

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 731: Natalie Rogers and Lily Armstrong's Schemes - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 731: Natalie Rogers and Lily Armstrong's Schemes

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Silas was driven crazy by her crying, "Enough! Stop crying! Your son won't die! Besides, it wasn't Aria who hit Alexander. Why blame her?"

"How can I not blame her?" Natalie stood up, shouting furiously, "If it wasn't for her, would we have provoked the Lewis Family? Would my son have been beaten up like this? It's your son who's hurt, Silas, and you still speak up for that wench."

Natalie's voice was sharp and piercing, prompting a nurse to hurriedly come out and intervene, "This is a hospital, please keep quiet."

Silas apologized twice, his face tense as he looked at the agitated Natalie, "Enough, how long are you going to cause a scene? Do you really want your son to lose his dowry and be ridiculed by everyone?"

Speaking of dowry, Natalie was even angrier. If Isla hadn't shown that check last night, she wouldn't have known that Alexander actually gave Aria a two billion dowry, and that was just the check, not even counting the gift list and what was sent to the Richardson Family.

Two billion!

Two billion!

How dare he!

How could the Richardson Family have the nerve to accept it!

How does that wench deserve a two billion dowry from their family?

Just thinking about it made Natalie's flesh ache, further solidifying her determination to reclaim the dowry and ruin this marriage.

"Silas, I'm telling you, I don't care what you all think. I'd rather be ridiculed than have my son marry a wench."

"Such vulgar language, see if you even resemble Mrs. Knox anymore." Silas felt he'd die of anger if he continued talking to her, so he simply left.

Natalie's face was colorful, nearly exploding with rage.

Lily's bright eyes flashed as she moved forward, feigning worry as she held Natalie, gently patting her back to soothe her.

"Auntie, please calm down, don't ruin your health over worthless people."

Natalie looked at Lily, tears falling uncontrollably again, "Lily, you're the most understanding one. None of them understand my troubles like you."

Lily helped Natalie sit down, gently saying, "Auntie, actually, if you want to stop this marriage and reclaim the dowry with dignity, it's not difficult."

Natalie's sobs paused, and she wiped her tears as she looked at Lily, "What do you mean?"

Lily whispered in Natalie's ear, and Natalie's eyes lit up as she listened.

"Right, how did I not think of that? If the video on Alexander's phone is exposed to the media proving she's cheating, our family can simply reject her as a daughter-in-law, and the dowry would naturally be returned to us." Natalie's mood instantly improved.

"But Auntie, Alexander definitely won't agree to us doing this," Lily said, lowering her gaze, troubled.

Natalie chuckled coldly, "Isn't there still me? Alexander is my son, getting the video from his phone is a piece of cake. We need to act quickly and deal with that wench."

"No, Auntie." Lily held onto Natalie, "Don't rush, wait a bit longer. The Lewis Family is currently furious, provoking them any further wouldn't be good, and that video alone can't fully prove anything."

Natalie frowned, "Then what to do? Oh, Lily, hurry up, don't be so hesitant."

"Didn't you plan to gather evidence of her multiple affairs before? How is that going now?"

"I've had people investigating, but besides Young Master Lewis being close to her normally, there really isn't anyone else..." Natalie gritted her teeth, "Could it be that this woman is hiding too well? It must be!"

Lily listened to Natalie's words, merely pursing her lips lightly.

Natalie continued, "No, this can't go on, even if there isn't, I'll make there be."

Natalie was impulsive, thinking about the dowry still at the Richardson Family, she was itching to reclaim it immediately.

Lily remained calm, "Auntie, our family's vacation resort is opening in a week, and we're hosting an evening party with industry friends and some journalists invited. Let's invite Miss Richardson as well."

A shrewd smile flashed in Natalie's eyes, "You mean?"

Lily hooked her arm around Natalie's, lightly laughing, "We'll be staying at the hotel overnight, who knows what might happen."

Natalie looked at Lily, the two exchanged a smile, "Lily, you're still the clever one."

Lily became worried again, "But if we send her an invitation, she's definitely not going to accept it. We need to find someone she can't refuse."

"Don't worry, I'll go find Old Lady Mrs. Knox later. If she personally gives her the invitation, even if Aria doesn't want it, her parents won't refuse."

Lily's frown cleared, and she smiled, "Okay."

Natalie grinned widely, "This time, we'll definitely get rid of these old shoes."

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Aria hadn't left her room all day, scarcely eating anything, lying motionless in bed with her eyes shut.

Isla was worried, checking on her several times, even nervously testing her breathing, fearing she might do something drastic.

"Mom, I'm not dead." Aria opened her eyes.

Isla withdrew her hand, awkwardly tugging at the corners of her mouth, "Get up and eat dinner. Oh, by the way, Old Lady Mrs. Knox is here to see you, downstairs. But if you don't want to see her, Mom can say you're not feeling well and can't come downstairs."

Aria propped herself up into a sitting position, "Since it's Old Lady Mrs. Knox, I should see her."

"Hmm, then change your clothes and head downstairs."

Aria nodded.

After changing clothes, Aria followed Isla downstairs, where Miac Richardson was with Old Lady Mrs. Knox in the living room.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox saw her, her expression as loving as always, but with a hint of guilt.

"Grandma Knox."

"Oh, Aria, come sit with Grandma."

Aria walked over and sat beside Old Lady Mrs. Knox, who hesitated and sighed, "Grandma is here to apologize on behalf of Alexander. Last night, he was too impulsive. I didn't expect things would escalate like this between you two."

Aria pressed her lips but said nothing.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox was silent for a few seconds, thoughtfully looking at her as she spoke earnestly, "Aria, if you and Alexander truly cannot be together... Grandma won't force you. But I still hope you both take time to calm down and think things over, don't act recklessly."

"Grandma Knox..."

Old Lady Mrs. Knox raised a hand, "Don't rush to give me an answer. A lifetime decision shouldn't be impulsive. Think it through. Besides, I have an invitation for the vacation resort's opening party, it's from Natalie. I thought you might be feeling down lately, so maybe you need a break."

Chapter 732: Chapter 732: Performing Surgery for Old Lady Taylor

Old Lady Mrs. Knox placed the invitation in Aria Richardson's hand.

Aria Richardson glanced at it, "Grandma Knox, this isn't necessary."

"Don't stay cooped up at home if you're in a bad mood. Get out and about, and you'll naturally feel better," Old Lady Mrs. Knox advised.

Miac Richardson nodded in agreement, "Old Lady Mrs. Knox is right, you should keep it."

Aria Richardson couldn't refuse further, so she accepted it for now.

"I came today just to say this." Old Lady Mrs. Knox patted Aria Richardson's hand, "Aria, Grandma truly likes you very much. If there's still room for reconciliation between you and Alexander, Grandma hopes you could become her granddaughter-in-law. Please consider it carefully."

Old Lady Mrs. Knox reiterated this sentiment, gazing at Aria Richardson with love and sincerity in her eyes.

After speaking, Old Lady Mrs. Knox waved to the servant accompanying her, who then came to the back of her wheelchair.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox said, "Alright, I'll be leaving now."

Aria Richardson and the others stood up as well, Isla Sue said, "It's late, we won't keep you. Be careful on your way back."

"Yes, no need to see me off. You all should go back soon."

Miac Richardson withdrew his gaze and looked at Aria Richardson, "Aria..."

Just as Miac Richardson spoke, Aria Richardson ignored him and directly turned to go upstairs.

Miac Richardson's face darkened, he then looked at Isla Sue, who similarly did not want to engage with him and turned away.

Miac Richardson stood there, opened his mouth, but couldn't say a single word.

Lewis Family.

Hope Williams returned home to find Alitzel Williams holding Baby in the living room. Luke and Willow were lying nearby, watching Baby. They occasionally touched Baby's little face, fearing they'd hurt him, thus being extra cautious. Hope Williams watched this warm scene, feeling a glow in her heart.

Hope Williams previously feared that because Baby was young, the family's attention would shift more towards Baby, creating a sense of disparity for Luke and Willow.

But now she found her concerns were unfounded. Despite everyone's adoration for Baby, their love for Luke and Willow had not diminished at all, and Luke and Willow also showed great affection for their new little brother.

Hope Williams smiled and walked over, "Mom."

"Little Hope, you're back."

Luke and Willow happily rushed towards Hope Williams, "Mommy, you're back, work must have been tiring."

Hope Williams bent down and patted Luke and Willow's little heads, giving each a kiss, "With these words from Luke and Willow, Mommy doesn't feel tired at all."

Hope Williams leaned over to glance at Baby, then took off her coat and reached out to hold Baby, "Mom, let me hold him."

"Alright."

Hope Williams took Baby with a gentle smile, "Baby, Mommy's holding you."

Baby lifted his small hand, slowly grabbing Hope Williams's hair, giggling at her.

Watching this made Hope Williams feel her heart melt.

Such a small baby changes daily, especially Baby, who under everyone's careful nurturing, had a round, plump little face, irresistibly charming enough to kiss.

A maid came to remind them that dinner could be served. Hope Williams looked at the clock, noting it was nearly six o'clock, but Waylon Lewis hadn't returned yet.

Usually, he came back by five at the latest. Hope Williams placed Baby in a cradle, gently rocking it with one hand while dialing Waylon Lewis's number on her phone with the other.

There was no answer, and despite redialing twice, there was still no response, so she had to call Thomas Hughes.

Thomas Hughes answered quickly, "Madam."

"Assistant Hughes, is Waylon Lewis still at the company?"

Thomas Hughes paused for two seconds, seemingly considering how to respond to Hope Williams's question. Just as Hope Williams was puzzled, Thomas Hughes replied, "The Boss is busy."

Hope Williams raised an eyebrow, sensing Thomas Hughes's voice was oddly peculiar, and the background noise was exceptionally loud, "Assistant Hughes, is everything okay?"

"I'm fine, Madam. Do you have anything else? If not, I'll hang up now."

Hope Williams pursed her lips, realizing she couldn't extract more information from Thomas Hughes, so she gave up, "Nothing else, just tell Waylon to come home early."

"Alright, Madam, I will certainly convey your message."

Hope Williams hung up the phone, not knowing what they were up to, so she went to have dinner first.

Luke and Willow supported Wyatt Lewis on each side, helping him downstairs for dinner.

Normally, Wyatt Lewis adored the two of them so much. Now they took great care of Wyatt Lewis, pushing their chairs next to his and standing on them, holding their little bowls to feed him bite by bite.

However, their love was so overwhelming that Wyatt Lewis struggled to keep up, his mouth never stopping.

Mr. Lewis watched this scene and laughed heartily.

Around nine o'clock, Hope Williams put Luke and Willow to sleep and carried the equally sleeping Baby back to his room, soothing him with gentle pats.

Since detoxifying, while Hope Williams claimed her health hadn't changed much, it was just a facade—her physical condition deteriorated significantly. She was especially prone to sleeping, frequently feeling drowsy, seemingly able to sleep even more than Baby.

At that moment, the door was softly pushed open, and a tall, slender figure quietly entered.

With the night light on, Waylon Lewis saw Hope Williams and Baby already asleep on the bed, his gaze softened.

He tossed his coat aside and went over to tuck them in. Originally intending to kiss Hope Williams, he considered his sweaty state today and headed to the bathroom for a shower first.

After showering, Waylon Lewis bent down, gently picked up the sleeping Baby, and placed him in the crib beside them.

Noticing the movement nearby, Hope Williams slowly opened her eyes, seeing a figure climb into the bed.

Smelling a familiar scent, Hope Williams instinctively snuggled into his embrace.

Waylon Lewis lowered his eyes, looking at the person in his arms, and whispered, "Did I wake you?"

Hope Williams shook her head, "Where did you go today?"

Waylon Lewis paused, his husky voice replied, "Busy at the company with meetings."

Hope Williams was somewhat skeptical about the truth of this statement, "Then why was your phone unreachable?"

Usually Waylon Lewis would never miss her calls, no matter how busy.

"The phone wasn't with me, sorry."

Hope Williams pursed her lips, reluctantly accepting this explanation.

Waylon Lewis lightly ruffled her hair, "Is the surgery tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Then let's sleep early."

Hope Williams moved slightly and nodded.

The next day.

Old Lady Taylor's surgery was scheduled for eight in the morning, so Hope Williams had to get up early to go to the hospital.

Alitzel Williams knew Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis were busy and had never let them worry about Baby's care.

Outside the operating room.

Anthony Taylor had a serious expression as he looked at Hope Williams, "I'll leave my grandmother to you."

Hope Williams nodded, "Don't worry."

After speaking, Hope Williams entered the operating room.

Anthony Taylor and Daniel Johnson stood at the operating room door, Daniel Johnson sighed anxiously.

Anthony Taylor, feeling confused by him, glanced over, "My grandma just went in, why are you sighing?"

Daniel Johnson gazed at the closed operating room door, "I'm nervous."

Anthony Taylor chuckled, "Previously, didn't you say she's absolutely a miracle worker in heart issues? Why are you nervous with her around?"

Daniel Johnson said, "Yes, I'm nervous about her. It's a major operation, exhausting, I wonder if her body can sustain it."

Anthony Taylor furrowed his brows in concern, "What do you mean?"

Daniel Johnson frowned, "I told you before, her body suffered severely from poisoning. She simply can't endure fatigue. Do you think I was joking with you before?"

Anthony Taylor's eyes darkened, his tone deepened slightly, "Why didn't you mention this earlier? The surgery has started, and now you're playing dumb?"

Daniel Johnson pouted, feeling aggrieved, he was almost ready to hang around them telling this.

Daniel Johnson stood pitifully to one side, recalling something and asked, "By the way, did you later send someone to find that elder I mentioned before? He might have a way to heal Miss Williams."

Anthony Taylor felt a bit troubled now, "We searched."

Daniel Johnson's eyes brightened, "What was the result?"

Chapter 733: Chapter 733: One Chops Wood, One Carries Water

"We were turned away."

Daniel Johnson sighed. Although disappointed, it was expected.

The elder was already at a venerable age, long since retired, no longer practicing medicine, with a particularly eccentric personality. He sought neither wealth nor profit; if he didn't want to help, no amount of money would persuade him.

"But..." Anthony Taylor seemed to remember something amusing and curled his lips, "We don't need to worry about this; there are people who will."

Daniel Johnson raised an eyebrow, "You mean President Lewis?"

Anthony Taylor shook his head, "Not just him."

Time ticked by second by second.

Old Lady Taylor's surgery went from eight o'clock to two, a full six hours. The long surgery was exhausting for Hope Williams, but on the operating table, she didn't dare to lose focus, remaining completely engrossed in the task at hand, leaving no room for error.

Although she had been standing for more than six hours, none of the doctors beside her dared to slack off either. They kept their eyes on Hope Williams's operation while continuously monitoring Old Lady Taylor's vital signs.

Hope Williams placed the scalpel on the tray beside her, "It's done, prepare for suturing."

Hope Williams took the suture handed over by the doctor next to her.

Finally, the entire surgery was completed, and it was successful.

The doors of the operating room opened, and Hope Williams came out, with Anthony Taylor and Daniel Johnson promptly stepping forward.

Hope Williams removed her mask and said, "The surgery was very successful, you can rest assured."

Anthony Taylor breathed a sigh of relief, "Thank you for your hard work."

Hope Williams pursed her lips slightly, "It's my duty."

"Afterwards, the old lady will be sent to the ICU for observation for two days; there will be professional doctors monitoring her. Specific post-operative precautions will be explained to you later."

"Alright." Anthony Taylor glanced at the pale-faced Hope Williams and frowned, "Are you okay? Go rest for a while."

Hope Williams, holding on to her strength, nodded.

She really felt a bit unsteady now. The more than six-hour-long surgery undeniably left her extremely fatigued. She barely walked a few steps before running out of strength, leaning against the wall before slowly crouching down, her vision suddenly plunging into darkness, feeling dizzy.

She leaned against the wall, clutching her chest, struggling to breathe.

To avoid collapsing, she could only lean against the wall.

Hope Williams felt her condition wasn't as severe as Daniel Johnson suggested, but today, she finally understood his concerns; whenever she was exhausted, her body betrayed her.

Anthony Taylor and Daniel Johnson noticed Hope Williams crouching in the corner while walking, immediately jogged over to her.

Waylon Lewis originally intended to pick up Hope Williams from the hospital, but as he reached the corridor, he saw Hope Williams leaning against the wall.

His heart fiercely trembled, and he rushed over to her with large strides.

Hope Williams tried to stand, but a piercing headache overwhelmed her, and her body uncontrollably fell backward.

"Hope!"

"Hope!"

She heard several voices echoing around her. With difficulty, she opened her eyes a bit and saw Anthony Taylor, Daniel Johnson, and Waylon Lewis's faces. She wanted to say something, but her body couldn't hold on any longer, as if her energy was completely drained, and she fell into unconsciousness.

"Hope!" Waylon Lewis held the icy-cold Hope Williams, tense as a drawn string. Without hesitating, he scooped her up and ran out with large strides.

Anthony Taylor watched the direction Waylon Lewis left, inexplicably curling his lips, "This is a hospital, where is he taking her?"

Daniel Johnson shrugged; he didn't know either.

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Hope Williams didn't know how long it had been. Her eyelids trembled and she slowly woke up. At this moment, she felt a slight pain in some parts of her skin. As she attempted to move, an old, wrinkled hand pressed down on her shoulder.

"Don't move."

An unfamiliar, elderly voice echoed.

Hope Williams's eyes flickered around, realizing she was lying on a wooden bed with an old man with a white beard sitting beside her, applying needles, the room filled with a strong herbal scent, completely unfamiliar to her.

Having just woken up, Hope Williams was genuinely bewildered. She moved her mouth, about to speak, but the old man spoke again, "Don't talk."

The elder's voice was full of vigor and sounded somewhat stern.

Hope Williams blinked, full of questions, but she could only keep her mouth shut.

After about half an hour, the elder removed the silver needles from her acupuncture points and got up to walk outside.

After a while, the elder returned with a bowl of medicinal soup that smelled bitter, followed by a worried-looking Waylon Lewis.

Hope Williams pursed her lips and propped herself up to sit.

Waylon Lewis anxiously reached out to support her back, his handsome face full of concern, "How do you feel? Any better?"

Hope Williams nodded, feeling much better now, "I'm a lot better."

Her gaze examined Waylon Lewis, noticing he wore merely a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up. His usually clean and tidy shirt was surprisingly quite dirty today.

Hope Williams was genuinely curious about what had happened. How did she end up in this herb-filled wooden hut, and who was this elder administering needles to her?

The elder glanced at Waylon Lewis and spoke grumpily, "Why are you in here? Have you finished splitting all the wood?"

Waylon Lewis's face tightened, "No."

"Then hurry up, won't you? Your wife needs treatment here for a month; shouldn't I get some compensation for the treatment?"

Splitting wood?

Hope Williams was utterly bemused, not daring to believe it.

Waylon Lewis furrowed his brows and asked the elder, "How is she now?"

"Her body is battered and needs slow recuperation. With me here, don't worry."

Only then did Waylon Lewis nod, glanced at Hope Williams, and, urged by the old man, had to walk out.

Shortly, Hope Williams heard the sound of wood being chopped outside.

Was Waylon Lewis really chopping wood?

"Girl, what's with that look? Can't your husband split some wood for me as payment for the treatment?"

It's not unfeasible.

It's just...

Waylon Lewis! The first young master of Emperor Capital's most prestigious family, has he ever split wood in his life?

Just as Hope Williams was astounded, the elder handed her the medicine and then said, "Drink it."

"Thank you." Hope Williams took the bowl of medicine. The elder walked to the side, boiled a pot of tea, lay on a nearby rocking chair, and leisurely said, "How comfortable, with someone to chop wood and someone to fetch water."

Fetch water?

Hope Williams, "There's someone else?"

"Yes, a young fellow with a head full of white hair. He also begged me to come down the mountain and treat you, but he was hopelessly inept. I asked him to weed the garden, and he pulled out my vegetables. Asked him to cook, and he burnt a hole in my pot, so I could only send him to fetch water.

And your husband, another clumsy one. I asked him to feed the chickens, and he nearly stuffed them to death. I asked him to herd the ducks, and he let eight out and brought back only two. I finally had to send him to chop wood, and even that he can't do properly."

The elder hummed disdainfully, scorn clearly evident.