

## Healing 201

### chapter 201

At a pharmacy .

Aimee chose the medicine she wanted, and was about to leave when a person she had just met came in from outside.

The moment he saw Aimee, Damion was stunned for a moment, then walked over, nodded towards Aimee, and said, "Aimee."

Aimee was a little embarrassed by his calling her Aimee, smiled and said, "Mr. Bishop, hello."

"Aimee, you don't have to be so polite, just call me by my first name." Damion said.

He didn't dare to be arrogant in front of Aimee. Otherwise, if Patrick found out, he would have to teach him a lesson.

Aimee didn't care too much about the address, but changed the subject and asked, "Are you here to for medicine?"

"Yes, Aimee."

When Damion finished speaking, a doctor came over and said to Damion, " Mr. Bishop, the medicine you asked for is ready."

"Okay, bring it to me," Damion said.

He looked at Aimee again and asked, "Do you know medicine?"

"A bit of," Aimee said, "what's wrong?"

"If it's convenient for you, can I ask you to go somewhere with me?"

Aimee was puzzled for a moment, not knowing where Damion wanted her to go with him, but thinking of his relationship with Patrick, Aimee didn't refuse.

"Then wait a moment. I'll get my medicine." Aimee said.

"Thanks," Damion said.

The two came out of the pharmacy and got into Damion's car.

When Aimee was on the road, she sent Patrick a message, telling him that she met Damion and went to do him a favor.

Patrick quickly replied, "I'll pick you up later."

In this way, Aimee felt more at ease.

Presumably, Patrick was also very familiar with the place Damion was taking her to.

She had no burden.

However, when Damion stopped the car, Aimee couldn't help being stunned for a moment.

Damion said to her somewhat apologetically, "Aimee, I'm sorry. We have to walk the rest of the way."

Aimee nodded and got out of the car.

She followed Damion inside, full of doubts.

This was a very dilapidated place, not even a community. It can even be described as a slum.

Cars will definitely not be able to drive in, and the way to go inside was extremely difficult.

It was difficult for Aimee to believe that this was where Damion brought her.

After all, Damion was the son of the Bishop family. It can be said that he was the most favored one in the entire Bishop family. In his world, there shouldn't even be such a place.

However, judging from the way Damion walked inside, it was not difficult to see that he was really very familiar with this place.

He knew exactly where there would be potholes, reminding Aimee.

Finally, after walking for more than 20 minutes, the two stopped in front of a very dilapidated house. Damion stopped, turned his head, and said to Aimee, "Aimee, for a while, I hope you won't be scared."

Aimee nodded and said with a smile, "Don't worry. I won't."

Unless the room was full of snakes, she won't be frightened.

Damion got her assurance, raised his hand and pushed open the door.

The door creaked and was pushed open with difficulty.

It was black inside, and when the sun was shining like this, it was impossible to see a little bit of light.

However, this didn't affect Aimee in any way. She could easily see what was going on inside, and saw a person huddled in the corner very accurately.

It was a stooped old woman. Her whole body was shrunk into like a ball. Her face was deeply buried on her knees, and her appearance could not be seen, but it could be clearly seen that she was shrinking non-stop.

A look of surprise flashed across Aimee's eyes. It was true that this old woman's state was too strange.

She looked towards Damion indistinctly, guessing his relationship with the old person.

This question was quickly answered.

Damion had already lifted his foot and walked in. He knelt down in front of the woman, and said in an extremely gentle voice, "Sophie, I'm Damion. I'm here to see you."

Hearing the sound, the old woman curled up even more, trembling, as if terrified.

Damion was extraordinarily patient, and he didn't reach out to touch her, but continued to say to her, "Sophie, I'm Damion."

He kept repeating this sentence, and finally made the woman let down her guard.

The woman looked up at him, but her eyes didn't have any focus at all.

She also couldn't speak, just kept saying, "ahhhhhh." She raised her hand, trembling, and waved in the air, as if searching for Damion's location.

Damion dared to move now, raised his hand to hold the woman's hand, and said, "Sophie, I miss you."

His voice trembled, like a child who had been wronged extremely. If one could listen carefully, people can tell that he was crying.

Aimee looked at this scene, and was just very sad without any reason.

She still didn't go in hastily. The woman's mental state was very bad, and even Damion had to spend so much effort to make her respond a little bit.

If she rushed in like this, Aimee can be sure that the woman will be stimulated even more.

She was standing outside, listening to Damion talking to her.

However, the old woman seemed to feel her, and her eyes turned suddenly. Although she couldn't see anything, she still pointed precisely at Aimee's location.

Inexplicably, Aimee's heart skipped a beat, and an unprecedented feeling overwhelmed her.

She didn't know how to describe this feeling, but her whole body did not feel very well.

Damion, on the other hand, was astonished when he saw this scene.

Immediately, ecstasy welled up in his eyes.

Damion looked at Aimee like she was a savior.

Aimee felt it inexplicable, and had no time to care about the reason why Damion had such a gaze.

She was just puzzled. How did this woman notice her, and how did she accurately locate her?

However, the old woman couldn't speak, but could only say "ahhh", which made Damion helpless.

Damion calmed himself down and said to the old woman, "Sophie, do you recognize Aimee?"

"Ahhhhh..." The old woman could still only make this sound, but the sound was a little more intense than before.

It was not hard to guess that she agreed with Damion's words.

Damion said to Aimee, "Aimee, come in."

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Aimee walked in, knelt down in front of the old woman, and said, "Hi, Sophie, I'm Aimee."

The old woman became even more excited, moved her head towards Aimee's direction, and breathed hard through, as if she wanted to judge something from the smell.

Aimee didn't move, nor did she show any discomfort at her approaching her.

Damion looked at her gratefully. At this moment, he acknowledged Aimee willingly.

If it was any other woman, she would have been disgusted by the old woman who was so close to her, and maybe she would be furious.

But Aimee treated the elderly with the most patience and tenderness.

This made Damion's eyes a little red.

Finally, when the old woman's nose sucked in Aimee's smell for a long time, her tears fell down all at once.

She reached out to hug Aimee, but she was cautious, not daring to touch Aimee at all.

Aimee was very inexplicable to her behavior and didn't quite understand it. She didn't feel disgusted at all. Instead, she raised her hand, held the old woman's hand, and asked, "Sophie, do you want to touch touch my face?"

"Ahhhh..." the old woman yelled. Her voice showed that she was excited, and her tears flowed even more violently.

Aimee held her hand, allowing her to touch her face with her wrinkled hand.

When she touched Aimee's face, the old woman became even more excited.

Her tears flowed more violently, and her body kept shaking.

This made Aimee a little helpless, and she could only look at Damion, hoping that he could comfort the old woman.

However, Damion seemed to encounter this situation for the first time, and he was helpless about it.

Aimee can only solve it by herself.

She held the old woman's wrist and diagnosed her, and she found something abnormal.

She was supposed to be in good health, but now she looked like this. It was not because there was a problem with her body function, but because she was poisoned.

What kind of poison it was? Aimee can't judge it yet.

However, one thing she was sure of was that the old woman was harmed like this.

However, Aimee didn't tell Damion about it immediately.

She still didn't know what happened to her, what Damion knew, and why Damion left the old woman in this place. Aimee will not reveal anything until all these mysteries were solved.

Finally, the old woman was so emotional that she fainted from crying, and she had to remove her hand from Aimee's face.

Damion looked at Aimee apologetically and said, "Aimee, I'm sorry. I didn't know she would be so excited to see you."

Aimee shook her head and said, "It's okay."

Damion carried the old woman to a bed, and Aimee realized that her body was so twisted that she couldn't straighten up at all.

She was put on the bed and kept a curled up position.

Damion covered her with a quilt, and then took the medicine he brought from the pharmacy to the table to dispose of.

Aimee saw him unpack all the medicines and put them into a kettle.

She frowned tightly and asked, "What are you doing?"

"She can't take medicine like a normal person. I can only put these medicines in the water bottle, and she can take as much as she can," Damion said.

Aimee could hear that when he said this, he was also very helpless.

Only...

Aimee said, "If you do this, the effect of the medicine will be destroyed very quickly. In fact, the medicine she take may not have any effect at all."

"I know," Damion lowered his eyes and said, "I have no other choice."

Aimee finally asked the question in her heart, "Why put her here alone? I don't think you can come here every day, right?"

Damion's body froze, and immediately, the expression on his face became extremely painful.

He said, "Aimee, this matter is a bit complicated. I brought you here today, and I also want to ask you to help me."

"Just say it." Aimee said.

When she had just checked the old woman's body, she had already made a decision that she would help her.

She always had a vague feeling that perhaps, she had some kind of connection with this old woman.

If she can't cure her, maybe she will miss some information.

Aimee naturally didn't want this, so as long as Damion can persuade her, she will treat the old woman properly.

Damion put away the medicine, went to check the situation of the old woman again, and led Aimee outside.

Aimee took another look at the old woman.

Thinking about it, she had been here for a while, so there was no question of any danger.

So, she didn't ask any more questions for the time being, and followed Damion out.

The two didn't talk on the road until they walked out of the alley. Aimee saw a familiar car. The moment she looked over, the familiar person was also getting out of the car.

Aimee's always serious face softened at this moment.

Patrick walked towards them, walked up to Aimee, put his arms around her waist, and said, "Scared you?"

Aimee shook her head and said, "I'm not that timid."

From the meaning of Patrick's words, he was also very familiar with this old woman.

This made Aimee even more confused.

Why did they let the old woman stay here alone?

Three of them didn't get into Damion's car, but into Patrick's car.

Damion's car was handed over to Trace to drive back.

However, even in the car, he didn't talk about it for the time being.

Aimee could feel that both Patrick and Damion were very nervous, and she was even more sure that the old woman was not simple.

Finally, Patrick drove the car to La Grande Maison, and after the three entered the penthouse, Patrick said, "Aimee, if you have any doubts, just ask Damion."

Aimee gave Patrick a strange look, then walked to the edge of a sofa, sat down, and asked the first question, "Why did you leave her there alone?"

For Aimee, although it was not a place where people cannot survive, it was definitely not a place suitable for the elderly to live in.

In particular, her physical condition was simply unable to take care of herself.

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Damion could tell that Aimee was very angry.

He said helplessly, "Aimee, I really didn't leave her there on purpose, but she must stay there herself. No matter what means I try to bring her out, she can always go back there. No matter how many people I get to watch her, she ends up going back there."

"I can testify to this," Patrick said, walked over with a few bottles of soda and handed them to Aimee and Damion respectively, "We don't know how she did it. You saw her today. Her mental state is very bad, but if she leaves there, it will be even worse."

Aimee could tell that the two of them were really having a headache, and they had tried their best, and in the end they had no choice but to accept the reality.

However, Aimee quickly thought of a possibility that the toxin she noticed in the old woman's blood vessels played a role in making her have such a reaction.

Damion continued, "Including the things used in that house, she found them from nowhere. No matter where we throw them, she can find them again. And the things we gave her were thrown away."

Aimee can now understand why they let the old woman live in that place alone on the premise that they can take good care of her.

"Who is she?" Aimee asked.

"It's my nanny." Damion said, "In fact, from my father to me, the children of our family are all raised by her."

Aimee froze again.

Patrick explained, "Mrs. Bishop died of difficult labour."

"Then your brother and sister?" Aimee looked at Damion suspiciously. The Bishop family had four children, and Damion was the youngest.

"They don't have the same mother as me. My father had four wives," Damion said.

Speaking of this, Damion also seemed to find it hard to say.

He looked embarrassed and said, "In my family, I don't know if it is under a curse, all women will die in childbirth."

However, this reason was obviously nonsense.

After Damion finished speaking, he laughed at himself and said, "My grandpa always said that maybe our family did something bad and got retribution."

"Then how did she get to your house?" Aimee asked again.

"She was with my grandma." Damion said.

Aimee immediately thought of something else, and was full of doubts about the relationship between Sophie and the Bishop family.

Damion knew what Aimee was thinking, and became a little more embarrassed, and he said, "Sophie didn't marry and have children. She breast-fed us through improper means."

Aimee immediately understood that there was a way that allowed women who had not given birth to breastfeed.

However, at the time, few people would know about this, and Damion's grandfather would use this, which was really shocking enough.

Damion was embarrassed to explain more to Aimee, and said, "Sophie's mental state has been disturbed since last year. She ran there alone, and then, no matter what methods we used, she refused to come back."

Then, Damion looked at Aimee solemnly and said, "Aimee, we have searched for famous doctors, but no one can get close to her. I saw her approaching you on her own initiative today, so I finally got some hope. Aimee, can you please help me save her?"

Aimee looked at Patrick and really wanted to know what kind of position she played in it.

However, Patrick didn't say anything, and he didn't look like he had mentioned anything to Damion, so Aimee didn't continue to look at him.

She turned to look at Damion and said, "I'm just an ordinary doctor. I don't know if I can cure her."

She still had a lot of doubts to clarify, so she didn't really want to agree to Damion's request so easily.

Damion nodded and said, "I understand, Aimee. I won't make things difficult for you."

Aimee didn't say anything more.

She was planning to meet Sophie by herself sometime, to find out if there was any connection between them.

Damion didn't stay any longer.

After Damion left La Grande Maison, Aimee looked at Patrick again and asked, "You want me to heal her, don't you?"

Patrick took Aimee's hand and put it in his palm.

He squeezed Aimee's fingers, sighed softly, and said, "Actually, I don't want to."

"Why?" Aimee looked at Patrick suspiciously, thinking that he was really weird today.

"From the perspective of the friendship between me and Damion, I should really hope that you can cure Sophie, but the identity of her is not simple. Damion doesn't know this, and I don't want you to take risks to cure her. You may get involved in unnecessary trouble. Aimee, I will not sacrifice you for anyone." Patrick said.

Aimee looked at Patrick in surprise, and could no longer describe the shock in her heart.

Patrick actually used such a serious word as sacrifice, which made her even more curious about the identity of Sophie.

Aimee said, "However, you still let me meet her today. Do you know something, for example, the identity of her is related to me?"

Patrick squeezed Aimee's fingers gently, lowered his eyes, but didn't answer right away.

However, the more he was like this, the more self-evident the answer became.

Aimee never doubted that Patrick knew a lot about herself. After all, he had contacted the Growlers to investigate her.

Although, the Growlers didn't help him investigate her, but he could have other means.

In this situation, it was clear that Patrick knew something she didn't.



Aimee wanted to know so much what he knew.

She held Patrick's hand instead, and said, "Darling, just tell me. Although I know I'm not the Reads, I don't know where I come from."

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Patrick heard Aimee's words, but still didn't answer right away.

He looked at Aimee meaningfully, and Aimee's mood became extraordinarily complicated.

She felt more and more uneasy, and the expression on her face became extraordinarily serious.

Aimee said, "Darling, tell me. No matter what it is, I can bear it."

She had experienced all kinds of things in this world, and she had already developed all kinds of skills, so there was nothing that she can't accept.

Patrick said, "Aimee, Sophie and your life experience should have nothing to do with each other."

Aimee asked, "Why are you so sure?"

"She's from the southwest, Veggia. She and your teacher should be old acquaintances." Patrick said.

Hearing her teacher from Patrick's mouth, Aimee was already calm and not surprised at all.

Sure enough, Patrick checked her thoroughly, even her teacher.

However, even she didn't know that her teacher was related to Veggia, and Patrick actually found this out.

She asked, "You mean, my teacher is from Veggia?"

"If my guess is correct, your teacher and Sophie should have been a couple once, but your teacher suddenly disappeared. She ran out to find your teacher alone, and met Mr. Bishop. Then she somehow became a dowry and entered the Bishop family," Patrick said.

Aimee couldn't agree with his guess.

She had read Veggia in a medical book. It could be said that it was a place completely unrelated to the ordinary world they lived in now.

The people there were all good at many things, especially in the field of medicine, which was a skill that was difficult for the outside world to understand.

Aimee also had some skills on her body, which were obtained from learning special medical skills.

However, she knew very well that people in Veggia would not obey any outsiders.

Under such a rule, how could Sophie become a nanny?

This was so weird.

Patrick said, "Aimee, this is just my guess. I just found out that your teacher had indeed been to Veggia."

Aimee fell silent, only then did she realize that her teacher had left her countless unsolved puzzles.

She bit her lips lightly, feeling dazed for a moment, and suddenly didn't know what to do.

What kind of secrets did her teacher hide?

Patrick looked at Aimee distressedly.

He reached out, caressed Aimee's face, and said, "Aimee, I'm sorry. I should have kept this matter from you."

"No," Aimee shook her head, smiled sweetly at Patrick, and said, "Darling, these are things I'm destined to know, and I can't avoid it."

She believed that if it wasn't Patrick who told her this today, someone else would tell her in the future.

Patrick was telling her about this matter, which made her feel even more strange.

Taking a deep breath, Aimee reached out to Patrick.

She said, "Darling, give me a hug, okay?"

Patrick felt even more distressed, reaching out and hugging Aimee into his arms.

He stroked Aimee's back and said, "Aimee, don't be afraid. I'm with you."

It didn't matter what the relationship between Aimee's teacher and Sophie was, whether Aimee had a relation with Veggia, or what kind of secret her teacher was hiding.

Aimee was his wife now, and he will protect her well.

Aimee lay in Patrick's arms, and said in a muffled voice, "Darling, if you face any dangerous things in the future, don't worry about me, okay?"

She didn't want to involve Patrick in it.

She had a faint premonition that Sophie's show-up was not a coincidence.

Perhaps, she will soon be involved in something strange.

When the time came, the last thing she wanted was for Patrick to be in danger.

However, Patrick let go of Aimee, lifted her chin with his hand, and made her meet his gaze.

Patrick's voice sounded serious.

He said, "Aimee, you are my wife, my woman. Why do you want me to leave you alone?"

Aimee's words, to Patrick, were equivalent to a stab in his heart.

The last thing he wanted to hear was that she wanted to have nothing to do with him.

Aimee mumbled and swallowed. And inexplicably, her eyes turned red.

She looked at Patrick, and her voice became even more muffled.

“Darling, I...”

However, Aimee didn't get a chance to say anything. Her lips were sealed by Patrick's.

Patrick understood everything she had to say.

However, he really didn't want to hear it.

Aimee's eyes widened, and the pain from her lips made her clearly feel the anger from Patrick.

A drop of tear fell uncontrollably from the corner of her eye.

Her heart seemed to be pierced by something, which made her feel very painful.

Patrick didn't close his eyes, so naturally he saw Aimee's tear.

His eyes were full of helplessness.

However, he bit Aimee harder, so that she could firmly remember the pain this time.

Aimee let out a soft cry after being bitten by him. Her eyes became much moister. As she stared at Patrick, she said dissatisfiedly, “Darling, you treat me badly.”

Her voice was especially soft at this moment, as if she was being bullied miserably.

Patrick said, “I just want you to remember this pain, and see if you dare to say leave you alone in the future.”

Aimee saw his face which was intentionally serious, and burst out laughing.

She raised her hand and hit Patrick hard on the heart, and said, “Then you can't bite me either.”

Patrick didn't feel the pain. Instead he held her hand and pressed it against his heart.

He said, “Aimee, from now on, don't be angry with me again.”

Aimee nodded, and a touch of sweetness welled up in her heart.

That was fine. No matter what happened, he was by her side.

In this way, she will not face the world so indifferently as before.

Only...

Aimee compressed her lips, and said in a deliberately aggrieved way, “But you bite me. It's very painful.”

Patrick listened to her coquettish words, and his mood immediately improved.

He leaned over to get closer to Aimee, deliberately suppressed his voice, and said, “I'll be at a disadvantage, and I will let you bite me back.”

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Aimee's eyes fell on the handsome face right in front of her, and finally, on those thin lips.

She swallowed unconsciously, and an irrepressible desire was showed in her eyes.

It was said that people with thin lips were ruthless, but Aimee felt that what Patrick brought to her was endless affection.

She could feel that he cared about her.

Aimee licked the corner of her mouth uncontrollably, and then, as if she had made up her mind, she bit down on Patrick's lips.

She didn't hold back her strength, and this bite directly broke the skin of Patrick's lips.

Patrick snorted, and didn't expect that she would hit him so hard.

With a helpless low laugh, Patrick held Aimee's waist, lifted her onto his lap, and let her sit down.

Then, he reversed the position and attacked Aimee's lips.

Aimee didn't even have time to exclaim at the change of where she was sitting before she was kissed by Patrick.

When Patrick finally let her go, Aimee could clearly feel that her mouth was swollen.

She looked at Patrick, and the moisture in her eyes became a little thicker.

This man was a bully.

Patrick was very satisfied with his masterpiece.

He reached out and stroked Aimee's lips, and said deliberately, "Aimee, don't let people misunderstand that I'm fierce alone."

Aimee blinked and finally realized what he meant by fierce.

Her cheeks flushed immediately, and she instantly felt shy.

Obviously, they hadn't reached that step yet.

However, this man made this kind of misunderstanding several times.

It was clearly bullying.

Aimee said, "Darling, don't always do such misleading things."

It was really annoying.

Patrick laughed even more uncontrollably.

He caressed Aimee's face and said, "Or, Aimee, just make me 'bully' you."

Aimee's face turned even redder.

She didn't understand why Patrick was so obsessed with this matter.

However, for a moment, Aimee felt that there seemed to be nothing wrong.

So Aimee asked, "Darling, is this your house?"

She always had to be sure if they were in his own home or someone else's.

Understanding Aimee's meaning in an instant, Patrick smiled, clasped Aimee's waist tightly, picked her up from the sofa, and strode towards the bedroom.

The moment Aimee was put on the bed, Patrick said, "Aimee, this is our wedding room."

After he said so, Patrick didn't give Aimee a chance to be surprised, and bent down directly, leading her into a completely unfamiliar area.

Before Aimee fell asleep, she felt like crying without tears.

She knew that this matter should not be compromised so quickly.

Otherwise, Patrick's inferiority as a man will be fully displayed.

She lay in Patrick's arms with tears in her eyes.

Patrick, who succeeded, kept coaxing her with soft words in her ear, such as he will be gentler next time.

If Aimee still had the strength, she would really want to kick him a few times.

She had never been so tired fighting with dozens of people before. At this moment, she really felt that her special physique was a lie.

However, Patrick actually laughed at her and whispered in her ear, "Aimee, you need workout more."

Aimee rolled over with what little strength she had left, and decided that no matter what Patrick said, she would ignore him.

All she wanted now was sleeping.

Patrick didn't bother her anymore. After covering her with the quilt, he held her in his arms and fell asleep with her.

Aimee slept for a long time this time.

She had a dream, in which she saw her teacher.

After being adopted by him, he gave her a bowl of green drink every day. According to what he said at that time, it was a kind of soy milk.

Aimee didn't know so many things at that time, and she drank the drink obediently. Because her teacher put a lot of sugar in the drink, it was very sweet. She was young at that time and had no resistance to sweet things. And she felt it very delicious.

However, after drinking it for a month, she never drank that drink again.

But after that, her physique changed. She didn't need to sleep a lot, and she could be full of energy after sleeping less than two hours a day.

After Aimee woke up, she was sweating profusely.

She was awakened with a start, and sat up from the bed suddenly.

In the dream, she saw a very strange picture.

Her teacher, while she was asleep, gave her an injection.

She couldn't see which part of her the needle was piercing into, but she could clearly see that she was in great pain, and her small body was struggling non-stop. But her teacher seemed numb to see everything and kept giving her injections.

Aimee clearly saw that a needle was stuck in her throat.

She was awakened by the injection, and even after waking up, she felt an unprecedented sense of suffocation.

Aimee's body cooled down rapidly, and her teeth were chattering.

She didn't want to be alone.

Subconsciously, she groped to the side, but she didn't touch Patrick.

Aimee felt even more uncomfortable. Without thinking too much, she got off the bed and ran out of the room.

She didn't care about wearing slippers, nor did she care that she only had a suspender skirt on her body.

All she wanted was to find Patrick right now and immediately

Finally, Aimee found Patrick in the kitchen.

Aimee sniffed, looked at Patrick with watery eyes, and said, "Darling, don't leave me alone on the bed."

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Patrick felt as if he had been caught in the heart in an instant, and his heart ached.

This was the first time Aimee showed such a side in front of him.

He didn't ask Aimee what she dreamed about, but just patted her on the back and comforted her constantly.

Aimee took a while to finally come back to her senses and calm down.

She withdrew from Patrick's arms and asked suspiciously, "Darling, what are you doing?"

The kitchen, no matter how it looked, didn't fit Patrick.

He appeared here, quite discordant.

Patrick said, "I'm making breakfast."

Aimee was shocked when she heard the words, and then thought of it. When she was treating Patrick, he had proposed that after he recovered, he should treat her to a proper meal.

However, until now, none of them had eaten the meal.

Aimee blinked, looked at Patrick, and asked, "Darling, are you going to use this breakfast to get rid of me?"

If that was the case, it can't be possible.

She was not so easily to be fooled.

Patrick laughed lightly, pinched Aimee's face gently, and said, "In your heart, I'm such a stingy person?"

Aimee said in her heart that no matter how she felt, it was true that she didn't eat the meal he invited.

Therefore, it was useless to say these now.

Patrick knew what she was thinking, and said helplessly, "I remember. I take it seriously."

The tone in which he said this seemed to be coaxing Aimee, treating her like a child, with a gentle and doting meaning.

Aimee laughed instantly, thought for a while, and said, "Then I have to think about what to eat, and I want to eat the most expensive one."

Patrick laughed. This girl was telling him on purpose that she was already in a good mood, and told him not to worry.

She was not a money-grubber, so it didn't seem like she would say it at all.

"Okay, I will help you to look for it to see which one is better." Patrick said.

Aimee nodded, then looked into the pot in the kitchen, and asked, "Darling, what are you cooking?"

It smelt delicious, but she didn't know how it tasted.

"Seafood porridge," Patrick said.

Aimee was startled again. Although it was not difficult to cook seafood porridge, it was not a simple dish for someone who had never set foot in the kitchen.

Patrick came up to challenge this, and Aimee felt that he was really brave.

Patrick had already opened the lid to let the fragrance waft out more, and said to Aimee, "Aimee, come, have a taste and see how my cooking is?"

Aimee walked over and took a sip of the spoonful of porridge that Patrick scooped out.

Then...

Her expression froze.

Sure enough, what she guessed was correct that Patrick's cooking skill ... was really...

Aimee said, "It's so salty."

Patrick frowned, and tasted the spoon of the porridge that Aimee had tasted suspiciously, and now his expression froze.

Really, it was salty enough.

He said, "I obviously didn't add much salt."

Aimee also became puzzled when she heard him say that.

Logically speaking, if there was not much salt, it must be a problem with the ingredients.

Her eyes fell on the crab in the porridge, and she asked, "Darling, what is this crab?"

She looked at it. Why didn't it look like a fresh crab?

Aimee picked up a piece of crab, and put it in her mouth to taste it. Sure enough, the taste of this crab was not the taste of fresh one.

This was clearly...

"Darling, this is a salted crab." Aimee said helplessly.

This kind of salty crab was marinated and it was actually eaten raw. If it was cooked, it will be so salty that people will suffocate.

Aimee didn't even know where Patrick got the salty crab, and why he just put it in the pot.

Patrick was also surprised for a long time, and then went to the refrigerator to get the other two crabs, "Then these two are?"

Aimee looked at the two fresh crabs and instantly understood that Patrick had confused them.

She finally couldn't help it, and laughed out loud.

Why was him so cute?

Aimee approached Patrick and said, "Darling, you are so cute."

She smiled and it could tell that she was really amused by Patrick.

Patrick was also a little dumbfounded.

He deliberately studied these two kinds of crabs. Who would have thought that he was still confused.

Now, a good pot of porridge was ruined by him just like that.

Originally, he wanted to prove to Aimee that he didn't have any difficulty in cooking.

As a result, it was so unfavorable.

With Aimee's words, he was really a terrible cook.

Aimee stood on toes and kissed Patrick's mouth, and said, "Darling, I like you even more."

Patrick was somewhat coaxed by her words, but the frustration of not being good at cooking kept him down.

Aimee took his hand and said, "Leave it to me. I'll improve the porridge for you."



Next, Aimee re-adjusted the seasoning to dilute the original salty taste.

She tasted her masterpiece with satisfaction, and had to say that if Patrick hadn't mixed up the crab, the seasoning he had just now was actually just right.

After improving the porridge, Aimee and Patrick sat at the dining table and had breakfast.

Aimee was really hungry. Now that she was eating porridge, her stomach was finally full.

Her physical strength that was consumed by Patrick finally came back.

After eating two large bowls in a row, Aimee patted her belly contentedly.

Patrick looked at her satisfied appearance, and his heart was soft.

Why was his girl so cute?

The two had finished their breakfast when Patrick's cell phone rang.

It was grandpa's calling.

"Pat, you and Aimee didn't come back last night?" Camdyn asked with concern on the other end of the phone.

"Grandpa, we're at La Grande Maison." Patrick replied.

Camdyn was still worried that after the two of them didn't go home, something must have happened, but when he heard that they were at La Grande Maison, he stopped worrying about anything in an instant.

He smiled and asked, "Do you want to stay there for a while longer? Is there anything you need? I'll have someone send it to you."

La Grande Maison was the matrimonial home prepared for Patrick at that time. Although Patrick and Aimee had been married for a long time, it was the first time for them to go there.

For Camdyn, he guessed why Patrick took Aimee there.

Thinking that he might soon have a great-grandchild, Camdyn was in a great mood, and even wished they would stay there until Aimee had a baby, and then go back.

Listening to Camdyn's excited voice, Patrick felt helpless.

How much did this old man want to have a great-grandchild?

However, he really wanted to know what his and Aimee's child would be like.

And he didn't know if after last night, there was already a baby that had taken root in Aimee's stomach.

Aimee noticed the change in Patrick's eyes, looked at him suspiciously, and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Grandpa asked us to stay here longer," Patrick said.

Aimee was at a loss for a while again, not understanding why grandpa would make such a request.

She said, "No, we have to go back to the house."

La Grande Maison had nothing, and if there was something wrong with Patrick's body, it was not convenient to deal with it here.

Patrick repeated Aimee's words to Camdyn, "Grandpa, we'll be back in a while."

He heard Camdyn sigh when he heard him say that, looking very disappointed.

## **chapter 207**

After Patrick hung up the phone, Aimee asked, "Grandpa, what happened to him? Why did I hear something wrong with his voice?"

"Maybe, we're not welcome back," Patrick said.

Aimee looked at Patrick strangely, but still couldn't understand.

No, logically speaking, Camdyn wouldn't unwelcome them.

Although he didn't say anything, Aimee knew how clingy he was.

Now, it was strange for him not wanting them to go back and be with him.

Aimee stared at Patrick for a long time, and finally said, "Darling, are you slandering grandpa?"

Patrick held his forehead and stared at Aimee as if irritated.

In her eyes, was he so bad?

Patrick said, "Grandpa thinks that we can wait until there's a newcomer before going back."

Aimee instantly understood who this newcomer was referring to.

Her face turned red and she glared at Patrick. "Darling, what did you say to grandpa?" she asked.

Patrick was wronged and immediately said, "I answered the phone in front of you. And you heard what I said. Aimee, you can't treat me like this."

Aimee thought so too. Just now, Patrick really didn't say anything strange.

But here was where it got weird.

Even though the conversation was normal, how could he make Camdyn think about that?

Wasn't that weird?

Aimee still felt that it was Patrick who said something weird.

However, she did have no proof.

It was just that she really didn't know how to face grandpa when she went back later.

Seeing Aimee's embarrassed look, Patrick couldn't help laughing again.

He pulled Aimee into his arms and said, "How about we don't go back, and we will when there's really a newcomer?"

Aimee heard what he said and felt that if she really did this, it would really be a big problem.

She immediately said, "Let's go back, go back now!"

After speaking, Aimee was about to back to the room to change clothes.

However, she was dumbfounded that her clothes had already been torn to pieces by Patrick last night.

Seeing the mess all over the floor, Aimee really wanted to cry.

Did this man listen to her words?

She clearly forbade him to use force.

As a result, it looked like this now.

Patrick followed Aimee in. Seeing her looking at the clothes on the ground annoyed, he said, "Don't feel bad. I will buy you new ones."

"Who cares about clothes?" Aimee turned around, glared at Patrick, and said, "Do you know that your body is still very fragile now? It's not good for your body if you act like this."

Patrick had seen through Aimee, and that was what she was trying to do to him.

If he was really fragile, how could Aimee indulge him last night?

Patrick said, "I thought, last night, you already knew very clearly whether I'm fragile or not."

Aimee's train of thought was instantly deviated by him.

Indeed, in terms of Patrick's state last night, not to mention that he was not fragile at all, he was obviously very powerful.

Aimee felt that if she didn't exercise regularly and her body wasn't different from ordinary girls, and if she was a little more delicate, she would have been tortured to death by Patrick last night.

The scenes of last night slid past before her eyes, and it took Aimee a while to realize that she was distracted by Patrick again.

Frowning, Aimee stared at Patrick and said, "Don't talk nonsense like that. I'll beat you up."

"Aimee," Patrick chuckled, took a few steps forward, and hugged Aimee into his arms, "You just like beating me up so much?"

Aimee was blushing again and her heart was pounding.

She suddenly felt that she couldn't have a proper conversation with Patrick.

She sniffed, and finally couldn't hold back. She raised her feet and stepped on Patrick's hand.

This kick was very hard, and Patrick really groaned when she stepped on it. It really hurt a little.

He had no choice but to let go, looked at her, and said, "Aimee, you hate me so much, so you stomped my feet heavily. Don't you feel sorry for me?"

Aimee snorted and said, "It's not worth feeling bad for you."

The result of feeling sorry for him was that she was bullied miserably.

Aimee didn't give Patrick a chance to bully herself.

Patrick was really amused by her appearance. After relieving the pain in his feet, he said, "My good Aimee, I won't bully you in the future, okay?"

Aimee felt that she would be an idiot if she believed what Patrick said.

Facts had also proved this point. If she believed that Patrick will not bully her, she was really an idiot.

Because, almost every day and night after that, Patrick made things difficult for her in different ways.

And, to put it more euphemistically, he was loving her.

Aimee wanted to kick Patrick away every time, but in this matter, she seemed to be no match for him by nature.

Putting these aside, for Aimee, the most important thing right now was that her clothes were torn by Patrick, and she had no clothes to wear.

Aimee pointed to the clothes on the ground and said, "What do you want me to do?"

She could actually ask someone to bring the clothes over, but, inevitably, if she really asked someone to do it, she would definitely be teased severely.

That was the last thing Aimee wanted to face.

Patrick finally understood where Aimee's tantrum came from.

He smiled and said, "Aimee, you are not naked now."

Aimee looked down at herself, and he was right. Although the nightgown on her body was indeed very thin and she didn't wear a bra, but, as Patrick said, she was indeed not naked.

For a while, Aimee was also a little dazed.

She looked at Patrick again and said, "Where did this dress come from?"

She'd never been to La Grande Maison, and of course there shouldn't be anything for her here.

So, which woman did this nightdress belong to?

Patrick was dumbfounded when Aimee asked this question.

He grabbed Aimee's shoulders and led her into a cloakroom.

Everything she saw was women's clothes, bags, shoes, accessories, everything.

Aimee was a little dumbfounded, and blinked a few times before confirming that she was right.

Patrick said, "As the hostess here, Aimee, who do you think these belong to?"

"But..." She had never been here before.

"It was prepared before. I wanted to show you around yesterday, but I was busy and forgot." Patrick said.

Aimee was instantly speechless.

Busy!?! Forgot!?!

What was he busy for? Needless to say?

She really wanted to cover Patrick's mouth.

Can this man not talk about that?

Patrick looked at Aimee who became shy again, and said intentionally, "You can't blame me. I prefer when these clothes don't work."

Aimee was speechless.

She finally couldn't hold back, and raised her hand to cover Patrick's mouth.

"If you talk nonsense again, I will really beat you." Aimee threatened him angrily.

However, this time, Patrick's eyes suddenly darkened. He raised his hand to hold Aimee's wrist, and just as she was covering his mouth, he kissed her palm.

Aimee trembled slightly at the touch from her palm.

She wanted to take back her hand, but she couldn't do so.

Patrick had already held her wrist, and pulled her into his arms.

He said, "Come on, beat me up."

Before Aimee could react, she was kissed by Patrick.

She was so dizzy, and she paid the price for her threat to Patrick.

Aimee had never thought about what location and posture will be unlocked in terms of having sex.

However, she never thought that she would be able to do it in the cloakroom the next day.

Moreover, she didn't even know that her legs could be used to such an extreme level, which was unimaginable.

## **chapter 208**

7-9 minutes

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Patrick and Aimee returned to Hayden's Mansion in the afternoon.

On the way, Aimee didn't speak to Patrick.

She was no longer angry but simply ashamed.

When she went to change clothes, she found that her body was covered with marks made by him, and she couldn't cover them.

There was no other way that she could only wear a high-necked long-sleeved shirt and a pair of very formal suit trousers in such weather to wrap herself tightly.

Fortunately, they were indoors all the time, and after getting in the car, the air conditioner was also turned on extremely low.

In this way, she was able to keep a relatively comfortable temperature.

Patrick drove the car while smiling.

He was in a really good mood. If Aimee wasn't really on the verge of getting angry now, he would really tease her again.

The car drove into Hayden's Mansion, and Aimee held on to the seat belt, not wanting to get out of the car for a long time.

However, Camdyn heard the voice and came out of it with Flabby in his arms.

Aimee can only open the door to get out of the car.

As Camdyn saw Aimee, he was taken aback.

He asked, "Aimee, it's thirty-nine degrees today. Aren't you feeling hot?"

Aimee was about to cry, and her face was even more red.

She gritted her teeth and said firmly, "Grandpa, I'm not feeling hot."

After saying it, Aimee heard Patrick laughing.

She was even more depressed. This hateful man had to expose her intention.

Aimee cleared her throat lightly, and said to Camdyn, "Grandpa, I remembered I have to deal with something. I'll go in first."

After speaking, Aimee ran into it without looking back.

Flabby was very happy to see her back, and wanted her to hug him, but in the end, she rushed into the room like a gust of wind, without even giving him a look.

Flabby was whining and howling incessantly, as if he had been abandoned.

Patrick came over, pinched the puppy's neck, and said, "Don't bark. Your mom is angry. Help me coax her later."

Flabby: "Aww... aww..."

Camdyn instantly understood what was going on.

He glared at Patrick, but said, "Nice job."

Patrick smiled lightly, looked at Camdyn, and said, "Grandpa, if Aimee hears what you said, she will have to be angry with you."

Camdyn said, "No, Aimee will only be angry with you."

Patrick was speechless, looked at Camdyn with an amused look, and said, "Grandpa, if Aimee puts the blame on me, it means that I may be kicked out of the bedroom. Do you still think it's okay?"

Camdyn's expression froze instantly.

Yes, if Patrick was kicked out of the bedroom, it meant that his wish to have a great-grandchild will be stranded again.

Camdyn glared at Patrick and said, "Then why are you still here with me? Why don't you coax Aimee?"

He didn't understand how could he, a smart old man, have such a stupid grandson as Patrick?

Patrick made his wife unhappy, but he didn't even know how to coax her.

Hey, it really broke his heart.

Patrick touched his nose and wanted to say that he was completely embarrassed by Aimee now, and it was really not an easy task to coax her.

However, in front of Camdyn, he absolutely refused to lose face.

Walking up the stairs, Patrick heard Camdyn say to Flabby, "Flabby, you can't learn from your dad. Your dad is so stupid. I don't even want to talk about him."

Camdyn's tone was full of dislike for Patrick.

Patrick was so helpless. When did he become a dog's negative example?

However, this little dog seemed to understand it, and he fit well with Camdyn's words, barking non-stop.

It just made Patrick want to teach this puppy a lesson.

However, the most important thing now, of course, was to coax his wife.

Aimee returned to the room, and couldn't wait to unbutton her shirt.

In such a hot weather, she was really about to be suffocated by the heat.

However, after unbuttoning it, she can see the marks on her neck from the mirror.

Aimee was annoyed again.

She knew that she shouldn't have agreed at the beginning.

After the first time, he became insatiable

Unfortunately, she couldn't control herself.

Aimee sighed. Finally there was no other way but she had to start to cover the traces with liquid foundation.

When she was at La Grande Maison, she was so angry that she completely forgot that there was such a way of covering.

Now that she was back, she naturally had to handle the marks on her neck.

As Patrick came in, he saw Aimee in front of the mirror, holding a beauty blender in her hand, and kept pressing on her neck.

He walked over and stood behind Aimee. His eyes darkened a bit.

For a split second, Patrick himself thought he was a beast enough.

He was already thinking about unlocking the bathroom with Aimee.

Aimee didn't want to pay attention to Patrick at first. She deliberately pretended that he didn't exist and she didn't see him.

However, soon, Aimee noticed something wrong with Patrick's eyes.

She stopped her movement and looked defensively through the mirror at Patrick, as if he made any moves, she would actually fight him.

Fortunately, Patrick didn't do any dangerous moves.

Seeing that the movement of Aimee's hand stopped, he took the sponge from her hand, imitated her movement, and pressed it on her neck.

Patrick said, "Don't be angry with me. I'll be careful in the future, okay?"

Aimee thought that was funny. If she believed Patrick in this matter, she would be a real idiot.

Seeing that she didn't speak, Patrick said again, "I promise I won't make it where you can see it in the future, okay?"

Aimee took the sponge back from his hand, snorted softly, and said, "I want to punish you. You are not allowed to touch me again."

She had to make a rule with Patrick, and she couldn't let him do whatever he wanted.

Otherwise, she can imagine how difficult her future life will be.

Patrick heard the words, but raised his brows lightly, smiled and said nothing.

Of course, she just said it casually.

At that time, whether he can follow, of course, was up to him.

Aimee saw his expression, and knew that he was planning something in his heart.

She frowned, and decided not to talk to Patrick again. She didn't believe that if she really didn't allow it, could he still force her?



Finally, after Aimee covered all her exposed skin, the embarrassment in her heart was suppressed.

Camdyn was at home, and she was too embarrassed to always stay upstairs. After changing her clothes, she went downstairs.

To her surprise, Casey was there.

When she saw her coming down the stairs, a look of discomfort visibly slipped across Casey's face.

Aimee looked at her amusedly, guessing that she had something to say to her.

However, she didn't rush to speak, but waited for Casey to speak first.

Casey sniffed and tugged at Camdyn's arm, trying to hinting something to him.

Camdyn ignored her at all, holding Flabby in his arms and looking like a good father.

Casey was very depressed. In her grandfather's heart, could she not be as good as a dog?

Looking at her expression, Aimee felt even more amused.

She walked to the opposite sofa and sat down. Flabby kicked his legs and was about to get off Camdyn's arms, trying to go to Aimee.

Camdyn snorted angrily, "You little heartless dog. You forgot who gave you food, drink and play with you these past two days? Now that you see your mom coming over, you despise me, the old man. Oh my heart, I'm so disappointed"

## **chapter 209**

It was hard for Casey to understand why her grandpa said such words after she was away for two days.

She really can't accept it.

Moreover, how come there was such a little thing competing for favor in the family? Her precarious position in the family was even more insignificant now.

Casey sniffed and said, "Grandpa, he isn't your great-grandson. Why do you still spoil him more than me?"

Camdyn said, "How do you compare with our Flabby? Flabby is so cute. Take a look at you. What else can you do besides embarrassing me?"

Casey wanted to cry even more.

Sure enough, she was no longer the little princess in this family.

Casey looked towards Aimee and opened her mouth, but she still couldn't say what she wanted to say.

Aimee was not in a hurry, picked up Flabby who had jumped to her side, and played with him, the little fur ball.

Patrick also came over and sat beside Aimee, playing with the dog with her.

Casey finally took a deep breath and said, "Patrick, are you hungry?"

Patrick raised his eyebrows, looked at Casey, and asked, "What?"

"Patrick, do you want anything special to eat?" Casey hinted frantically.

Her eyes glanced at Aimee from time to time, just to tell Patrick quickly order food from Aimee, and let Aimee cook by herself.

Aimee had already seen what Casey meant, and now that she heard her say that. She really couldn't help it, and laughed out loud.

What kind of tricks was she playing?

She turned her head and asked Patrick, "Mr. Hayden, do you want to eat meatballs? Let's eat meatballs with noodles. What do you think?"

In front of Camdyn and Casey, Aimee was naturally embarrassed to call Patrick darling, but called him Mr. Hayden.

Patrick said cooperatively, "Yes, meatballs with noodles, made by Aimee, must be delicious."

"Of course, I am very confident in my cooking skills." Aimee said, "Then, what else should I make? Why don't we go to the kitchen first and do what we have?"

"Alright." Patrick laughed.

The two stood up, and before heading to the kitchen, Aimee looked at Camdyn again and asked, "Grandpa, what do you want to eat?"

Camdyn thought for a while and said, "Braised pork belly."

This was Camdyn's favorite dish.

However, as he got older, it was really difficult for him to eat this dish as willfully as before.

Now, with Aimee, she can make this dish specially suitable for the elderly of his age without affecting any taste.

Aimee nodded and said, "Okay, Grandpa, just wait for me. It will be fine soon."

After speaking, Aimee and Patrick went to the kitchen.

Casey had been looking at Aimee expectantly since just now, thinking that when she asked herself, she will tell Aimee what she wanted to eat.

However, Aimee didn't ask her at all.

Casey was wronged. Was she so unimportant?

Aimee didn't see it at all why did she come back?

However, Aimee really ignored her.

Casey pursed her mouth, turned her head to look at Camdyn, "Grandpa, woo woo woo, don't you all like me anymore?"

“Whether I like you or not, you must know that you are my granddaughter. It is impossible for me not to like you,” Camdyn said. “As for whether Aimee likes you, you have to ask yourself.”

Casey bit her lip, looked at Camdyn pitifully, and said, “Grandpa, I didn’t treat her too badly, did I?”

“Hmph, you don’t know whether it’s good or bad,” Camdyn glared at her and said, “You haven’t called her until now, have you?”

Casey sniffed and her shoulders drooped in an instant.

She really never called her Aimee.

Thinking about it this way, she really went too far.

But...

“Grandpa, you can’t blame me for this. You suddenly made her Patrick’s wife. How do you want me to accept her?” Casey said it while pursing her lips

Camdyn snorted again, and said, “She’s not your wife. Why do you care about it so much? Patrick didn’t say anything.”

Casey was speechless for a while, looked at Camdyn, and said, “Didn’t Patrick not accept it at the beginning?”

“Then Patrick loves Aimee badly now,” Camdyn said.

Casey instantly thought of Patrick’s being clingy, and it was still very unacceptable.

He was not the Patrick she was familiar with. No, no, she really cannot accept Patrick had become like this.

Camdyn didn’t bother to pay attention to Casey anymore. This little girl, if he didn’t teach her a lesson, she wouldn’t know what stupid things she had done.

He could tell that Aimee deliberately wanted to teach Casey a lesson today, so, as an old man, he naturally gave her support.

As for whether Casey can appreciate Aimee’s good intentions, it was very difficult to say.

If Casey really had no capacity for improvement, there was nothing he can do about it as an old man.

After Camdyn left, Casey sat on the sofa alone, moaning and sighing.

Didn’t she just want to come back and eat a meal made by Aimee?

Why was it so difficult?

## **chapter 210**

In the kitchen.

Aimee had already made the braised pork, and she had processed the meat with spices, so that the meat will no longer have any greasy feeling. And it will not cause hyperlipidemia in the elderly, and it can also make the taste more perfect.

Patrick leaned against a glass table, watched Aimee's movements, and said with a smile, "Are you worried Casey is going to lose her temper with you again?"

"Will you make her lose her temper with me?" Aimee looked up at Patrick, thinking he really asked a stupid question.

Patrick smiled, "No, I will fix her."

Aimee suddenly remembered that Patrick punished Casey for copying the Bible before, and laughed out loud.

"She's your sister. How could you be so cruel?" Aimee asked.

"When she was young, she was mischievous, disobedient, and always got into fights. Violence can't teach her a lesson, but literature can only be used for her." Patrick said.

Aimee was happy and suddenly remembered a sentence: A wicked person will be harassed by another of like ilk.

Patrick looked at her expression, and probably understood what she was thinking.

Raising his hand and pinching Aimee's cheek, Patrick said, "Am I so bad in your heart?"

He can guarantee that if Aimee was allowed to speak out what was in his heart, maybe he will really be pissed off.

Aimee pursed her lips and said nothing, but the expression on her face said it all.

After preparing the ingredients for the meatballs, Aimee asked, "What does Casey usually like to eat?"

Although she ignored Casey on purpose, she didn't really ignore her.

She still decided to make Casey something she liked to eat.

However, after Aimee asked this question, she did not get an answer from Patrick.

She looked over at Patrick, and saw him frowning slightly, looking thoughtful.

Aimee's mouth twitched, and she quickly understood the meaning of Patrick's expression.

He was ...

"Don't tell me you don't know what your sister likes to eat." Aimee said.

Patrick said, "Well, I can only say that Casey is a foodie. She likes everything edible, nothing special."

Aimee would be an idiot if she believed him.

She smiled and said, "Darling, do you know what I like to eat?"

"Of course." Patrick said, and immediately listed several dishes that Aimee liked to eat.

There were some that Aimee didn't even think of, but after hearing Patrick mentioning it, she nodded in agreement that she really liked it.