

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

Chapter 668: Chapter 668: There Was a Moment When She Also Feared Death

Darkness...

Endless darkness...

Hope spent the next days mostly in a coma, with little time being awake.

She had lost a lot of weight, her once slender figure now appeared even more fragile, like a fragile porcelain doll.

Exhaustion...

She could feel her body was very tired, and every time she fainted, she thought she was too tired and considered giving up and not continuing anymore.

But each time such thoughts appeared, figures of those she cared about flashed through her mind, Waylon Lewis, Luke, Willow, Liam Cloud, Aria Richardson, and her newborn baby...

She didn't want to leave them.

So each time she struggled to open her eyes, striving to stay conscious.

On New Year's Eve, the outside was filled with festive lights and peace, Hope stood by the window looking out, feeling a faint sense of regret that this New Year she couldn't spend with Waylon Lewis, Luke, and Willow.

She wondered if she would have another chance in the future...

She held her phone and looked down at the number on it.

She wanted to call Waylon Lewis...

After a long time, the screen automatically turned off, and the black screen reflected her exceptionally thin face.

Hope was stunned, her eyelashes trembled lightly as she looked at herself on the screen, recalling her weak and feeble voice, losing courage instantly.

After coughing several times, Hope instinctively raised her hand to cover her mouth, and when she lowered it, there was a crimson trace in her palm.

Hope's eyes trembled, and tears silently fell down her face.

For a moment, she was truly afraid of death...

She changed her clothes and slowly walked out of the room. Violet Summer saw Hope seemingly wanting to go out, quickly put down what she was doing, wiped her hands, and went to support Hope.

"Miss Williams, why are you out? Your body is too weak, go back to your room and lie down."

Violet Summer looked at Hope's pale face, unable to suppress her heartache.

Since Hope gave birth, nearly half a month had passed, and Violet Summer had been constantly taking care of Hope, watching her body grow weaker day by day.

She saw her cough blood, faint, saw her curl up alone by the window, hugging herself tightly and sobbing softly.

Hope shook her head, "Tonight is New Year's Eve, I don't want to stay in the room, take me to see Anthony Taylor."

Violet Summer could only nod.

The study was filled with swirling smoke.

Anthony Taylor was holding a picture frame, looking at the serene smiling girl in the frame, his brows deepening.

After knocking on the door, Anthony Taylor said in a low voice, "Come in."

Violet Summer stood at the door, "Master Taylor, Miss Williams is looking for you."

Upon hearing Hope arrived, Anthony Taylor extinguished the cigarette in his hand and then said, "Come in."

Violet Summer supported Hope as she walked in. Hope's gaze fell on the photo Anthony Taylor had put down, "I often see you holding this photo lost in thought. Is the girl in the photo your lover?"

Anthony Taylor carefully placed the photo back, his golden-brown eyes dimming slightly, "Yes."

Hope remembered Daniel ohnson had told her that Anthony Taylor established such a large Antidote Lab to keep someone, but eventually, he couldn't keep them.

"She has been gone for many years, like you, suffering from chronic toxicity, and when we discovered it, she only had two months left."

Anthony Taylor reached out, his fingertips gently stroking the girl's beautiful face, unable to suppress the redness in his eyes, "Hope, do you know? I have money, a lot of money, but I... couldn't save her, she fell asleep in my arms just like that and never woke up."

Hope blinked, unsure if it was the recently suppressed emotions or some other reason, tears surged listening to someone else's story.

"So you've always wanted to save me, not wanting to see me gradually die like her."

Chapter 669: Chapter 669: Go Back Alive to See Them

Anthony Taylor raised his eyes and glanced at Hope Williams, "Hmm."

Hope Williams wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes, "Thank you, Anthony."

Anthony Taylor handed her two tissues, "Don't give up. Daniel Johnson is the best pharmacist I've found. If he says he can save you, then he definitely can."

"Hmm."

"By the way, why did you come to see me?"

"I want to go out."

"You're not fit to go out now. It's too cold outside, and your body can't take it."

Hope Williams shook her head, "I've been here too long, I want to go out for a bit, tonight should be lively."

She thought that since she couldn't join Waylon Lewis, Luke, and Willow for New Year's Eve, at least she could spend it with Baby.

The baby would temporarily be called Baby, and she wanted to leave the full name for Waylon Lewis to pick.

Seeing her insist, Anthony Taylor didn't stop her further, "I'll prepare a car for you."

"Thank you."

Hope Williams turned to leave, and as she reached the door, the butler came to knock.

"Miss Williams is here as well."

Hope Williams nodded slightly.

"Master Taylor, Sir and Madam, and Second Young Master have come." The butler reported.

Anthony Taylor's face darkened, with no trace of joy.

Hope Williams had never heard him mention his parents; she thought they might have passed, but it turned out they just didn't live together.

Anthony Taylor and Hope Williams descended the stairs.

Downstairs, three people sat: a dignified middle-aged man, a well-dressed noblewoman, and a young man playing games on the sofa.

The noblewoman immediately put on a bright smile upon seeing Anthony Taylor and enthusiastically moved forward, "Anthony, tonight is New Year's Eve, Aunt and your father and Little Jonah came back specially to spend the holiday with you and the old madam."

Anthony Taylor ignored her.

The noblewoman's smile faded awkwardly, turning back to glance at Father Taylor.

Father Taylor snorted irritably, "Anthony, your Aunt Banks is talking to you, can't you hear?"

Anthony Taylor coldly glanced at him, "Coming here during New Year's, barking like dogs."

"You! Anthony Taylor!"

Hope Williams smirked, glanced at Anthony Taylor, then at Father Taylor, sensing the tension in the air.

The woman surnamed Banks saw the awkward situation and forced an awkward laugh, then turned her gaze to Hope Williams, "Oh, Anthony, is this your new girlfriend? She's really pretty."

Saying this, she tried to reach for Hope Williams's hand, but Anthony Taylor blocked her, "Don't touch her with your dirty hands."

"..."

Hope Williams raised an eyebrow; she understood the atmosphere, Anthony Taylor was entirely hostile to them.

And this woman referred to herself as Aunt in front of Anthony Taylor, suggesting she was a stepmother.

"You should go. The car is at the door, ready. Let Violet accompany you." Anthony Taylor said in a deep voice to Hope Williams.

Hope Williams nodded, "Okay."

Hope Williams slightly nodded to the few people as a sign of courtesy, then exited the Taylor Family residence.

Violet supported Hope Williams as they walked out, and after they got some distance, Violet couldn't help but curse, "Disgusting and hypocritical."

"What?"

Hope Williams blinked, completely unaware why this young girl suddenly burst out cursing.

Violet furiously said, "Miss Williams, did you see those people just now? Sitting in the middle was Master Taylor's father, and that woman, after the previous wife died, brought her son and climbed up, she's a mistress. The old madam disagreed with Sir marrying the mistress, but he was stubborn and insisted, which made the old madam sick.

After that, Master Taylor left Emperor Capital with the old madam and settled in Y Country. Master Taylor's current achievements are all earned by himself. Now they see Master Taylor is successful, they come pestering him. Master Taylor really dislikes them, and actually, the woman doesn't like Master Taylor either. We can all see it, yet she acts like she's seeing her real son. It's disgusting."

Hope Williams did not speak; it was rare to see the usually gentle-speaking Violet so indignant, and listening indeed made one angry.

But these were people unrelated to Hope Williams, so she couldn't judge anything. She merely said mildly, "Alright, don't curse, your Master Taylor should be able to handle it, you being a young girl shouldn't worry too much."

"Indeed, I just can't stand it."

Hope Williams got into the car, a warmth enveloped her, as the car slowly started, her mind unexpectedly spun with dizziness, eyelids fluttered, and she leaned back on the seat with effort to keep conscious.

Suddenly alongside her, Violet exclaimed excitedly, "Miss Williams, look, it's snowing."

The joyful voice seemed to awaken the drowsy woman, Hope Williams lifted her eyes, turned to look outside.

Outside, the light snowflakes floated gracefully, densely falling.

Hope Williams's eyes twinkled; she couldn't help but open the window. Cold wind rushed in, and she stretched out her hand to catch a few cold snowflakes.

Seeing Hope Williams open the window, Violet quickly pulled her hand back, nervously saying, "Miss Williams, it's too cold outside, you can't withstand the cold now, close it quickly."

Hope Williams pursed her lips, a sense of sadness surged internally; it was pathetic that she was now too fragile to endure any cold.

At the red light, the car stopped, Hope Williams closed the window, leaned back, closed her eyes, and instructed, "Violet, call me when we reach the hospital."

"Okay."

Meanwhile, alongside, a black car also gradually stopped at this point.

Inside, the man slightly lowered his head, holding a file, with the ring on his ring finger glowing subtly.

The man, as usual, wore a full black suit, with his cold expression enhancing the chilly aura around him.

"Boss, before getting in the car, Madam called and asked you to come home for the New Year, and... she said she met someone today whom you might be happy to see." Thomas Hughes slightly turned his body and cautiously spoke to the man.

The man, his eyes lowered to the documents, remained unmoved.

Seeing no reaction from the man, Thomas Hughes felt his heart pounding even more. Ever since Madam left, he couldn't quite read Boss's thoughts anymore.

"And the old master also wants you to come home, even if it's just for the young master and young miss."

"Boss?" Thomas Hughes tried calling once more.

The man frowned but did not lift his eyes, "Got it."

"What do we do now?"

"Return to the country." Two cold words.

"Yes."

The green light turned on, and Hope Williams's car took the lead to drive away.

Hospital.

While Baby was in the incubator being tended to by a special team of doctors and nurses, the family couldn't accompany him, so Hope Williams could only stand outside and look at Baby from afar.

The little guy was strong; the doctor said his health was improving day by day.

This was the best news for Hope Williams.

Baby was stronger and braver than her.

Hope Williams sat on a chair outside the ICU, taking out a notebook and pen she'd prepared in advance, resting them on the armrest beside her. She gripped the pen with her fingers, slowly and deliberately, writing down each word.

After finishing, she brushed her fingers over the writing and looked up, forcing back the tears in her eyes.

A tall figure walked over from a distance, and Liam Cloud stood nearby, looking at Hope Williams with lowered eyes.

"Anthony Taylor said you went out; I figured you'd be here."

Hope Williams looked up at Liam Cloud, and her mouth curved into a smile, "Yeah, I came to see Baby. By the way, since you're here, can you do me a favor?"

"Sure."

Hope Williams handed the notebook she had just written in to Liam Cloud.

Liam Cloud raised his eyebrows and jokingly said, "What is this? A will?"

"Yeah."

The hand reaching over to take it paused in mid-air.

The air seemed to freeze.

Hope Williams looked at him, her gaze sincere, "If... I really die, could you give this to Waylon Lewis along with Baby? It has what I wanted to say to him. I promised him I'd come back, but I might break that promise."

Liam Cloud didn't take it, and his expression turned incredibly grim, "No, I'm not helping. Whatever you want to say to him, say it yourself while you're alive."

"I'm just afraid that if..."

"There's no if!"

Hope Williams frowned and smiled helplessly, "Anything can happen, I can feel how my own body is doing."

Liam Cloud's face became extremely tense.

"Hope Williams, if you dare say such things again, I'll immediately tell Waylon Lewis you're not dead and drag him in front of you. Would you bear to see him watch you slowly die?"

Hope Williams paused, taking a moment to process Liam Cloud's words, "You? What do you mean? Tell him I'm not dead?"

Hope Williams suddenly realized, and stood frozen in place, "Liam Cloud!!"

Hope Williams stood up from the chair, her voice rising by a few notches.

"At the time, I was mad that he didn't save you, so I didn't tell him. Let him regret it for three months, or else I couldn't resist wanting to punch him."

"You!"

Hope Williams was so furious that her chest felt tight.

"If you want him to come over now, I'll go find him right away."

"No, wait." Hope Williams stopped Liam Cloud.

"What's up?"

Hope Williams frowned, remained silent for a long time, suppressed her anger, and calmed down, "Don't tell him."

It had been two months, he might have nearly come to terms with her death. If she showed up again, and if she really couldn't make it later, it would mean making him endure the pain of losing her all over again. That would be too cruel for Waylon Lewis.

"Let's go, head back, I'll focus on treatment."

Hope Williams tore up the written will.

She still had to bring Baby back to reunite with Waylon, Luke, and Willow. She couldn't give up until the very end.

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Time flew by, a month later.

Lewis Family.

With the new school term, Luke and Willow began attending a new school Waylon Lewis personally selected. In the past few months, apart from searching for Hope Williams, Luke and Willow were the only ones who really mattered to Waylon Lewis.

But the two little ones weren't happy. Sometimes when Waylon Lewis returned home, the two would lift their heads, looking behind him, hoping he'd bring Hope Williams back, but every time they ended up disappointed.

In the past three months, everyone knew that the Lewis Family's Young Madam had perished at sea. Many women tried to get close to Waylon Lewis with an obvious intent to become the new Young Madam of the Lewis Family.

Some even went to the school to take the chance to get close to Luke and Willow, hoping to win over the kids first, and then use them to get to Waylon Lewis.

Chapter 670: Chapter 670: Hope Williams Returns to the Lewis Family

Luke and Willow returned home from school, and Alitzel Williams immediately approached, reaching out to embrace the two little ones, "Luke, Willow, Grandma's two little hearts are back."

Luke and Willow backed away distantly, politely calling out, "Grandma."

Alitzel was taken aback, pursed her lips, feeling a bit wronged by Luke and Willow's distance, but still kept her kindest smile.

"Luke, Willow, Grandma made your favorite little cakes, come and try them, okay?"

Luke shook his little face, "Not hungry, thank you, Grandma."

"What about Willow? Willow must be hungry, right? Grandma remembers Willow loves little cakes the most, doesn't she?"

Willow also shook her head, "Grandma, I don't like little cakes anymore."

Alitzel's smile froze slightly, "Is that so? Then what would Luke and Willow like to eat? Grandma will ask the chef to make it for you, okay?"

The two little ones continued to shake their heads impassively.

"Grandma, you don't need to do these things. If you're really bored, you can go shopping or do beauty treatments with other grandmas, but don't find women for Daddy anymore. Not everyone who looks like Mommy is Mommy; we only have one Mommy, named Hope Williams," Luke said coldly.

At the mention of this, Alitzel's face was instantly filled with guilt.

"Luke, you still can't forgive Grandma, can you?"

Luke sighed, looking at Alitzel, "If we found someone who looked like you for Grandpa, would you be happy, Grandma? Different people but the same reasoning, Grandma, don't do anything foolish next time."

"I was deceived by that woman's appearance and brought her home, thinking it would be a surprise for you all."

Luke pursed his lips, "We know Grandma meant well, but it's unnecessary."

Willow and I are going upstairs to do homework."

Luke finished speaking, pulled Willow's hand, and ran upstairs, leaving Alitzel frozen in place.

She really just saw them unhappy after losing Hope Williams, so she brought that woman home.

Because she looked so much like Hope, Alitzel thought they, father and sons, would be happy.

Unexpectedly, it backfired, and she hadn't expected that woman's schemes and ambitions...

Not to mention Luke and Willow's distance; Waylon Lewis had long ignored her.

Alitzel couldn't help but feel bitterness in her heart.

At dinner, Waylon Lewis said he would return today, so Alitzel had the kitchen prepare a full table of dishes.

At the dinner table, the whole family was present except Hope Williams.

Beside Waylon Lewis was always an empty seat; everyone knew it was Hope's seat, and although no one sat there now, no one dared to remove it.

Throughout dinner, it was mostly Alitzel talking, Wyatt Lewis trying to lighten the mood, and occasionally the old man gave Luke and Willow some food; the atmosphere was indescribably odd.

A servant hurried over, standing to the side, speaking quickly, "Madam, the woman in the backyard started seeking life and death again..."

Alitzel immediately glared at the servant, who saw Waylon's cold face and immediately shut up.

Waylon put down his chopsticks, "I'm full, enjoy."

After speaking, Waylon got up and left.

"Hey, Waylon, you've just eaten..." Alitzel wanted to call Waylon back but he had already gone upstairs.

Luke and Willow also put down their chopsticks, "We're full, too, going upstairs to do homework."

"Alright, go ahead."

The old man sighed, losing his appetite and letting the servant push him upstairs.

"Dad..." Alitzel hesitated but chose to remain silent.

The next day.

A black car gradually stopped, and the woman opened the door to step out.

Standing in front of the old Lewis Family house, Hope Williams still felt as if she were dreaming.

If this was a dream, she truly hoped she'd never wake up.

For in this past month, she'd had enough of darkness while lying on a hospital bed.

Hope lifted her foot, just about to step inside.

Liam Cloud stood to the side, watching her impatient demeanor, helplessly twitching his lips, "Little Hope!"

Hope blinked her eyes, "What?"

"Are you a child? Did you forget what Daniel Johnson and the doctor told you?"

Hope looked at him, then lowered her head to glance at herself.

"I feel pretty good now, no discomfort anywhere."

She only wanted to follow her heart, quickly meet Waylon Lewis and Luke and Willow, what Daniel and the doctor explained was already forgotten.

"Once cured, you forget the pain." Liam scolded, "Your husband is right there; can he just escape or what?"