

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 665: 665: Don't Reject Me - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 665: 665: Don't Reject Me

Chapter 665: Chapter 665: Don't Reject Me

"Miss Williams, what's wrong?"

Daniel Johnson was taken aback, looking at Hope Williams and then at Anthony Taylor, feeling a bit at a loss.

Anthony Taylor raised an eyebrow, looking at Hope Williams standing at the door, "You heard everything?"

"Yes." Hope Williams walked closer to the two, her calm face revealing little of her current emotions, but her slightly trembling lips betrayed her.

"So, Pharmacist Johnson, if I want to keep the baby, I must have a premature C-section, right?"

Daniel Johnson nodded helplessly, unable to hide the heaviness in his expression, "Yes, if you are determined to keep the baby, that's the method, but the baby's survival rate is very low."

Because a seven-month-old baby is not yet fully developed, there will be many problems, infections, developmental issues, organ failure, and so on...

Hope Williams, as the mother of two, already had some understanding of these issues, so she understood the severity of the situation even more.

Daniel Johnson sighed, some words had to be spoken at this moment, regardless of appropriateness.

After choosing his words carefully, Daniel Johnson spoke, "Miss Williams, you still need to be mentally prepared. Also, the fetus is already showing signs of developmental delay, and later in life, the baby's overall development might have different impacts, though we can't be sure right now. I must let you know in advance to prepare you mentally."

Developmental delay covers many things, such as brain development delay, speech development delay, adaptive difficulty, and so on...

Hope Williams' eyelashes trembled, a flicker of pain flashing through her eyes.

She couldn't help but lower her gaze to hide the red in her eyes, biting her lower lip, her hand resting on her swollen belly, her whole body trembling slightly.

Is she really going to lose her baby?

After a long while, she lifted her head...

"Alright, I... understand..." she said, her voice trembling.

Anthony Taylor, seeing her in a dazed state, stepped forward, pursing his lips to comfort, "What he just said are possibilities, not certainties. If you want to keep it, think positively, and don't put too much pressure on yourself."

Hope Williams sniffed and nodded, "Okay."

"Miss Williams, although... it's difficult, it's hoped you can consider quickly. If you decide to keep it, you must go to the hospital soon to protect the pregnancy, cooperate with further examinations, and prepare for surgery."

"Okay, I understand, thank you all, I will consider it carefully."

Daniel Johnson nodded with a heavy face.

Hope Williams walked out step by step, her thin back view now looking fragile and vulnerable, unlike the strong, confident woman who once shone brightly.

That figure was truly heartbreaking to witness.

Anthony Taylor couldn't help but step forward, offering Hope Williams a phone, "If you want to contact your husband, you should. After all, he should be part of this decision regarding the baby."

Hope Williams looked up at Anthony Taylor, "Thank you."

Anthony Taylor, seeing Hope Williams holding back tears, was at a loss for how to comfort her, watched her walk out, then glared at Daniel Johnson, "Can you be less blunt next time you speak? Can't you be more tactful?"

Daniel Johnson opened his mouth and mumbled softly, "I have no choice, she would know sooner or later."

"Still arguing with me? Go back to develop the antidote quickly, are you dawdling here looking for a beating?"

Daniel Johnson quickly ran out of Anthony Taylor's study.

Hope Williams wasn't sure how she made it back to her room, only feeling an overwhelming heartache.

As she closed the door, in the dark room, Hope Williams slid to the floor, emotions collapsing uncontrollably, covering her mouth and sobbing softly.

Her trembling body seemed weak and helpless at this moment, full of bewilderment about what to do.

She really didn't want to lose this child...

But she understood everything Daniel Johnson had said.

If she didn't choose to have an early C-section, she couldn't avoid taking medication later, which could greatly impact the baby.

If she chose a C-section, even if she tried her best to protect the child, there was still a high chance it wouldn't survive.

What should she choose?

Hope Williams gently rubbed her belly, her heart filled with guilt for this child.

She leaned her head back against the door, her hands covering her face, tears unknowingly soaking her whole face.

After a long time, she picked up the phone, opened her contacts, yet even the number she knew by heart, she dialed incorrectly several times.

After dialing for a long time, Hope Williams put the phone face-down on the ground.

Fear grew within her...

She feared Waylon Lewis asking why she hadn't returned, feared him asking about her health.

She feared that speaking would burst forth all her emotions, wanting to tell him about her fears and panic, afraid of conveying her emotions to him, making him worry.

Even more, she feared that if her poison couldn't be cured, she'd never return, leaving Waylon Lewis, Luke, and Willow in empty joy.

Too many complex emotions intertwined, like an impenetrable web, tightly enveloping her, leaving her breathless.

After a long while, Hope Williams still picked up the phone and dialed Waylon Lewis's number.

The phone rang for a while.

The other side didn't pick up, and the phone only emitted a mechanical tone.

Hope Williams tightened her grip on the phone and dialed again.

In Waylon Lewis's office, after drinking a lot, Wyatt Lewis was already passed out on the floor, surrounded by various bottles.

The room was filled with the scent of alcohol.

He closed his eyes, leaning back on the sofa, feeling dizzy from the alcohol.

Listening to the persistent ringing of the phone, Waylon Lewis strained to rise and reached for the phone on the desk to answer it.

"Hello."

The low, hoarse voice sounded, and Hope Williams stiffened, her vulnerable emotions unable to hold back any longer.

"Waylon Lewis."

Hope Williams softly, as gently as possible, called Waylon Lewis.

The other side fell into silence instantly.

After a long while.

Hope Williams heard his low voice hum in response.

Hope Williams sniffed, although her heart had countless words, she didn't know where to start.

"I miss you."

Again there was a long silence on the other end, and just as Hope Williams began to doubt whether he was listening, the man's voice came again, "I do too."

"How have you been lately? How are Luke and Willow? Are you all taking good care of yourselves without me around?"

"Not well, nothing is good without you..."

Hope, I beg you, please come back?

It's all my fault; you can come back and hit me, scold me, but... Hope, please don't abandon me."

The voice coming through the phone, deep and hoarse, was full of self-reproach.

Hope Williams, pressing her lips together, removed the phone, covering her mouth to swallow the sobs, her heart aching, "Waylon Lewis, I... never blamed you, and I never intended to abandon you, I just can't return right now."

"Waylon Lewis, make sure to eat well, don't stay up late working overtime, take care of yourself, and look after Luke and Willow. I will be strong and do my best to come back to see you all. Will you wait for me?"

"Okay."

"Waylon Lewis... let me ask you a question. If, just if... if our baby is born with significant issues, possibly even..." Hope Williams couldn't bring herself to say 'won't survive.'

Resisting her emotions, she asked, "If the baby has physical or intellectual problems... would you still want it?"

The question out, Hope Williams's hand tightened involuntarily, her heart in her throat.

Waylon Lewis's opinion meant a lot to her.

"Yes, as long as it's the child you gave birth to, I would want it."

Waylon Lewis gave her a sure answer.

Because of Waylon Lewis's words, Hope Williams's wavering heart settled instantly.

There was more determination in her eyes.

"Okay, I will bring the baby back to see you."

The next day.

Wyatt Lewis sat up from a pile of bottles, seeing Waylon Lewis sitting on the sofa, apparently just awake as well.

But he sat there unmoving, his dark eyes fixed on one spot, revealing an inescapable sense of loss.

Wyatt Lewis, "Brother, what's wrong?"

"I dreamed of her again!"

Chapter 666: Chapter 666: Blindness Caused by Poisoning

"Is that you, sis-in-law?"

Waylon Lewis's dark eyes lowered, "Yeah, she said she would come back, she told me to take good care of myself, take care of Luke and Willow, and she also said she would bring the baby back."

Wyatt Lewis couldn't help but his eyes reddened.

The last time he was drunk, he insisted that Hope Williams wasn't dead; she was just trapped, waiting for him to rescue her.

Wyatt looked at his older brother. He's constantly dreaming of Hope because of thinking about her so much, so Wyatt isn't surprised anymore.

He sighed silently, a bit worried... Will his brother go insane from missing his sister-in-law too much??

After all, he keeps blaming himself and refuses to believe that Hope is dead. Long-term emotional suppression can lead to mental instability!

Thinking of this, Wyatt became even more worried.

"Brother, how about we see a psychiatrist?"

Waylon Lewis glanced at him, and Wyatt could clearly feel the oppressive gloom and violent aura emanating from him.

Wyatt's mouth twitched, and he immediately shut up.

Waylon's gaze darkened, and he got up to the restroom, freshened up, changed clothes, and was about to leave.

"Brother, where are you going?"

"Y country."

Waylon tossed out those two words and left the office with big strides.

Wyatt's expression slightly tensed.

Waylon wasn't going to give up until he turned Y country upside down, but Y country is so vast, and even if Hope is truly alive as he said, finding her would be like finding a needle in a haystack.

Wyatt was deeply helpless but could only watch, as no one could change Waylon's mind once he was set on something.

At this moment, Hope Williams was already at the hospital. The obstetrician re-examined her and asked about her intentions again, briefing her on the risks involved.

After understanding all the existing risks, Hope decisively decided to keep the baby.

The doctor admitted her to the hospital for observation and bed rest for half a month.

Hope stood by the window of the hospital room, her slender fingers on the windowsill. The sun was bright today, and it was nice weather. She thought, if none of this had happened, if she hadn't been poisoned, she would probably be by Waylon's side, accompanying Luke and Willow, waiting for the baby's arrival.

She paused and saw, in the garden below, a young man supporting a heavily pregnant woman, accompanying her for a walk with utmost care.

The woman, with a gentle smile, had her hand on her belly, gently caressing it, chatting and laughing with the young man beside her.

Hope slightly smiled, her gaze lingering on the cautious expression of the young man.

Suddenly, she felt a twinge of envy.

If Waylon were by her side, he would probably wear the same cautious and apprehensive expression right now.

Thinking of this, a tinge of tenderness emerged in Hope's expression.

The young man and the pregnant woman slowly moved away from her sight, and Hope lowered her gaze, intending to sit back on the bed, but in the next moment, her vision plunged into darkness.

Hope's whole body tensed. She raised her slightly trembling hand and waved it in front of her eyes — only to find complete darkness, unable to see anything.

It began again...

This was caused by the poison in her body.

Hope pressed her lips tightly together, a slight tremor at the corners. Every sudden blinding episode accentuated her deep-seated fear.

"Little Hope, why are you standing there?"

Liam Cloud noticed the door was open and walked in directly, seeing Hope standing there dumbfounded, her face a bit haggard, and her expression frozen.

Hope snapped back to reality, lifted her head at the sound, and blinked, trying her best to appear normal to avoid being detected.

"Nothing, just wanted to get a drink of water."

Liam didn't doubt her words, "Go sit down, I'll get it for you."

"Okay." Hope nodded, and with cautious steps guided by memory, walked towards the sofa, but still accidentally bumped into the coffee table.

A dull thud came, followed by a sharp pain in her knee, causing her to stagger.

The man who was pouring water immediately sensed something unusual, grabbed Hope's arm, and looked at her anxiously, "Are you blind? There's a big table here, and you bump right into it?"

Hope's expression froze unexpectedly, and Liam only then noticed her eyes, which used to be clear and bright, now bore an indescribable emptiness and confusion.

Liam's breath caught slightly, his expression turning awful. He waved a hand in front of Hope's eyes, yet there was no response from her pupils...

Liam instantly realized what was going on.

"I'll go find Daniel Johnson."

Chapter 667: Chapter 667: This Test Is Considered Passed

At this moment, Liam Cloud's face was extremely anxious, his steps swift as he headed outside.

"No need!"

Hope Williams immediately called out to him, "This is caused by the spread of poison in my body, it's been some time. He's already helped me, just need to take the antidote afterward."

Hope's vision returned, she blinked, looking at Liam Cloud, "See, I'm fine now, don't worry too much."

With some annoyance, Liam Cloud walked back, frowning, staring intently at her, "Were you planning to hide this from me just now?"

"I..."

"Are you trying to say you didn't want me to worry?"

A brief silence filled the room, Hope's thin lips pressed tightly together, "Having one more person know means one more person worrying about me, you know me. I've never liked others fretting over me."

Liam Cloud tugged at his lips. The more he understood this woman before him, the angrier he became. But looking at her stubborn, serious expression, Liam Cloud was genuinely amused, "Fool..."

Hope was rendered speechless. How could this person resort to personal attacks?

After insulting her, he was about to leave, intending to do something unknown.

"...Hey...you..." Hope called out to him.

"I'm going to get a nurse to treat your wound."

Hope glanced at her knee, bending slightly to touch it. It did ache somewhat, maybe it was bruised.

After finding the nurse, Liam Cloud pulled Daniel Johnson in front of him, staring coldly.

"How long will her antidote take to be effective? She's already showing signs of blindness, are you capable or not?"

Daniel Johnson raised an eyebrow, "How do you know she's starting to show signs of blindness? She said not to tell you!"

"I'm asking you how long until her antidote works?"

"Can't be sure!"

Hearing Daniel Johnson's words, Liam Cloud's eyes grew cold, "Uncertain? Daniel Johnson, you're telling me now that you can't be sure when you can develop an effective antidote?"

Daniel Johnson was about to be killed by his gaze, quickly responding, "Detoxification is not that simple, plus the poison she's affected by I've never encountered. I've already accelerated the research, and the longer this poison stays in her body, the more it spreads. The dosage needs to be adjusted based on severity."

Liam Cloud frowned.

So the antidote still had uncertainties!

"We'll have to wait until after her surgery for specifics." Daniel Johnson was also quite troubled; this was a significant challenge for him too.

...

Half a month later, Hope was pushed into the operating room as scheduled.

Before the surgery, Hope tightly grasped the doctor's hand, her eyes full of fear, repeatedly pleading with the doctor to save her child.

After more than an hour of surgery, Hope gave birth to a boy.

But the surgery was not smooth; after the baby was born, the doctor found the baby had no autonomous breathing or crying. The situation was not optimistic.

When the nurse came out to inform them, several men at the door felt their hearts were in turmoil.

Liam Cloud leaned against the wall, his face extremely grim. Wesley Ruiz could see the worry on Liam Cloud's face, as if he wished he could personally deliver the baby.

Fortunately, after more than ten minutes of rescue by the doctor, the baby's breathing returned to normal, quickly being sent to the incubator.

This first hurdle was passed, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Hope opened her eyes, glancing around, her gaze landing on Violet Summer beside her.

"Violet." Hope gently called.

Violet immediately stood up, "Miss Williams, you're awake."

"Where's the child?" Hope asked urgently.

"Don't worry; the baby is fine, already sent to the incubator." Violet told her with happiness.

Having cared for Hope for a month and a half, seeing how Hope got through it firsthand, Violet was truly happy that both she and the baby are safe.

Hope let out a deep breath, her heart finally easing.

Seeing the smile on Violet's face, Hope's lips involuntarily curved.

The baby would stay in the incubator for one to two months, with a dedicated nurse and doctor taking care of him.

Hope's body also urgently needed detoxification.

A week after Hope's discharge, back at the Taylor Family, Daniel Johnson's antidote was finally developed. After taking it, Hope underwent another examination.

Once the results came out, Daniel Johnson's face was visibly disheartened.

Seeing his expression, Hope felt uneasy, "Pharmacist Johnson, how is it?"

Daniel's expression was heavy.

Liam Cloud and Anthony Taylor stood by, their hearts sinking with his look.

Liam Cloud grabbed Daniel Johnson, "Johnson, what's the situation, speak up."

"Because the poison remained in her body for too long, it turned out more severe than I thought. The antidote she just took... its effect is not significant."

"What did you say?" Liam Cloud's face turned extremely unpleasant. After nearly two months waiting for the antidote, the effect was insignificant! Meaning it was useless, "What are you up to."

Liam Cloud grew restless with anxiety.

"Liam Cloud...don't do anything rash..." Hope tried to stop him, but her sudden rise led to dizziness. Trying hard to stabilize herself, she couldn't control it, completely losing consciousness...

"Thud..."

A strange sound came from beside.

Looking down, they saw Hope inexplicably fainting to the ground.

"Hope!!!"

Liam Cloud left Daniel Johnson, rushing towards Hope, his angry expression transformed into terror, "Hope, how could this happen?"

Hope lay there motionless, her face utterly pale and unhealthy.

Daniel immediately stepped forward, "She's very weak now; fainting is normal. Let's move her to the bed first."

Liam Cloud lifted her onto the bed, eyes red as he looked at Daniel Johnson, "How can she possibly recover?"

Daniel's face was serious, "I'll do my best."

After speaking, Daniel walked into the research room with Hope's latest test report.