

SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

Chapter 674: 674: Afraid of Hope Williams Misunderstanding

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Waylon Lewis's brow twitched violently, his eyes full of unease, "Really?"

"Mm, really, but don't get excited yet. Baby is still in the incubator because of the premature birth, so you can't see him now, but you will soon."

Waylon Lewis's eyes flickered, "Premature? What happened? You've lost a lot of weight. What did you go through these past three months?"

Waylon was more concerned about what had happened to her during these months.

Hope Williams lightly bit her lip, looking at him silently, her eyes trembling slightly.

Waylon frowned increasingly, feeling that something must have happened to Hope; otherwise, she wouldn't have stayed away, and her body wouldn't be so thin. This was an abnormal weight loss.

Seeing Waylon grow more anxious, Hope's eyes gently trembled, "Something did happen, but fortunately, I managed to get through it without danger, and the baby is fine, so don't worry."

Waylon listened to Hope's evasive words, staring intently at her, "Hope, get to the point."

Hope sighed and said softly, "I was poisoned."

"Poisoned?" Waylon's voice grew deeper, his expression dark, a wave of murderous intent in his eyes, "Was it Ted?"

Hope nodded, having anticipated Waylon's reaction, she quickly soothed him, "But it's been resolved now, really, I just look thin because I lost my appetite when I was poisoned. I'll gain weight back now that I'm recuperating."

Saying this, Hope forced a light smile.

Waylon's large hands repeatedly caressed Hope's face, his eyes filled with inexpressible pain, "You've suffered."

Hope shook her head, smiling at Waylon, "No, the poison was nothing, except making me lose my appetite, it didn't make me suffer."

Waylon's eyes flickered, "Hope."

"What is it?"

"You're the biggest fool under the sky."

"Why do you say that?"

Waylon raised his hand to pull her head into his embrace, "Do you even realize? You consider everything for others, afraid I'll worry, so you don't say anything, but the truth is you aren't good at lying."

If it were really as light as she said, she wouldn't have stayed away from him.

The poison from Ted was surely lethal, how could it not have caused her distress?

But she went through it all on her own.

He couldn't even be by her side when the baby was born.

He felt truly negligent!

Waylon repeatedly patted her fuzzy head, "How should I compensate you?"

Hope blinked, well, she couldn't fool Waylon after all.

Sighing lightly, Hope said in a relaxed tone, "It's okay, just spoil me a little more in the future."

Waylon nearly laughed with tears, his voice low, “That doesn’t nearly make up for what I owe you.”

“Hm?”

“There’s something I need to tell you.”

Hope paused, “Tell me what?”

Waylon pulled Hope to sit on the sofa, but he didn’t let her go, holding her on his lap.

Hope blinked as she looked at him, “Go ahead.”

Waylon gazed at her with complicated eyes, holding her delicate hand, organizing his words.

“A month ago, Elias Patel got plastic surgery to look like you and came to the Lewis Family, sneaking into our room, claiming to have had a relationship with me while I was drunk.”

Hope's brow twitched violently, but she managed to remain calm as she looked at Waylon, "And then?"

Waylon spoke with a deep sense of anger in his eyes, but seeing Hope's calm demeanor, Waylon asked cautiously, "Aren't you angry?"

Hope curved her lips into a smile, "Angry about what?"

"I said she sneaked into our room and claimed to have had a relationship with me while I was drunk."

"Yes, but she said she had a relationship with you, not you with her. Now it's your turn; I won't listen to her, I'll listen to your explanation."

Seeing the rational Hope, Waylon felt a bit more at ease.

"I didn't do anything, I kicked her out."

Hope nodded, as expected.

If Waylon had really done something with her, he wouldn't have been so calm discussing this matter.

But Hope was curious as to why, if she was kicked out, she was still staying in the Lewis Family's backyard.

"Then what's with staying in the Lewis Family's backyard?"

"She was caught by my parents and grandfather when she left. In her state, plus the fact that I'd been drinking, they mistakenly thought something happened. Then a week ago, she returned saying she was pregnant, claiming it's my child!" Waylon said, finding it utterly ludicrous himself.

Hope's eyes flickered, coming to understand.

In such a situation, Waylon, as a man, naturally found it hard to defend himself, especially since she had a face identical to Hope's.

Seeing Alitzel and the others witness her leaving Waylon's room, they were even more convinced that Waylon mistook the surgically altered Elias Patel for her while drunk.

Hope rubbed her chin, "So they all believed it?"

"Not completely. Grandpa demanded she take a non-invasive DNA paternity test in two months, so they arranged for her to stay in the backyard under watch, to prevent her from having a miscarriage and eliminating the evidence then."

Hope nodded, understanding Grandpa's approach.

No matter whose child it was, since they were accused, evidence had to be obtained to clear Waylon of any wrongdoing, rather than dragging it out, lest he be wrongfully accused.

And a non-invasive DNA test was the best way to prove Waylon did nothing.

Waylon looked nervously at Hope, "Do you believe me?"

Hope furrowed her brow, deep in thought, not noticing Waylon's question.

Hope shook her head, clicking her tongue twice.

Elias Patel was truly persistent, believing she was dead and trying to replace her.

But she was too naive.

Seeing Hope shake her head, Waylon grew more anxious.

"I really didn't touch her." Waylon knew such an explanation was weak, but he was terrified Hope would misunderstand.

"I believe you," Hope replied immediately.

"Then why did you shake your head?"

“I was thinking, it was a subconscious action, but... when I wasn’t around, you often stayed up late drinking, didn’t you? Otherwise, she wouldn’t have had the opportunity.”

Waylon’s expression grew deeper, “Mmm, you can punish me...”

“No need.”

Hope stood up.

“Don’t worry about me.”

“Mm, I’m not worried about you, not here—it would be inappropriate. We’ll discuss punishment when we get home.” Hope smiled, like a cunning little fox.

Moreover, she needed to think about how to deal with Elias Patel.

She believed that before the DNA test in the next two months, Elias wouldn't be quiet.