

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

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At this moment, there were two additional people in the ward, Joseph Sanders and Zoey Sanders, the brother and sister.

Seeing Hope alive, Zoey Sanders, overwhelmed, immediately rushed over to hug Hope, “Aunt Williams, it’s been so long. I’m so glad you’re okay.”

Hope gently patted Zoey Sanders on the back, “Yes, it’s been a while. How did you guys get here?”

Zoey Sanders released Hope, “It was Brother Wyatt who happened to mention you when he called my brother, so we just had to come see you and the baby.”

“By the way, congratulations to Brother Waylon and Aunt Williams on the new baby! My brother and I came in a rush and didn’t prepare any gifts. We’ll make it up at the baby’s hundred-day banquet, but for now, there’s just a small red envelope in the bag, a small gesture for the baby.”

Zoey Sanders pulled out a thick red envelope from her bag and handed it to Hope, not forgetting to add, “Please don’t refuse.”

Hope’s delicate and beautiful face filled with a gentle smile. She glanced at Waylon Lewis and didn’t refuse, “I’ll thank you on behalf of the baby.”

Waylon Lewis also nodded, “Thank you.”

Joseph Sanders, “Brother Waylon, Aunt Williams, you’re welcome.”

“Yes, yes.”

Alitzel Williams’ face was full of a warm smile, “These two kids came from far away, really thoughtful. By the way, Waylon, Little Hope, where did you go? Why were you gone for so long?”

Hope and Waylon Lewis tacitly didn’t mention the possibility of developmental delay with the baby.

Waylon Lewis, “Went to take care of some matters.”

“Is everything settled?”

“All taken care of.”

“That’s good.” Alitzel Williams turned to Hope, “Little Hope, your grandma left first. She asked me to tell you. I noticed the old lady wasn’t comfortable staying here, so she didn’t stay long. I arranged for someone to escort her.”

Alitzel Williams was very thoughtful.

“Thank you, Mom.”

Hope walked over to Alitzel Williams. The baby in Alitzel Williams’ arms was restless, waving its little hands, its round eyes looking around, babbling softly.

Hope’s slender fingers gently pressed the edges of the swaddling clothes. Watching the little one, her heart ached even more.

“Mom, let me hold him.”

Alitzel Williams carefully handed the baby to Hope, “Come, dear baby, let mommy hold you.”

Hope skillfully took him into her arms, rocking gently. The baby’s small legs kicked a little, its eyes, which had been wandering, inadvertently rested on Hope’s face. The small hands happily waved, and it stopped moving, staying obediently in Hope’s arms.

Alitzel Williams smiled as she watched this scene, “This mischievous little one knows how to cherish Little Hope. It doesn’t fuss once in her arms.”

Aria Richardson leaned over, “Yes, yes, just now when we were holding the baby, the baby didn’t stay as still as in Hope’s arms.”

The room was filled with laughter. Hope looked down at the little one in her arms, her eyes always carrying a hint of complex emotion.

She lowered her head and lovingly kissed the baby’s soft little cheek.

Her little one must grow up safe, sound, and healthy.

Luke and Willow came over to Hope’s side, Luke’s little hand tugging at Hope’s clothes.

Hope turned her head to look at Luke and Willow’s unhappy faces.

She suddenly realized that all the attention was on the baby, and Luke and Willow, still children too, felt ignored and a bit uncomfortable.

Hope hurried to make amends, squatting down, speaking gently, “Does Luke and Willow also want to see their brother?”

Willow pouted, “Mommy, is brother sick?”

Others couldn’t see it, but Luke and Willow noticed. When they were sick, mommy held them just like that, kissing their cheeks with the same expression, mixing tenderness with worry and heartache.

Hope’s expression paused for a moment, stunned for a second, not knowing how to answer.

“Willow, don’t say such things carelessly. The baby is just fine, not sick at all.” Alitzel Williams assumed it was just a child’s casual remark, not taking it seriously.

Then Waylon Lewis stepped forward, gently stroked Luke and Willow’s heads, “Your brother is fine.”

Willow blinked, exchanged a glance with Luke, had no doubt about Waylon Lewis' words, and nodded vigorously.

Willow, "Yes, brother will be healthy just like big brother, and Willow will grow chubby and happy. When brother grows up, he can join us for delicious ice cream, little cakes, fries, and hamburgers..."

Willow counted her favorite foods on her fingers, looking especially adorable.

Waylon Lewis lovingly tweaked Willow's small nose, "Little glutton, it's you who wants to eat, right?"

Willow embarrassedly touched her little belly, "Yes, I'm really hungry."

Waylon Lewis glanced at his watch to check the time; he had been preoccupied watching the baby, and it was already past noon.

"Let's go eat first."

Alitzel Williams stood up and checked the time, "Oh, it's so late, I forgot to arrange for lunch. I'll stay to take care of the baby, you all can go eat first."

Hope said, "No need, Mom. I'll take care of the baby here. You guys quickly go eat."

Waylon Lewis stood beside Hope, "Yes, you all go ahead."

The old man saw this and said, "Alright, Waylon, you stay with Hope."

Alitzel Williams wanted to say something.

The old man looked at Alitzel and said, "Don't persuade further, let's leave some private space for Waylon and Hope with all of us making such a ruckus here."

Alitzel Williams suddenly realized and laughed softly, "Alright then, we're leaving. Mom will have someone bring you back later. By the way, the baby was already fed some formula when she woke up."

“Okay, thank you, Mom.”

After everyone left, the hospital room quieted down. Hope sat on the sofa holding the baby while Waylon Lewis walked up gently, “You take a break, let me hold her.”

Hope looked up at Waylon, with a hint of laughter in her eyes, and didn’t refuse, as Waylon hadn’t held the baby yet.

“Alright, hold her steady.”

Hope carefully handed the baby to Waylon Lewis.

Waylon awkwardly moved his arms, his handsome face instantly tensing up.

Hope couldn’t help but smile at his expression.

Waylon stretched out his hands, froze in place motionlessly, and at the moment of accepting, he didn’t know how to hold this little thing, resulting in her being suspended in mid-air.

Hope blinked her sparkling eyes, the smile on her face deepened, “Don’t drop our son.”

Waylon kept a close eye on the little guy, worried something might happen, “I won’t.”

Hope looked at his stiff and odd posture and personally adjusted his position, “Like this, this hand should be here, right, and this hand supports here, done.”

Maybe the baby was uncomfortable being held by Waylon, she kicked her legs in his arms and fluttered randomly; her beautiful eyes constantly moving like searching for something.

Waylon instinctively held a bit tighter, and the little one in his arms was about to cry out.

Seeing this, he panicked and tried to mimic Hope soothing the little one, gently rocking his arm.

But it had no effect, and the little one whimpered twice before starting to cry.

“Don’t cry! Don’t cry!” Waylon initially tried to coax the little one by imitating Hope, but the little one seemed to want revenge, opened her mouth wide, and cried even louder.

Hope quickly took the baby into her own hands, skillfully checking if the baby had wet herself.

Upon checking, she indeed had wet herself.

“Don’t be so nervous, the baby just wet herself.”

Hope couldn’t help laughing looking at Waylon’s expression.

“Good baby, are you uncomfortable? Mommy will change you, alright...”

Waylon watched Hope skillfully handling it and stepped forward, silently memorizing the steps.

“I’ll do it next time.”

“You? You know how?”

“Yes.” Waylon nodded, “I can learn. You teach me, and once I learn, you won’t have to do it anymore.”

Hope raised her delicate eyebrows, “Alright, since President Lewis is determined to be a stay-at-home dad, I’ll leave the baby to you in the future.”

“Yes, leave her to me.”

Hope handed the cleaned-up little one to Waylon, “Here, hold her.”

Waylon hurriedly took over, raised an eyebrow, and the little one squirmed in his broad arms, her round eyes curiously gazing at him, pouting slightly. Just when Waylon thought she might cry again, she smiled happily.

Hope laughed lightly with surprise, “Waylon Lewis, look, the baby is smiling at you.”

Seeing those little features scrunched up and smiling with bent eyebrows, it was so adorable, Waylon couldn't help but smile along.

Soon someone brought their lunch over, Hope pursed her lips, "Let's eat first, I'll hold him for a bit."

Waylon Lewis, now clearly more skilled in holding than before, said, "You eat first, don't worry about me."

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Hope Williams saw him checking, so she didn't argue with him, and opened several exquisitely packaged meal boxes. There was indeed quite a lot, and the plating was delicate, looking very appetizing.

Perhaps Hope was really hungry, as she quickly finished a bowl of rice.

After eating, Hope walked over and picked up Baby in Waylon Lewis's arms, "You go eat quickly. By the way, I'm going to the Taylor Family in the afternoon. Do you want to come with me?"

"Yes, together." Waylon Lewis agreed without hesitation.

...

Alitzel Williams and the others also finished eating and returned quickly. Since Baby still had to be observed in the hospital for a few days, the Old Master and Alitzel Williams planned to go back to the Emperor Capital together when Baby was discharged.

In the afternoon, Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis went to the Taylor Family.

During these three months at the Taylor Family, all the household staff recognized Hope Williams. Seeing her arrival, the servants went in to report directly, and the butler immediately came out with a smile on his face.

"Miss Williams, Master Taylor is at home today, and he's waiting for you inside. Please come in with me."

Hope Williams slightly nodded, "Okay."

“Master Taylor was just mentioning you yesterday,” the butler said as he led the way.

“Mentioning me?” Hope Williams raised an eyebrow.

Waylon Lewis’s originally indifferent gaze shifted as he glanced at the butler in front of him.

The butler didn’t sense anything amiss, “Yes, Master Taylor is worried about your health.”

Anthony Taylor was pacing at the door and happened to hear the butler’s words, raising his eyebrow, “Old man, what are you blindly passing on? Did I say that?”

The butler pursed his lips, thinking to himself, your original words? Your original words were ‘Why doesn’t that ungrateful girl just call to say she’s safe? Did she faint on the road again?’ Isn’t that concern? It’s no different from what you said.

Hope Williams looked toward Anthony Taylor and couldn’t help asking, “What are you doing at the door?”

“Enjoying the breeze.”

This cold wind roaring... enjoying the breeze?

So strange.

Anthony Taylor looked at Hope Williams and clicked his tongue softly, “So you remember to come here, huh? I thought you’d run off after the antitoxin treatment.”

Hope Williams gave a gentle smile, “How could I, especially since I still have to perform surgery for Grandma Taylor.

By the way, let me introduce someone, this is my husband, Waylon Lewis.

This is Anthony Taylor, the person I told you who saved me.”

Anthony Taylor let out a light humph, shifting his gaze to Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis gave him a brief look, as his attitude was still relatively good considering Anthony had saved Hope Williams, "I'm very grateful you saved my wife. Whatever reward you want, feel free to ask."

Anthony Taylor let his gaze slide over Hope Williams, "What I want, can you give it?"

Waylon Lewis's eyes narrowed, a shadow flashing through his dark pupils. Expressionless, he pulled the woman beside him a bit closer, his icy gaze sweeping over Anthony Taylor's face.

Hope Williams blinked her starry eyes and watched the interaction between the two men, feeling tense inside.

Anthony Taylor raised an eyebrow, "Forget it, I won't tease you anymore. She and I already had an agreement; I saved her, and she saves our old lady. There's no debt between us."

Waylon Lewis gave a faint "Hmm."

"Come in, don't just stand at the door."

This wind is quite cold.

Today, Daniel Johnson happened to be there too. When Daniel Johnson saw Hope Williams, he smiled and nodded, "Miss Williams, you're back. Any discomfort after returning home?"

Hope Williams, "None."

"That's good, but still, you must rest more and not overwork yourself." Daniel Johnson, seeing Hope Williams, couldn't help but offer a few words of advice.

Hope Williams had always been grateful to Daniel Johnson as he bore the most pressure during those days, "Yes, I will."

"Did that poison cause any further harm to her body?" Waylon Lewis asked in a deep voice.

Daniel Johnson looked at the man beside Hope Williams, whose presence was significant. His face held no expression, but his aura was exceptionally strong.

Daniel Johnson pondered for a moment before saying, "Yes, it did cause quite a lot of damage. After all, the toxin remained in her body for too long. Although it's been neutralized, some damage is irreversible. She can only take better care of herself in the future. I've already explained these things to Miss Williams before."

Waylon Lewis's brow twitched, and on his previously expressionless handsome face, a few flashes of distress appeared after hearing Daniel Johnson's words. He also tightened his hold on Hope Williams.

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"And also..." Daniel Johnson paused, because he noticed Hope Williams looking over.

"And what else?" Waylon Lewis said in a deep voice, "Don't look at her, just say it."

Hope Williams tugged at Waylon Lewis, "Waylon Lewis, we..."

"You just keep quiet now."

Hope Williams opened her mouth but was stopped by Waylon Lewis's gaze.

Daniel Johnson hesitated, looking at Hope Williams, then at Anthony Taylor, and Waylon Lewis coldly commanded, "Speak quickly."

Daniel Johnson had no choice but to stammer, "She experienced intermittent blindness and fainting during the poisoning, which actually damaged her brain, and there might be aftereffects."

Blindness? Fainting?

Waylon Lewis furrowed his brows tightly, his hand holding Hope Williams's was mildly trembling.

After leaving the Taylor Family, Waylon Lewis hurried back to the hospital, taking Hope Williams for a full body checkup.

Hope Williams saw Waylon Lewis with a tense face, looking like he was facing a great enemy, and said softly, "I'm actually okay now."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Waylon Lewis said in a deep voice, though he was unwilling to speak harshly.

"It's really nothing, Pharmacist Johnson said more rest and recuperation would be fine."

Waylon Lewis's eyes trembled slightly, "Is it really that simple?"

Waylon Lewis was somewhat angry.

Angry that she didn't take her health seriously.

Angry that she didn't tell him anything.

Recalling Daniel Johnson's words, 'It caused quite significant damage, some injuries are irreparable,' Waylon Lewis's heart raced.

Seeing a group of doctors and various complex instruments, Hope Williams couldn't help but feel resistant inside.

During those three months, she had to check her health condition every day, and now a few days later, checkups again.

Hope Williams felt stifled.

Noticing Hope Williams's resistance, Waylon Lewis softened his tone and coaxed, "Darling, I'm with you, your body needs a comprehensive examination."

Hope Williams, not wanting him to worry, had to nod obediently.

After a series of examinations, the results came out quickly.

Waylon Lewis looked at the results, his lips pressed into a tight line, his face very grim, Hope Williams's many indicators were below standard, the issues were not trivial.

Waylon Lewis seated Hope Williams on a chair outside, and thoroughly understood every aspect of her health from the doctor, not daring for a moment to be negligent.

The doctor, holding the report, carefully studied it before addressing Waylon Lewis, "Mr. Lewis, your wife's health condition is indeed not good. Upon examination, many of her organs have varying degrees of damage. You mentioned she was poisoned before; the toxin really struck at her foundation, quite a formidable force. That she survived and is in this condition now is already quite remarkable."

The more Waylon Lewis listened, the darker his face became, his voice carried slight tremors, "Is there any way to recover?"

"Such damage has already been caused..."

Waylon Lewis frowned, "Don't tell me you have no way!"

"Uh... well, that damage is irreversible. If there were a way to recover to how she was before, her previous doctor would have informed you. Our suggestion is for your wife to not overexert herself, to rest as much as possible. Of course, we'll also prescribe some medication to aid her condition, but we can't guarantee the final outcome."

Waylon Lewis clenched his hands, nails dug into his flesh but he felt no pain.

"What is the biggest impact of this damage on her?" Waylon Lewis fearfully asked this question.

The doctor observed the man's dark and frightening demeanor, swallowed nervously, organized his words slightly, and said, "The biggest impact is... it will... affect her lifespan!"

...

Hope Williams sat on the chair outside, propping her chin as she waited for Waylon Lewis to come out.

About a dozen minutes later, Waylon Lewis came out, looking at the woman leaning back on the chair, who had her eyes closed, his gaze complex and filled with heartache.

He bent down and gently picked up the woman.

The sudden weightlessness jolted Hope Williams from her light sleep, and she instinctively raised her hand to wrap around Waylon Lewis's neck.

"Sleepy?" Waylon Lewis asked softly.

Hope Williams nodded, "What did the doctor say? Is it nothing serious? Actually, Daniel Johnson was just exaggerating a bit about the aftereffects, I don't feel them, I feel my body is quite good."

Hope Williams spoke softly, leaning in Waylon Lewis's embrace, with her eyes closed, speaking warmly.

"Yes, the doctor said it's nothing serious."

Hope Williams opened her eyes, looked at Waylon Lewis, and smiled gently, "See, so don't worry, and don't frown, relax and smile."

Waylon Lewis looked at the serene smile of the woman in his arms, his heart felt as though it was being tightly gripped by something, aching terribly.

Hope Williams blinked, "Hmm?"

Waylon Lewis bent down to place Hope Williams down.

As Hope Williams's feet touched the ground, the next moment, Waylon Lewis reached out and pulled her strongly into his arms.

People were coming and going in the corridor, many were drawn to the sight of the tightly embraced couple.

Hope Williams clasped the man's waist in return, and asked softly, "What's wrong?"

"I just want to hold you."

Hope Williams gave a soft smile, "Hmm, then hold me tight."

Waylon Lewis's arms tightened a little more, as if wanting to merge her into his body. He held her tightly, but his eyes in the place where Hope Williams couldn't see emitted a cold, chilly glow.

There must be a way, he will never let anything happen to her.