

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

Chapter 730: Chapter 730: All Because of That Troublemaker

Alitzel spoke with a slight quiver in her voice, “We raised him to this age only to let him get beaten up? And he won’t even tell us who did it, so we have nowhere to seek justice.”

Hope walked over, patting Alitzel on the back. Any parent would be heartbroken to see their son hurt like this.

Waylon spoke indifferently, “The Knox Family. We’ve already sought retribution.”

The old man raised an eyebrow, “Are you saying the Knox Family did this to him?”

“Yes.”

The old man squinted his authoritative eyes and asked, “Why?”

Waylon’s dark eyes glanced coldly at Wyatt, his lips moved slightly, “For a person.”

“Who?”

“A woman!”

Alitzel's lips twitched, and upon hearing this, she understood immediately. Her eyes turned even redder, "Oh dear, what a bitter fate."

"It's one thing to go to someone else's house to snatch a person, but to end up failing at it."

Hope, "..."

Wyatt, "..."

"I've told you before to train properly with your brother, but you kept slacking off or running away. Now look, when you faced them, you couldn't beat them or outdo them."

Wyatt's face turned dark instantly, "It was Alexander playing dirty. I clearly won."

Seeing Wyatt speak, Alitzel quickly pressed him to recount the entire incident.

After hearing everything, Alitzel was so furious she nearly blew a fuse.

Christopher, however, looked at him with a stern face and said directly, "You can't really blame the other family for not picking you. If you had made something of yourself at the company, you wouldn't have been overshadowed by that Knox kid."

“Yes, although your dad can be a bit muddled at times, he’s right this time.”
The old man also spoke up.

Christopher glanced at his own father.

When was he ever muddled?

Hope and Waylon stood nearby, watching Wyatt be lectured by the three elders for half an hour.

Finally, Waylon couldn’t listen anymore and helped persuade the three elders to go to bed.

After the scolding, Wyatt saw them leave and quickly raised his head to ask Hope, “Sister-in-law, how is Aria?”

Hope pulled up a chair to sit down and said, “She got slapped, had some clothes burned, but she should be asleep now.”

The expression on Wyatt’s face grew cold, “Who hit her?”

“Her father! What? Are you planning to fight her father?” Hope looked at him helplessly.

Wyatt smirked, “There’s always a reason for a beating? Why?”

“It was a minor misunderstanding, already resolved.”

Waylon's expression tightened, and he looked at him sternly, "Take care of yourself. Stay home to heal over the next few days. If you run around again, I won't care even if you die."

"Just take it easy at home for a few days. I doubt the Knox Family will cause trouble now. We can deal with everything after you're better." Hope also seriously advised Wyatt.

Wyatt furrowed his brows and nodded twice, "I understand."

Having finished instructing, Waylon pulled Hope away.

As they reached the door, Wyatt called out, "Brother."

Waylon turned back to look at him, waiting for him to continue.

Wyatt frowned slightly, lost in thought. He had actually overheard some of the conversation in the garden.

He felt useless, having to rely on his brother to handle such matters in the end.

He also knew that to outsiders, he was the second son of the Lewis Family, someone everyone was deferential to, but in truth, they respected the status of being the second son of the Lewis Family and revered his brother, not him!

In everyone's eyes, he was a playboy, a gadabout, irreverent, nothing compared to his brother.

He was just lucky to be born into the Lewis Family. Without it, who was he?

"Brother, let me go to the company." Wyatt looked at Waylon with determined eyes.

Waylon raised his finely shaped eyebrows, exchanging a glance with Hope.

Upon hearing this, Hope showed a slight smile of relief.

Waylon, however, remained expressionless, turning his gaze to Wyatt, "Report to the company the day after tomorrow."

Wyatt agreed immediately.

Expressionless, Waylon pulled Hope along and left with large strides.

Hope smiled and said, "Looks like this beating wasn't in vain after all."

Waylon smirked, "Let's hope he can last."

"I think Wyatt is serious this time."

"When isn't he serious?"

"It's different this time. You should trust him."

Richardson Family.

The study was filled with smoke. When Isla walked in, she almost thought she was ascending to the heavens, "Cough cough..."

Isla slammed the teapot she was holding onto the table and briskly walked over to open the window.

"Smoking, smoking, don't you know it's bad for your health? Still smoking!"

Miac's dark eyes moved slightly, exhaling a long string of smoke. He asked in a hoarse voice, "How's Aria?"

Isla shot him an annoyed glare, "And you still have the nerve to care about your daughter?"

"Why give me that angry face? I'm doing it for her own good."

"For her own good? Rubbish! Didn't you see the expressions of those three at the Knox Family today? If your daughter marries over there, she'll face a mother-in-law more venomous than a scorpion, a vicious demon, and a manipulative green tea. Can she have a comfortable life?"

"And do you think marrying the second son of the Lewis Family would make her comfortable? Don't you know the kind of person that second son is? In

terms of ability and sincerity, I doubt he surpasses Alexander, and he's a playboy. Without the Lewis Family, he's just a hooligan. Do you want your daughter to marry such a person?"

Isla pursed her lips, "I don't care. I can tell he truly loves Aria."

She was moved even watching that scene at the Knox Family.

Seeing Alexander first hitting someone, then breaking the rules, and finally, out of anger and humiliation, threatening them. What does that make him?

Indeed, spending more time with some people reveals their true colors.

Miac stubbed out his cigarette, "Alright, leave this matter to me. I have my plans."

"What plans?" Isla cursed at him before turning around and leaving in big strides.

The next day.

Hope went to the hospital on time. Seeing that it was around eight or nine o'clock, she thought Aria should be awake by now and called to check on her.

Though Aria said she was fine, her voice was hoarse. Hope was worried, but tomorrow was Old Lady Taylor's surgery, and there was a lot to prepare. Hope had to stay at the hospital and could only remind her to take care of herself.

Meanwhile, Alexander, with multiple fractures on his arm and many bruises on his body, was applying medicine and getting a cast at the hospital.

Natalie sat outside, tearfully cursing, "It's that little wench who harmed my son like this. She's a jinx."

Lily continuously dabbed at Natalie's tears with tissues, "Auntie, please stop crying. You'll harm your health."

Yet Natalie couldn't stop crying, "Lily, tell me, what did Alexander do to deserve this, having to meet such a wench? He's my only son. If anything happens to him, I'll definitely cut that little wench to pieces."