me here for?"

After asking, Aimee saw that Patrick who scowled at her.

Just when she was thinking about how she provoked Patrick, he suddenly leaned over, put his arm through Aimee's legs, and immediately hugged her horizontally.

Aimee exclaimed, and in the next second, Patrick had already put her on a sofa.

He stood in front of her, looking down at her. His eyes were deep, and filled with strong emotions.

Aimee swallowed uncontrollably. Her eyes were clear and innocent, and there was no sign of any reaction on her face.

Who would have thought that under Aimee's calm face, her heart was actually beating fast?

She had never been carried like this before, even when she was found out dying, she was carried directly, like a bag of lifeless thing.

This kind of way of carrying her was clearly impossible for her.

However, Patrick did that exactly.

Aimee's fingers curled up involuntarily, but after she came to her senses, she purposely stared fiercely at Patrick.

"Patrick! You don't listen to me!" Aimee said so with annoyance in her voice. Because her heart was beating so violently, her voice sounded coquettish.

Even if she deliberately pretended to be fierce, it would only make her look more cute.

Patrick raised the corner of his mouth, but said, "Aimee, I think you seem to be lying to me."

Aimee felt a little guilty in an instant.

She naturally knew what Patrick was referring to. Just as Patrick thought, she was indeed deliberately letting Patrick rest for a while.

No one expected that this guy was so disobedient that he would directly attack her.

This pissed her off.

Aimee raised her chin and said, "Are you distrusting me? Or do you think that after I worked so hard to treat you, it was just to play tricks on you?"

Patrick was taken aback for a moment, and inexplicably thought of a sentence: Women are born to be good at quarreling.

Before he even said anything, Aimee had started to deal with him.

If he really wanted to argue with Aimee, he will definitely be defeated immediately.

Patrick said, "Aimee, don't be angry or unhappy. I just want to have a talk with you about two things."

Aimee stopped pretending to be fierce, and was going to listen to what Patrick wanted to tell her.

Patrick said, "The first thing is that my body in the past means we needed to sleep in separate rooms. Now, do you think I will let us sleep separately?"

Aimee heard this and nodded in agreement.

Indeed, they were a couple, and they should not sleep in separate rooms, which was reasonable.

But...

Aimee said, "But, aren't we all used to it?"

It was really not an easy task for her to let her and Patrick sleep in the same room and on the same bed.

Patrick's face darkened, and he said, "Who are used to this with you?"

He really needed to study carefully what was in Aimee's head.

That was really ... annoying enough.

"What about the second thing?" Aimee asked.

Patrick's eyes were deep, and he said: "Aimee, there are some things that cannot be stopped when they should happen. I can feel my physical condition, and I'm not that weak. Aimee, it's not good to deliberately exaggerate."

Now, it was Aimee's face that turned dark.

Although she really did it on purpose, being exposed by Patrick like this still made her very depressed.

Aimee said, "That's up to you. Anyway, it's you who will not feel well. At most I will work harder and give you another operation."

Patrick laughed, and his eyes dark and deep.

At this moment, he really felt that Aimee was a little girl.

He said, "Okay, okay, so that you don't have to work hard, and I won't be in a hurry, okay?"

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Aimee laughed happily in an instant, and a touch of success flashed in her eyes.

She was naturally not the kind of girl who was unreasonable and messy, and she never thought that one day, she would use this kind of method to others.

But let alone, it was really effective.

With Patrick's stance of wanting to compete with her just now, he just gave in instantly.

Aimee smiled sweetly and innocently at Patrick, and said, "I like obedient and cooperative patients the most."

Patrick was helpless. Today's negotiation fell through.

However, he had already figured it out.

He carried Aimee in his arms, and she didn't come to check his body in a hurry, but teased him in such a way and let him continue to compromise. Then, he knew how to do

However, this was good. He can make good use of this point to do some things that he cannot do under normal circumstances.

Aimee kept staring into Patrick's eyes. Naturally she didn't ignore the scheming look in his eyes.

She felt it strange what he was thinking.

However, looking at his eyes, she thought he should be thinking about something related to her.

That being the case, Aimee won't care so much.

She stood up and said, "I'm tired. I'm going to rest."

After speaking, Aimee took her change of clothes and toiletries and got into the bathroom.

Patrick looked at the closed door and finally smiled helplessly.

However, soon, his smile faded away.

He was naturally aware of what happened in the Hayden family today.

Although Mason didn't get any advantage, it didn't mean that he would let him go.

Mason treated Aimee so badly and he couldn't tolerate the Read family at all.

Aimee was taking a shower, while Patrick went to the study.

Trace stood in front of him. Although he already knew that Patrick had recovered, he was still completely dumbfounded.

"Do you understand what I mean?" Patrick looked up at Trace and his tone was icy cold.

Trace coughed out of fright, grunted, and said, "Mr. Hayden ... Mr. Hayden, I understand."

Patrick frowned, and his eyes became a little colder.

What was going on with Trace? He had never been so gaffe.

Trace also realized how much he had lost his composure just now, and immediately said, "Mr. Hayden, I understand everything. I'll do it now."

It was no small matter to bankrupt the Read Group overnight. He had to work hard and not tolerate any mistakes.

Patrick was silent for a long time before he said, "Trace, did you encounter any difficulties?"

He knew Trace well. Trace was abandoned at the door of a church when he was less than a hundred days old, and was adopted by a pastor. After the pastor died, he was kicked out of the church and became his man by mistake. Only then became Patrick's most capable assistant.

There weren't many things that can make Trace lose his composure. All Patrick can think of was that his biological parents found him, or that he fell in love and got dumped.

However, Trace immediately shook his head vigorously and said, "No, Mr. Hayden, I'm fine."

"So why do you look like that? Don't want to do it anymore?" Patrick said.

It was not easy to climb to the position closest to him.

The hardships experienced behind this were simply unimaginable for ordinary people.

Trace shook his head more vigorously, and said, "Mr. Hayden, I just think it's amazing that you're cured."

Patrick, for a moment, didn't know how to deal with Trace somehow.

This guy had been with him for too long, so he was so bold right now, wasn't he?

How dared he come and say that to him.

He said, "What? Do you also want to become paralyzed and experience the miracle?"

Trace shook his head vigorously again, and immediately said, "Mr. Hayden, I'm off to work."

After speaking, he ran away in a hurry.

He was just kidding. After Patrick had the accident, the Hayden family searched for famous doctors and spent a lot of money to obtain such a medical miracle.

He was just a helpless and poor man. He had to save money to marry someone. How can he spend all the money he had saved so hard on doctors?

However, Trace actually thought that marrying may be far more difficult than making money.

He may have earned enough money for marrying, but he still can't get a girlfriend.

Hey, he felt heartbroken just thinking about it.

Stopping thinking that, Trace began to enter the working state.

Patrick was ruthless this time, and only gave them one night to let the Read family liquidate and go bankrupt.

Trace knew that the Read family was not good to Aimee, but he didn't expect that Patrick to protect his wife to such an extent, and bankrupt such a Read family with a huge system at one blow, just to vent Aimee's anger.

He was more determined about one thing that, in the future, he must curry favour with Aimee.

Aimee was extra lazy tonight.

After taking a shower, she got into the bed. As if she was tired, she wanted to sleep and didn't anyone to disturb her.

Patrick went to the bathroom of a guest room to take a shower and came back to find Aimee already lying down.

He almost didn't laugh out loud.

What was she afraid of?

He had already agreed to her, and will continue to cooperate with her request, pretending to be a weak patient. With his body, what can he do to her?

However, despite agreeing to Aimee, it didn't prevent Patrick from being ready to tease her.

He walked over, lifted the quilt and went to bed, but instead of lying down on the position that should belong to him, he leaned against the head of the bed and looked down at Aimee.

He said, "Aimee, come to bed so early. Are you inviting me?"

Aimee choked on the saliva when she heard this.

She coughed violently and her face flushed from the choking.

Patrick pulled her up, patted her on the back, and said, "Although I am very happy you're looking forward to sharing the bed with me so much, since I have already promised you, naturally I cannot go back on my word. Otherwise, Aimee, if you unban me, I will definitely not let you down."

Aimee just couldn't keep listening to Patrick's nonsense.

She finally relieved the discomfort of being choked, turned her head to stare at Patrick, and said, "Don't go too far and talk nonsense. I don't mind beating you up."

After saying that, Aimee clenched her fist and waved it vigorously in front of Patrick's eyes.

Hmph, bastard man, did he want to experience being beaten?

She didn't mind beating him up and operating on him herself.

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Patrick took Aimee's small fist and put it to his lips for a kiss.

He said, "You're so fierce. It makes me a little scared."

Adhering to the fact that he was a delicate weak now, Patrick spoke with a bit of aggrieved voice, as if he had been bullied by Aimee.

Aimee blinked her eyes, and suddenly felt that Patrick was such a big scumbag.

She moved aside and said, "From now on, don't talk to me. I'm going to sleep. If you disturb my sleep again, I'll beat you."

After speaking, Aimee lay down again, pulled the quilt over her head.

He was just kidding. She was Aimee. Can she be bullied by Patrick?

Can he?

Patrick finally couldn't hold back and laughed out loud.

He didn't suppress his laughter. On the contrary, it was a little deliberate. He was laughing extraordinarily and presumptuously in Aimee's ear.

If Aimee wasn't afraid that he would really do something to her, she would definitely lift the quilt and beat Patrick up.

She weighed it her heart, and although she threatened that she would beat him severely, she was reluctant.

Patrick finally had enough of laughing, leaned down, kissed Aimee through the quilt, and then lay down back to his position.

Aimee breathed a sigh of relief. Before she could relax, Patrick grabbed her hand under the quilt .

She struggled a bit, and then heard Patrick say, "Aimee, please be sympathetic to me. I am a man, and I am still a man who loves you. You can't give me nothing."

Aimee thought for a while, and felt that what Patrick said made sense.

She bit her lip, didn't pull her hand back but let Patrick hold her fingers.

The temperature from the fingertips made Aimee's breathing become disordered.

Her attention was on the tips of the fingers wrapped around Patrick's.

This was a feeling she had never experienced before. The electric current passed through the skin, spread to her whole body, and finally took root in her heart.

Aimee seemed to be able to hear the beating of her own heart.

Patrick clenched her fingers even harder.

She didn't know that Patrick was also suffering very much at the moment.

As he himself said, Aimee was the woman he loved, and she was lying beside him right now.

If he didn't have any other thoughts, he could just sleep peacefully next to Aimee, which would be a really big problem.

However, after an unknown amount of time, Patrick actually heard Aimee's even breathing.

He was barely suffocated.

Wasn't this woman too disrespectful to him?

He was lying beside her. Didn't she feel any danger at all?

She still slept so peacefully and well-behaved.

Really, it greatly frustrated him and his dignity.

Patrick pushed himself up and looked down at Aimee.

She looked a little more cute when she was asleep.

Patrick compressed his lips, sort of gnashing his teeth.

He lowered his head, bit the tip of Aimee's nose, and then rolled over and got off the bed.

Staying in the same bed with Aimee made it hard for him not to do something to her.

Aimee slept very peacefully today, the longest sleep except for Patrick's operation.

However, she only woke up after sleeping for less than four hours.

She didn't feel Patrick's presence beside her, so she looked over suspiciously, and sure enough, the person who was sleeping beside her was not there.

Aimee felt it very strange, and didn't even know when Patrick went out.

Normally, she should be very sensitive to the movements around her.

Just thinking about it, Aimee's cell phone on the bedside table lit up.

She reached out and touched it, and saw a message Averi sent her.

"Aimee, someone is fixing the Read family," Averi said.

Aimee froze for a moment, then looked over to Patrick's side.

At the moment, Patrick was not in bed, so...

Aimee replied to Averi, "Then stop our movement for a while."

"But, Aimee, we're almost there," Averi said.

Aimee said, "Do as I say."

Probably Patrick was helping vent her anger. Since he did this, how could she not cooperate?

Aimee's mouth curled up unconsciously, and she rolled over from the bed, ready to see what Patrick was doing.

At this moment, the door of the room was opened.



Patrick walked in from the outside, saw her standing by the bed, and asked, "What are you going to do?"

Aimee said directly, "Go to the bathroom."

She didn't know why she was so cowardly all of a sudden. She lied without even thinking too much about it.

Patrick said, "I thought you had woken up."

He knew Aimee's sleep. It only took two hours at most, and she had already slept almost twice as much today.

Aimee yawned intentionally, and said, "Who said that? I just go to the bathroom, and I'll continue to sleep later."

After finishing speaking, she was not in a hurry to go to the toilet, but approached Patrick and asked suspiciously, "You, why haven't you slept yet?"

Patrick wasn't asleep before she fell asleep.

He had been playing with her fingers.

Patrick told Aimee that he couldn't sleep because she was sleeping next to him, making him impure and always wanting to do something.

He said, "I, usually sleep too much."

Aimee squinted her eyes, looking dangerous, "Mr. Hayden, you can't do this. You are not obedient."

When Patrick heard this, he felt helpless again.

This girl can be regarded as controlling him now.

If she said he was disobedient, she would let him immediately agree to everything.

Holding Aimee's shoulder, Patrick turned her to another direction and said, "Go to the bathroom. I'll wait for you when you come back."

Aimee was provoked again and ran into the bathroom at a trot.

Sitting on the toilet, Aimee didn't feel like peeing.

She turned on her phone and checked on the Read Group which was taking a beating.

It had to be said that in such a defenseless situation, Read Group was completely powerless.

Aimee had some expectations. After dawn, she would see Mason stamp his foot.

## **chapter 174**

The next day.

Read family .

Mason was still asleep when he was awakened by the rapid ringtone of his mobile phone.

He answered the phone with a sullen look and after hearing clearly what the person on the other end said, he got off the bed and shouted angrily, "What did you say!?"

Mason's eyes darkened, and he couldn't believe what he heard.

The person at the other end of phone said, "Mr. Read, a mysterious person bought out our stocks in the middle of the night last night. This morning, our stocks completely collapsed. Now, we..."

Mason couldn't listen anymore. His heart was beating violently, and he was short of breath.

In the next second, he fell headfirst to the ground.

The person on the other end of the phone didn't hear Mason's voice for a long time, and called out anxiously, "Mr. Read, Mr. Read..."

However, Mason could no longer hear any sound.

Iris was putting on makeup in the room. When she heard a loud noise, which made her eyeliner crooked, it was almost blinding her eyes.

During this period of time, the atmosphere in the home was very depressing, and she couldn't stay in this home at all.

At this moment, she was so angry that she threw the eyeliner on the table and rushed out of the room angrily.

She wanted to see which damned servant was doing it, who didn't even understand how to do the cleaning but made such a big commotion.

Unexpectedly, as soon as she left the room, she saw a servant standing at the door of Mason's room, knocking on the door.

"Mr. Read, are you in the room? Mr. Read, what happened to you?" The servant kept knocking on the door of the room, but no one answered at all.

Iris walked over, and asked sullenly, "What's going on? What's the noise in the early morning?"

The servant said, "We were cleaning just now, and we heard the sound of Mr. Read's room being bumped, so we hurried over to have a look."

"Then why are you still standing there? Kick the door open." Iris said angrily.

When the servant heard this, he was embarrassed and did not move for a long time.

Fortunately, at this time, another servant came up with a key and opened the door.

As soon as everyone rushed in, they saw Mason lying on the ground.

Iris was startled, but she didn't approach immediately. Instead, no one knew what she was thinking.

"Miss Read, Mr. Read..." A servant called out, calling back Iris' thoughts.

Iris swallowed, and after a while, she said, "Call an ambulance."

After speaking, she turned and walked out of Mason's room, and went back to her own room.

Iris sat in front of the makeup mirror, saw her eyeline in the mirror, and an inexplicable idea came to her mind.

Although she didn't know why Mason fainted, at this moment, she sincerely hoped that Mason could never wake up.

Wiping off the eyeline, Iris came out of the room again.

Coincidentally, the ambulance had arrived.

She didn't ask the servant to wake her parents up just now, but now she was the only one who left with the ambulance.

At this time, it was natural to seize the opportunity. At that time, if something happened to Mason, she will be the one who will contribute the most.

Mason's hospitalization immediately spread to Aimee.

Instead of going to the hospital today, she went to Averi's.

"He's too weak. Just fainted like that. Looking at the situation, it's not very optimistic." Averi complained.

Aimee said, "His whole life has been spent on the company, and now it is completely gone. And he still has to face huge debts. Is it possible not to faint?"

Averi sneered and said, "With such a little ability, he's still struggling."

"It's over now." Aimee laughed.

Averi put down the tablet, looked at Aimee with her chin on her hands, "But you man is really a bit ruthless."

Aimee looked up at Averi and said, "You mean, I'm not ruthless enough?"

Averi thought about it. Although she decided to break up with the Read family and she had already started to plan and secretly set up a trap for the Read family, in fact, she was not ruthless enough.

At least, compared to Patrick's speedy method, Aimee did appear to be a little soft-hearted.

Averi said, "But, he should also be pissed off, without your worries."

Aimee's mouth curled up unconsciously.

Just as she was about to say something, the phone rang.

Aimee looked at the phone and saw that the caller was Mikayla. The expression on her face became complicated.

Averi also noticed the name on Aimee's phone, struggled for a while, and asked, "Aren't you going to answer it?"

Aimee squinted her eyes, and answered the phone when the ring was about to end.

"Mikayla." Aimee's voice was cool, without any emotion.

Mikayla's cry came from the receiver, "Aimee, grandpa fainted and was sent to the hospital. Aimee, what are we gonna do? Will grandpa leave us? I'm so scared..."

Aimee was holding the phone. Listening to Mikayla's crying, she felt soft-hearted for a moment, but the words she uttered were, "Mikayla, don't call me for such a thing in the future."

Hearing Aimee's words, Mikayla's crying stopped abruptly, as if she didn't realize what Aimee meant.

She froze for a long time without saying a word.

Aimee said: "If you are worried, go to the hospital. If there is nothing else, I gotta go."

"Aimee ..." Mikayla finally made a sound, called Aimee, and asked, "Aimee, do you want to abandon me?"

The moment she said so, Mikayla finally couldn't control herself and burst into tears.

At this moment, Aimee can imagine Mikayla's appearance through the mobile phone.

She was like a helpless child, fearful, sad, desperate...

Aimee said, "Mikayla, you will understand what happened later. If you still think I am your sister, you can come to me."

After speaking, Aimee hung up the phone.

She didn't want to explain anything to Mikayla now, and Mikayla didn't seem to be able to accept it.

Averi looked at Aimee and said, "If she hates you, what are you going to do with her?"

She could see that if Aimee was a little soft-hearted about the Read family, it was because of Mikayla.

However, when Mikayla knew the whole story, she might not be able to bear the blow because of her young age.

Aimee said, "If she hates me, it will be much easier."

Averi sighed, stretched out her hand and patted Aimee's shoulder, and said, "Don't worry. We will help you teach her a lesson."

## **chapter 175**

Mikayla looked at the phone that had been hung up, and the screen had returned to black.

She didn't recover for a long time, and couldn't believe that Aimee would be so indifferent to her.

The tears were completely out of her control and kept falling down.

She covered her mouth so hard that she didn't let herself cry too much.

A car stopped beside her, the window was lowered, and Andy's face appeared in front of her.

Andy passed by here just after finishing his work, and saw a figure that looked very familiar. As a result, after driving the car closer, he realized that he was right. She was really Mikayla.

Recalling what happened in the middle of the night last night and the news that Mason was admitted to the hospital just now, Andy understood the reason why Mikayla was crying like this.

He didn't have a good impression of the Read family, the people who hurt Aimee. If possible, he would even wish to take care of them himself.

However, seeing Mikayla standing on the side of the road crying so helplessly, Andy finally relented.

For the first time, he made his own decision, without asking Aimee's opinion, and directly said to Mikayla, "Mikayla, get in the car."

Mikayla actually didn't even notice Andy. Her eyes were blurred. Her ears also had some tinnitus, and she couldn't hear any sound.

Until, her wrist was pulled by him, and Andy raised his hand to wipe away her tears.

Mikayla looked at Andy in a daze, but was still speechless.

Andy was a little helpless. He had no ability at all to coax girls.

After struggling for a while, Andy still chose the simplest and rude way. First, he stuffed Mikayla into the car and then waited until she calmed down.

Otherwise, if she was allowed to stand on the side of the road and cry like this, people would think it was him who bullied her.

After buckling Mikayla into seat belt, Andy stuffed the whole pack of tissue paper into her arms without saying a word or asking any questions.

He started the car directly, but drove northwards with a clear goal.

After leaving the urban area, Andy's speed increased even more.

He directly lowered the car window and let the wind blow his face.

Mikayla cried all the way, and was tired of crying now.

Her eyes were so swollen that she couldn't open them. Her head felt like it had exploded, and it hurt so badly.

However, being blown by the warm wind at this moment made her feel a little better.

Finally, when Andy stopped the car, Mikayla found out that he took her to the top of a mountain.

Moreover, it was a mountain top where no one was here.

Mikayla compressed her lips. Thinking of the relationship between Andy and Aimee, she said sobbingly, "Do you bring me here to push me down the mountain?"

Andy didn't expect that the first sentence she said to him would be such.

He laughed by her words, ignored her, unbuckled her seat belt and got out of the car.

With the windows open, Mikayla could hear Andy very clearly.

"If you're worried, I can give you a chance to push me off," he said.

Mikayla blinked her eyes. She didn't know why but she felt better after hearing what Andy said.

She also got out of the car, walked to Andy's side, and said, "You are really strange."

Andy turned his head, looked at Mikayla, and said, "Are you still afraid that I will push you down now?"

Mikayla grunted and said with grievance, "Aimee doesn't want me anymore. Didn't she ask you to bring me here and deal with me?"

Andy didn't know what happened between her and Aimee, but thinking about the current situation of the Read family, it was clear that Aimee had completely broken with the Read family.

He said, "I don't like to judge a lot of things, and it's not convenient for me to tell you more. I can only tell you that no matter what she did or said, there are her reasons. After you understand, You can make your own choices."

Andy knew very well that Mikayla had unusual feelings for Aimee.

However, Mason was her grandfather after all, and the Read family was also where she lived.

Now, overnight, with the Read family crumbling and Mason in the hospital in doubt, it was not easy for Mikayla to have no resentment towards Aimee.

Whether they will be enemies or friends in the future, no one can tell.

All Andy can do was to keep her away from those annoying things temporarily.

Mikayla said, "I just like Aimee. Am I doing something wrong too?"

"Then leave it to time. Time will tell you the answer." Andy said.

Mikayla stopped talking.

After staying on the top of the mountain for a long time, Mikayla said, "Please take me back."

After escaping for so long, she still had to face the things that should be faced.

She had to go to the hospital to see her grandpa. She can't control other things, but she had to take care of her grandpa.

Andy nodded, got back in the car, and drove her back.

Along the way, Mikayla didn't speak or cry any more.

She just tilted her head and looked out the window. Her eyes looked cold.

After the car arrived at the hospital, Mikayla turned her head to look at Andy and said, "Thank you. You don't hate me because I am a daughter of Read family."

Andy's eyes softened, and he didn't show any indifference to this girl.

Mikayla said, "Can you give Aimee a word for me?"

She lowered her eyelids, not daring to meet Andy's eyes.

She said, "Although I don't know the truth of the matter, and I don't know why Aimee treats me like this, Aimee will always be my Aimee, and I will make her like me again."

After speaking, Mikayla opened the car door and rushed into the hospital without looking back.

Andy looked at her thin back with mixed feelings in his heart.

He didn't stay in the hospital any longer, and after Mikayla disappeared without a trace, he started the car and left the hospital.

After the car drove for a certain distance, Andy stopped the car again.

He took out his mobile phone and sent Aimee a message, telling her about meeting Mikayla, and at the same time, telling her what Mikayla asked her to convey.

Andy wouldn't comment on this matter too much. He just hoped silently in his heart that the two sisters wouldn't quarrel too much.

Mikayla was quite innocent and lovely. For no reason, he couldn't bear to see her being sad.

## **chapter 176**

Mikayla went to the ward. Mason had been sent to the VIP ward, and the condition had stabilized.

Iris was on guard in the ward, and when she saw her coming in, she only glanced coldly, and then looked away.

Something happened in the company, and Rory and Cecilia went to the company to deal with it. This was also Iris' arrangement. She didn't let them come here when they came to the hospital. When they knew that Mason fainted, it was already an hour later. Iris just told them not to come over.

Mikayla walked up to Iris and asked, "Iris, is grandpa really alright?"

"What? You really hope something happens to grandpa?" Iris said coldly and looked at Mikayla's face again. Seeing that her eyes were swollen from crying, she sneered and said, "I didn't expect you're really worried about grandpa."

Mikayla bit her lip, heard Iris' sarcasm, but didn't answer.

She knew that it took several hours for her to arrive at the hospital after receiving Iris' call, which made Iris very upset.

Mikayla didn't want to explain anything, but walked to Mason's bed. Looking at this old man, she suddenly didn't know him at all.

The ward fell into silence. Mikayla sat down on the sofa and took out her cell phone, wanting to see if Aimee had contacted her. However, she was so startled by the pop-up news that she couldn't even hold her phone.

It was written on the news that the stock price of Read Group plummeted and it was suspected of bankruptcy.

Mikayla didn't know much about this matter. In fact, she didn't know what happened at home at all. Iris just called her and told her that Mason fainted and Iris didn't say anything what caused it.

Now it seemed that Mikayla understood something.

Iris frowned and stared at her dissatisfiedly, "What's the matter with you? Go back to school if you don't want to stay here."

"Iris, our family..." Mikayla picked up the phone stutteringly, and handed it to Iris, "Is our family really going bankrupt?"

Iris frowned even deeper, and shouted loudly, "Stop talking nonsense. I think you're out of your mind by education."

Mikayla said, "Iris, look at this. I..."

She handed over the phone. Her voice was trembling. Obviously, she was terrified.

Iris glared at her, took the phone, and looked at the screen. When she saw the news, her expression changed instantly.

Her fingers clenched the phone tightly, and her body kept shaking.

How was this possible? If so, then what was the use of her staying by Mason's side like this?

In the end, she would get nothing.

Seeing Iris like this, Mikayla suddenly felt a little scared.

She didn't even know how to talk to her because she had never seen Iris like this before.

Iris finally moved.

She threw Mikayla's phone back to her, stood up from the sofa, took her bag and rushed out of the ward.

She had to do something. If the company was no longer saved, she had to keep her property.

She absolutely did not allow her interests to be harmed in any way.

Mikayla stood up after her, trying to catch up with her, but there was no chance.

She was even more at a loss. Standing in the ward, she didn't know what to do for a while.



At this moment, Mikayla suddenly felt that this family had broken up.

Mikayla couldn't find words to describe her mood at this moment.

Was she desperate?

Naturally, she was.

However, more, it was a feeling of bewilderment.

Without any reason, she just had a feeling that everyone would abandon her in the future.

Aimee didn't want her, and she had no place to go anymore.

Mikayla's tears were pattering down again, but she didn't cry out.

Mikayla at this moment was completely under an uncontrolled physiological state.

She shrank herself on the sofa, like a wounded little animal, lonely but helpless.

Aimee came over, and saw Mikayla like this through the window of the ward.

She sighed softly, but instead of going in, she called Mikayla.

Mikayla's phone rang. She was already froze and numb, and finally picked up the phone. When she saw the caller clearly, Mikayla fell directly from the sofa.

After finally sliding the answer button, her voice seemed to be stuck in her throat, making it impossible for her to speak at all.

Aimee had no choice but to say, "Come out. I'll wait for you at the door."

Mikayla suddenly raised her head and looked towards the window, but she didn't see Aimee.

However, this did not affect the excitement in her heart.

She scrambled and ran towards the door, like a child who finally found her parents. Without caring how she looked right now, she just wanted to throw herself into Aimee's arms.

She did that exactly. As soon as she rushed out of the ward, she threw herself into Aimee's arms.

"Aimee, you won't abandon me, right? You care about me." Mikayla hugged Aimee, putting all her strength into her hands, as if she tried any less, Aimee would pull away, leave her and abandon once more.

Aimee really wanted to break away because she was not used to being so close to her, and she was really about to be strangled by Mikayla.

Raising her hand and patting Mikayla's back, Aimee said, "Let go of me first. I'm dying."

Mikayla tightened her arms again, unwilling to let go, but she dared not listen to Aimee.

She reluctantly let go of her strength a little, but still held Aimee in her arms.

Aimee was helpless, and suddenly regretted how soft-hearted she was, and came here this time.

“Mikayla, I came here just to ask you, do you want to follow me in the future?” Aimee said.

Aimee didn't want to cut off the relationship between Mikayla and the Read family. She just had a soft heart. The Read family will be fragmented and fall from the clouds to the bottom. For those members of the Read family, it will be a catastrophe.

As for Mikayla, because she was still young, Aimee couldn't bear to let her face this.

Second, indeed, Aimee cherished Mikayla's kindness towards her.

She didn't want Mikayla to be implicated in the Read family's affairs when the important moment of the college entrance examination was approaching.

Therefore, she was willing to give her this opportunity.

If she was willing to follow her, then, she will let her lead the life like before.

However, these all depended on Mikayla. If she regarded the Reads as more important than her, then this trip will be considered as nothing.

## **chapter 177**

Mikayla was in a daze and didn't realize what Aimee meant for a long time.

She didn't answer right away, but just looked at Aimee for a second.

Aimee didn't urge her either, but let her hug her instead.

After a while, Mikayla understood what Aimee meant.

She bit her lip and said, “Aimee, do you really disown them?”

Aimee sighed softly and said, “Mikayla, I want to tell you something.”

Mikayla became even more nervous, unconsciously exerting a little more force on Aimee's hand.

She felt that what Aimee was going to say must be very serious.

She dared not listen to somehow.

But she also had a hunch that after Aimee told her about this, she would truly become a person close to Aimee.

Mikayla took a deep breath and said, “Aimee, tell me.”

Aimee was amused by her appearance, and said, “Mikayla, actually, I am not your sister.”

Mikayla froze, and it took a while before she understood what she meant.

That was to say, Aimee was not the daughter of Read family at all?

How can that be?

But...

This was the most likely.

If Aimee was the daughter of Read family, how could grandpa and mom and dad treat her like this?

Mikayla hugged Aimee tightly and said, "I don't care. You are my sister..."

Aimee patted her on the back to reassure her.

She said, " Mikayla, now that the Read family and I have come to this point, I might as well tell you that your grandpa was hospitalized because of me. You should have seen the news. These are all because of me. If you do choose to follow me, you know what it means. You are not a child, and you should be very clear. I will give you time to figure it out."

Aimee finished speaking, and pulled Mikayla's hand off her body.

She took a step back, keeping some distance between Mikayla and her.

Mikayla was shocked again and gradually, she became a little numb.

She now felt that no matter what news she heard, she would never be frightened again.

Mikayla actually couldn't think clearly at the moment.

Her mind was blank, as if her soul had gone out of her body at this moment. She just stood there in a daze, without any reaction.

Aimee said, "I give you two days to think about it. If you think it through, call me."

After speaking, Aimee turned around and was about to leave.

Just after she took a few steps, her clothes got caught.

"Aimee, I'll follow you." Mikayla said.

Aimee turned around, smiled at her, and said, "Your sister will protect you."

Mikayla sniffled, nodded vigorously, and smiled at Aimee.

However, her expression, on her face at the moment, was really very ... weird.

Aimee was helpless, raised her hand, touched her head, and said, "Okay, don't cry."

"Aimee, where are we going now?" Mikayla asked.

She knew that Aimee would not visit her grandfather in the ward, and since she had made this choice, it meant that she had to be separated from the Read family as well.

She can't have both. That would be unfair to Aimee.

Mikayla also knew that after making this choice, she may face all kinds of moral accusations.

However, this was her own choice, and all she can do was not to cause trouble for Aimee.

Aimee said, "It's up to you. You can follow me, or you can go back to school, or if you want to stay here now, you can."

She knew what the little girl was thinking. How could it be so easy to cut everything off?

She could give Mikayla time and give her a chance to repent before everything was settled.

Mikayla thought for a while and said, "Aimee, I want to follow you."

She was really scared and frightened by what Aimee said on the phone before.

She didn't dare to be separated from Aimee anymore, for fear that she would abandon her again.

Aimee glanced at her and knew Mikayla's idea at a glance.

She nodded and said, "Let's go."

Aimee couldn't take Mikayla to the Hayden family, she took her to another property, a house very close to Mikayla's school.

After Mikayla came in, she was shocked.

She knew this neighborhood. Because of the location, the price was very high.

Based on Aimee's salary in the hospital, buying this real estate was basically a matter of a lifetime.

However, what Aimee said on the way here just now was true, "You will live here temporarily before the college entrance examination. If you want to go to other places in the future, I will let you choose."

As soon as she said so, Mikayla knew that Aimee owned more than just a property in Innisrial.

Mikayla was standing in the living room at the moment, and wherever she could see, she, a rich lady who was born in a wealthy family, wondered if she was a bumpkin who had been ignorant.

She had only seen pictures of many things, but never thought that these things would actually appear in front of her.

Aimee took out two bottles of water from the refrigerator, and when she walked over, she saw Mikayla's dazed and cautious look.

She was helpless, handed her a bottle of water, and said, "Why are you nervous? It's not like you."

Mikayla held the bottle in her hand, muttered, and said, "Aimee, you are so rich."

Aimee was amused by her words. Looking at several decorations, she naturally understood what Mikayla meant.

She didn't say much, but pointed to a room and said, "In the future, you can live in that room. You can go and have a look first. If you need anything, someone will bring it to you later."

With an instruction from Aimee, Mikayla would execute.

Aimee asked her to see the room, and she ran to the room.

Aimee looked at her back, smiled and shook her head. After all, she was a little girl, and she behaved like a child who had just been brought home, cautiously daring to move.

She got up and went to the room.

Mikayla was looking around the room, touching here and there.

She seemed to have opened the door to a new world, and it seemed that she only recognized Aimee at this moment .

This was a completely different Aimee from her impression.

## **chapter 178**

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## **chapter 179**

Aimee was taken aback by Patrick's sudden movement.

Although it was not the first time to be kissed by him, her eyes were still widened in shock, because this kiss was different from the previous ones.

She could feel how excited Patrick was.

Feeling Aimee's absence, Patrick pinched her waist in dissatisfaction, forcing her to let out a gasp, so that she could open her mouth.

This gave Patrick the opportunity to get more.

Patrick was very aggressive this time, the kind that wanted to swallow Aimee.

No one knew how long it took. Aimee felt like she was suffocating before Patrick let her go.

Aimee's face flushed, and she felt really shy for the first time.

She pushed Patrick away and said, "Go ahead. I won't bother you."

It was a mistake for her to come to Patrick.

This was to send herself to his door to let him bully her.

Patrick laughed lowly. Seeing that Aimee had already run out of the study room, he lightly licked the corner of his mouth. Looking at his fingertips, he seemed to be able to feel the softness of Aimee's waist.

He never knew that a girl's waist would be so soft.

Thinking of what will happen in the future, Patrick's eyes can't help but darken, and the picture seemed to have been outlined in his mind.

Patrick felt instantly like a beast.

He suppressed the fire in his body before returning to the computer and continuing to deal with things.

Aimee came out of the study, unable to calm down for a long time.

She was also reminiscing about the kiss just now.

For the first time, Aimee felt Patrick's extreme enthusiasm.

The corners of her mouth curled up imperceptibly. Her face was stained with redness, and her eyes were with an uncontrollable emotion.

When Casey walked out of her room, she saw Aimee like this.

She was stunned for a moment, and for a moment, she actually felt that Aimee was exuding a strange brilliance.

Casey was almost mesmerized by Aimee like this.

She shook her head quickly and vigorously, and then got rid of what was in her mind just now.

She did not forget that the reason why she was punished by Patrick for copying the Bible was Aimee.



Casey's hand, which copied the Bible, was about to be maimed. She had no food, no sleep, and finally finished copying, but now she can't cry even if she wanted to.

Exhausted, she just wanted to go back to the bed and sleep for three days and three nights.

Casey snorted loudly at Aimee and moved back to her room.

When she woke up, she would deal with this woman.

Aimee didn't notice her at first, but when she heard Casey's snort, she raised her eyes and looked at her, only to see that she was moving back to her room with her shoulders slumped.

When noticing Casey's appearance, Aimee couldn't hold back and chuckled.

Suddenly, she felt that she was a little pitiful.

Casey naturally heard Aimee's laughter. If she had the strength now, she would definitely rush over to fight against Aimee.

However, she had no strength at all now, and her face was distorted with anger, but she still chose to go back to the room without looking back.

Aimee stopped laughing and went downstairs instead.

For the sake of Casey being so pitiful, she just promoted her status as a sister-in-law, and cooked a table of delicious food for her to replenish her physical strength.

Camdyn can be said to be in a very good mood.

Patrick's body was good, and his relationship with Aimee was so good. He was about to have great-grandchild, which made him grin.

Aimee came down. Camdyn beamed with joy as soon as he saw her.

"Aimee, come here. Have a game with me." Camdyn said.

He just moved out his chessboard and was cleaning it carefully.

Since Patrick's accident, he had never touched the chessboard.

He was in such a good mood today, so he naturally wanted to bring someone over to accompany him to play chess.

Aimee walked over and sat down opposite Camdyn.

She said, "Grandpa, I'm not very good at chess. Will you throw the game?"

Camdyn said as if he didn't care, "It's okay, I'm not good at chess either."

Aimee completely took Camdyn's words to coax her, but never thought that...

When Aimee and Camdyn played two rounds and won two times, Aimee was dumbfounded.

Her chess skills were not modest. It was really not very good, but, how could she expect that Camdyn's chess skills...

It was really explained from the objective fact that it was really bad.

Moreover, Camdyn's character was also...not too good when he played.

On the third round, Camdyn finally couldn't hold back and began to regret the move.

"No, no, Aimee, I just put it wrong. I have to put it here." Camdyn picked up the chess piece that Aimee had just dropped, and returned it to Aimee, insisting on replaying the chess that he had just misplaced.

What Aimee can do? She can only indulge him.

However, since this time, Camdyn regretted almost every move.

Patrick finished his work and came down from the stairs. And he saw his wife being bullied by his grandfather.

He walked over, glanced at the chessboard, and couldn't help laughing out loud.

He had seen what a poor player was.

Unfortunately, these two people didn't know how bad their chess skills were, and they played so happily.

"Grandpa, you can't bully Aimee just because of her good temper." Patrick walked over, sat beside Aimee, and held her in his arms.

Camdyn glared at him and said, "Go away and don't disturb me playing chess with Aimee."

Aimee was leaning against Patrick's arms, looking up at him.

That look, it went without saying, was pitiful, obviously the look of being bullied miserably.

Really, she could do surgery, draw drawings, fight...

No matter what she did, she had never been so tired.

Playing chess with Camdyn, for her, was not a mental drain, but a physical drain.

Patrick held her waist, leaned over to her ear, and said, "Don't worry. I will avenge you."

After speaking, Patrick picked up a chess pieces and prepared to put it on the chessboard.

As a result, Camdyn slapped him on the back of the hand and said dissatisfiedly, "Go away. I don't want to play chess with you. I want to play with Aimee."

Patrick said, "Grandpa, are you afraid of me?"

## **chapter 180**

Camdyn's eyes widened again when he heard Patrick's words.

"Hmph, why am I afraid of you? You are so bad at chess." Camdyn said it and glared at Patrick angrily, "Hurry up and return the chess piece to Aimee. Let Aimee play chess with me. Don't make trouble."

"Grandpa, you bullied my wife while I was away. Do you think I can agree?" Patrick said.

He knew Camdyn's chess skills too well. He used to play chess tirelessly. It can be said that he will do everything in order to win.

However, because of his poor chess skills, very few people were willing to play chess with him now.

Patrick knew well that Camdyn just took advantage of Aimee's good temper.

How could he allow this happen?

He held Aimee's waist and said, "Aimee, I'm hungry."

Aimee's eyes lit up in an instant. She just came downstairs to go to the kitchen, but Camdyn grabbed her and played chess until now.

At the moment, Patrick finally gave her a reason to escape, and of course Aimee would not miss it.

She said, "I'm going to the kitchen now. Tell me what you want to eat."

Patrick said, "I love everything you make."

Aimee looked at Camdyn again and asked, "Grandpa, what do you want to eat?"

Camdyn didn't want Aimee to go away like this, but his taste buds couldn't resist Aimee's dishes.

So, after weighing it up, he said, "Mushroom soup."

Aimee responded and quickly ran towards the kitchen.

Patrick smiled and looked at Aimee's back lovingly.

After Aimee's figure completely disappeared, he said, "Grandpa, you always told me not to bully Aimee, but now you are bullying her instead."

"I don't." Camdyn snorted disapprovingly.

He coughed lightly, hiding his true purpose.

As Patrick thought, Camdyn really managed to ask Aimee to play chess with him, a chess player who was on a par with him, so how could he just miss it?

If it wasn't for Patrick's sudden appearance, he would have had a few more good games with Aimee.

Patrick didn't expose him anymore. He just thought that he had to talk to Aimee for a while, so that she wouldn't always indulge Camdyn so much and be bullied by him.

Winning Camdyn in two steps, Patrick stood up and said, "Grandpa, I'm going to accompany Aimee."

Camdyn was even more angry when he lost to Patrick.

This little bastard! He might as well lie on the bed, and when he got better, he will start to piss him off.

Looking at the chessboard, Camdyn suddenly felt sad.

Although he was very pleased to see Patrick protecting Aimee so much, and was really happy to see how good the relationship between them was, at this moment, he really missed his wife.

Patrick, this little bastard, was relying on the fact that his wife was by his side.

When his wife was still around, she was very protective of him.

Silently putting away the chessboard, Camdyn got up from the sofa and walked upstairs.

He had to talk to his wife, let her wait for him, wait for him to find her, and play a few games of chess with her.

At the kitchen.

Aimee had already cooked the mushroom soup that Camdyn wanted to eat. She used a special processing method to process the fat of the meat without affecting the texture and taste. This method was more suitable Camdyn.

Moreover, she also used a special cooking method to make the stewed meat softer, so that the bone can be easily removed without much effort, without tiring the teeth.

Patrick came over, put his arms around Aimee's waist, and said, "Aimee, thank you for your hard work."

He knew grandpa's temperament too well. He was a majestic old man in everything. He stood by his words and gave people an impression that he was prestigious.

However, when it came to playing chess, he was really naive.

Moreover, he was very ignorant of rules.

Aimee naturally knew what he was referring to, she raised her head, looked at Patrick, and said, "It won't be hard. Grandpa is very cute."

To be honest, it was very difficult for her to meet someone who was worse than herself in chess.

She was also very happy to win.

Although Camdyn kept regretting the moves, this didn't affect her and Aimee was really happy.

Aimee was leaning back at just the right angle and Patrick can kiss her as soon as he lowered his head.

And he did so.

It was just a light touch, but it made Aimee blush again.

She didn't know before that, it turned out that kissing was really addictive.

At least, Patrick was so addicted to this thing.

She glanced at him, with her eyes sparkling, as if she was coquettish.

It made Patrick swallow. He didn't hold back, turned his head, and kissed her again.

Aimee couldn't resist her shyness in the end, and raised her hand to push Patrick away.

She said, "Don't make trouble for me. I'm going to continue cooking."

Patrick laughed lowly. This woman, after all, was still a little girl who had never experienced anything. No matter how calm she was in other places, she was easily shy in this matter.

She was really, really cute.

He didn't leave, but walked aside and asked, "Can I help you with something?"

Aimee tilted her head to look at him and said, "Are you really good at cooking?"

"I can learn it," Patrick said.

It was true that he had never done it before. However, it was not easy to do this kind of thing well, but it was easy to get familiar with it.

Patrick believed that in this world, nothing can be difficult for him.

Nor cooking.

He was very confident, and went to find an apron for himself.

Aimee thought about his physical condition, and it was true that she didn't have to be so strict with him as before.

So, Aimee said, "Then you can make the simplest one. Tomato scrambled eggs. I believe you can do it very well."

Patrick looked at Aimee, as if accusing her of underestimating her abilities.

He said, "Aimee, are you sure to just let me do this?"

"Make it first. Don't brag," Aimee said.

Patrick nodded, took the tomato and went to wash it in the sink.

He really didn't believe it would be difficult for making this dish that almost every people in this country can cook.