

## **SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR**

*Chapter 675: Chapter 675: Kneeling on Durians as Punishment at Home*

Waylon Lewis pulled her back into his arms, kissed her forehead tenderly, "A bit surprised."

Hope Williams looked at him, "Surprised by what?"

Waylon Lewis sighed.

"I thought you'd at least be suspicious."

Hope Williams looked at him, amused at his annoyed expression because she wasn't suspicious, and couldn't help but laugh, "Hey, Waylon Lewis, you're not going to say my lack of suspicion means I don't care, don't love you, are you?"

Waylon Lewis raised an eyebrow.

Maybe she hit the nail on the head, as he suddenly had nothing to say.

Hope Williams found him even more amusing, "Waylon Lewis, three months and you've become melodramatic."

"Melodramatic?"

Maybe he found the word novel when used on him, Waylon Lewis raised a dark brow.

"Yeah, almost like a bullied little delicate wife." Hope said, leaning in to give him a teasing kiss on the lips.

"Little delicate wife?" Waylon Lewis murmured, the corners of his thin lips involuntarily tugging up a bit, before he raised a hand and tipped her down onto the sofa.

Hope Williams didn't have time to let out a cry, just felt a wave of danger approaching, instinctively placing her hands against his chest, "Hey, what are you doing, Waylon Lewis, the matter with Elias Patel isn't over for me yet. You got drunk, giving her a chance. Choose between the keyboard or washboard when you get home, but if you annoy me now, you'll be kneeling on durian instead."

"What counts as annoying you?"

Soft kisses landed on her lips, tender, and gentle.

Hope Williams blinked, finding the question quite insightful, just as she was pondering what to respond.

At the doorway...

"Durian, must kneel on durian!"

Hope Williams raised her hand to cover Waylon Lewis's mouth, gesturing for silence, raising a brow towards the door.

The office quietened down, making the voices at the door clearer.

"Hehehe, I really want to see my brother kneel on durian, best if someone uses a stick to whip him, see if he dares to drink again."

Waylon Lewis's gaze turned icy, he got up and strode over to open the door.

Wyatt Lewis, who was practically plastered to the door like a gecko, instantly tumbled inside, "Oh shoot!"

Wyatt Lewis cursed, feeling suddenly tense, looking up to meet his brother's icy stare.

Damn!

He's caught red-handed!

Wyatt Lewis forced a smile, "Bro, didn't expect it, did ya? It's me again!"

Waylon Lewis frowned, "Running debt?"

Wyatt Lewis hurriedly stood up, "Bro, I swear I wasn't eavesdropping, and you definitely can't just scold me today. See those few..."

Wyatt Lewis pointing matter-of-factly at the patch of air behind him, giving Waylon Lewis a look that says, you better check out those just as shameless as me.

Waylon Lewis frowned, glanced behind Wyatt Lewis, then back to him, raising an eyebrow.

Wyatt Lewis turned back to look at the empty space behind him...

Damn!

Thomas Hughes the coward actually ran off with Luke and Willow.

"Hehe, bro, if I say they ran off, would you believe?"

Waylon Lewis clenched his fists.

Wyatt Lewis almost in tears, lunged forward to hug his brother's already muscled arm, "Bro, today is a joyful day with sister-in-law coming back, don't be rough."

Hope Williams found the remark both amusing and exasperating, Wyatt Lewis always cracked her up.

And at this moment, Wyatt Lewis already gave up hope of his brother sparing him any brotherly affection, quickly ran to seek refuge with his sister-in-law.

"Sister-in-law save me, you don't know how terrifying my bro has become in the last three months without you, he's like the Great Demon King reborn, he's surely thinking about how to kill me now."

Hope Williams looked at Wyatt Lewis pitifully hiding behind her, asking with a smile, "Why did you come?"

"I wanted to catch the scene of you two meeting, fulfilled the task you gave me, then ran over."

Specifically ran over to eavesdrop outside.

Hope Williams thought he was pretty impressive too.

"Who told you to eavesdrop on your brother, he usually doesn't lay a finger, if he does it's with reason."

Wyatt Lewis figured out what she meant, in short: serves you right.

Sure enough, when husband and wife unite, they mercilessly torment hearts.

Waylon Lewis came over to hug his wife, gazed coolly at Wyatt Lewis, "Still not leaving?"

Wyatt Lewis shivered, "Leaving, I'm leaving now, I'll go buy some balloons."

"What do you need balloons for?" Hope Williams asked, confused.

"For when my brother kneels on durian later, I need to cheer him on from the sidelines."

Hope Williams, "..."

Waylon Lewis, "..."

Wyatt Lewis skittered away, disappearing in a flash.

Hope Williams looked at the two brothers, shaking her head with a smile, "Alright, you only have this one brother, you as the brother should be a bit more lenient with Wyatt."

"I'm not lenient enough with him?"

Hope Williams pulled her lips, speaking of leniency, indeed he's quite lenient. If Waylon Lewis truly punished him, Wyatt Lewis wouldn't become bolder each time.

"Fine, pretend I didn't say anything, you're still working, right? Maybe I should head home first, I've yet to visit Dad, Mom, and Grandpa."

Waylon Lewis held Hope Williams's hand tightly, "I'll go home with you."

"Your work?"

"Not important."

With that, Waylon Lewis led Hope Williams outside.

Lewis Family.

Upon hearing Wyatt Lewis say Hope Williams was back, the three were half-believing, restless yet expectant, waiting anxiously at home.

Alitzel Williams nervously wringing her hands, occasionally glancing towards the door, unable to sit still, "Wyatt wouldn't be teasing us, why aren't they back yet, oh I'm dying with anxiety."

The old man's sitting on the sofa, appearing calm, but his constant drinking betrayed his anxious wait.

"Wyatt wouldn't joke about this, just wait a little longer." The old man said calmly.

"Sit down for a bit, Little Hope went to see Waylon, it naturally takes time." Christopher Lewis advised Alitzel Williams.

"I can't sit still, I wish I could see Little Hope immediately." Alitzel Williams's eyes reddened.



The old man sighed, looking at Alitzel Williams, then thinking about Elias Patel in the backyard, it's a big headache.

"You better think about how to explain Elias Patel to Little Hope because we don't want her upset the moment she comes back."

At the mention of this, Alitzel Williams's heart sank, and her expression gradually became unnatural.

"Dad, I really saw how much she resembled Hope, and seeing Waylon, Luke, and Willow was heartbreaking, I thought having someone to replace Hope to accompany them was good, better than them staying dejected. But I didn't expect it would turn into such a mess... I feel sorry for Hope and Waylon."

Alitzel Williams said, wiping tears from the corner of her eyes.

Her heart filled with remorse.

"No, while Little Hope hasn't returned, I can't sit idle. She's surely suffered out there for these months, probably lost a lot of weight, I need to instruct the kitchen to make dishes she loves to nourish her."

Just then, a car was heard outside.

Alitzel Williams paused, already turning towards the kitchen, being the first to look up outside, "It's surely Little Hope and the others back."

"Help me up." The old man asked the servant to help him to his wheelchair, and the three immediately went outside.

Waylon Lewis, with Hope Williams, just got out of the car, hearing Alitzel Williams's excited voice from a distance, "Little Hope!"

Hope Williams turned, seeing Alitzel Williams running towards her quickly.

"Mom..."

Just as she made the sound, Hope Williams found herself embraced by Alitzel Williams, "Little Hope... it's really you, really you... you truly didn't die... so good, so good."

Alitzel Williams held her, choking up continuously.