

## **My Wife is a beautiful Officer Chapter 961 - Chapter 960: Good Job(part one)**

### **Chapter 961: Chapter 960: Good Job(part one)**

"What happened, Daisy?" Cynthia asked anxiously as she saw Daisy rush across the dining room.

"Oh! I'm about to go to the kitchen to fetch some ice bags. I seem to have used too much force and caused some bruises on his leg. I'm going to apply cold compress on him and then apply some medicine." Daisy said, looking embarrassed, with guilt written all over her face. The man she hurt was Cynthia's only son and she couldn't be sorrier.

Is it very serious? Do we need to send for Tom to have a check-up on him?" Cynthia automatically stood upright upon hearing her. The concern in her eyes was immeasurable.

"No, it's not that serious. I can take care of him. Don't worry, you may continue to eat. I will handle him and it will not take me long." Daisy directly walked into the kitchen as she finished her words. The ice bags were brought there by Tom the last time. They had been reserved in the fridge and were handy anytime.

"Grandma, continue to eat your dinner. Daddy is just exaggerating. He is just doing that to gain Mommy's sympathy. He is fine. Don't worry too much." Justin wasn't able to stop himself from saying those as he saw how anxious his grandmother was. His Daddy was a mischievous man after all. He was even more mischievous than himself.

"Really?" Cynthia still felt really worried. She felt restrained from rushing to Edward because she didn't want Daisy to feel guilty. It took her more seconds hesitating before she finally sat down.

Don't worry, Mom. Mr. Mu will be fine. Mrs. Mu won't hurt him too much." Luke also assured Cynthia as he saw her worried face.

"Lukie, doesn't it sound strange? You call me Mom but you call Edward Mr. Mu, does that make sense?" Cynthia frowned. She had told Luke that she took him as her own son. How come he was still so polite? She didn't know what to do anymore to make him forget about all these formalities.

"Well... I just get used to it. It is difficult for me to change the appellation now." Luke pursed his lips. Although he knew that Cynthia was right, he still thought that it was better to remain as it was.

"Fine, whatever, just suit yourself. I have told you so many times about the appellation but you never listened. Fine, just let it as it is. I won't push you." Cynthia heaved a sigh.

She shouldn't feel bothered as long as his new son was comfortable. Luke seemed to be closer to Edward even than to herself. That was a delight.

Luke raised his head and glanced at Cynthia. He opened his mouth but then he wasn't able to find the right words. Thus, he shut his mouth back. There were just no words to explain what he wanted to explain. Sometimes, silence spoke louder than words.

Edward was overjoyed to see Daisy come back to him. He thought she didn't care and just left him there alone. It was not until he felt something cold on his leg that he realized what Daisy had done. She fetched ice bag for him.

"Does it hurt? Try to challenge me again, huh!" Daisy said in annoyance as she raised her gaze and looked at his furrowed eyebrows. Her angry look was a contradiction with how gentle she was when she attended to his bruise.

"No, not at all." Edward pretended with a forced smile. But the great pain coming from his leg told him what he had to pay for telling the lie.

"Okay. It may be a little painful when I apply the medicine though. I will massage the bruise with the iodine first and then apply some ointment." Daisy put the ice bag aside and placed his leg on her lap. She poured some iodine on her palm and rubbed it on his bruise. Then she began to massage.

The CEO's face automatically turned red as beads of sweat started forming on his forehead. Who said that it didn't hurt? It hurt like hell! He gritted his teeth to suppress the pain from showing on his face. He was a tough man and he didn't want Daisy to look down upon him and mock him. Daisy flashed a cunning smile. Did Edward really think she wouldn't do anything to him? It seemed that he didn't want to talk to her at all. Well, how about using more force to massage him? Daisy acted on her thoughts and as expected, she heard a painful growl from Edward immediately.

"Ouch! It hurts. Are you sure that you're applying the medicine and not murdering me?" Edward tried to take his leg back but Daisy gripped it harder. He never saw this coming. How could he suddenly end up as the lamb on the slaughterhouse under her mercy?

"Didn't you say it didn't hurt? Huh! You lied," said Daisy with a sly smile. She stopped the trick and continued to apply the ointment on him carefully. It was only a joke anyway and she knew when to stop. The whole thing might turn ugly if she crossed the line.

"How about I press your leg and see if it hurts?" Edward said with a sullen face. He never thought that the upright Daisy could actually stab his back just like that.

"Okay, Come on, I'm giving you the chance to press here." Daisy smiled gently and put her foot before him. She would like to see how he wanted to revenge himself.

Huh! Stop fooling around! You have no injuries on your leg at all. By the way, do you really think that I could hurt you?" Edward finally opened his eyes and stared at her angrily.

"You can see by yourself whether I have injuries or not." Not taking her foot back, Daisy looked at him with full ease.

"Honey, judging it from what you said, did you get injured again?" Edward suddenly forgot his own injury upon hearing what she said. He didn't even mind about their argument and hurriedly rolled up her leg trousers to examine her. The sight of the white bandage on her leg proved that his guess was right.

## **Chapter 962: Chapter 961: Good Job (part two)**

"Do you think I want to get myself hurt? I got scratched today when training the soldiers," Daisy said it as if it was nothing. She didn't even tell him that she almost fell down a cliff. The crisis was averted and she was fine now. She didn't want him to be worried.

"What kind of training it was? Why on earth was it so dangerous?" Edward looked sad at the sight of her injury. He didn't have the mood to argue with her anymore.

"It's a military secret. I can't tell you." Daisy raised her eyes as if saying something very mysterious. For her, all the training programs of the special troops were very dangerous. She wouldn't choose to tell this to him, of course.

"Huh! Do you fear that I am a spy and will let the secret out?" Edward clenched his teeth and looked at her smug face. It turned out that she had qualms about telling him the details of their military programs. Honestly, he wouldn't even care about the troops' activity if it wasn't for her. He was never an idle man. There was a lot of work in the company that troubled him. How could he have extra time to care about any other things?

"Huh! Do you even think that you're qualified to be a spy? You will be an insult to that profession." Daisy said while taking the medicine back into the kit. Obviously, there was a tinge of contempt in her tone. She narrowed her eyes and glanced at him disdainfully. She took pleasure in beating Edward in the verbal argument. Otherwise, Edward would always consider himself a world above her and others.

"You're right. Such a demanding work is not suitable for me. Plus, I'm counting on you to feed and provide for me." It was only the irritation that made Edward blame Daisy. Edward was such a person, he could easily lose his temper, but also could let it go quickly. Nonetheless, he was really easy to please. Daisy was quite sure about that trait in his character. Thus, she never worried that he would take offense for a long time.

"It's not impossible. I'll agree to provide for you if you agree to be trained by me." Daisy teased and looked at him with a cunning smile.

"Forget it. I'd rather provide for you. I don't want to make myself miserable." Edward touched his nose sulkily. He was not even her soldier but was often kicked by her as if he was her training sandbag. How would he end up if he really was her soldier? He might probably die a miserable death. Plus, he would certainly not be so stupid to agree to her every requirement.

"I don't need you to provide for me. Let's drop the subject. Edward, could you go and eat dinner now? I owe you this time." Daisy said as she tried to take her foot back but then, Edward gripped her and stopped her from doing so. He furrowed his brows as if thinking about something. He suddenly looked very serious.

"Eating is not that important. The most important thing right now is the fact that you never take my words seriously. Spit it out, how would you like me to punish you?" Edward flashed a cunning grin. His smile was still charming in spite of how his heart ached so much with Daisy's injuries.

"Oh? Why would you punish me? Why don't I understand what you're saying?" Daisy forced a smile and touched her sweaty nose. Oh, no. She suddenly realized what he was referring to. How could she forget what she had promised him before? She plainly forgot that she had promised him not to get herself injured again! Worse, she even proudly showed it to him unwittingly just to win their verbal war. What a stupid thing! She just voluntarily invited trouble for herself.

"Huh! Don't try to play the fool. You're too naive to try to get away with it." Edward's tone turned harsh. He immediately resumed his cold demeanor. He could spoil her with his affection and forgive her on any other things but not with this. Not when it was about her safety. He would never compromise with anyone, including her, about that. That was the exact reason why he had insisted on her promising him first.

"But I'm very hungry and exhausted after a whole day of training. Do you want to see me starve without eating anything?" Daisy looked at him with her pitiful eyes. She knew when to be aggressive and when to cave in. She immediately hid her tough side and showed her sweet and gentle persona upon feeling how the air around her froze. She knew his temper. He might usually look carefree but he was never the type of man she would want to provoke. His anger could be serious. As the saying went, "A wise man submits to circumstances." In her case, she'd better succumb to this arrogant man first.

Edward tried his best to suppress his anger. He shook his head helplessly and said, "Let's go! Eat the dinner first. I will come back to this issue after we eat. Don't try to get by that easily."

Okay. You can punish me in any way you want after dinner. Whether you hit me or blame me, I will never talk or fight back." Daisy played up to Edward, her aloof face filled

with sweet smiles. Edward was overwhelmed by her expression but then, could not do anything to her. She seemed to really know his weakness, so she was turning all soft on him.

"When did I hit you before? Don't label and bludgeon me randomly." Edward carefully pulled down her trousers. He couldn't make out if it was serious or not since it was wrapped with a bandage. Regardless, he was already doomed to worry about her for the rest of his life.

## **Chapter 963: Chapter 962: Good Job (part three)**

"Haha, It's only the worst-case scenario. I know it can't really happen. Honey." Daisy continued to smile mischievously. She thought that her actions might look very dumb now. What else could she do? She was at a disadvantage. No matter how reluctant she was, she had to play the fool. She could feel herself turning very pathetic. She was an honorable Senior Colonel and it never came to her that she would act so cute and humble to play up to him.

"Daisy, are you sure you were not born in the year of dog?" Edward mocked. For the first time, he found that Daisy was also fickle. It seemed that no matter how aloof she was, she couldn't get rid of women's mercurial nature.

"Oh? Why do you ask?" Daisy looked at him, confused. She slowly stood up upon realizing that he had already released her foot. She was very careful with her movement as she wouldn't want her wounds to bleed with just a wrong move.

"Dogs are mercurial by nature." Edward also stood up too. His bruise still stung even after Daisy put medicine on it. He wasn't able to control his eyebrows from furrowing out of pain.

"Huh! Where did you get that theory?" Daisy looked at his legs with concern upon noticing the slight wince he made. It seemed that she should not be too violent in the future, as it wouldn't make anyone happy if she really made him disabled.

"What are you doing?" It was then that a cold commanding voice suddenly boomed inside the room and frightened the sweet couple.

"Dad, you came home! Mom told us that you would come home very late." Daisy replied quickly as soon as she realized that that voice came from Jonathan. She was nervous at the same time as she wondered how Jonathan would perceive her if he noticed the bruise on Edward's leg.

Edward didn't show any response to Jonathan's appearance. It was given that their relationship was softened than before, it did not necessarily mean that they were closer to each other though. Edward still looked very indifferent.

"Yes! The affairs were finished in advance, so I came back early. Say, what happened to his leg?" Jonathan was not an ordinary man. He could hit the nail on the head right at the moment he entered the house. As the leader of the Mayfly, he had a sharp observation.

"Nothing, I just carelessly bumped into a table. Since you are back, let's eat dinner together." Edward immediately blurted out a lie upon hearing his father ask about his leg. He didn't want Daisy to stupidly acknowledge that she kicked him. Who knew whether this eccentric man would really mind if he got the truth?

"Dad, it's me. I kicked on his leg and I'm very sorry." Daisy was an honest person. She would never escape from her responsibility if it was her fault. That was the reason why she frankly admitted that the bruise on Edward's leg was caused by her.

"Oh! Good job!" Jonathan glanced at Edward's leg again and then decisively walked towards the washroom. It was difficult to know how he felt today. No one had any idea about his mindset. The one and only person in that house that had the ability to decipher Jonathan's mind was his wife, Cynthia.

"He... What did he mean?" Edward was dumbfounded as he watched his Dad walk away. He even doubted it if he was actually his mother and father's biological son. It was fine that his mother didn't even care about his leg but what was more depressing was how his father added insult to his injury. The world was so unjustified!

"If you really want to know the literal meaning, I don't mind if you ask him." Daisy said blissfully. She was ready to be blamed right after Jonathan asked about the bruise. For her, Jonathan had always been very cold and harsh. Thus his comment earlier almost made her jaw drop in surprise.

"Do you think I will be so stupid to invite trouble for myself? Honey, are you so happy to see your husband being despised?" Edward pretended to get angry and stared at her. He was secretly relieved. He knew that all the people in his family loved Daisy, just like he did, although they didn't express it.

"No, you took it wrong. Are you okay now? Can you walk by yourself?" Daisy said while trying to support him. He seemed to be in great pain.

"No, thanks. You didn't utter a word of pain about your wound. As a man, I will be more ashamed if I can't even bear mine. Talking about this, I wonder how could you walk like normal with such serious wound on our leg?" This was the question that had been lingering on his mind since he got to know Daisy's wound. He wouldn't even know about it if she didn't voluntarily tell him. There was nothing strange about how she moved and walked at all.

"I told you it was only a minor wound." Daisy would never tell him that she was actually enduring the pain and she was trying her best to cover it. She feared that Edward would

get even madder if he knew the truth. She didn't expect that she would be so careless to let her secret out at Edward's provocation. Otherwise, she would have hidden it all the time. If so, the wound would soon recover and Edward would never know about it.

"Honey, don't lie to me. You know I have plenty of ways to get the truth if I want to know." Edward was still very worried about Daisy's wound. They kept talking and arguing but the topics were just wandering around and kept coming back to the starting point. Nevertheless, their dialogues were full of endless affection towards each other and also with fun.

You could trust me or not, I don't care. I'm hungry. I don't have any energy to talk about such nonsense. I'll go eat dinner." Daisy said as she trotted towards the dining room. Edward was flustered as he tried to catch up to her. Was he taking her wound too seriously? How could she walk so quickly like there were no injuries on her leg at all?

## **Chapter 964: Chapter 963: Am I So Frightening (part one)**

Edward walked into the dining room with such a question in his head, as he saw Daisy step out of the kitchen with a bowl and a pair of chopsticks in her hands. She carefully put them in front of the vacant seat next to Cynthia.

"Daisy, there were enough bowls and chopsticks on the table. Whom are these for?" Cynthia asked in confusion. All the people who were going to have dinner were at the table already. She wondered if Daisy was expecting a guest.

"Mom, Dad is home. He is washing his hands. He will join us in a minute," Daisy replied with a smile and went to her seat. Edward sat next to her and was looking at her rather mischievously.

"Oh. I didn't expect him to come home so soon. Son, is your leg okay?" As much as she knew the question might embarrass Daisy, Cynthia couldn't help but ask out of her maternal instincts.

"My leg is fine, but someone else's seems otherwise," Edward said as he threw a glance at Daisy, his eyebrows raised.

"No way! Daddy, did you stomp on mommy's leg too?" Justin looked at Edward in surprise. There was accusation in his eyes, as if Edward had done something unforgivable.

"Do I look like somebody so unreasonable?" Edward asked and looked at Daisy pitifully, indicating that she was the one who was guilty.

"Then who was the 'someone else' you referred to?" Justin asked, wondering whom it could be, if it wasn't his Mommy.

"I meant your Mommy was injured too, but not by me." Edward rolled his eyes at Justin. "What's up with him? He is usually so smart, but why can't he take a hint today?" Edward thought.

"What? Is it bad? Mommy, let me have a look at your injury." Justin jumped off the chair and hastened over to Daisy.

"It's nothing serious. Go back to your seat and eat your dinner." Daisy glared at Edward. Leave it to him to try and make trouble! He was trying to expose her injury in front of the entire family, which would only make all of them worry about her. He should know better than that.

"Daisy, what happened? Is it serious? I think we'd better call Tom and let him have a look at it." Cynthia was worried. Her face reflected the anxiety she felt for Daisy.

"Mom, I'm fine. It is just a scrape I got during training. It's no big deal. You shouldn't worry so much." As Daisy had expected, Edward's words were like a typhoon, bringing about immense waves on the serene waters.

"You are too careless. How are we supposed not to be worried about you?" Cynthia's eyebrows furrowed. This was nothing new. Ever since she came home from abroad, she had seen first-hand a lot of Daisy's injuries. Cynthia was starting to think more and more that Daisy's job was far too dangerous.

"I promise I will be more careful, so please don't worry about me, okay?" Daisy pursed her lips. She was so touched. A surge of strong emotions enveloped her as tears threatened to spill from her eyes. It had been too long since the last time she felt the love of her parents. Cynthia considered Daisy her own daughter. Her concern made her feel cherished. It brought back all the sad memories and stirred up the pain inflicted by everything that had happened in her own family.

"What's going on here? What's with the long faces?" came Jonathan's cold voice as he appeared in the dining room.

"Grandpa, Grandpa, you're back!" Justin was the only one who could make Jonathan smile in this family besides Cynthia.

"Yes. Did you miss Grandpa?" Jonathan lifted Justin up and held him in his arms as his eyes fixed on Cynthia, who had a gloomy look on her face. He couldn't help but frown. His gaze swept across the rest of the table, looking for the source of her distress.

"Yes, I did, but Grandma missed you even more." Justin gave a sweet smile. His words stunned the people present in the room. Cynthia's face flamed with embarrassment.



"Oh? Is that so?" Jonathan asked. He was an arrogant man who never cared what other people thought of him. Edward had learned from the best in this respect.

"Never mind. Let's eat." Unable to take the embarrassment any longer, Cynthia changed the subject quickly. She was unwilling to hear one more word about it.

Jonathan smiled indifferently and put Justin down on the chair, without taking his gaze off Cynthia's pretty face.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Is there something on my face?" Cynthia rolled her eyes at Jonathan. However, she soon realized the the reason for it and smiled at him, her eyes widening.

You tell me. Why did you keep such an important matter from me?" Jonathan looked at her firmly. The expression on his face revealed nothing.

"What difference does it make? You knew about it anyway, even though I didn't tell you," Cynthia replied, looking back at him without the slightest fear in her eyes.

"You know very well it makes a big difference. I prefer to hear it from you instead of others!" Jonathan narrowed his stubborn eyes at Cynthia. His arrogant aura spread across the room, as if no one but Jonathan himself mattered.

You didn't hear it from me because I couldn't make it in time. I intended to tell you when you got home. But who knew I would be one step slower than the others." Jonathan's frigid expression didn't scare Cynthia. She knew he wouldn't do anything about it but punish her in bed. It had been his only form of punishment for her in the past decades. Hence, she remained calm.

The wicked smile on Jonathan's face told Daisy where Edward had inherited his personality from. It was clearly from his father, who was as bossy and domineering as him.

"You weren't just one step slower, but hours," Jonathan said to Cynthia. He still sounded sullen, but he was also unwilling to see her unhappy, so his tone softened a bit. Fortunately, he had arranged bodyguards to protect her furtively. Otherwise, God only knew what she could have done to protect herself when she had to face Jessica with those hooligans in the coffee shop.

"It has been that long? You must be fooling me." With Jonathan, Cynthia always acted like a teenage girl. Not like a woman who had become a grandma. The way they interacted with each other was the best evidence of their devotion to each other.

"How could you not tell me what happened in that coffee shop? Do you still consider me your husband or not?" Coldness emanated from Jonathan. The air around him seemed to freeze. Even Luke seemed much warmer compared to him.

"Fine, I was wrong. Let's talk about this after dinner, all right? The kids are watching us." Cynthia got chills whenever Jonathan was mad. This man was like a mystery. After so many years, there were still some things about him that she could not understand.

Upon hearing Cynthia's words, Jonathan glanced at the others seated at the table. He took a seat himself and started eating without another word. He noticed the anxiety on their faces. Were they worried that he would act out? If so, they didn't know him that well, because he would never hit a woman! He had just lost control over his emotions for a while. That was all.

The meal got over amidst tension. Everybody was too cautious. Daisy didn't even dare let out a long breath until she was upstairs in her room.

"Come on. This is too much. You can't be so scared," Edward made fun of her. After all, she was a Senior Colonel! How could she get scared so easily? Wasn't it humiliating?

"Weren't YOU scared? If not, how come you didn't say a single word during dinner?" Daisy cast a contemptuous look at him, angry that he was making fun of her when she was so beside herself.

## **Chapter 965: Chapter 964: Am I So Frightening (part two)**

"Of course I didn't make a sound. Everything happened because of me. My father would have kicked my ass if I dared sneak in a word. He is the boss of Mayfly while I am just a powerless nobody. How could I confront him?" Edward retorted calmly. He knew how much his father loved his mother. Any word that came out of his mouth would have only fueled his anger, instead of helping in reasoning with him. Edward wasn't so tired of life yet that he wanted to die at his father's hands! After all, he hoped to grow old with Daisy. He should keep himself safe and sound before that happened.

Ha ha! Finally you admitted that you were just a nobody," Daisy cackled. Suddenly, she felt something warm run down her foot. She pushed up her pants to see if her leg was bleeding.

"Woman, you don't understand. A man should know when to hold his head high and when to eat the humble pie. Only that way can he hope to have a wonderful life. Otherwise, things don't go as smoothly and - Daisy, what is that? Is your leg bleeding? Jesus, you lied to me! You said it was nothing serious. That wound looks dangerous," Edward exclaimed as he noticed the blood. He grabbed his phone quickly to make a call to Tom as soon as possible.

Daisy frowned. She hadn't thought it would get so bad. She had bandaged it simply by herself at the army base, instead of going to the infirmary to get it treated. "Hello, Edward. Are you calling to invite me over for dinner?" Tom had just finished performing

an operation. No sooner had he stepped into his office to take a break than he received Edward's phone call. He hadn't even had the time to drink any water yet. He was always thirsty and weary after surgery.

"Come over right now! Daisy's leg is injured. It needs immediate treatment." Edward cut to the chase, totally ignoring Tom's quip.

"What? She got injured again? You have to remind her that she is only human. She can't subject her body to injuries again and again," Tom said earnestly as he got to his feet. He needed to talk to his coworkers about a couple of important things before he left the hospital for Edward's house. The patient they had operated on hadn't come out of danger yet. There might be some complications after the surgery. He had to give them some advice to help cope with whatever might come up later.

"Tell her that in person when you get here." Edward sounded pissed. He glowered at Daisy's leg, wishing that he could just strangle her so that she wouldn't keep worrying him any longer.

"Okay then. I'll be at your house in twenty minutes. Stop the bleeding first, before I arrive. But you can choose to avoid doing that if you think she has too much blood. I'll give her the emergency treatment when I get there anyway." As a doctor, Tom hated it when people didn't take care of themselves. At the moment, he was as furious as Edward.

Just come. Cut the crap." Edward, as overbearing as usual, hung up directly.

Good god! Every single time he acts as if he was the king! What kind of person is Edward? He is asking me for help, but somehow he makes me feel like I'm his servant," Tom mumbled resentfully as he stalked out of the hospital. He felt like the time would never come when Edward stopped bossing him around. When he got to Edward's house, there was still a tinge of resentment on his face.

"Hello, Tom. I had Mrs. Wu cook dinner for you. Eat something first." Having troubled Tom so many times, Daisy felt embarrassed to see him. She couldn't promise there wouldn't be a next time.

"Daisy, if you really care about me, take good care of yourself. You are covered in old injuries," Tom said as he opened his medical kit. His patient was sitting right in front of him, waiting for his treatment. He wouldn't be in the mood to eat anything in this scenario. Plus, he knew Edward wouldn't let him. He would chop off the hand he dared eat with. So, Tom made the smart move to treat Daisy first.

"Just stop talking and attend to the injury first." Edward rolled his eyes at him. He had asked him to come over to treat his wife's injury, not to blame her!

"It's okay. Tom is right. I have been too careless lately." Daisy knew that Tom meant well. He cared about her. She didn't feel offended by what he had said. Furthermore, he was right. She had nothing to say in her defence at what he said.

"Daisy, I hope you don't mind. As a doctor, I really need you to be more careful." Tom started to unwrap the gauze that wrapped her injury. No sooner had he seen the wide cut than his eyebrows scrunched together in shock.

"Don't worry. I don't mind it. In fact, I am thankful for what you say and do. I know what a good friend you are." Daisy could tell from Tom's tone that he was really annoyed this time. She understood that.

"I appreciate your understanding. But I have to ask since this cut is very deep. Why didn't you get stitches? It was so dangerous not to get it treated immediately. I can also tell that the cut wasn't attended to professionally. Isn't there an infirmary at the army base?" Tom picked the medicinal liquid and applied it to her cut to diminish the inflammation. Afterward, he took out a disposable needle to give her local anesthesia.

"I didn't go to the infirmary, because I thought it was nothing to worry about. So I treated it myself," Daisy mumbled, afraid that Edward would hear her words. But it was too late. Upon hearing that, Edward stared at her like he wanted to kill her.

"You can't do that! Reducing the inflammation is essential, no matter how small the cut is. It just gets worse if the cut flares up." Tom gave her the local anesthesia skillfully and prepared to do the stitches.

"Okay. Noted." Right now, Daisy was being extremely docile. However, it didn't do anything to appease Edward, who was seething with rage.

"Noted? Do you really mean that? You promise you won't let yourself get hurt again?" Edward asked her with a corrupt grin, which chilled Daisy to the bone. She would rather he yelled at her than hear him speak to her in the grim tone, and with such a sinister grin on his face.

"Edward, could you talk to her later? You are upsetting my patient. Even I am scared of you. If my hands shake during the treatment, I won't be responsible for the consequences," Tom rebuked him. Although Edward's glare was not on him, he could feel himself sweating all over. As his close friend, he knew Edward was on the verge of exploding. To spare himself trouble, he clarified himself to Edward in case he took it out on him later. After all, Edward wouldn't go as easy on him as on Daisy.

Your hands would shake? Just you try." Edward glanced at Tom's hands in disdain. Obviously, if that happened, things wouldn't go as Tom would hope for.

"Can you step outside for a moment? You are making me nervous," Tom implored him. His hands were indeed trembling. He was worried that he would hurt Daisy.

Why are you nervous? Am I so frightening? Just do your job! There are no negotiations!" Edward didn't leave the room, but sat on the sofa situated at a distance. He couldn't stand the possibility that Tom might hurt his beloved wife accidentally.