

SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

Chapter 655: 655: Consider How Many Days You Have Left to Live

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Asher Ross gritted his teeth, but knowing Anthony Taylor's temperament, he could only leave in frustration.

Before leaving, he gave Hope Williams a glare, as if to say, "Wait until I have a chance to deal with you."

Hope Williams ignored his useless warning and stood quietly there.

"Sit." Anthony Taylor said to Hope Williams.

Hope Williams sat down on a single-seater sofa nearby.

“What do you want to discuss?”

“What would it take for you to let me go back.”

“Are you eager to feed the fish?”

He had been kind enough to find someone to detoxify her, and all she could talk about was going back.

If it had been before, he would have just let her go back and wait for death.

But now he found her more and more interesting: Liam Cloud’s valued woman, Waylon Lewis’s wife, bankrupting Asher Ross in the casino, falling into the sea, getting poisoned...

Interesting.

The things happening to her seemed quite intriguing.

What to do, he just didn't want to let her go back now.

Anthony Taylor smiled, his eyes carrying a teasing light, pausing as his gaze met Hope Williams' clear eyes.

Hope Williams saw him staring at her face again and couldn't help frowning.

Anthony Taylor noticed her subtle frown, withdrew his gaze, but his eyes darkened.

"Then may I ask, Mr. Taylor, your reason for not letting me go back?"

“... I told you, you’re the person I saved. I’m not a charitable person. I saved you and even sent my best pharmacist here to detoxify you. You don’t appreciate it, and I gain nothing. Why should I let you go?”

Hope Williams’ expression darkened, “I am grateful. What do you want in return? If it’s within my power, I can give it to you, but I really can’t stay here.”

“I don’t want anything.”

“...” Hope Williams felt at a loss for words.

“Besides, Miss Williams, I think you really don’t understand your own physical condition right now.”

Anthony Taylor snapped his fingers, “Go get Daniel Johnson.”

The butler replied, “Master Taylor, Pharmacist Johnson is currently with the old lady making decoctions for her.”

“Have him come over after he’s done with the old lady.”

“Yes.”

Anthony Taylor gave Hope Williams a casual glance, stood up, and said, “You stay here, the pharmacist will come by later, and you can ask him yourself how much longer you have to live.”

With that, Anthony Taylor left the room.

The butler bowed to Hope Williams and followed him out.

Hope Williams stood up anxiously, “Mr. Taylor.”

“Is there anything else?”

“If you won’t let me go back, at least let me contact my family to assure them I’m safe.”

Anthony Taylor seemed not to hear, simply walking away.

This person...

On Waylon Lewis’s side.

Waylon Lewis had not given up searching the sea for Hope Williams, even though he already had his answer internally, but he refused to accept it, searching frantically.

Alitzel Williams couldn’t stand it anymore, and couldn’t persuade him.

But if he continued like this, no amount of strength could sustain it.

Helplessly, Alitzel Williams could only send someone back to Emperor Capital to fetch Old Master Lewis.

“Dad, please go and persuade Waylon. He hasn’t stopped since the incident happened. If he continues this way, his body won’t hold up... I...” Alitzel Williams sobbed uncontrollably.

Old Master Lewis sat in his wheelchair, looking at the sea filled with boats and people, radiating an inescapable sadness.

He had already learned the whole story while in Emperor Capital.

His son and daughter-in-law were rescued, but his granddaughter-in-law was gone...

Little Hope...

Old Master Lewis's eyes reddened, sitting in his wheelchair, his entire body trembling uncontrollably.

Seeing him purse his lips, his eyes fixed on the sea, Alitzel Williams didn't know what he was thinking.

After a long silence...

Old Master Lewis took a deep breath and finally spoke, "Send someone to bring Waylon Lewis up, tell them I'm looking for him, go."

Alitzel Williams heard Old Master Lewis say this and quickly nodded.

"Yes, I'll go right away."

Old Master Lewis waited nearly two hours before finally seeing Waylon Lewis approaching him.

Looking at his once mature and composed grandson, now in such a state, Old Master Lewis couldn't help but feel heartache.

The two remained silent for a long time.

Finally, Old Master Lewis sighed and said, "Waylon, let it go. Stop it. Little Hope can never... she's not coming back."

Hearing Old Master Lewis's blunt words, Alitzel Williams's heart skipped a beat, fearing that this might deal another blow to Waylon Lewis.

"Dad..."

Old Master Lewis raised his hand, stopping Alitzel Williams from continuing.

"Waylon Lewis, did you hear?"

Waylon Lewis lifted his hollow eyes, looking at Old Master Lewis, his voice hoarse and unrecognizable, “Impossible, she’s... she’s still alive, waiting for me to find her. You go back, I’m not returning until I find her.”

After saying this, Waylon Lewis turned and left.

“Waylon Lewis!” Old Master Lewis’s deep voice reprimanded, “She wouldn’t want to see you torturing yourself like this.”

Waylon Lewis paused in his tracks.