

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

### Chapter 683: Pair Them Up

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"Why do you care what requests he made to me!"

"..."

"You're really absurd, you know."

"Funny, you..."

"Hey, wait wait wait..." Hope saw the two were about to clash and quickly raised her hand to stop them, "Shouldn't you two calm down a bit?"

"He was the one who got worked up first."

"Godmother, Uncle is just concerned for you, that's why he's anxious."  
Willow's soft voice said to Aria.

"Yeah, Uncle likes you, that's why he cares for you and gets anxious about you." Luke turned and added.

Aria looked confused, "..."

Wyatt's expression tightened, he almost couldn't resist rushing over to cover the little ones' mouths.

Hope sat nearby watching, pursing her lips and looking at Luke and Willow,  
"Luke, Willow, what kind of blunt truth are you two spouting?"

Wyatt, "..."

Aria, "...?"

The two involved parties unified looking at Hope.

Hope was stunned by their shocked gazes, avoiding their gaze.

When Waylon Lewis came downstairs, he saw the five people still in the living room, those playing games were still playing. He took two steps forward and first pulled Luke and Willow up from the ground, ordering coldly, "Go to bed."

Then he came over to Hope's side.

At this moment, Hope was sitting between two petrified people, restraining her mouth, wanting to laugh but was too embarrassed to laugh out loud.

Waylon Lewis directly ignored the two next to him, his gaze locked on Hope.

"Hope."

Waylon Lewis called Hope's name.

Hope coughed lightly and looked at him, "Huh? What's up?"

"Go to sleep."

Hope looked up at the clock, "It's still early, just after ten. If you want to sleep, go ahead, don't worry about me."

Waylon Lewis couldn't stand it anymore, having been ignored all night. The fire suppressed within him had reached the breaking point.

He strode towards them, raising his hand and grabbed Aria's back collar, with his other hand he grabbed her bag.

Aria had just been snapped out of her shock, hadn't yet reacted to what was happening, "Hey hey... wait..."

The door was opened, Aria was thrown out, she hadn't yet steadied herself when a bag was tossed her way, she hurriedly hugged her belongings.

Immediately afterward, another person was thrown out in the same manner.

"Hey... wait... no, brother, why are you throwing me out too?"

"You like her, go keep her company!"

Wyatt, "..."

Waylon Lewis finished speaking expressionlessly, "Bang!" the door shut without mercy.

A cold wind blew through, the two huddled a bit, simultaneously realized, glanced at each other.

Aria spoke first, "Um... I know they were joking, I won't take it to heart, haha!" Awkwardly laughed twice, "Rest early, I'll go first."

After speaking, Aria took off running.

How did it become so awkward!

What a joke? Would Wyatt Lewis, the young master, really like her?

Aria had truly never thought about it.

"I'll escort..."

"No need to escort, there's a car, I can handle it."

In a flash, Aria had disappeared from sight, Wyatt scratched the back of his head, bewildered and turned in place.

Standing there for a long time, taking a deep breath, a bit of loneliness fell into his eyes.

Hope was dumbfounded watching Waylon Lewis toss the two out swiftly, then walk back to her, bend down and pick her up, "Can you go to bed now?"

Hope instinctively reached up and wrapped her arms around Waylon Lewis's neck, glancing towards the door, "Hey, isn't that a bit too much?"

"I was pairing them up, is that excessive?"

"Aria can go home, where would Wyatt sleep?"

Waylon Lewis carried Hope upstairs, chuckling lightly, "If he, a grown man, can't find a place to sleep, then he deserves the cold."

Hope tugged at her lips, indeed, this was something only a real brother would do.

"You really are something."

Waylon Lewis carried Hope to the bedroom, where he placed her on the bed, stood straight with a face of seriousness.

Hope in uncertainty, lifted her eyes to look at him, suspiciously asked, "What are you going to do?"

Hope watched Waylon Lewis hesitated for a moment, his face tense but exceptionally earnest.

"Wait."

Hope blinked her sparkling eyes, watching Waylon Lewis roll up his shirt sleeves, exposing a portion of his strong forearm, then walked aside; before long, he returned holding something spiky.

Hope was taken aback and looked up at the tall man in front of her, "Why did you come back with a durian?"

Just as Hope voiced her question, Waylon Lewis earnestly placed the durian on the floor.

That posture...

Hope stared at him wide-eyed.



Kneeling on durian...

Seeing that Waylon Lewis was really about to kneel on the durian for self-punishment, Hope stood up and grabbed his arm.

"Wait."

"Wait for what?"

"Are you... punishing yourself?"

Waylon Lewis nodded seriously, "Admitting a mistake requires the right attitude."

Hope looked at him and couldn't help but laugh, "I was joking when I said I'd punish you for drinking, don't take it seriously."

Waylon Lewis wasn't someone who liked to drink too much; he drank because she was missing, and he was distressed, using alcohol to cope.

Hope knew all of this.

"It's not about that!"

Hope raised an eyebrow, "Then what is it? What else did you do wrong?"

Waylon Lewis's expression darkened, and a few traces of guilt flashed visibly in his deep black eyes.

Hope furrowed her brows and suddenly remembered how Aria Richardson had accused him of not choosing to save her back then, and her words had undoubtedly deepened Waylon Lewis's guilt and anxiety.

"Is it about who to save first?"

Hope gazed deeply at him.

Waylon Lewis pressed his lips into a thin line.

Hope was somewhat helpless and slightly angry, "I've told you before, regarding the choice of who to save, you did nothing wrong. There's no need to admit a mistake, let alone blame yourself.

Even if you had chosen to save me at that time, Ted Williams's blade had already scratched my skin, the poison had seeped into my bloodstream, and he was determined to see me as a threat, so he wouldn't have let me go easily."

Hope felt a pang of sorrow seeing Waylon Lewis continuously blaming himself, living in guilt, feeling like he owed her, and being overly cautious.

Hope sighed deeply, raised her hand, and wrapped it around Waylon Lewis's waist, resting her head on his chest, "If you continue to blame yourself, then I should blame myself even more."

"Blame yourself for what?"

"The plane crash, Ted Williams was after me. If it weren't for me, my parents wouldn't have suffered this calamity."

"What nonsense are you talking about? You had no idea about this at the time."

Hope wasn't a divine being who could foresee everything.

Who could have expected that even after she clearly told those two she wouldn't compete for the Williams Clan, they still wouldn't feel at ease and wanted to harm her on the way.

"So you see, you've never blamed me, and I don't blame you either. This matter is in the past, it's really in the past. Let's not dwell on it anymore, okay?"

Aria was joking with you too; she didn't really mean to suggest that I should find someone else. She was just momentarily upset and cared about me. And I wouldn't leave you; don't be so cautious. Let's be like we were before, alright?"

Hope looked up at him, smiling gently.

Waylon Lewis's eyes deepened.

The two looked at each other for a long time.

He lowered his head and softly kissed her tender lips, "Alright."

Hope's beautiful eyes carried a touch of a radiant smile, "Okay, let's not discuss this topic anymore. Let's think of something happy. Tonight, let's think about what we should name our baby."

Waylon Lewis bent down and picked her up horizontally, then headed towards the bathroom, "It's too late, let's bathe and sleep first."

"But I'm really looking forward to our baby's name right now."

"Think while bathing." Waylon Lewis carried Hope to the bathroom and filled the bathtub with warm water.

Hope quirked an eyebrow, "Alright, then you should leave."

Waylon Lewis stood still, clearly not intending to leave, "I'll bathe with you."

"Who needs you to?" Hope lifted her eyes, smiling at him, and gently pushed him out.

Waylon Lewis grabbed Hope's hand.

"You need to."

"I don't need to." Hope shook her head, unable to hide the smile on her face, "You go out quickly."

Eventually, Waylon Lewis was pushed out of the bathroom by Hope's two hands, "Go think about our baby's name, I'll come out and check later."

With that, Hope decisively closed the bathroom door.

Waylon Lewis looked at the closed door and smiled helplessly, obediently going to find paper and pen.

When Hope finished her bath and came out, she saw Waylon Lewis lounging on the sofa, holding a fountain pen and a notebook in his hands.

Hope tiptoed over quietly and bent down to look at his notebook.

Seeing what Waylon Lewis had come up with, Hope furrowed her brows and couldn't help but read aloud, "Olivia Lewis, Riley Lewis..."

Oh my!

Hope felt like she was getting a headache.

What kind of names are these?

"Why not just name your son Victoria Lewis?"