

SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 661: 661: A Chance Encounter - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 661: 661: A Chance Encounter

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When he lunged at her, the man instantly felt something pierce his chest, and a sharp, prickling pain spread out, “Ugh.” He groaned.

His entire body froze, his eyes widening in terror as he stared at Hope Williams’s fierce face.

Seeing that there was no movement for a while.

The people on the sidelines burst into laughter.

“Hey, why aren’t you moving, are you incapable or what...”

“Hahaha, if you can’t, just switch to someone else, it’s embarrassing.”

Hope Williams gritted her teeth, pulled out the knife, and shoved the man away.

The man’s body stiffened and rolled to the ground, his chest still bleeding profusely.

A strong scent of blood instantly filled the air.

The laughter abruptly stopped.

Asher Ross’s face changed, and he suddenly stood up from the sofa, looking at the fallen man and the bloody knife in Hope Williams’s hand.

“Hope Williams, how dare you...”

“Bang.”

“Ah!”

Asher Ross's words were cut short as he instinctively clutched his groin in pain, curling up on the ground with a series of piercing screams.

Hope Williams coldly held up the black handgun in her hand, glaring down at Asher Ross, who was writhing in pain, "Who told you women are easy to bully?"

"Damn..." Another subordinate immediately reached for his gun, but how could his speed match up to Hope Williams, who already held a gun?

"Bang."

"Ah!" The man clutched his shoulder, stumbling back a few steps, his whole body trembling in pain.

The few people in the room widened their eyes involuntarily at this scene. Hope Williams's gaze swept over the young men who had been jeering the most, and she casually asked, "Do you all want to continue?"

"Boom!"

The door of the private room was kicked open.

Anthony Taylor and Daniel Johnson rushed in, taking in the scene inside the room.

Anthony Taylor paused for a full five seconds, pulling a grin, "Is this what you meant when you said she was going to die?"

Daniel Johnson looked around the room, seeing one person writhing, another lifeless, another clutching his shoulder in agony, a group trembling, and Hope Williams resembling a goddess of death. He was stunned.

It was nothing like what they had imagined.

Hope Williams threw the gun she had snatched from the man onto the sofa and bent down to wipe the blood from her hands with a few sheets of paper.

Anthony Taylor glanced at Asher Ross, thinking that judging by Asher's condition, he probably had no hope for a fulfilling future.

"You're quite wild!" Anthony Taylor chuckled.

This woman truly impressed him. He was afraid that if he had been a few steps later, this woman would have died at Asher Ross's hands, but he had underestimated her.

"Thanks for the compliment, dealing with his kind, cutting off his descendants is the most effective."

Anthony Taylor shot a cold glance at Asher Ross, "Makes sense."

Asher Ross was still howling in pain on the ground, sounding as if life could not be any worse.

Daniel Johnson shivered and instinctively clutched himself below, this woman was too terrifying.

"Hope Williams, you bitch... Just wait for me... Ah... Just wait..." Asher Ross screamed, his bloodshot eyes fixed on Hope Williams.

Hope Williams stood motionless, "I'll wait."

"Brother Taylor, help me, help me deal with this woman, help me..."

Asher Ross still wasn't giving up, seeking help from Anthony Taylor. Anthony Taylor let out a cold laugh, beckoning to his bodyguard, "Throw him out, he's an eyesore."

"Brother Taylor... You're going to throw me out for this woman?"

"What else? Taking advantage of my absence, messing around with my household, and even wanting to kill my steward, who the hell gave you the courage? You're tired of living, and who can you blame?"

"No, Brother Taylor, Brother Taylor..."

Anthony Taylor waved his hand, unwilling to hear more.

"Wait, send him to the hospital."

Anthony Taylor raised an eyebrow, "So kind?"

"He still owes me billions, let him pay up and then die."

Anthony Taylor curled his lips into a smile, okay, he took back what he just said.

The bodyguard immediately dragged Asher Ross out.

"Alright, Miss Williams, come back with me." Anthony Taylor said, looking at Hope Williams.

"Hmm, I have something to discuss with you."

The two of them walked out.

Anthony Taylor chuckled, "I heard you saved my grandmother, are you going to use this to negotiate with me?"

"Is it enough?"

Anthony Taylor halted his steps, turned to look at Hope Williams, "Hmm, it's enough, we'll discuss it back home."

"Hmm."

The two of them descended the stairs, just hearing a series of thumping sounds upon reaching the bottom.

It sounded like a fight had broken out.

Hope Williams glanced up, spotting a crowd gathered in the corner, chaos ensued.

"What's happening over there?" Hope Williams paused her steps.

Anthony Taylor slightly lifted his chin to signal his bodyguard to check it out. Soon, the bodyguard wedged into the crowd, reported back in a low voice to Anthony Taylor, "Master Taylor, someone over there drank too much and brought up Miss Williams's 'drowning death' incident, apparently made a vulgar comment, and Master Cloud heard it, and beat that person up."

Anthony Taylor raised an eyebrow, Liam Cloud?

Huh.

What a coincidence.

Anthony Taylor glanced at Hope Williams.

"What?"

Anthony Taylor's gaze flickered, responding to Hope Williams, "Nothing, just a couple of drunks fighting, let's go."

Hope Williams wasn't interested in fights, she asked casually and wouldn't join the chaos.

Hope Williams was just about to take a step to leave.

"Who told you she died! Who told you that! Who!"

A familiar voice broke through the crowd into Hope Williams's ear.

Hope Williams paused her step, turned around.

“Turning back every three steps, unwilling to leave?” Anthony Taylor teased with a smile.

“I think I heard a familiar voice.”

Anthony Taylor remained emotionless, “It’s so noisy, so many voices, you must have heard wrong.”

Hope Williams was about to go over and check.

Anthony Taylor grabbed Hope Williams’s arm, “Hey, the fight’s quite fierce over there, and with so many people, you’re bound to get bumped and bruised if you go any closer. Aren’t you afraid of hurting the baby in your belly?”

Hope Williams’s face indeed changed.

Anthony Taylor knew his words would work on Hope Williams.

“Let’s go, didn’t you want to talk? If you don’t leave now, there’ll be no talk.”

Anthony Taylor strolled forward casually.

Following behind Anthony Taylor, Daniel Johnson reminded Hope Williams, “Miss Williams, hurry up.”

Hope Williams pursed her lips and had to leave.

Meanwhile, Liam Cloud was gripping a chair with both hands, furiously smashing it onto that man, no one dared to intervene beside him.

He had drunk quite a lot, the floor littered with bottles he had consumed, he seemed to be venting something, like a frenzied beast, eager to tear the person apart.

The manager charged in hastily with the security, instantly recognizing Liam Cloud, the manager’s face changed, even afraid to intervene now.

Yet Liam Cloud was smashing everything in sight, almost wrecking the whole place, she couldn’t explain it and had to muster the courage to step forward, “Master Cloud, please calm down, calm down I...”

Liam Cloud at this moment was exuding a murderous aura, with flames burning in his eyes, intent on destroying everything here.

The manager felt her legs weaken under his cold gaze, shivering all over.

“M-Master Cloud...”

Liam Cloud frowned slightly, his gaze fixed on the manager, swiftly stepping forward, staring at the white diamond necklace around the manager’s neck, his eyes narrowed, “Where did this necklace come from?”

This necklace was one he often saw Hope Williams wearing, so it left a deep impression.

The manager froze, stammering, “This... This is mine...”

“Bullshit, a necklace worth millions is yours? Say! Where did it come from?”

The waitress next to them immediately stepped forward, “Master Cloud, this necklace is from room 808 VIP, a woman named Hope... Hope...”

Liam Cloud’s eyes trembled, his voice quivering as he asked the name, “Hope Williams?”

“Yes! Hope Williams! She asked me to have the boss contact you. At that time, she was surrounded by several men in the room, seemingly in danger and sought my help, but my position wasn’t enough to reach the boss, so I went to the manager, but the manager didn’t allow me to contact the boss, and kept this necklace for herself.”

“That’s not it, that’s not it, I didn’t know that lady was really your friend, nor did I know this necklace was worth millions, I-I-I... I’m just a worker, afraid to offend, please spare me, Master Cloud...”

Liam Cloud didn’t listen to her finish, he ripped the necklace from her neck and dashed towards room 808 upstairs.

Chapter 662: Chapter 662: Found Hope Williams

The waiter from earlier immediately followed.

Liam Cloud rushed upstairs at the fastest speed, arriving at the door of VIP Room 808, and without hesitation, kicked it open.

The inside was in shambles, but everyone had already fled. The bloody smell inside the room kept stimulating Liam Cloud’s nerves, and a horrifying thought sprouted in his mind, making his face even more terrifying.

The waiter following behind felt a chill, shivering uncontrollably.

Liam Cloud turned back and grabbed the waiter’s wrist, "What did the men with her look like?"

The waiter, oppressed by the cold aura of Liam Cloud, kept trembling but tried hard to recall.

"It was... it was Master Ross, yes, it was Asher Ross..." Having worked here for a while, he was naturally familiar with big clients like Asher Ross who came here often.

"Asher Ross!" Liam Cloud gritted his teeth.

It was because of Hope that he had a conflict with Asher Ross. Now that Hope was in Asher Ross's hands, he wouldn't let her go easily.

Feeling extremely anxious, Liam Cloud rushed out, calling and contacting people, "Find Asher Ross for me immediately."

He paused for a moment, then raised his head, staring at the corridor's surveillance, striding towards the monitoring room.

Taylor Family Living Room.

Anthony Taylor raised his eyebrows, looking at Hope, "Go ahead, what do you want to say? Don't tell me you're going to say that since you saved my grandmother, we owe each other nothing. There's no reason to hold you here, and you want to go back."

Anthony Taylor chuckled lightly, "If that's the case, all I can say is, Miss Williams, you care too little about your life. It seems your life isn't as important in your eyes as reuniting with your lover three months earlier."

Hope pressed her lips together and shook her head, "No, I will stay."

She indeed needed to detoxify quickly.

Daniel ohnson showed her the latest medical report; her health was not good and couldn't afford to be delayed.

Moreover, they had made it all clear, and Hope understood it well.

She needed Anthony Taylor's research lab and his technical staff.

"Of course, I won't take it for free; your people will help me detoxify, and I'll treat your grandmother's heart disease."

Anthony Taylor looked at Hope with a serious expression as she negotiated, a slight smile inadvertently appearing at the corners of his mouth.

"What are you smiling at?"

Anthony Taylor restrained that smile, "Did I?"

Hope blinked, "Yes."

"Such careful observation?"

"Your smile was too obvious. Did I say something wrong?"

Anthony Taylor returned to the point, "No, but you want to treat our elderly family member; are you confident? Our family elder's heart disease is almost chronic."

Upon hearing this, Daniel ohnson couldn't help but interject, "Master Taylor, she is Doctor Cynthia—the famous doctor you were advised to seek."

Anthony Taylor glanced at Daniel ohnson sideways, "Is she the one you all described as... a deity?"

"Yes, that's her."

Anthony Taylor glanced at Hope and motioned Daniel ohnson over with a finger.

Seeing Anthony Taylor's mysterious demeanor, Daniel ohnson immediately leaned in.

"...Could it be we encountered a scam?"

What did he bring back from a sea trip?

Waylon Lewis's wife, Asher Ross's debtor, the life-saving doctor of his grandmother...

Could such coincidental things exist?!

"..." Daniel ohnson's mouth twitched slightly.

Seeing that he seemed disbelieving of her identity, Hope directly said:

"I'm not a fraud; I might not be capable otherwise, but in heart disease, I have a few years of research that's quite presentable, you can trust me."

Anthony Taylor pursed his lips, this woman had excellent hearing...

Anthony Taylor cleared his throat, "I believe you; do you have any other conditions?"

"There's nothing else, I just want to contact my family..."

"No." Anthony Taylor's expression turned serious, refusing firmly, "I don't like trouble. Your family would definitely come looking for you if they found out you're here, and

Waylon Lewis wouldn't allow you to stay here. I can't possibly contend with your husband. What if he gets desperate and takes my research lab and staff to treat you? Hope, I save you, you save my grandmother, we owe each other nothing, but don't make trouble for me, understand?"

"But I..."

"Master Cloud, this is the Taylor Family, you can't trespass!"

Anthony Taylor raised his eyebrows, the frustration in his eyes growing deeper, "See, trouble has come."

Hope stood up, suddenly there was a "bang" sound.

The door was kicked open.

Hope shrunk her neck in fright.

Turning around, she saw Liam Cloud barging in with a group, carrying a gun, his whole aura incredibly menacing.

"Liam Cloud! Hey..."

Her wrist was grabbed forcefully, and she was hurriedly and cautiously pulled to his side by Liam Cloud.

Hope just lifted her head and met his bloodshot eyes, clearly showing he hadn't rested well.

"Are you alright?" he asked urgently.

Hope quickly shook her head, "I'm fine, I'm perfectly fine."

After speaking, Liam Cloud immediately directed his attention to Anthony Taylor sitting on the sofa, pulling Hope behind him protectively, gazing at Anthony Taylor.

"Why is she in your hands?"

Anthony Taylor merely looked quietly at Hope.

Hope knew Liam Cloud might have misunderstood something and quickly explained, "Liam Cloud, it was Mr. Taylor who saved me."

"He saved you?" Liam Cloud narrowed his eyes slightly. If he remembered correctly, Anthony Taylor was on good terms with Asher Ross.

"Yes, he saved me."

Liam Cloud frowned, glaring at Anthony Taylor. Although Hope said so, Liam Cloud still didn't quite believe it, having some understanding of Anthony Taylor's character; he wasn't known for his kind heart.

Anthony Taylor watched as Liam Cloud broke into his home and misunderstood him, his gaze falling directly on Hope, "Didn't I say right? Trouble!"

Liam Cloud grabbed Hope's hand, ready to leave with her.

"Wait a minute."

Liam Cloud frowned slightly, "Wait for what?"

"I can't leave right now."

Liam Cloud's face immediately turned even darker than before, "Did he threaten you?"

"No..."

Hope's words were interrupted as Anthony Taylor spoke, "She's been poisoned; without detoxifying, she'll be saying goodbye to you in three months, and I can save her here."

A look of shock flashed in Liam Cloud's eyes, "Poisoned?"

"Yes." Hope nodded, "Everything he said is true; I really can't leave right now."

"Who did it?" Liam Cloud's eyes were full of murderous intent, "Was it Ted Williams?"

"Yes."

Liam Cloud glanced back at Anthony Taylor, then asked Hope, "What does he have that can save you?"

"Me!" Pharmacist Daniel ohnson raised his head, standing confidently.

Liam Cloud's gaze swept over Daniel ohnson, "Take him back."

Chapter 663: Chapter 663: Only Regretted for 3 Months, He Earned

Liam Cloud glanced at Daniel Johnson, "Take him away."

Hope Williams, "..."

Daniel Johnson, "...No, no... Master Taylor, please save me."

This person is terrifying, why is he capturing people right off the bat?

Daniel Johnson shrank his neck and hurriedly stood beside Anthony Taylor.

Anthony Taylor had a 'told-you-so' look on his face as he looked at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams tugged at her lips.

"I have a research lab specifically for studying how to create antidotes, do you want to move it over together?"

Liam Cloud didn't pause for a second, "Good idea."

Anthony Taylor pouted, "Where's your face?"

"I'll pay you whatever you want."

"Not selling."

Liam Cloud frowned.

"It's not that I'm short of money, selling anything, don't look at me like you're going to eat me, if you force me I'll blow it up, believe it or not."

"What would make you willing to sell?"

"There's no room for negotiation; not everything can be bought with money," Anthony Taylor's attitude was firm, "Keep stubbornly opposing me and you'll just be wasting her life."

Liam Cloud's good temperament was exhausted, "You're not the only one who can develop antidotes, Wesley Ruiz, go capture Ted Williams. He poisoned her; I don't believe he doesn't have an antidote."

"Master Cloud, don't bother; the one who poisoned her probably doesn't have an antidote either, besides, his intent in poisoning her was to kill Miss Williams. Even if you capture him, he's already a prisoner; ultimately, even if he has an antidote, he won't give it to you."

Hope Williams had also considered this problem.

Ted Williams is already planning to go down with the ship, so he's not afraid of anything; even if he dies, he's taking her with him. Forget having no antidote; even if he had one, he wouldn't bring it out.

Hope Williams grabbed Liam Cloud's arm, "Liam Cloud, he's not wrong. I've already negotiated with him, he saves me, I save his grandmother. I truly can't leave for now."

Liam Cloud frowned, "Have you thought it through?"

Hope Williams nodded, "Yes, I've thought it through, so I want to ask you to do something for me..."

Hope Williams pulled Liam Cloud aside, pondered for a moment, and said, "Could you help me pass a message to Waylon Lewis?"

Upon mentioning Waylon Lewis, Liam Cloud's expression showed displeasure.

Him again!

What is it about Waylon Lewis that makes him so worthy of her affection?

"After everything he's done to you, you still think about him?"

Hope Williams was slightly puzzled, "What do you mean he did that to me?"

"When Ted Williams kidnapped you and that old man Lewis, he chose to save him, not you."

Mentioning this matter, Hope Williams pursed her lips tightly and shook her head.

"You can't blame him; at that time, his father was injured, the situation was more urgent than mine, he had no choice, and between me and his father, choosing either was painful for him."

So Hope Williams never blamed Waylon Lewis.

Liam Cloud frowned; she still speaks up for Waylon Lewis, Liam Cloud really wanted to open her head up to see what was inside.

Liam Cloud put away his displeasure and asked, "What message do you want me to pass on?"

"Tell him that the baby and I are safe, not to worry, but I can't return due to some unavoidable reason. Ask him to take care of Luke and Willow, take care of himself, and in three months we can meet. That's all, please make sure to pass it on."

"Not telling him you've been poisoned?"

Hope Williams nodded, "If he knows I've been poisoned, who knows how worried he'll get, so let's not tell him."

Liam Cloud was silent for a moment, stared into Hope Williams' clear black eyes, gently tugged his lips, and looked away, "Understood."

"Thank you."

Liam Cloud left the Taylor Family, got into the car, and Wesley Ruiz, who was driving in front, asked, "Big Boss, are we going to President Lewis' place?"

"No."

Wesley Ruiz considered his hearing pretty good; he clearly heard Hope Williams ask the Boss to pass a message to Waylon Lewis just now.

"Didn't Sister Hope ask you to pass a message to President Lewis?"

"Not passing it."

"Huh?"

Liam Cloud leaned back in his seat, exhaled heavily, "If it weren't for him, Hope Williams wouldn't have fallen into the sea and been in danger, let him regret it for three months. After all, compared to regretting for a lifetime, he got off easy."

"But you promised Sister Hope."

"I said I understood, not that I agreed. What's wrong with making her husband suffer for three months?"

Wesley Ruiz quietly turned his head back, couldn't help but think silently, if Sister Hope knew you were playing word games with her, she'd probably die of anger.

Forget it, anyway, Sister Hope not dying is the greatest news now.

"Big Boss, where are we headed now?" Wesley Ruiz asked.

Liam Cloud's gaze deepened, "Where is Ted Williams?"

"Apparently not dead, sent to the hospital and survived, probably still lying in the hospital."

Liam Cloud sneered, "Waylon Lewis currently doesn't have the time to deal with him, he's comfortable now. Throw him into the Dark Prison underground and have someone watch over him every day, but don't let him die. Once Hope Williams detoxifies, drag him out and give him to Waylon Lewis."

Wesley Ruiz couldn't help but tug at his lips, so ruthless.

...

Waylon Lewis finally collapsed from searching day and night without rest, combined with long-term lack of food.

And now just awakened, Waylon Lewis grabbed his coat, got up, and was about to head out.

Alitzel Williams saw Waylon Lewis had just woken up and was leaving, quickly put down the food in her hand and immediately blocked his way.

"Where are you going now?"

Waylon Lewis coldly glanced at her before directly walking around.

Alitzel Williams was frightened by the look in Waylon Lewis's eyes just now.

The way Waylon Lewis looked at her just now seemed like he didn't recognize her; cold, distant, without a trace of emotion, and even deeper, there seemed to be a hint of blame.

He was blaming her!

Alitzel Williams was deeply hurt by that look, she froze in place and couldn't speak.

As Waylon Lewis was stepping out of the room, Christopher Lewis limped over to stop him, and said in a deep voice, "The Lewis Family has already announced Hope Williams' funeral will be held in ten days, she's truly dead. What are you still holding onto?"

Waylon Lewis didn't even spare him a glance, as if the person in front of him was just air, and walked straight away.

Christopher Lewis saw his lifeless appearance as if he couldn't live without Hope Williams, feeling helpless.

"How long are you going to keep this up? Hope Williams' death, I'm also very saddened, but aside from feeling sad, should life not go on without her? Stop searching, come with us back to the Emperor Capital. The Lewis Family and the company can't do without you."

Waylon Lewis paused in his steps, his hoarse voice coldly saying after a long while, "I gave up saving her to save you; I fulfilled my duty as a son but failed in my duty as a husband. She is my wife, I will definitely find her, if you dare stop me, don't blame me for being unkind."

"Besides, she's not dead!"

With that, Waylon Lewis left without a moment's delay.

Christopher Lewis watched Waylon's back, his eyes filled with deep helplessness.

He knew losing Hope Williams was painful for him, but the event had happened, and apart from accepting it, there was no other way.

Waylon Lewis is a smart man; it's impossible for him not to understand this.

He didn't know what Waylon Lewis was still fixated on.

...

A month later.

Hope Williams had to undergo a check-up every day this month; the poison was fiercer than previously imagined.

Hope Williams could feel her body deteriorating day by day, even her taste was continuously losing—sometimes she'd suddenly lose sight for a period of time, becoming increasingly fatigued, increasingly sleepy, which undoubtedly made Hope anxious.

Daniel Johnson spent every day in the lab researching antidotes, and besides going for daily body checks, Hope Williams spent her time treating the Old Lady Taylor too. She didn't dare delay, fearing by next month she'd have no strength or energy to care for Old Lady Taylor.

Hope Williams prepared one or two months' worth of medication in advance and handed it to the family doctor.

Anthony Taylor saw her preparation for the worst and couldn't help but frown, "Don't act like you're leaving behind instructions; the surgery for the old lady is still waiting for you to do once you're better, stay strong."

Hope Williams took a deep breath and nodded, "I know, don't worry, I'm not that easy to defeat."

"Heard your appetite's been poor lately, got you a new chef; eat more, for the child."

Hope Williams forced herself to eat more every day, even though she had no appetite.

Meanwhile, the Lewis Family, struggling to find Hope Williams, all accepted that she was already dead.

The Lewis Family arranged Hope Williams' funeral, Waylon Lewis exploded in anger, seemingly releasing suppressed emotions, Waylon Lewis personally destroyed Hope Williams' funeral.

From then on, the name Hope Williams became a taboo in the Lewis Family, and no one dared to mention it again.

Chapter 664: Chapter 664: So, Should the Child Stay or Not?

Lewis Clan Group CEO's office, as Wyatt Lewis pushed the door open, a wave of alcohol smell hit him.

Wyatt Lewis frowned, looking at the man sitting on the sofa, his heart sank heavily.

"Brother?"

The man on the sofa completely ignored him, continuously gulping down from the bottle, several empty bottles lying haphazardly on the table.

This dejected Waylon Lewis made Wyatt feel heartache.

"Stop drinking!" Wyatt's voice was deep as he snatched the bottle from Waylon's hand and placed it on the table with a thud, "Sister-in-law doesn't want to see you like this. You're not going home now, either searching for Sister-in-law or staying at the company; Mom, Dad, and Grandpa are all worried about you. What on earth are you trying to do?"

During the day, Waylon searched for Hope Williams' trace in Country Y, then flew back to Emperor Capital late at night to work overtime on company affairs. At home, he would at most take care of Luke and Willow, treating everyone else as if they were air.

Since Hope left, Luke and Willow rarely speak.

Luke became more like Waylon, his small face tight, serious, and cold. Everyone besides Willow was a stranger to him.

Grandpa, Alitzel Williams, and Christopher Lewis had been worrying at home until their hair turned white.

This home seems unable to function without Hope...

Waylon gave him a cold glance, and with a self-mocking laugh, said, "Isn't this what they wanted to see? Isn't it best to care about the company, to care about the heir? I have taken care of the company, and I continue to earn money. Lewis continues to prosper; are they not satisfied?"

“Brother, it’s not like that. Mom, Dad, and Grandpa are truly worried about you...”

“They worry about the Lewis Clan CEO, not me.”

Wyatt knows Hope’s death has much to do with his parents.

If it weren’t for Hope, it probably would have been his parents who died.

“Are you resenting them?”

“Resenting?” Waylon picked up the bottle and took a large gulp, lowering his head while shaking it with a laugh, “Hope risked her life to save them, yet they weren’t even willing to seek for a few more days... I find it ridiculous, I don’t resent them, I resent myself.”

“I am the one who killed her...”

“The fault is all mine. If it weren’t for me, she wouldn’t have suffered so much. If I had chosen her, she wouldn’t have had to die. I simply... deserve death, why isn’t it me who died...”

Wyatt stood aside, watching his once calm and rational brother repeating the most dispirited words over and over, repenting, cursing himself.

Wyatt clenched his fists tightly, his eyes flickering as he closed them fiercely.

He had never thought before that his strongest brother would suddenly become so fallen as if the sky had collapsed.

Now, besides searching for Hope, everything he does seems like forcing himself into a strictly programmed task.

No feelings, no soul...

Losing Hope meant he really lost everything.

Wyatt gritted his molars and walked to sit beside Waylon, opening two bottles of his own, handing one to Waylon, “Brother, I’ll drink with you.”

Maybe being truly drunk is the only way to briefly forget the pain.

If that’s the case, then let’s drink heartily just this once.

...

Taylor Family.

Anthony Taylor's study.

Daniel Johnson hesitated in the corridor, and with Hope Williams and Anthony Taylor, he ultimately chose to go to Anthony first.

"This is her ultrasound from the hospital check-up, I haven't given it to her yet when it was delivered."

The pen in Anthony's hand paused, he looked up at him and took it to read seriously but found he couldn't understand.

"What does it mean?"

"She is now roughly six and a half months pregnant, but due to the poisoning, the fetus shows signs of developmental delay."

Anthony frowned, "What does developmental delay mean?"

"If it continues, even if the child survives, there could be issues with intelligence, motor skills, and communication abilities."

"You mean it would become mentally retarded?"

"Not exactly, this is not absolute, these problems can't be definitively predicted now, but they are possible," Daniel said, with a tense expression.

"Moreover, now she is practically using Silver Needle to seal acupuncture points to stop the poison from spreading in her body. The antidote we developed is still in testing, and if successful, the medication will inevitably be necessary, and the effect on the fetus is definite, possibly causing deformities."

Suddenly saying mentally retarded, suddenly saying deformities, Anthony couldn't sit still and anxiously stood up to pace.

"So should we abort the child? You go and call her yourself, such a big matter, I'm not her husband and can't make the decision."

"I'm worried she'll be unable to accept it, but there's another method that might save her child."

Anthony's eyes flashed, "Stop creating suspense and tell me quickly."

"She is now six and a half months pregnant, the hospital suggests that if she insists on keeping it, she could try a cesarean at seven months to take the child out and place it in an incubator, but the risk is huge, and the survival rate of seven-month premature

infants is low under normal circumstances; her situation makes it even lower, so whether to risk it has to be her decision.”

Anthony understood.

Two options.

One, don't do cesarean, after using medication, the child is very likely to be deformed.

Two, before medication, do cesarean at seven months, but the child is very likely not to survive.

Anthony scratched his head, utterly annoyed.

Both carry enormous risks.

“So Master Taylor, how do we handle this?”

“You ask her directly; I only deal with detoxification. I can't manage whether her child stays or goes, go quickly to ask her.”

“Should I go?”

Daniel genuinely couldn't think of how to start the conversation, so he first came to Anthony to discuss it. Now, letting him find Hope, it's undeniably a huge blow to her. He felt unable to find the words to say.

“If you want to keep the child, which way is the safest?” a low voice sounded from the door.

Both Anthony and Daniel were startled as they saw who had come.