

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 671: 671: Meeting, Unbelievable - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 671: 671: Meeting, Unbelievable

Chapter 671: Chapter 671: Meeting, Unbelievable

This month, Hope has taken the antidote twice, but neither had much effect. She couldn't eat anything and was almost in a continuous state of coma.

The last time she took the antidote was a week ago. She just woke up three days ago and rested for two days before insisting on taking the latest flight back last night.

Daniel and the doctor both said her body was too weak and advised her to rest for a few more days.

But Hope was determined to return, unable to wait any longer.

If it hadn't been too late last night, Hope probably would have returned then.

Liam is really afraid of her now. She can walk and run, but what if she's not fully recovered? If she faints like before, anywhere and anytime, it'll scare him into a heart attack.

"Alright, walk slowly, don't run, be careful not to fall."

"Uh... okay."

Hope looked at Liam and suddenly felt like she was being watched over by an old father.

"Aren't you going in?"

"No, I'm not interested."

"Alright then." Hope didn't insist. "Thank you for bringing me back."

"Don't mention it, but you'll cover the gas."

"..."

Hope walked over, and when the guards at the door saw someone approaching, they immediately stepped forward to stop her. "Who are you? This is the Lewis Family, you can't just... Y-Young Madam?"

The two guards looked as if they had seen a ghost, frozen in place.

Hope raised her hand and waved, "Hello, I'm back."

"Y-Young... Young..."

Hope blinked. Seeing their expressions, Hope felt that if it weren't daytime, they might really think they saw a ghost.

She didn't want to waste time here. It's seven o'clock, Waylon, Luke, and Willow should still be at home.

Hope quickly walked inside.

The guards were left with their mouths agape. "Was that the Young Madam? Isn't she supposed to be dead? Who... who... who is she? Is she really our Young Madam?"

Another guard, equally incredulous, suddenly seemed to think of something and slapped his thigh hard. "Oh no, could the woman from the back yard have escaped?"

"Impossible, she came from outside. We've been guarding here and never saw that backyard woman come out; it can't be her."

"Then... then is this person real or a ghost?"

Hope walked all the way inside to see the main house's door open. Wyatt Lewis, dressed in a black suit, was adjusting his cuffs as he walked, with Luke and Willow following him.

"Luke, Willow, it's Friday today. After school, how about Second Uncle takes you out to play? Tell Second Uncle where you want to go."

"No, I have homework," Luke said, his little face serious, rejecting outright.

Willow also shook her head.

Seeing the two little ones unhappy, Wyatt squatted down helplessly and pinched their fair, delicate little faces.

"Oh, my dear hearts, can you cheer up a bit? How about I take you to see your daddy? He's at the company today."

“Whatever.”

“Don’t want to go.”

Wyatt scratched his head. His brother wasn’t here, his sister-in-law was gone, and he really didn’t know what to do with these two little ones.

“Luke, Willow, you can’t take after your daddy, he’s a perennial iceberg. You mustn’t become millennial icebergs. If you do, Second Uncle is very likely to die young.”

Hearing him say he would die, Willow blinked in confusion. “What does Second Uncle mean? Does Second Uncle have a terminal illness?”

“No, it’s that I’m about to be frozen by you three.”

“Second Uncle, people only freeze to death at minus twenty-five degrees,” Luke solemnly informed Wyatt.

Wyatt was truly defeated.

“Alright, alright, if you scare me into a heart attack now that your sister-in-law is gone, who will be responsible for fixing my heart?”

“Uh... I’m still here.”

A voice suddenly sounded behind them.

In an instant...

The air seemed to freeze.

Wyatt froze, and Luke and Willow looked up in a daze.

After what felt like ages, the three of them stirred, and Wyatt slowly turned his head...

And then he saw a familiar silhouette not far away. The bright morning light fell on her beautiful face, and she approached with a gentle smile.

Seeing Hope suddenly, Wyatt was startled for a moment. Then, as if realizing something, anger instantly surged in his eyes. He strode over to Hope and violently grabbed her wrist.

Angrily, he said, “Who gave you the guts to come out? You’re not allowed in the main house, not allowed out of the backyard, is that clear? Accusing my brother of keeping you at the Lewis Family, what more do you want?”

Hope was completely baffled by Wyatt's fierce demeanor.

Accusing Waylon of what?

"Wyatt, what are you talking about? I don't understand."

"Elias, still pretending? You've had plastic surgery to look like my sister-in-law to get close to my brother, and you even deliberately mimic her every move. Where's your shame?"

Wyatt flung Hope's hand away.

Having just recovered, Hope struggled to withstand such a push and staggered back several steps.

A big hand supportively caught her from behind.

Hope turned to see Liam standing behind her with a dark expression.

Liam glared at Wyatt angrily, his eyes full of hostility. "Wyatt, are you fucking insane."

"Liam? Have you also been fooled by this woman's appearance? She's not my sister-in-law; she's Elias—Elias who had plastic surgery to look like my sister-in-law to get close to my brother. My brother has already investigated and confirmed it; she's definitely Elias!"

Elias had surgery to look like her and get close to Waylon!

Hope blinked, exchanged a glance with Liam, and immediately understood.

Liam rolled his eyes. "Open your damn eyes and take a good look; she's Hope, she never died. I brought her back personally, she's nothing like the Elias you mentioned."

"Impossible, considering the time, my sister-in-law should be nine months pregnant now, and she doesn't have the slightest baby bump; she can't be my sister-in-law..."

Wyatt had been completely deceived by that woman and was convinced that Hope had been dead all this time, completely disbelieving it.

Suddenly, two small figures dashed forward, throwing themselves into Hope's arms.

"Mommy!"

"Mommy!"

Wyatt was stunned, "Luke, Willow???"

Hope quickly squatted down and hugged the two little ones, pulling them fiercely into her embrace.

Tears instantly welled up.

“My darlings, Mommy is back. I’m sorry to have kept you waiting so long.”

“Wah...” Willow pouted, hugging Hope tightly and bursting into tears. “Mommy, I just knew they were lying to me, that you weren’t dead, they all lied to me, you’re alive.”

“And I knew too, that Mommy would never leave us. I don’t want anyone else, just Mommy. Mommy, you’ve finally returned, you’ve finally come back.”

The little ones huddled in her arms, and listening to their cries of grievance almost broke Hope’s heart.

“Mommy’s back; Mommy will never leave you again. I’m really sorry, my darlings.”

“S-Sister-in-law...”

Hope looked up at the man who was utterly dumbfounded, gently curling her lips. “Second Young Master, I am really Hope. Long time no see.”

Wyatt’s eyes widened, his eyes filled with a mist of tears, and tears fell uncontrollably.

“Sister-in-law! Is it really... you? Am I dreaming... I must be dreaming, being with my brother all the time has made me dream often too, but... why does this dream feel so real.”

Liam unhesitatingly punched him, “Does it feel real now?”

Wyatt let out a pain-filled cry but laughed instead. “Hit me again.”

Seeing how utterly stunned this guy was, Hope couldn’t help but laugh, stepping forward to gently hug him. “I’m really not dead; it’s not a dream.”

Wyatt froze for a second, then immediately pushed Hope away as if electrified.

The force wasn’t small, and Hope almost stumbled.

Noticing Hope’s stagger, Wyatt realized he had pushed too hard and became even more flustered.

“Sorry, Sister-in-law, but my brother will kill me if he sees.”

Hope shook her head, smiling helplessly.

He really hadn't changed a bit.

Chapter 672: Chapter 672: The Wife Has Returned

"Now do you believe it?"

"I believe, I believe, a hundred times I believe! Oh, sister-in-law, you're really not dead. I'm so excited. Wait, sister-in-law, your... child?"

Hope Williams' belly didn't look like she was pregnant at all now.

Wyatt Lewis gasped, "Could it be... the child..." was gone?

Wyatt didn't dare to say those words.

Seeing the sadness already welling up on his face, Hope quickly spoke, "The baby was born a month and a half ago, he's a boy, we're calling him Baby for now, but..."

Hope hadn't finished speaking when Wyatt excitedly craned his neck to look behind, "Baby, where is Baby? Where?"

Luke and Willow were also tense and excited, wanting to see their little brother.

Seeing the three of them craning their necks, Hope laughed, "Baby is still at the hospital in Country Y, he's..."

Wyatt anxiously asked, "What's going on? What's wrong with Baby? Did something happen?"

Luke's little face also tensed up, "How's little brother?"

Willow urgently asked, "Mommy, is brother sick?"

Hope tugged at her lips, wondering if these three would let her finish speaking.

"It's fine, it's fine, Baby was born prematurely and needs to stay in an incubator for one to two months. Everything is going well now, don't worry."

"That's good, scared me to death." Wyatt patted his chest and couldn't help but become excited again, "Sister-in-law, when can Baby leave the incubator? I can't wait to see the little baby immediately."

"Soon, he'll probably be able to come home with us in a week."

"That's great."

Seeing their three excited faces, Hope couldn't help but smile.

"Wait, sister-in-law, why was Baby born prematurely? Two months ago, wasn't it only seven months? And you seem to have lost a lot of weight. How did you survive after falling into the sea? And why did it take you so long to come back? Did something happen?" Wyatt realized and quickly asked.

Hope pursed her lips, considered for a moment, and said, "Something happened that caused Baby to be born prematurely. I'll tell you about it later."

"Alright, you coming back is the best news ever. Come in, come in, Dad, Mom, and Grandpa are all home. I don't know how happy they'll be to see you."

Hope was also looking forward to seeing them soon, but she was even more eager to see Waylon Lewis. It's been three months; she really missed him.

Every time she was tortured by the poisoning to the point of despair, Hope thought in her mind, she couldn't just sleep away like this, she had to stay alive to come back and see Waylon, she had to stay alive to see him.

"Waylon, is he not at home?"

Wyatt quickly said, "My brother went to work. He either goes to the company very early every day or goes at night, spending most of his time searching for you!"

Hope's eyes flickered, "Searching for me?"

How could that be when Asher Ross told her back then, during his revenge at the Taylor Family, that Waylon searched for her on the sea for eight days and nights but couldn't find her, so everyone assumed she had died and gave up the search.

Later she asked Liam Cloud to tell Waylon that she wasn't dead, but Liam never delivered the message.

Waylon shouldn't have assumed she was dead.

"Yes." Wyatt furrowed his brow, "Everyone said you were dead, but my brother refused to believe it. Two months ago, he even personally smashed your funeral. Grandpa, Dad, and Mom all urged him to stop looking, but my brother never gave up, using alcohol to numb himself in his downtime. But fortunately, sister-in-law, my brother finally waited for you to come back."

As Wyatt spoke, he couldn't help but tear up.

It was truly too agonizing.

He almost couldn't hold on these past three months.

Hope felt a pang of heartache, paused in her steps while holding Luke and Willow's hands, "Wait a moment."

"What's wrong?"

"Could you tell Dad, Mom, and Grandpa that I'm back? I want to go see Waylon immediately now."

Hope really wanted to run to Waylon without stopping, to tell him he didn't have to search for her anymore, that she was back.

She wondered what Waylon's expression would be when he saw her.

"Sure, I'll let Dad, Mom, and Grandpa know. Sister-in-law, you should go quickly."

Hope nodded.

Luke and Willow held Hope's hands tightly, unwilling to let go, "Mommy, can we go with you?"

Hope looked at the fearful, anxious eyes of her two little ones, eyes clearly afraid she would disappear again.

Hope's heart ached fiercely once more.

She knelt down, gently stroked Luke and Willow's heads, "Of course, but it looks like you're carrying school bags to school. Can you take a day off?"

Wyatt immediately supported Luke and Willow, "Of course, they already know all those classes at school. A day off won't be a problem. I'll help them take the day off. You should quickly go find my brother; I'll take care of everything else."

Wyatt wanted their family to reunite as soon as possible.

It would be better for his brother to see his sister-in-law just a second earlier.

"Mm, thank you."

Hope quickly walked out with Luke and Willow.

Liam Cloud glanced faintly at Wyatt, "You can be useful at times, but try having a bit of vision next time. Not recognizing the real thing is quite enough."

Wyatt wasn't happy with this, "Damn it, let's go."

"To do what?"

"I'll take you to see that woman. It's really frustrating; she looks eight or nine-tenths like sister-in-law. Even my brother almost mistook her at first glance."

Luna Williams and Hope Williams are twin sisters with six or seven-tenths similarity, which is already a lot. That woman mimicked even more, worked as an assistant beside Waylon Lewis for so many years, and stayed with Hope for a few months, learning Hope's habits to perfection and understanding all of Waylon Lewis's preferences. If Waylon hadn't later discovered she was Elias Patel, he really would have believed Hope's soul possessed her.

Liam Cloud raised an eyebrow, "Not interested, leaving now."

...

Lewis Clan.

Inside the conference room.

The man sat in the main seat, his face extremely grim.

Everyone knew that ever since his wife died, the Boss had been in this state. Although they were used to it, it still left them terrified.

At this moment, Thomas Hughes hurriedly rushed in, looking as though he had seen a ghost.

People noticed that Thomas, who was usually the most disciplined, didn't even knock and rushed in as if carried by a whirlwind of urgency, looking incredulous.

"Boss, g-good... news."

Waylon Lewis raised his brow and cast a faint glance at him, "Speak."

"Madam... the Madam has returned."

Chapter 673: Chapter 673: He Caught His Whole World

"Madam... Madam has returned."

Waylon Lewis stiffened entirely for a moment, his deep gaze glancing at Thomas Hughes. Thinking of those women pretending to be Hope Williams to meet him, he found it laughable and returned his gaze to the documents in front of him, speaking coolly, "Continue."

Thomas Hughes, seeing Waylon Lewis unresponsive, was almost hopping with anxiety, "Boss, it's true, Madam has really returned."

"Uh, Assistant Hughes, did you... take the wrong medicine today? Are those women so skilled at pretending to be Madam that even you got fooled? We're still having a meeting, Assistant Hughes, I think you should handle it yourself."

One director, fearing that the man sitting above them would get angry, hurriedly spoke to persuade Thomas Hughes, thinking that today's Thomas Hughes must have gone mad.

Madam's been dead for three months, everyone knows that as a fact.

How many women have approached their boss in these three months?

Can't even tell them apart? Thomas Hughes must have taken the wrong medicine, but for heaven's sake, don't let it anger the big boss and implicate us.

"No, it's true..."

Thomas Hughes was speechless, the real Madam had returned, the real Madam, why didn't they believe it?

At this moment, the door was gently pushed open, and a clear voice sounded, "Uh, sorry to bother you."

Everyone looked over and saw a woman standing at the door with two children, the woman had Hope Williams's face and waved inside with a gentle smile.

Everyone present was stunned.

Ma... Madam?

Hope Williams, not having seen Thomas Hughes come out for a long time, couldn't help but push open the meeting room door herself.

But now it seemed she had been rash.

Although the conference room was now silent, looking at their expressions, it was as if Hope Williams had heard deafening exclamations.

However, none of this mattered at the moment.

From afar, Hope Williams lifted her gaze toward the man in the main seat.

The moment she saw him, everything beside her faded away, and her eyes were filled only with him.

The man, as before, was in a dark suit, his shirt buttons meticulously fastened to the collar; his brows were cold, lips tightly pursed, and a pair of deep, dark eyes fixedly stared at her.

Hope Williams's hands on both sides tightened, the longing she had suppressed instantly surged forth, transforming into tears in her eyes, and she softly called, "Waylon."

Waylon Lewis sat motionless, as if something tightly gripped his heart, holding him still, afraid to breathe.

As if just a blink would cause the unreal figure before him to turn into bubbles and disappear.

Hope Williams unconsciously stepped forward, as if wanting to bypass everything and unhesitatingly run toward him.

Waylon Lewis also unconsciously stood up, and at the moment she ran toward him, he instinctively raised his hand to catch her.

Catching his whole world...

Hope Williams forcefully embraced Waylon Lewis, burying herself in the familiar and warm embrace, whispered to him, "Waylon, I'm back."

As soon as she finished speaking, Hope Williams felt the hands around her waist tighten slightly, but they trembled delicately.

The emotions mixed in that trembling, Hope Williams understood all too well, all too well.

She raised her head, looking at him, at the man whose eyes were now surging with emotion.

Hope Williams came out of his embrace, gently took his hand, looked toward the people whose eyes were wide open, and said softly, "I'm sorry everyone, I might need to borrow your president for a few minutes."

With that, Hope Williams held Waylon Lewis's hand, leaving the meeting room.

Waylon Lewis let her lead him out, his gaze always resting on her.

Thomas Hughes's eyes were also full of emotion, and he quickly stepped forward a few steps, grabbing Luke and Willow, "Young Master, Young Miss, why don't you stay with Uncle Hughes for a while?"

"Okay." Luke and Willow nodded obediently.

They knew Daddy must miss Mommy a lot too, they had already clung to Mommy the whole way on the car, so they'd just temporarily endure it for themselves so Daddy could hug Mommy.

After all, Daddy had been so pitiful these past few months.

After Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis left the conference room, there was complete silence for ten seconds before a burst of astonished exclamations erupted.

"Madam? That... was really Madam?"

"Am I seeing things? Was it really Madam?"

"This this this... miraculous transformation? Assistant Hughes..."

Everyone looked at Thomas Hughes, who stood at the door talking to Luke and Willow, with questioning faces.

Seeing all the puzzled expressions, Thomas Hughes suddenly felt he knew something extraordinary and confirmed calmly, "She is Madam, truly and certainly."

"Wasn't Madam... dead..."

"My mommy is not dead." Luke and Willow immediately interrupted loudly before the person could speak further.

The speaker suddenly felt he deserved to die and punished himself by slapping his mouth, "Yes, Madam is not dead, Madam really is not dead..."

Oh heavens! Heaven has eyes! Madam is alive, and they finally don't have to live in misery anymore!

"Assistant Hughes, I admit my voice was too loud to you earlier." The director who had first said Thomas Hughes took the wrong medicine sincerely apologized to him.

Thomas Hughes raised an eyebrow, feeling rather extraordinary.

...

Hope Williams pulled Waylon Lewis into the office, and as soon as the door closed, she was instantly pressed against the door by him, his deep eyes unwaveringly staring at her.

"Hope?"

"It's me." Hope Williams looked deeply at Waylon Lewis, "Darling, I didn't die, I'm back..."

A long-lost...

Real...

Hope Williams!

Is it truly her?

Everything before him felt like a dream, Waylon Lewis's breath caught, his eyes trembled.

"Hope?"

"Yes?"

"May I kiss you?"

Hope Williams blinked at Waylon Lewis, who looked particularly cautious, afraid everything before him might shatter, and her heart was suddenly pricked.

The next moment, she unhesitatingly rose on her tiptoes, wrapped her arms around his neck, and pressed her lips to his.

At the moment their lips touched, Waylon Lewis froze completely, the air filled with her sweet and familiar scent...

Utterly real!

Pressing her tighter with his hand, gradually sliding to her waist, fastening on the back of her head, kissing her with abandon.

Hope Williams held him, kissing back without yielding.

As if all the longing of these months was poured entirely into this kiss...

This kiss, fierce and passionate, inseparable, lasted a long time...

Finally, Hope Williams feared they might suffocate, so she pushed him away, "Wait... I think I need to catch my breath..."

Waylon Lewis hugged her, wishing to meld her into his bones and flesh.

"It's really you! It's really you! Wonderful! Wonderful!"

He repeated again and again, his voice turning from hoarse to slightly choked.

Hope Williams gently patted Waylon Lewis's back, "Mm, it really is me..."

"I'm sorry..."

"Hm? What? Why suddenly apologize?"

Hope Williams heard his sudden apology, a bit puzzled, emerging from his embrace, her clear eyes watching him.

"I was the one who didn't choose you, I was the one who caused you to fall into the sea, I was the one who didn't save you..."

Hope Williams's eyelashes trembled, seeing Waylon Lewis's guilty and remorseful expression, the faint azure under his eyes impossible to ignore.

One could imagine he's probably been in self-reproach all these months.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, tiptoed and lightly kissed his lips, then leaned into his embrace, comforting by gently rubbing her fluffy head against his chin, "Waylon, I don't blame you, really, and look, I'm perfectly fine now, I've come back safely, please don't blame yourself, okay?"

Waylon Lewis sighed softly, hugging her tighter, his heart more pained.

"Also, Waylon, I have good news for you."

Waylon Lewis looked at her suddenly uplifting smile, his tone also relaxed a bit, "What good news?"

"You're a dad again."

Waylon Lewis just noticed Hope Williams's already flat abdomen, "A child?"

"Mm, I've already given birth, it's a boy, I temporarily called him Baby, you decide his full name, okay?"