

SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

Chapter 677: Chapter 677: I'm back, you should leave

Lewis Family backyard.

Hope Williams brought the family doctor over; Waylon Lewis originally wanted to accompany her, but she refused. She didn't want Elias Patel to get his wish and see Waylon Lewis.

Wyatt Lewis had always known his sister-in-law's combat prowess; he found it exciting that she'd personally go after 'the mistress' and eagerly tagged along.

At Elias Patel's entrance, two maids were whispering, "This woman keeps pulling this stunt, wearing a face identical to our Young Madam's. It's really unsettling. Our previous Young Madam wouldn't resort to such shameless tactics."

"Exactly, the lengths she'll go to get close to the eldest young master are shameless; we have to take care of her here. Serving tea, water, and she doesn't take any; causing such a scene just to reach the young master's ears, hoping he'd come see her. I see right through her. Why must we cater to her needs; I'd rather be out weeding the garden."

"Stop talking." A maid who'd just reported to the main house rushed back. "The Young Madam herself will be coming soon, stop gossiping."

"Isn't the Young Madam..." The maid cautiously lowered her voice before uttering the two words, "Dead? How is that possible?"

The news from the front yard hadn't reached the back yet, leaving the two maids visibly shocked.

"Regardless, the Young Madam isn't dead. She was just around the elder and the young master a moment ago, heard about this issue, and is coming over this way."

"Is that real, coming back from the dead, such a wonder..."

Hope Williams arrived with several family doctors, startling the maids. They became momentarily dumbfounded, quickly recovering, and bowed respectfully, "Young... Young Madam."

"Mm."

Hope looked over at the doctors, calmly instructing, "Go and check her out."

"Yes."

Several family doctors promptly entered the room, followed closely by Hope.

Upon seeing the woman's face on the bed, Hope immediately felt it was understandable for them to mistake someone else.

Elias Patel must have spent a fortune to reshape it so identically.

Hope raised a delicate brow, a mix of helplessness and irony.

Seeing the doctors pulling out various medical tools, Wyatt Lewis found the whole thing unnecessary.

There was no need for such trouble.

Wyatt slightly curled his lips, took a few steps inside, and directly said, "Brother, come in and take a look at her. She's fainted and looks so pitiful."

The maids in the room looked toward the door, but no trace of Waylon Lewis was visible.

Wyatt subtly signaled to them with his eyes, and the maids, understanding, stopped speaking.

Hope stood calmly at her spot, without turning around, her gaze fixed sharply on Elias Patel lying on the bed, alert to the slight twitching of Elias Patel's eyelids upon hearing Wyatt's words.

Hope smirked internally; she couldn't even keep it cool?

Even the family doctor about to examine Elias Patel noticed and tugged his lips before glancing back at Hope.

Hope met the somewhat speechless gaze of the family doctor, raising her eyebrows slightly.

The family doctor was perceptive, promptly catching on, feigned a series of examinations, and directly stated, "Miss Patel fainted due to weakness combined with sudden anxiety. Rest assured, she'll regain consciousness in roughly half an hour."

Upon hearing this comment from the doctor, Hope raised her eyebrows, didn't add anything unnecessary, and walked out of the room.

Roughly half an hour later, Elias Patel gradually awoke, coughed lightly in weakness, and eagerly looked around the room. Not seeing the person she wanted, her face darkened, turning her gaze to the maid in care beside her, "Waylon?"

The maid silently rolled her eyes; the doctor did nothing, saying she'd wake in half an hour, and she truly did. Without mentioning the eldest young master

coming, even if the doctor exerted every effort, this woman probably wouldn't wake up.

Enough already.

"...The eldest young master is downstairs."

Elias Patel pursed her lips, a glint of joy passing in her eyes, promptly got up from the bed, maybe feeling that it seemed too fake to spring up instantly, slowed down the pace, weakly leaning against the wall as she moved forward slowly.

The maid felt like a hindrance; if she weren't here, this woman would practically be sprinting.

Downstairs, Hope Williams was sitting in the living room, sipping tea.

Seeing a silhouette slowly descending from the upper floor.

With an upward glance, the woman shared the same slightly curled long hair, wore a milky-white sweater ensemble, layered with a long cardigan, simple and graceful. An almost identical face appeared somewhat pale, further enhancing her delicate, endearing demeanor.

She surely did a meticulous job from hairstyle, expression, movements, to attire. Even Hope's usual preference for light-colored clothes, she perfectly emulated.

Elias Patel was intelligent, observant, spending time by her side, absorbed every detail meticulously.

If she applied all her efforts to work, given her capacity, she'd undoubtedly have unlimited prospects.

Yet, she chose to abandon her original self, relying on plastic surgery to live as another person.

Hope felt it ironic, couldn't help feeling annoyed internally, raised her eyebrows, looking at her, as the floral tea in her hand no longer seemed appealing.

Elias Patel came down joyfully, a shallow smile gracing her face, "Waylon..."

The word was stuck in her throat after uttering a single syllable; her footsteps abruptly halted, her eyes gradually widened, "You... Hope Williams!"

Hope gazed up, her cold eyes landing on her, "Elias Patel, long time no see."

Elias Patel's breath faltered, standing frozen, motionless.

She seemed to doubt her own eyes, staring at Hope intently for several seconds, before her face suddenly sank, "You're not dead!"

"Indeed, quite a surprise, isn't it?"

Elias Patel paused, shaking her head incessantly, "No, impossible, weren't you lost at sea, missing for months. How could you still be alive? Everyone knows you're dead; who exactly are you?"

Wyatt Lewis, sitting nearby, upon hearing this, could hardly contain his laughter, "Hey, Elias Patel, do you believe anyone would do what you did, transforming themselves to look like my sister-in-law?"

Elias Patel's eyes narrowed intensely.

"She truly is Hope Williams?" She pointed a finger at Hope, still in disbelief.

"Yes, you must be disappointed. Dreaming of replacing my sister-in-law, why don't you keep dreaming of it lying down." Wyatt Lewis coldly stated.

Elias Patel stared at Hope's pristine, exquisite face, instinctively touching her own.

Hope slightly tilted her lips upward, stood up, stepped closer to her.

Hope was slightly taller; as she approached, Elias Patel felt an overwhelming pressure emanating from her.

With their almost identical faces side by side, the differences were starkly apparent; facial features could be altered, habits could be learned, but height and inherent aura were things Elias Patel could never change.

Hope coldly eyed her, "See clearly now?"

Elias Patel swallowed nervously, warily staring at the woman in front of her, "See what?"

"I'm back; you should leave."

Elias Patel's hands, hanging on both sides, quietly clenched, her entire body subtly trembling.

She tugged her lips, her gaze caught sight of Hope's flat abdomen, appearing to have discovered something, a slight curve formed at her mouth, "I recall you were pregnant before you left, what happened? No child anymore?"

She raised her head, straightened her back, adopting an absolutely proud stance toward Hope, "Shouldn't the person to leave be you? You might not

know, but I'm pregnant, with Waylon's child. Hope, even with your return, things have changed."

Elias Patel lifted her hand, gently stroked her belly, smiling with confidence and pride, as if having a child could press Hope underfoot.

Elias Patel fixated on Hope's face, hoping to see an expression of sadness and disappointment emerge.

Unfortunately, there was none...

Elias Patel found Hope's response unsatisfactory; she bore Waylon Lewis's child and had a relationship with him.

Why wasn't Hope furious, why wasn't she falling apart, why wasn't she hysterical?

"Hope, I said I have Waylon Lewis's child, did you hear me?" Elias Patel repeated loudly, using a glorious and assertive tone.

Hope's gaze quietly landed on her belly, "Oh, then what? An ambiguous child turns into your pride, don't you find it ridiculous?"

"Ambiguous origin?" Elias Patel sneered, "Did Waylon Lewis tell you? Did he say he didn't touch me, that this child isn't his? A man drunk, perhaps unclear

about his own actions, claiming irresponsibility afterwards; do you believe those words?"

Elias Patel advanced a few steps forward, her gaze locked on Hope, derisively smirking, "Do you wish to know the details of that night? I can recount how he mistook me for you, tore my clothes, kissed me, the indulgence between us, how he carried me from the bedroom to the bathroom to every corner of the room. Do you want the details?"