

# SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

## Chapter 686: Chapter 686 A Happy Family

Alitzel Williams was very emotional, and she couldn't stop her hands from trembling as she held onto Hope's hand.

Hope spoke, "Doctor?"

The doctor immediately replied, "Please don't worry yet. Director River is in charge of the VIP ward. I'm not familiar with the situation, so I'll go check and find out first."

Alitzel's face was anxious, "If something happens to my grandson, I won't let it go."

"Alright, Alitzel, let them check. The baby won't go missing with so many people in the hospital," the old man said.

Wyatt Lewis added, "Exactly, Mom, don't worry yet. Let the doctor take a look, maybe the baby was just taken for a checkup."

After that, Alitzel finally allowed the doctor to go find out, but she was so anxious that she was pacing on the spot.

Harry Williams arrived with Jade Bell, and Jade stood beside Hope, her heart clenched, "Little Hope, the baby?"

"It'll be fine, don't worry yet."

She said not to worry, but her tense face betrayed her current state of mind.

Waylon Lewis, with the same unease in his eyes, glanced at Hope and said softly, "I'll go to the monitoring room and take a look."

At that moment, a voice came through, "No need to look, your precious son is here."

They all turned at the sound and saw Liam Cloud standing nearby with one hand in his pocket.

Upon hearing this, Hope and Waylon immediately ran up, and Hope anxiously asked, "Liam, what happened to the baby?"

"Your son is doing great. Last night the doctor said he could be transferred to a regular ward for a few days and then be discharged."

"Really? The baby can come out of the incubator?"

"Yes."

Upon hearing this, Hope finally felt her anxious heart settle down.

Liam glanced back at the crowd hastening towards them and smirked, "The Lewis family's precious grandson is indeed special. Follow me."

As everyone reached the door to the ward, they saw a doctor in a white coat coming out.

"Doctor, how is the baby?" Alitzel promptly asked.

It was Director River, the one mainly in charge of the baby. Recognizing Hope, Director River quickly reassured everyone, "Don't worry, the baby's doing fine now. Just two more days of observation, and you can take him home."

Hearing the doctor's words, Alitzel finally breathed a sigh of relief, clasping her hands together, "Thank the heavens, thank you, doctor."

"You're welcome. The baby is asleep now, if you wish to go in, please keep it quiet." Director River advised, seeing the crowd.

"Alright, alright."

Director River nodded and left, while a nurse quietly commented, "It seems their entire family is here."

Director River smiled, "It's clear that everyone has been looking forward to this baby. But..."

"But what, Director?"

Director River's expression turned slightly worried, "This baby had delayed development during the mother's pregnancy. Although his physical development is normal now, we can't be sure if it will affect his intellect

and motor skills later. This needs to be observed as the baby grows. Make sure to have the family come to my office later. These things need to be clearly explained to them, and they should be mindful in the future."

"Got it."

Inside the ward, a circle of people surrounded the baby's crib. Watching the little bundle, their hearts filled with joy, everyone even lightened their breaths.

Luke and Willow balanced on their tiptoes, curiously looking at their little brother. Willow reached out with her chubby little hand and gently touched the baby's cheek before joyfully pulling her hand back, giggling.

"Baby, Willow is a big sister now, I'm so happy!"

Hope ruffled Willow's soft hair with a tender smile, "Yes, Willow is now a big sister, and Luke is a big brother again."

Alitzel couldn't help but smile at her grandson, "Dad, this little one looks just like Waylon when he was born."

"Nonsense, he wasn't as good-looking as our baby," the old man chuckled, his smile unable to be contained as he gazed at the little fellow in the swaddle.

Alitzel reluctantly nodded, "Dad's right. Waylon was wrinkly and dark when he was born, not cute at all."

Waylon, half-embracing Hope, was suddenly mentioned. His gaze returned to the baby's face.

He didn't argue, after all, Hope was beautiful, so naturally, their children would be too, as evidenced by Luke and Willow, these two especially cute kids.

"Hahaha... My brother had an ugly period too," Wyatt Lewis laughed gloatingly.

Christopher Lewis glared at Wyatt, "What are you laughing at? When you were born, you were so ugly I didn't dare recognize you."

Alitzel laughed, "Exactly, your dad's not wrong. Compared to the baby, neither of you were as good-looking."

"Pfft..." Aria Richardson stifled a laugh on the side.

He felt like he was picked out of a trash can.

Wyatt huffed a couple of times, used to this usual banter, but still defended himself a bit, "It's fine, I look handsome now."

Aria responded, "Narcissist."

Wyatt, "..."

The baby, who was deep in sleep, seemed startled by the noise. His tiny body moved in the swaddle, his little features scrunching up, looking like he was about to cry.

Hope went over and skillfully lifted the baby into her arms, gently rocking him as she softly patted his back.

"Baby, be good, Mommy's here."

The little one's head snuggled into Hope's embrace, showing no sign of waking up, and he quickly settled down.

Hope's face softened into a gentle smile.

Waylon looked at the little guy, back asleep in Hope's arms, happiness and love interwoven in his eyes.

"Keep it down," Waylon whispered.

"Yes, yes, keep it down," Alitzel agreed, nodding repeatedly.

Waylon couldn't get enough of this little bundle.

It was truly intriguing, such a tiny little life, their third child with Hope. The feeling was really amazing.

Waylon couldn't help but smile.

"Do you see?" Liam Cloud, in a cold tone, addressed Waylon, "This is the child whom she endured surgery to bring into the world for you. She spent three months hovering between life and death to protect this baby. If you ever treat her poorly..."

"That's impossible."

Waylon said calmly, yet his eyes were filled with genuine emotion.

Liam pressed his lips together, showing no extra reaction or further comment.

"Three months? You knew all along?" Waylon suddenly turned to look at him, realizing something.

Liam arched an eyebrow, not hiding anything, "Yes, I knew. I found her on the eighth day she disappeared."

Liam grinned provocatively, "She asked me to tell you... Don't doubt it, I purposely didn't."

Waylon's face darkened in an instant.

Liam's words startled Hope, seeing Waylon's face fall, she quickly said, "Alright, everything is in the past now, and everything is good now, that's what matters."

Waylon glanced at Hope, then withdrew his step, seeming not to hold a grudge.

Hope's eyes flickered, her peripheral vision catching Jade Bell and Harry Williams standing in the back.

They stood behind, their eyes filled with curiosity about this little life, but they didn't step forward, seemingly out of place here.

Probably because of Ted Williams and Luna Williams' issues, fearing that the Lewis family held a grudge against them.

After all, if it weren't for the Williams family, Hope wouldn't have encountered so many accidents.

Hope composed herself, walking towards them, "Grandma, Harry, come and see the baby."

Upon hearing this, Harry finally helped Jade forward.

Jade looked at Hope, her eyes glistening with tears.

Hope gently nodded.

Only then did Jade cherishingly and cautiously extend her hand to stroke the sleeping little one in Hope's arms.

Jade's voice was choked with emotion, "Wonderful, wonderful. Little Hope, seeing all of you well and happy, truly makes Grandma so happy."

Wyatt Lewis looked up at Jade and snorted coldly, "Ah, if you don't trouble my sister-in-law in the future, they'll always be well. The way you guys wronged her before..."

Alitzel glared at Wyatt, signaling him to keep quiet.

After all, this elderly lady didn't mean to harm Hope, and she was Hope's grandmother; Hope valued family ties. The wrongdoers had been brought to justice, and if Hope held no more grudges, they couldn't say more.

Wyatt huffed twice, grudgingly closing his mouth.

Hearing Wyatt's words, a deeper guilt appeared on Jade's worn face.

"Alright, alright, let's not dwell on the past," the old man spoke, "Waylon, have you decided on the baby's name?"

"I have."

"What is it?"

Everyone eagerly looked at Waylon.

## **Chapter 687: Chapter 687 Seeking Hope Williams to Save Ted Williams**

Everyone watched Waylon Lewis expectantly.

Waylon Lewis didn't hesitate at all, he opened his mouth and said, "Call him Victoria."

Hope's smile froze.

The old man, "..."

Christopher, "..."

Alitzel, "..."

Wyatt Lewis, "Pffft... hahaha..."

Liam Cloud curled his lips; even naming a child has to show affection.

Aria Richardson bit her lip tightly, quickly hid in the back, and laughed so hard with Wyatt Lewis that they trembled.

What kind of name is that?

It's ridiculously cheesy, isn't it?

How could President Lewis pick such a cheesy name?

Waylon Lewis frowned, "What are you two laughing at?"

Aria Richardson waved her hand and gave Waylon Lewis a thumbs up, "Nice choice."

"Of course, my wife thought of it."

Waylon Lewis didn't think there was anything wrong with it at all, he smiled with a smirk.

Hope awkwardly bit her lower lip.

"Hahaha... Hope, you came up with it, hahaha, you two are really good at naming." Aria was laughing so hard she could hardly breathe.

"Luke, Willow, come over to godmother quickly, be thankful your names didn't get messed up by those two."

Luke chewed over the name again, "Victoria, why does my brother have to be called Victoria?"

Wyatt Lewis helped them answer, "Because your father's surname is Lewis, your mother's name is Hope, your father loves your mother, so they named your brother Victoria. That's right, your brother's existence is to witness your parents' love."

Wyatt Lewis was speaking while laughing hysterically.

"You two are driving me crazy!" Waylon Lewis kept a stern face.

Hope was blushing from their laughter, at that time she was only joking with Waylon Lewis, how could he take it seriously?

No way her son would be called Victoria.

Even the old man was a bit exasperated, "Uh... Little Hope, Waylon, you should think of another name."

Hope nodded, "Yes, we'll think about it later."

"What's the problem?"

Hope glared at Waylon, motioning for him to shut up.

Aria and Wyatt covered their mouths and held their laughs for a long time before managing to stifle them.

Hope placed the sleeping baby back in the crib, the baby's little hands and feet moved slightly, closing his eyes and continuing to sleep.

Everyone watched the baby, feeling that every little movement of the baby could melt their hearts.

Hope turned around and gestured to Harry Williams to come outside with her.

Just now she noticed that Harry Williams had been watching her, wanting to speak several times but stopping, perhaps he had something to say that wasn't suitable for such a crowded place.

Harry Williams nodded immediately.

Waylon Lewis grabbed Hope's hand, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to talk with Harry, I'll be back soon."

Hope gently patted Waylon Lewis's hand, smiled warmly, then the two of them walked out.

The empty hospital room next door.

Harry Williams's expression could no longer be held together, he took two steps forward and knelt down directly in front of Hope.

Hope's expression was startled, she immediately leaned forward to help him up, "What are you doing? Get up."

Harry Williams didn't move, no matter how Hope tried to help, his stiff body wouldn't budge.

Hope held her forehead, a little helpless, "Harry Williams, what are you trying to do? Get up, can't you say what you want standing up?"

Harry Williams clenched his lips, his eyes lightly trembling.

"Cousin, I know what I'm about to say might be too much, but I really have no other choice, I can only come to you for help."

Hope knitted her brows, seeming to understand what he wanted to say.

"You want me to save Ted Williams?"

Harry Williams gritted his teeth, squeezed out the words, "Yes."

"Please, cousin, save my brother. He disappeared without a trace three months ago after being taken by Liam Cloud, no matter how hard I look I can't find him.

I know Liam Cloud's methods; I can't imagine what kind of torture my brother would be enduring in his hands.

I know my brother did a lot of wrong things, he used every means to hurt you, he deserves to die..."

Hope's eyes turned icy, her mouth tightened, "You know what he did and say he deserves to die, why are you still asking me?"

"Yes, he deserves to die, but couldn't the law punish him, let him go to prison instead of enduring a fate worse than death?"

Hope furrowed her brow, "I'm sorry, I can't help you with this. These are the consequences he deserves, do you know he didn't just push me into the sea, he coated the dagger with poison, and the kind of slow-acting poison that's hard to detect by others, three months, just three months, and I would die quietly, do you think your brother is ruthless?"

"Poison?"

Harry Williams's eyes flashed with astonishment, clearly unaware of the poisoning matter.

Hope's eyes were resolute and unmoved.

"Stand up, don't do these useless things, I don't want to save him, whether he lives or dies has nothing to do with me."

After speaking, Hope turned to leave.

Harry Williams's body trembled, his eyes red with stubborn pleading, "No, cousin, he's the only one with whom I share a bloodline, please, just because I have helped you, can you help me this once? Just this one time, ask Liam Cloud to spare him, let him go to prison, I'm begging you, really begging you."

## Chapter 688: Chapter 688: Our Big Boss Is Still Very Gentle

Hope Williams looked at Harry Williams's humble and out-of-control demeanor, suddenly recalling their first meeting in the Emperor Capital.

Back then, the young man in front of her had golden hair, was full of vigor, confident and flamboyant, careless and unruly.

Now his hair is dyed black again, kneeling before her to humbly plead for the only blood-related person he has in this world.

Hope Williams wondered, if so many things hadn't happened, if Ted Williams wasn't involved, would he still be that shining person standing on the high platform.

Her expression turned vacant for a moment.

"Get up first." Hope sighed coldly.

Harry Williams's thin lips pressed tight, his unbent spine still straight, "Did you agree?"

Hope shook her head.

“Do you remember what I told you? You can’t save someone who plunges headlong into the abyss; every step into doom is his own doing.

I’m not a soft-hearted person; instead, I am vindictive. What you’re doing won’t change anything, so stand up.”

Harry’s face darkened slightly, his face showing pain, he closed his eyes slightly, and after a brief silence, he spoke:

“Really... impossible? Three months, he has already paid the price, and I believe he regrets it. People make mistakes, Cousin, don’t you make mistakes? Is it because he made one mistake that he doesn’t even get a chance to make amends?”

Hope frowned, continued, “Is it as simple as making one mistake? Can you count how many people he harmed?”

Hope turned her face away directly, “I won’t save him, don’t plead anymore.”

Harry slowly stood up, looking at Hope's unfeeling expression, with pain filling his eyes.

After a while, he let out a sarcastic chuckle, his voice cold, "Cousin is truly heartless."

"I am heartless. If you faced multiple death crises, your family faced persecution, barely surviving, I think you'd be the same."

With that, Hope said no more, opened the door and walked out, only to find two men standing at the doorway.

Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud...

Hope raised her eyebrows slightly, "What are you doing standing outside?"

Waylon's cold gaze swept past Hope to glance at Harry behind her, then stepped beside Hope, holding her hand, "Worried about you."

A desperate person can do anything.

Hope lightly pressed her lips and smiled, so these two were ready to rush in at any moment?

Liam Cloud, hands in his pockets, looked at Harry meaningfully, “Do you want to see your brother?”

Harry’s previously dim eyes flickered, “Can you really let me see him?”

Liam shrugged, “As long as you don’t regret it, I don’t care.”

Harry’s tone grew anxious, “I won’t regret it, I’ll go.”

Liam curled his lips into a smile, the smile full of wickedness.

Hope glanced at Liam but said nothing.

Liam casually looked at Waylon, “Didn’t you send your assistant to my place for him, do you two want to go together?”

Hope said, "It's okay to have a look."

...

Leaving the hospital, the car drove along the way and stopped in front of an Ancient Castle.

Getting out of the car, Hope looked at the Ancient Castle in front of her, which was Liam Cloud's home.

Wesley Ruiz got out of the driver's seat, walked to the front, and pushed the heavy doors of the Ancient Castle open. The vast house inside was empty, curtains were drawn, no lights were on, and not a single figure could be seen, it was very desolate.

Liam Cloud did not often come back to live here, or rather, he didn't often come back to live here since Hope left.

"Come in."

Liam Cloud walked in front, through the Ancient Castle, and behind it was a Dark Prison.

If Liam Cloud hadn't been leading the way, outsiders would definitely find this place hard to discover.

Wesley Ruiz stepped forward to open the smart lock, pushed the double doors open with both hands.

Although this place was a Dark Prison, it was decorated in a high-end cold color scheme, not a bit dark and damp.

Walking through the long corridor, there was a locked room in front, Liam Cloud stopped.

The unfamiliar environment inevitably instilled fear.

Harry's expression gradually became tense, "Where's my brother?"

Liam raised an eyebrow, a smile on his face, nodded his chin, "Right in here."

Harry immediately stepped forward, twisting the doorknob with force, but he couldn't open it.

Harry's eyes reddened with anxiety, "Open the door."

Liam smirked, leisurely looking at Harry, “Are you ordering me?”

Harry suppressed his emotions, “No, I’m begging you.”

“Ha.” Liam laughed coldly, beckoned behind him, and Wesley Ruiz brought two people forward, one on each side, pinning his shoulders.

Harry struggled hard, “Liam Cloud, what do you mean by this?”

“Just stand here.”

Harry squinted his eyes in confusion.

“You said you’d bring me to see my brother.”

“Yes, I didn’t stop you from seeing him, did I?”

Saying that, Liam opened the door and walked in.

Hope was unsure what Liam was doing, just as she was about to follow in, Waylon stopped her.

“Stay here obediently.”

“Why?”

Waylon raised his eyes and glanced inside, because he knew the extent of this guy’s viciousness, people in his hands would not know what kind of torture they would face.

Waylon didn’t want Hope to see that kind of scene.

“Good.”

Waylon walked inside and closed the door.

Hope stood outside, and Wesley specially had someone bring a chair for Hope.

“Sister Hope, have a seat.”

Hope asked, “What did Liam do to him? Not missing an arm or a leg, right?”

Wesley chuckled lightly, “Sister Hope, actually our Big Boss isn’t that cruel, he’s quite gentle.”

“Gentle?” Hope shook her head and laughed lightly, “That word seems quite out of place with him.”

Harry was pressed to the door, and Wesley went over to open a small window at the door, through which he could see the scene inside.

As soon as Waylon walked into this room, he felt the temperature inside was not quite right.

In the empty room, other than the table with torture instruments, there was only a cage, and the person imprisoned inside wasn’t bound.

Covered in dried blood stains, he leaned dejectedly against the cold iron bars, his head lowered, fists clenched as if desperately holding back something.

Waylon raised his dark eyebrows, his face showing a few cold and sinister smiles, “Compared to your ruthlessness, I truly pale in comparison.”

Liam shrugged off his jacket and tossed it aside, pulled a chair to sit down, “Flattery.”

Hearing the commotion, the person inside the cage lifted his lowered head.

His eyes fierce, like a trapped beast still fighting, looking forward, and upon seeing Waylon, Ted Williams had a fleeting moment of surprise before a cold smile appeared on his filthy face in the next second.

“Waylon Lewis... ha, why? Has Hope died, and you’ve come to settle the score with me?”

Waylon walked over, stood in front of the cage, his expression dark and extremely cold as he looked at Ted Williams.

### **Chapter 689: Chapter 689: Why Ask Her to Save Someone**

Ted Williams tugged at his lips, laughing even more wantonly, as if he had succeeded, savoring Waylon Lewis’s agony over losing Hope Williams.

“Come to think of it, three months have passed, Hope Williams must be dead, the poison I gave her, she absolutely couldn’t survive beyond three months.

Waylon Lewis, she must have been in great pain when she died, that poison in the third month was enough to make her life worse than death.

As long as she’s dead, even if the Williams Clan doesn’t end up in my hands, I haven’t lost. Hahaha, after all, as for the heirs of the Williams Family, I didn’t leave even one for Maverick Williams. The useless ones are imprisoned, and the useful ones are dead, hahaha, how wonderful, Maverick Williams would die with regrets knowing this, wouldn’t he?”

Ted Williams stood up rigidly, his cracked and peeling lips pulling into a manic grin.

When Waylon Lewis heard him say that the poison would make Hope Williams’s life worse than death in the third month, his face grew cold inch by inch.

How desperate Hope Williams must have been then!

Bitterness and hatred filled Waylon Lewis’s eyes, as if he wished to grind Ted’s bones into dust.

He said coldly, "All you did, your ultimate goal was to take revenge on Maverick Williams?"

"Yes."

"But you'll be disappointed."

"Disappointed? That's ridiculous."

Ted Williams approached the bars, his face ferocious, his lips pulled into a cold sneer, "How could I be disappointed? Are you trying to say Hope Williams isn't dead? I'm telling you that's impossible because there is no antidote for that poison, her fate is death. I never intended for her to live from the start."

Waylon Lewis furrowed his brow, deep black eyes filled only with uncontainable killing intent. He glanced at the table beside him, picking and choosing until he held a black gun.

He lowered his head, his gaze fixed on the black gun, gritting his teeth, "She never meant to provoke any of you."

Ted Williams laughed coldly with his head down, “No choice. When Maverick Williams approached her, when Jade Bell wanted to force the group onto her, when she became a stumbling block to me, she had no way to stay uninvolved.”

Waylon Lewis glared at him coldly, “Yes, so you all really deserve death.”

“Deserve death? And then what? Waylon Lewis, even if you kill me, Hope Williams’s fate is still death, I have nothing to lose. How about that? Are you angry? If you’re angry, just kill me, come on! Kill me!” Ted Williams shouted outright.

He’d had enough of the endless torment from that demon every day; dying was a hundred times better than living through this.

Ted spread his arms wide, ready to embrace death.

“Kill me! Waylon Lewis, avenge your wife, kill me!” he continued to shout at Waylon.

He desperately hoped Waylon would end his life swiftly with a bullet now.

“Bang bang bang bang.”

Four consecutive gunshots.

A low painful growl, and blood gushed out...

Outside the door, Harry Williams could hear all the conversation inside. His heart instantly leaped to his throat, struggling to rush in but was held down tightly by others.

“Let me go, let me go! Hope Williams, save him, save him!”

Hope Williams sat on a chair, her brows furrowed inwards, “Didn’t you just hear what he said? He was determined to kill me; why should I save him now?”

Hope Williams wasn’t that kind-hearted.

Of course, she also knew that Waylon Lewis wouldn’t kill Ted Williams.

Waylon’s four bullets accurately pierced his shoulders and his kneecaps.

Ted Williams's knees suddenly hit the ground, a painful wail escaping his lips.

Waylon Lewis stood there, his eyes dark and deep, hands clenched tight with veins protruding, a sign of his suppressed rage. He looked on coldly as he took off his coat, glancing at Liam Cloud, "The temperature's too low, raise it more."

Liam raised an eyebrow.

Ted Williams, like a wounded wild dog, curled up and howled.

Waylon Lewis watched coldly, his eyes growing darker, devoid of any sense of satisfaction.

None of this compared to the hurt inflicted on Hope Williams.

"Waylon Lewis, why won't you kill me... why... not kill me? Kill me to avenge Hope Williams," he pleaded.

Hope Williams had just pushed the door open when a wave of heat hit her, mixed with a hint of rotten blood, an unpleasant smell that made one involuntarily frown.

When Waylon Lewis saw Hope coming in, he immediately moved forward to shield her view, “Why did you come in?”

“How could I let him be disappointed if I didn’t come in?”

Ted Williams, in his painful howls, heard a familiar voice, his heart skipped a beat, and with the last ounce of strength, he raised his head to see Hope Williams standing intact beside Waylon Lewis.

“Impossible... impossible, this can’t be...” Ted Williams’s eyes widened like bells.

Even if Hope Williams wasn’t dead now, she should be barely breathing, not appearing like this, unharmed.

Impossible, he couldn’t believe it.

“Hope Williams?!”

“It’s me. Disappointed, aren’t you? I’m not dead.”

Ted Williams stared in disbelief, looking up at Hope Williams's indifferent face, muttering to himself, "Not dead, you're not dead, not dead..."

As he spoke, he laughed, "Ha, you're really not dead, after all I've done, how could you not be... why... why..."

Hope Williams's appearance was like the final straw that broke the camel's back, and Ted Williams collapsed completely to the ground, continuously laughing.

"Hope Williams, in the end, you won."

Hope Williams said nothing.

Won?

No! Everyone paid too high a price in this thing; if winning, there were truly no winners.

She could only consider herself fortunate.

Fortunate to have saved her family, fortunate to have survived.

...

The temperature in the room kept rising, as beads of sweat formed on Hope Williams's smooth forehead, and her body felt it too, the heat becoming increasingly unbearable.

If it was bad for them, just imagine how it was for Ted Williams, injured as he was, with sweat flowing into his wounds, a sharp pain spreading like thousands of insects biting.

Hope Williams understood what Wesley Ruiz meant by 'gentle'.

Liam Cloud hadn't done anything to Ted Williams; he had just ordered others to repeatedly tear open Ted's wounds.

Then kept him in the high temperature, under which people sweat constantly, and the sweat contains salt, which is like sprinkling salt on wounds, plus high temperatures make wounds easier to fester and inflame.

Such prolonged torment was worse than death.

One had to admire Liam Cloud's methods of torture.

Hope Williams frowned, turning her head away from Ted Williams.

Waylon Lewis took Hope Williams's hand, "Let's go."

"Mm." Hope Williams nodded.

Liam Cloud also stood up, and the three of them left.

Harry Williams tried desperately to rush in but was pinned down by two of Liam Cloud's tall subordinates.

"Let me go, let me go, let me go. Liam Cloud, what was your purpose in bringing me here?"

Liam Cloud looked down at him, "You heard for yourself, didn't you? Your brother was hell-bent on torturing Hope Williams to death, so you tell me, why should Hope Williams save someone who wanted to kill her?"

And what right do you have to ask Hope Williams to save him? Do you take her for a Holy Mother?"

## **Chapter 690: Chapter 690: Live Your Own Life**

Harry Williams clenched his back teeth, his face tense as he stared at Liam Cloud, "My brother has done many wrong things, but imprisoning and torturing him here, does that make you a good person?"

Liam Cloud curled his lips into a smile, "I've never been a good person."

"Let go of me, let me in." Harry Williams struggled desperately, shouting with rage.

"Let him in." Hope Williams sighed and said.

Liam Cloud didn't stop Harry Williams; he gave a leisurely nod to his subordinate, and the subordinate released Harry.

Harry Williams rushed in immediately.

Seeing Ted Williams covered in blood, Harry couldn't bear to look directly at him, feeling both heartache and helplessness. He knelt down trembling beside the cage, his stretched out hand stopped in mid-air.

In a choked voice, he called out, "Brother."

Hearing Harry's voice, Ted Williams' dead looking eyes slowly turned, and when he saw Harry, a trace of unease appeared in his eyes, "You? Who captured you and brought you in? Was it Waylon Lewis, Liam Cloud, or Hope Williams..."

Ted struggled to move his legs, using his continuously bleeding limbs to prop himself up. When he pulled at the wound, he shuddered in pain, using all his strength to slowly lean against the iron bars of the cage, his hoarse voice breaking as he shouted:

"Hope Williams, our issues have nothing to do with Harry. He... always wants to protect you. If you are angry... come at me, don't harm him... did you hear me... Hope Williams! Come out! Did you hear me... come at me, all come at me..."

"Brother!" Harry shook his head constantly, "No, they didn't harm me, I asked them to bring me to see you."

Ted reprimanded, "What did you come to see me for... leave... don't get involved with me anymore... and don't plead for me..."

"Why?"

"Because what I've done, no one's plea will be useful! I harmed her so much... she wishes I would die without a trace, how could she ever let me go!"

As Ted spoke, he gave a tragic smile, his eyes empty, like a soulless shell.

"Harry... don't bother with me anymore, and don't get involved with the Williams Family, go live your life... without me as your brother, you can live well... Hope Williams is good in this aspect... she won't hurt you because of me, did you hear clearly?"

Harry's vision blurred with tears, looking at the lifeless person inside the cage, feeling both hate and heartache, he couldn't help but speak, "Did so much, ended up in such a situation, do you regret it?"

"Regret?"

Ted blinked his heavy eyelids, pulling a smile, "Never."

Harry lowered his head, silent for a long time.

"Alright, I understand now."

Harry stood up, looking at the person collapsed on the ground, "Brother, take care of yourself!"

Finished speaking, Harry turned and left.

Ted watched Harry's departing figure, struggling as if wanting to say something, but eventually said nothing, only a tragic smile remained.

Victory or defeat, this outcome was anticipated long ago.

Since he made his choices, how would he speak of regret?!

...

Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis returned to the hospital, Liam Cloud did not come back with them.

As soon as they arrived at Baby's ward, they were called to the doctor's office by the nurse.

Hope pursed her lips and looked at the doctor anxiously, "Doctor, did you call us because there is something wrong with Baby?"

Anything concerning Baby made Hope particularly anxious, because she knew about Baby's condition during her pregnancy.

Waylon Lewis perceptively noticed Hope's panicked expression; he reached out and held her hand, only to find it somewhat cold.

Director River adjusted his glasses on the bridge of his nose and said, "Don't be nervous, it's about the child's issue..."

Director River explained the developmental delay problem to Hope once again, finally saying, "Right now the baby is too small, it can't be seen. Specifically, you'll have to observe as the baby grows, but both you parents need to be vigilant, if problems do appear, they should be discovered and treated early."

Hope furrowed her brows, "Yes, we understand, thank you, doctor."

"You're welcome."

As they left the doctor's office, Hope's expression was dim.

Waylon Lewis equally showed a worried look.

Parents never want to see that there is anything wrong with their child.

Waylon stopped walking and reached out to pull Hope in.

Hope paused, raising her slightly reddened eyes to look at Waylon.

Waylon pressed his lips together, suppressing the emotions in his eyes, his slender and strong hands drew her into his embrace.

"She didn't say that our Baby will definitely have problems, there's a strong possibility Baby will be fine."

He held her, gently rubbing her hair, his voice gentle, soothing her frightened and uneasy heart.

"It will be alright, really, don't worry."

Hope softly sobbed once, nodding in his arms, "Yes, before our baby made it through bravely, it certainly will be okay in the future."

"Don't cry."

Hope wiped the tears at the corner of her eyes, pulling out a less than perfect smile, "Yes, let's go back to Baby."

Baby is now awake, at the moment looking with wide eyes, with Alitzel Williams holding and gently coaxing him in her arms.