

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 781: What Do You Want in Return? - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 781: What Do You Want in Return?

Chapter 781: Chapter 781: What Do You Want in Return?

Hope Williams glanced at him, "You go eat, don't worry about me."

"I'll wait for you." Waylon Lewis glanced at her computer, "What are you doing?"

Hope Williams looked at Emilia Woods and Rose Armstrong, and said flatly, "They have the original video of this matter."

Hope Williams looked up and happened to meet Rose Armstrong's gaze, noticed her looking at Waylon Lewis beside her, and raised her delicate eyebrows, "Miss Armstrong?"

"Miss Armstrong?"

Hope Williams called her twice, and she didn't respond.

Hope Williams followed her gaze and looked at Waylon Lewis again.

Is his face really that good-looking?

Enough to mesmerize a little girl so much she doesn't even blink?

Hope Williams twitched the corner of her mouth, looked deeply at Waylon Lewis, and fell into deep thought.

Waylon Lewis couldn't pay any attention to anyone else at all, he just felt Hope Williams staring at him, her expression somewhat strange, he looked down at himself and didn't think anything was different.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Hope Williams withdrew her gaze, "You go eat, don't wait for me, hurry up, hurry up."

Hope Williams urged Waylon Lewis to go to the dining room.

Just then, Alitzel Williams also came out to call for people, seeing Hope Williams had guests, she didn't call her, only called Waylon Lewis, "Waylon, come eat, why must you cling to your wife even while eating?"

Waylon Lewis's face turned a shade darker.

What does she mean by even?

Besides eating and sleeping, he hardly has any other time to spend with his wife.

No, now there's a Baby in the middle during sleep who is a nuisance in every way.

It's not easy for him.

Why is there always someone trying to take her away from him?

Clearly, his wife is meant for him alone, but various matters keep taking her away.

The time left for him to be alone with his wife is precious and scarce.

Waylon Lewis secretly planned in his heart, after Hope Williams's treatment, he will first make up for the wedding, then take Hope on a honeymoon, just the two of them, leaving those three pesky kids at home, by all means, not bringing them along.

Waylon Lewis walked into the dining room, Luke and Willow cheered excitedly, calling out to him.

Waylon Lewis glanced at the two little ones, and five words popped into his mind, 'nuisance in every way.'

Emilia Woods tugged at Rose Armstrong to pull her gaze back, awkwardly smiled at Hope Williams.

Rose Armstrong also realized her gaffe just now and quickly withdrew her gaze.

Hope Williams gave a faint smile, spread her hands, "USB drive."

"Oh, oh." Rose Armstrong hurriedly handed the USB drive in her hand to Hope Williams.

Hope Williams took the USB drive, looked at it, inserted it into the port, feeling a bit nervous, since this was the only video that could prove their innocence, not knowing if there was any crucial evidence inside.

Hope Williams opened the video.

The footage began to play, the scene remained calm for a long time, soon Aria Richardson was brought into the room by two men, then after the call ended, two women entered, and started changing clothes for Aria while the camera was facing her direction...

Suddenly, Hope Williams's face turned dark, she slammed the computer shut with a "snap".

Hope Williams's reaction was so intense that Emilia Woods and Rose Armstrong beside her jumped in fright, clutching their chests and looking at her, nervously asking, "Young Madam Lewis... what's wrong?"

Hope Williams's voice turned much colder, "How many people have seen this video?"

Seeing Hope Williams's grim expression, Emilia Woods quickly said, "No one, we haven't shown it to anyone else, after we stole the video, you're the first to see it."

Hope Williams's face was serious, the camera had recorded everything, enough to publicly expose Lily Armstrong and Natalie Rogers's crimes, but it was also unfavorable to Aria Richardson.

Hope Williams frowned, Emilia Woods didn't understand.

The front door opened, Wyatt Lewis returned from outside, his shirt sleeves rolled up, carrying a jacket in his hand, his expression ice-cold, he glanced at Hope Williams sitting in the living room, his deep voice called out, "Sister-in-law."

"Hmm, come over and sit."

Wyatt Lewis originally planned to go straight upstairs, but since Hope Williams said so, he bent down and sat on a single sofa to the side, glancing at the two women across from him.

Emilia Woods as usual, wore a flattering smile on her face, "Young Master Lewis."

Wyatt Lewis shot her a cold glance.

Hope Williams introduced, "These two are the lady and miss from the Armstrong Family."

Wyatt Lewis's eyebrows furrowed tightly.

People from the Armstrong Family?

They still dare to come at this time! Are they courting death?

The anger in his eyes immediately ignited, surging fiercely.

Emilia Woods and Rose Armstrong were frightened by Wyatt Lewis's murderous gaze.

Hope Williams quickly explained, "They're here to help, brought the original video."

"Right, right, to help, to help, we're different from Lily Armstrong." Emilia Woods quickly said, afraid that if they hesitated a second, they'd be thrown out.

Rose Armstrong kept nodding beside her.

Wyatt Lewis's eyes narrowed dangerously, "What video?"

Hope Williams pursed her lips, glanced down at the computer in front of her, "It's the original video from online."

Wyatt Lewis's eyebrows tightened and relaxed repeatedly, glancing at the mother and daughter, seeming to disbelieve that they would be so kind.

Hope Williams confirmed the video had no other issues, looked at the two, and asked, "Tell me what you want."

Emilia Woods blurted out, "Fifty million, the value of this video for you far exceeds fifty million, but we only ask for fifty million."

Hope Williams's slender fingers gently tapped the table, seemingly contemplating something.

Emilia Woods felt more nervous as Hope Williams remained silent.

She thought she wasn't asking much.

Only fifty million!

Fifty million is practically the price of a single piece of jewelry for them, right?

Besides, the impact on the Lewis Clan is not as big, but the stock market value evaporated for the Richardson Clan Group is far beyond this number, right?

Emilia Woods touched her nose, thinking fifty million was too little.

"Sure, the money is not a problem." Hope Williams agreed, "But you'll need to sign an agreement."

"What agreement?"

"You can't sell this video again, can't release it on any platform, and can't transfer it to anyone else."

They might have backups, as it concerns Aria Richardson's private footage, Hope Williams naturally must be cautious.

Emilia Woods thought it was fine, nodded, "Okay."

Hope Williams had someone prepare the agreement.

After signing the agreement, Hope Williams nodded, "Alright, is a check okay?"

"Yes, yes, however it's convenient for you."

Hope Williams went upstairs to get a blank check, just as she was about to fill it out, Wyatt Lewis raised a hand to stop her.

Hope Williams raised her eyebrows, "What's wrong?"

Wyatt Lewis took the check, "I'll do it."

Hope Williams had already helped them a lot, this money shouldn't be something she had to give.

Hope Williams didn't fight him for it, this amount of money was nothing to Wyatt Lewis, and it avoided giving him any psychological burden.

Wyatt Lewis filled out the check and pushed it towards Emilia Woods and Rose Armstrong, the two confirmed it was correct, then felt satisfied.

Having received the money and being able to use the Lewis Family's hand to bring down Lily Armstrong, making the Armstrong Family pay, was simply killing two birds with one stone.

Mother and daughter came out of the Lewis Family residence, Emilia Woods feeling elated, with this fifty million, if they lived frugally, they could live without worry for the rest of their lives, no longer having to spend days under the thumb of the Armstrong Family, always on edge.

Rose Armstrong, however, kept looking back at the luxurious Lewis Family abode, eyes full of longing.

Emilia Woods saw through Rose Armstrong's thoughts, from the look she gave Waylon Lewis in the living room, Emilia Woods understood something, she knew her daughter's mind very well.

Emilia Woods took Rose Armstrong's hand and softly said, "Sophie, don't covet what doesn't belong to us, whether it's the Lewis Family or Young Master Lewis, we can't reach them, and I don't want you to follow my path."

Rose Armstrong also realized these things, especially since that Young Master Lewis only had eyes for his wife, looking at others was like seeing stones on the road, cold and indifferent.

That's when she knew there was no chance for other women in their love.

Moreover, in their relationship, no other woman stands a chance.

Furthermore, that Young Master Lewis only has eyes for his wife, he couldn't see any other woman.

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She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor #Chapter 782: Innocence Proven - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 782: Innocence Proven

Chapter 782: Chapter 782: Innocence Proven

"I know, I'm just envious."

Emilia Woods smiled with quite a bit of emotion, holding Rose Armstrong's hand, and said, "Yes, being loved wholeheartedly by someone devoted to you—who wouldn't envy that? You'll meet someone who's devoted wholeheartedly to you in the future, Sophie. Mom made mistakes at the wrong time and with the wrong person, wasting a lifetime. You mustn't be like Mom."

Rose Armstrong nodded, "I understand, Mom."

...

The video contains private footage of Aria Richardson changing clothes. Hope Williams didn't show the video to Wyatt Lewis, but only described its contents and the issues they might face.

How to ultimately handle the video depends on the thoughts of Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson. Hope Williams can help them but doesn't have the authority to make decisions for them.

After dinner, Wyatt Lewis and Hope Williams went to the Richardson Family home. Luke and Willow wanted to see Aria Richardson, so Hope Williams took the two little ones along.

Wyatt Lewis's car stopped at the Richardson Family's door. Hope Williams got out with Luke and Willow, while Wyatt Lewis remained in the driver's seat without intending to get out.

Hope Williams glanced at him, "Not going in?"

Wyatt Lewis looked up at the Richardson Family home and said to Hope Williams, "Sister-in-law, you go ahead; I'll wait outside for you."

Hope Williams knew that many eyes were watching her and Aria Richardson, hoping they'd stir up more news.

Hope Williams didn't say much and nodded.

Hope Williams took Luke and Willow inside, instructing them as they walked, "Luke, Willow, your godmother has been feeling down lately. What should we do?"

Luke looked up at Hope Williams and said, "Don't mention things that make godmother sad, comfort godmother."

Willow also immediately said, "Make godmother happy, hug godmother, tell her all the sadness will pass, and we'll always be with her."

Willow patted her furry, rabbit-shaped bag, which was packed and seemed to hide some incredible treasure.

"We prepared a small gift for godmother. She'll be happy to see it, right?"

Hope Williams looked at the two thoughtful little ones and smiled softly, "Yes, receiving the gifts you've prepared will make godmother happy."

Hope Williams took the two kids to the door, and Aunt Sue, knowing Hope Williams was coming, was already waiting at the door.

"Aunt Sue."

Aunt Sue responded eagerly, looking at Hope Williams anxiously, "Little Hope, has there been any progress?"

Hope Williams nodded, "Yes, let's go inside and talk."

"Okay."

"Where's Aria?"

"She's still in her room. She's lost so much weight these past few days, it breaks my heart."

Luke and Willow looked up, "Can we see godmother?"

Aunt Sue didn't want to pass her bad mood onto the kids, so she forced a smile and said to Luke and Willow, "Of course you can. Go ahead."

With permission, Luke and Willow ran upstairs, gently knocking on Aria Richardson's room door, calling out softly, "Godmother?"

Inside, it seemed like someone heard the sound; footsteps approached, and soon the door was opened.

Luke and Willow looked up at the weary face of Aria Richardson and were momentarily stunned, unable to believe it.

Is this really their usually sunny, confident, and bold godmother?

"Luke, Willow, why are you here?" Aria Richardson asked, her voice dry and hoarse.

Luke and Willow quickly reacted, stepping forward and reaching up to hold Aria Richardson's hand.

Willow, "Godmother, we miss you, so we came to see you. Godmother, we prepared a gift for you; do you want to see it?"

Aria Richardson didn't want to dampen the children's spirits, so she forced her lips into what she hoped was a gentle smile and said in her hoarse voice, "Sure, come on in, where's your Mommy?"

"Mommy is downstairs."

"Hmm."

Aria Richardson led the two children into the room and turned on the lights, and the once-dark room finally brightened.

Luke first got a cup of warm water for Aria Richardson, handing it to her, "Godmother, drink some water."

"Thank you, Luke."

Willow hugged her little bag, her soft face smiling at Aria Richardson, asking, "Can godmother guess what's inside?"

"I can't guess; can Willow tell godmother?"

"Alright."

Willow took out the prepared gift from her furry little bag, "Ta-da~ We made these cookies at school with our own hands. Godmother, you should try them. This little rabbit was made by Willow, and this little tiger by brother. They smell so good."

Aria Richardson looked at the little box Willow was holding, with cookies of various shapes inside, and her heart softened, raising a smile as she picked one up, "Let me try it."

The two little ones nodded eagerly, full of expectation.

Aria Richardson didn't have much appetite now but still took a bite and, seeing the hopeful eyes of Luke and Willow, nodded, "It's really delicious. These are the tastiest cookies godmother has ever had. Thank you, Luke and Willow."

The two little ones were delighted by the compliment, their faces beaming with joy. Luke said, "Then godmother should eat more."

Aria Richardson nodded, keeping her head down and eating the cookies in big bites.

Luke and Willow chattered on, telling jokes in Aria Richardson's ear, hoping to cheer her up.

Aria Richardson listened as she ate, her eyes couldn't help but grow wet, holding back tears as she lowered her head, not wanting to expose her crumbling emotions, continually stuffing cookies into her mouth, though tears nonetheless pooled in her eyes.

She couldn't help but choke back two sobs.

Luke and Willow then noticed she seemed to be crying.

Luke furrowed his little brow and asked with concern, "Godmother, what's wrong?"

Willow blinked her big innocent eyes and asked softly, "Godmother, why are you crying? Are the cookies not tasty?"

Aria Richardson quickly wiped her tears and swallowed the contents of her mouth, "No, why would godmother cry, only children would cry, godmother... godmother..."

Aria Richardson choked on her words, put down what she was holding, and hurriedly rushed out.

Luke and Willow stood in the room, bewildered and at a loss.

Aria Richardson rushed outside the room; she didn't want to break down emotionally in front of the two kids, but she truly couldn't control her emotions.

She really hated herself like this.

Downstairs, Aunt Sue finished watching the video.

The video clearly showed Aria Richardson being drugged and taken into a room, even stripped and changed by two women, while Wyatt Lewis clearly rushed in to rescue her.

Including Alexander Knox entering the room and slapping Aria Richardson was all vividly seen.

The dialogue within was enough to confirm that this was orchestrated and plotted by Lily Armstrong and Natalie Rogers.

Aunt Sue, having watched the whole thing, nearly lost her temper and smashed the computer, "Shameless to the extreme!"

Her daughter had suffered so much.

"Little Hope, thank you for helping find this video. Aria has suffered so much; she can finally prove her innocence."

Hope's eyes still revealed concern. They had the evidence, but they needed to consider Aria; how to release it was still an issue.

If they cut out the earlier part, it would precisely prove that they feared that piece of private footage being seen.

Lily Armstrong also had this video. By then, she wouldn't care about the consequences and might release all the footage out of spite, putting Aria in a bad situation.

This was the concern that Hope had.

"What video?" Aria's weary voice came from the staircase.

When Isla saw Aria standing on the staircase, she rushed forward, "Aria."

Aria's weary face had her tears wiped dry, but her eyes remained red. She asked again, "What video?"

Isla pulled her to sit on the sofa, "Aria, look."

Aria's gaze shifted to the computer, and as she watched the footage on it, her hands unconsciously gripped her clothes tightly. Isla was immersed in the joy that her daughter was about to clear her name and the bad people would get their comeuppance.

For a moment, she didn't notice that as Aria watched the video, she was biting her lips tightly and trembling slightly.

Suddenly, Aria slammed the laptop shut.

Isla looked at Aria, blinking her eyes, "What's wrong, Aria?"

Aria stood up abruptly, her face pale, her whole body shaking.

Hope also stood up, looking at her with a worried expression, "Aria?"

Something was very wrong with Aria.

"I'm going back to my room... Don't release this video, put it with me." Aria murmured as she held the laptop and started up the stairs.

Isla, not understanding, watched Aria, took a few steps after her, only to see her collapse without warning.

"Aria!" Isla screamed.

Hope's eyes fluttered, and she immediately went forward, "Aria?"

"Aria?" Isla was extremely worried, "What should we do? Little Hope, why did Aria suddenly faint?"

Hope consoled Isla while taking out her phone, about to call an ambulance.

Thinking of Wyatt Lewis outside, she couldn't bother with much and simply called Wyatt to come in and take Aria to the hospital faster.

Wyatt Lewis, outside, received Hope's call and rushed in without hesitation.

Very soon, Aria was brought to the hospital.

After the doctor's examination, it was determined that her fainting was due to low blood sugar caused by not eating for a long time.

She was now receiving a glucose infusion.

Meanwhile, at the Armstrong Family.

Lily Armstrong's face immediately darkened after hearing the report from the person she sent to secretly observe the Lewis Family.

"Those two bitches, Emilia Woods and Rose Armstrong, went to the Lewis Family!"

Natalie Rogers took a sip of tea and asked disinterestedly, "What are they doing at the Lewis Family? Are they trying to seduce men over there since they can't be Mrs. Armstrong in your family? Mother and daughter are playing mistresses again, aren't they?"

Natalie ridiculed relentlessly, unable to hold back her laughter.

Lily Armstrong pressed her lips together tightly, looking at Natalie, who still had time to mock others, somewhat annoyed.

Did she realize the severity of this matter?

Lily Armstrong suppressed her anger with effort, "Aunt, don't forget, they tampered with my computer, desperate to kill me. They probably saved the video before and took it to the Lewis Family for rewards."

Natalie's eyes flickered, and she twisted her lips, "Can't be. Do they really not want to live in the Armstrong Family anymore by doing this?"

Lily Armstrong's expression was extremely unsightly.

Those two likely hadn't planned to continue living in the Armstrong Family from the day they left.

Damn it.

It was also her fault for not taking them seriously at first, thinking that those two idiots would come back and admit their mistakes after a few days.

As a result, they were really something, not just refusing to come back, but plotting against them instead.

Good! Very good!

Blame her for a moment's negligence, causing a major mistake.

"Ah! Those two bitches!"

Lily Armstrong angrily threw her phone onto the sofa, shouting to vent her rage.

Natalie backed away, afraid of being caught in Lily Armstrong's fury.

"Lily, don't get so angry, think of a way quickly."

Lily Armstrong, irritated and overwhelmed, her face ashen, Natalie's words hit a nerve.

Think of a way! Think of a way!

Since planning this thing, every time an issue arose, she was told to think of a way. Her brain seemed incapable of working, let alone thinking, while constantly causing her trouble.

Then there were those few people in the precinct. She hired a lawyer, spent money.

Finally, Wyatt Lewis and Silas Knox personally intervened to smooth things over, and the people still hadn't been released.

All these were Natalie's faults.

And now she still had the face to leisurely sit and drink tea while ridiculing others?

Lily Armstrong's expression was notably bad, clearly showing how furious she was now.

If it weren't for intending to marry into her son's family, and that she was her future mother-in-law, she'd really want to kick her out.

Good-for-nothing dead weight.

Natalie had no idea what Lily Armstrong was thinking.

She was so used to relying on Lily Armstrong to solve problems for her.

Thinking as long as Lily was there, everything would be fine, there was no need to worry.

"But, Lily, that little bitch Aria reportedly has depression."

Lily Armstrong squinted her eyes, "Depression? How do you know?"

"Heard it from a servant at home, said her mother herself mentioned it, and our family's old lady is praying and repenting at the Buddhist hall now."

Lily Armstrong let out a cold laugh, picked up her discarded phone, and simply decided to go all the way, sending a message.

Hah, if they dared to release the video, they shouldn't blame her for taking them down with her.

Aria was still unconscious in the hospital with a glucose infusion. Isla saw that it was late, and with Hope having two kids to care for, it wasn't convenient to stay in the hospital, so she asked Hope to leave first.

Hope glanced at the sleepy yet persevering little ones and nodded, agreeing before saying goodbye and leaving the ward.

Wyatt Lewis sat outside the ward, a trace of uncontrollable violence beneath his gloomy gaze.

"Going back?" Hope asked, pursing her lips.

Wyatt raised his gaze, "I want to wait for her to wake up."

"Okay."

Wyatt remembered they came in his car, and he stood up again, "I'll take you back first."

Hope's eyes flickered, her brows lightly raised, and she glanced at the stately figure approaching from a distance, "No need, you sit back, your brother's here."

Waylon Lewis, dressed in a sleek black trench coat, with a few clothes draped over his arm, walked briskly towards her.

He handed over two little jackets to Luke and Willow, then personally draped the thin coat over Hope, gripping her hand, his face grim, "Your hands are freezing."

"Probably because I washed my hands with cold water just now."

"How is it?"

Hope replied gently, "Low blood sugar, she's on a glucose drip, hasn't woken up yet."

"Okay." Waylon seemed to be just casually asking, not too concerned.

"Going home?"

Hope nodded, and Waylon glanced sideways, his dark eyes taking a look at Wyatt Lewis.

Wyatt wore a black shirt with sleeves rolled up, his collar buttons undone.

March nights were still bone-chillingly cold, and his appearance seemed thin and pitiful.

Waylon Lewis moved his thin lips, "Sorry, I didn't bring yours."

Wyatt Lewis faintly curved his lips, "It's okay, after all, I'm just picked up."

Waylon raised an eyebrow, took off his jacket and threw it to him, "Don't freeze to death, I don't want to come pick up a body at the hospital tomorrow."

Hope Williams glanced at Waylon, unable to suppress a twitch at the corner of her mouth.

This man clearly cared about his brother, but just couldn't say anything nice.

Hope looked at Wyatt, "Put it on, he cares about you, he just can't say nice things."

"I did not."

Waylon directly pulled Hope away.

Luke and Willow stood in place and looked at each other, then after a long time gave each other a sympathetic look, and quickly trotted to catch up.

"Daddy, daddy wait, you're walking too fast, we can't keep up," Willow called out pitifully as she chased behind.

Luke roared speechlessly, "Smelly daddy, do you know that your step covers like two or three of ours, and you're pulling mommy so fast, are you trying to leave us behind again?"

Luke and Willow really felt like their dad wanted to ditch them.

...

Aria Richardson woke up when it was already past one a.m., struggling to open her eyes as she confusedly looked around.

Realizing she was already lying on a hospital bed, Aria pressed her lips together, glanced at Isla Sue sleeping leaning back in the chair beside her.

She sat up as quietly as she could, picked up the phone from beside her, and checked the time.

The bright phone screen shone on her little face, highlighting her even paler complexion. Just as she was about to turn off the phone, she noticed an unread message displayed on the screen.

Aria opened the message, and her heart abruptly contracted.

It was a small snippet edited from an original video, showing a revealing scene where she was being dressed by two women.

Aria's grip on the phone tightened sharply.

The video was sent by Lily Armstrong.

Lily was just trying to tell her that if she dared to release the original video to clarify things, even if she edited out this portion, Lily still had this segment in her possession.

In the worst case, a fish would die and the net would break; after all, if the original video was released, all of Lily's plans would be exposed, and she'd be scolded until stripped bare, then she would have nothing to fear, she would make sure Aria was equally exposed.

Though the heater was on and she was covered with a blanket, Aria still felt cold all over.

She gripped the phone tightly, cold sweat soaking her palms, her breathing rapid yet weak, her eyes hollow and devoid of any light.

Looking at the images on the phone, recalling the online comments from before, her whole heart trembled, seemingly submerged in endless sadness and fear.

She turned off the phone, pressed her ears tightly, buried her face in the blanket, but those voices continued to scream and linger at her ears, as if they wanted to suffocate her.

Sometimes, Aria wondered if maybe everything would stop if she were gone.

Another sleepless night.

When Isla awoke, she saw Aria lying on the bed, eyes open.

Isla stood up, straightened her sore back, and tried to keep her voice soft as she approached to ask, "Aria, when did you wake?"

Aria mechanically rotated her eyes to look at Isla, "Just now."

Isla didn't doubt Aria's words, she asked with concern, "Are you hungry? What do you want to eat? I'll go get breakfast for you."

Aria nodded.

Isla gave a few reminders and left the hospital room, as she stepped out she encountered Wyatt Lewis standing at the doorway with a lunch box.

"Aunt."

Isla looked surprised at Wyatt, "Young Master Lewis, you're here so early? You didn't return last night, did you?"

Wyatt neither confirmed nor denied, with a slightly deep voice he asked, "Is she awake?"

"Yes, she just woke up."

Wyatt nodded, handed the lunch box to Isla, "This is breakfast."

Isla looked down at it, raised her hand to take it, "Do you want to go in and see her?"

Wyatt glanced at the door to the hospital room, his eyes expressing something Isla couldn't decipher, "No, there's something at the company, I'll leave first, let her rest well."

"Okay."

Isla watched Wyatt's distant back, her eyes full of emotion.

Just as Isla was about to enter the hospital room with the lunch box, Miac Richardson hurriedly arrived.

Isla glanced at Miac, unable to resist criticizing, "I told you last night your daughter fainted, why are you only arriving now? Is the company more important than your daughter?"

Hearing Isla's questioning, Miac's eyebrows furrowed tightly, the muscles on his face tensed, his voice uncontrollably rising.

"The company is in a mess now, the board members and shareholders all want me to give an explanation, I'm overwhelmed at the company, didn't even have time to eat, you ask why? Can't you take care of her yourself? Must I come?"

Isla felt every word was expressing his anger and dissatisfaction.

Isla's face turned grey, "Then leave, don't come, just keep spinning around the company."

"Of course I have to focus on the company. Without it, without me, we would be facing hardship."

Every word from Miac was filled with fury.

Aria heard their argument clearly from the hospital room.

She pulled the blanket over herself.

It's all her fault, all her fault. If it weren't for her, things wouldn't be this way, and her parents wouldn't be so overwhelmed.

She's the calamity, everything's a mess because of her.

If she were no longer here, would things end?

Would everyone be relieved from pain?

Aria lowered her eyes bitterly, her originally despair-laden expression now showing more hopelessness.

Maybe, she needed to end this her own way.

...

Last night, Hope Williams was repeatedly awakened by nightmares, where Aria was covered in wounds, bleeding and pleading for help.

Hope was almost sleepless through the night, and in the morning, lacked energy, holding Baby in her arms in the living room, feeding him with a milk bottle.

Waylon Lewis came over, bent down and took Baby from her arms. Hope looked at him in a daze, "Aren't you going to work?"

Waylon observed Hope, his handsome face showing a bit of compassion, speaking warmly, "I'll go later, you didn't sleep well last night, go upstairs and rest for a while."

Hope shook her head and leaned her body against Waylon's shoulder, sighing, "No, I'm going to the hospital with mom to see Aria."

Alitzel Williams heard Aria fainted and was sent to the hospital last night, so she got up early and with a housekeeper prepared chicken soup, planning to go with Hope to see Aria.

Alitzel packed the chicken soup in a thermos, came over, "Little Hope, let's go."

Hope stood up, looking at Waylon holding Baby with a resentful expression, helplessly patting his shoulder, "I'll be back soon, since you're going to the company later, stay home and take care of Baby."

Waylon's face didn't look pleased.

He planned to go to work later just to spend more time with his wife, but she left anyway.

Hope and Alitzel got into the car, and Alitzel was still talking to Hope, saying once Aria's situation was resolved, Aria and Wyatt Lewis could smoothly be together.

Maybe they could get married this year, and next year her little grandson could be on the way.

Alitzel's eyes were filled with hopes, in which case there'd be plenty of celebrations this year, Baby's hundred-day feast, Waylon giving Hope a wedding ceremony, followed by Wyatt and Aria's engagement banquet, wedding banquet.

Thinking of these, Alitzel's face was uncontrollably joyful.

However, a phone call abruptly pulled her beautiful fantasy back to reality.

Hope's hand holding the phone tightened, inside clearly came Isla's desperate sobbing.

Alitzel watched Hope's slowly stiffening expression, her own face growing serious, "What's wrong?"

Hope took a deep breath, turning rigidly with shock to look at Alitzel, "Aunt Sue said, Aria wants to... jump off the building..."

Alitzel was speechless, incredulous, "How... how could it be?"

Hope and Alitzel hurried to the hospital, where the area downstairs was already crowded with people, pointing at the silhouette on the rooftop.

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For a moment, she didn't notice that as Aria watched the video, she was biting her lips tightly and trembling slightly.

Suddenly, Aria slammed the laptop shut.

Isla looked at Aria, blinking her eyes, "What's wrong, Aria?"

Aria stood up abruptly, her face pale, her whole body shaking.

Hope also stood up, looking at her with a worried expression, "Aria?"

Something was very wrong with Aria.

"I'm going back to my room... Don't release this video, put it with me." Aria murmured as she held the laptop and started up the stairs.

Isla, not understanding, watched Aria, took a few steps after her, only to see her collapse without warning.

"Aria!" Isla screamed.

Hope's eyes fluttered, and she immediately went forward, "Aria?"

"Aria?" Isla was extremely worried, "What should we do? Little Hope, why did Aria suddenly faint?"

Hope consoled Isla while taking out her phone, about to call an ambulance.

Thinking of Wyatt Lewis outside, she couldn't bother with much and simply called Wyatt to come in and take Aria to the hospital faster.

Wyatt Lewis, outside, received Hope's call and rushed in without hesitation.

Very soon, Aria was brought to the hospital.

After the doctor's examination, it was determined that her fainting was due to low blood sugar caused by not eating for a long time.

She was now receiving a glucose infusion.

Meanwhile, at the Armstrong Family.

Lily Armstrong's face immediately darkened after hearing the report from the person she sent to secretly observe the Lewis Family.

"Those two bitches, Emilia Woods and Rose Armstrong, went to the Lewis Family!"

Natalie Rogers took a sip of tea and asked disinterestedly, "What are they doing at the Lewis Family? Are they trying to seduce men over there since they can't be Mrs. Armstrong in your family? Mother and daughter are playing mistresses again, aren't they?"

Natalie ridiculed relentlessly, unable to hold back her laughter.

Lily Armstrong pressed her lips together tightly, looking at Natalie, who still had time to mock others, somewhat annoyed.

Did she realize the severity of this matter?

Lily Armstrong suppressed her anger with effort, "Aunt, don't forget, they tampered with my computer, desperate to kill me. They probably saved the video before and took it to the Lewis Family for rewards."

Natalie's eyes flickered, and she twisted her lips, "Can't be. Do they really not want to live in the Armstrong Family anymore by doing this?"

Lily Armstrong's expression was extremely unsightly.

Those two likely hadn't planned to continue living in the Armstrong Family from the day they left.

Damn it.

It was also her fault for not taking them seriously at first, thinking that those two idiots would come back and admit their mistakes after a few days.

As a result, they were really something, not just refusing to come back, but plotting against them instead.

Good! Very good!

Blame her for a moment's negligence, causing a major mistake.

"Ah! Those two bitches!"

Lily Armstrong angrily threw her phone onto the sofa, shouting to vent her rage.

Natalie backed away, afraid of being caught in Lily Armstrong's fury.

"Lily, don't get so angry, think of a way quickly."

Lily Armstrong, irritated and overwhelmed, her face ashen, Natalie's words hit a nerve.

Think of a way! Think of a way!

Since planning this thing, every time an issue arose, she was told to think of a way. Her brain seemed incapable of working, let alone thinking, while constantly causing her trouble.

Then there were those few people in the precinct. She hired a lawyer, spent money.

Finally, Wyatt Lewis and Silas Knox personally intervened to smooth things over, and the people still hadn't been released.

All these were Natalie's faults.

And now she still had the face to leisurely sit and drink tea while ridiculing others?

Lily Armstrong's expression was notably bad, clearly showing how furious she was now.

If it weren't for intending to marry into her son's family, and that she was her future mother-in-law, she'd really want to kick her out.

Good-for-nothing dead weight.

Natalie had no idea what Lily Armstrong was thinking.

She was so used to relying on Lily Armstrong to solve problems for her.

Thinking as long as Lily was there, everything would be fine, there was no need to worry.

"But, Lily, that little bitch Aria reportedly has depression."

Lily Armstrong squinted her eyes, "Depression? How do you know?"

"Heard it from a servant at home, said her mother herself mentioned it, and our family's old lady is praying and repenting at the Buddhist hall now."

Lily Armstrong let out a cold laugh, picked up her discarded phone, and simply decided to go all the way, sending a message.

Hah, if they dared to release the video, they shouldn't blame her for taking them down with her.

Aria was still unconscious in the hospital with a glucose infusion. Isla saw that it was late, and with Hope having two kids to care for, it wasn't convenient to stay in the hospital, so she asked Hope to leave first.

Hope glanced at the sleepy yet persevering little ones and nodded, agreeing before saying goodbye and leaving the ward.

Wyatt Lewis sat outside the ward, a trace of uncontrollable violence beneath his gloomy gaze.

"Going back?" Hope asked, pursing her lips.

Wyatt raised his gaze, "I want to wait for her to wake up."

"Okay."

Wyatt remembered they came in his car, and he stood up again, "I'll take you back first."

Hope's eyes flickered, her brows lightly raised, and she glanced at the stately figure approaching from a distance, "No need, you sit back, your brother's here."

Waylon Lewis, dressed in a sleek black trench coat, with a few clothes draped over his arm, walked briskly towards her.

He handed over two little jackets to Luke and Willow, then personally draped the thin coat over Hope, gripping her hand, his face grim, "Your hands are freezing."

"Probably because I washed my hands with cold water just now."

"How is it?"

Hope replied gently, "Low blood sugar, she's on a glucose drip, hasn't woken up yet."

"Okay." Waylon seemed to be just casually asking, not too concerned.

"Going home?"

Hope nodded, and Waylon glanced sideways, his dark eyes taking a look at Wyatt Lewis.

Wyatt wore a black shirt with sleeves rolled up, his collar buttons undone.

March nights were still bone-chillingly cold, and his appearance seemed thin and pitiful.

Waylon Lewis moved his thin lips, "Sorry, I didn't bring yours."

Wyatt Lewis faintly curved his lips, "It's okay, after all, I'm just picked up."

Waylon raised an eyebrow, took off his jacket and threw it to him, "Don't freeze to death, I don't want to come pick up a body at the hospital tomorrow."

Hope Williams glanced at Waylon, unable to suppress a twitch at the corner of her mouth.

This man clearly cared about his brother, but just couldn't say anything nice.

Hope looked at Wyatt, "Put it on, he cares about you, he just can't say nice things."

"I did not."

Waylon directly pulled Hope away.

Luke and Willow stood in place and looked at each other, then after a long time gave each other a sympathetic look, and quickly trotted to catch up.

"Daddy, daddy wait, you're walking too fast, we can't keep up," Willow called out pitifully as she chased behind.

Luke roared speechlessly, "Smelly daddy, do you know that your step covers like two or three of ours, and you're pulling mommy so fast, are you trying to leave us behind again?"

Luke and Willow really felt like their dad wanted to ditch them.

...

Aria Richardson woke up when it was already past one a.m., struggling to open her eyes as she confusedly looked around.

Realizing she was already lying on a hospital bed, Aria pressed her lips together, glanced at Isla Sue sleeping leaning back in the chair beside her.

She sat up as quietly as she could, picked up the phone from beside her, and checked the time.

The bright phone screen shone on her little face, highlighting her even paler complexion. Just as she was about to turn off the phone, she noticed an unread message displayed on the screen.

Aria opened the message, and her heart abruptly contracted.

It was a small snippet edited from an original video, showing a revealing scene where she was being dressed by two women.

Aria's grip on the phone tightened sharply.

The video was sent by Lily Armstrong.

Lily was just trying to tell her that if she dared to release the original video to clarify things, even if she edited out this portion, Lily still had this segment in her possession.

In the worst case, a fish would die and the net would break; after all, if the original video was released, all of Lily's plans would be exposed, and she'd be scolded until stripped bare, then she would have nothing to fear, she would make sure Aria was equally exposed.

Though the heater was on and she was covered with a blanket, Aria still felt cold all over.

She gripped the phone tightly, cold sweat soaking her palms, her breathing rapid yet weak, her eyes hollow and devoid of any light.

Looking at the images on the phone, recalling the online comments from before, her whole heart trembled, seemingly submerged in endless sadness and fear.

She turned off the phone, pressed her ears tightly, buried her face in the blanket, but those voices continued to scream and linger at her ears, as if they wanted to suffocate her.

Sometimes, Aria wondered if maybe everything would stop if she were gone.

Another sleepless night.

When Isla awoke, she saw Aria lying on the bed, eyes open.

Isla stood up, straightened her sore back, and tried to keep her voice soft as she approached to ask, "Aria, when did you wake?"

Aria mechanically rotated her eyes to look at Isla, "Just now."

Isla didn't doubt Aria's words, she asked with concern, "Are you hungry? What do you want to eat? I'll go get breakfast for you."

Aria nodded.

Isla gave a few reminders and left the hospital room, as she stepped out she encountered Wyatt Lewis standing at the doorway with a lunch box.

"Aunt."

Isla looked surprised at Wyatt, "Young Master Lewis, you're here so early? You didn't return last night, did you?"

Wyatt neither confirmed nor denied, with a slightly deep voice he asked, "Is she awake?"

"Yes, she just woke up."

Wyatt nodded, handed the lunch box to Isla, "This is breakfast."

Isla looked down at it, raised her hand to take it, "Do you want to go in and see her?"

Wyatt glanced at the door to the hospital room, his eyes expressing something Isla couldn't decipher, "No, there's something at the company, I'll leave first, let her rest well."

"Okay."

Isla watched Wyatt's distant back, her eyes full of emotion.

Just as Isla was about to enter the hospital room with the lunch box, Miac Richardson hurriedly arrived.

Isla glanced at Miac, unable to resist criticizing, "I told you last night your daughter fainted, why are you only arriving now? Is the company more important than your daughter?"

Hearing Isla's questioning, Miac's eyebrows furrowed tightly, the muscles on his face tensed, his voice uncontrollably rising.

"The company is in a mess now, the board members and shareholders all want me to give an explanation, I'm overwhelmed at the company, didn't even have time to eat, you ask why? Can't you take care of her yourself? Must I come?"

Isla felt every word was expressing his anger and dissatisfaction.

Isla's face turned grey, "Then leave, don't come, just keep spinning around the company."

"Of course I have to focus on the company. Without it, without me, we would be facing hardship."

Every word from Miac was filled with fury.

Aria heard their argument clearly from the hospital room.

She pulled the blanket over herself.

It's all her fault, all her fault. If it weren't for her, things wouldn't be this way, and her parents wouldn't be so overwhelmed.

She's the calamity, everything's a mess because of her.

If she were no longer here, would things end?

Would everyone be relieved from pain?

Aria lowered her eyes bitterly, her originally despair-laden expression now showing more hopelessness.

Maybe, she needed to end this her own way.

...

Last night, Hope Williams was repeatedly awakened by nightmares, where Aria was covered in wounds, bleeding and pleading for help.

Hope was almost sleepless through the night, and in the morning, lacked energy, holding Baby in her arms in the living room, feeding him with a milk bottle.

Waylon Lewis came over, bent down and took Baby from her arms. Hope looked at him in a daze, "Aren't you going to work?"

Waylon observed Hope, his handsome face showing a bit of compassion, speaking warmly, "I'll go later, you didn't sleep well last night, go upstairs and rest for a while."

Hope shook her head and leaned her body against Waylon's shoulder, sighing, "No, I'm going to the hospital with mom to see Aria."

Alitzel Williams heard Aria fainted and was sent to the hospital last night, so she got up early and with a housekeeper prepared chicken soup, planning to go with Hope to see Aria.

Alitzel packed the chicken soup in a thermos, came over, "Little Hope, let's go."

Hope stood up, looking at Waylon holding Baby with a resentful expression, helplessly patting his shoulder, "I'll be back soon, since you're going to the company later, stay home and take care of Baby."

Waylon's face didn't look pleased.

He planned to go to work later just to spend more time with his wife, but she left anyway.

Hope and Alitzel got into the car, and Alitzel was still talking to Hope, saying once Aria's situation was resolved, Aria and Wyatt Lewis could smoothly be together.

Maybe they could get married this year, and next year her little grandson could be on the way.

Alitzel's eyes were filled with hopes, in which case there'd be plenty of celebrations this year, Baby's hundred-day feast, Waylon giving Hope a wedding ceremony, followed by Wyatt and Aria's engagement banquet, wedding banquet.

Thinking of these, Alitzel's face was uncontrollably joyful.

However, a phone call abruptly pulled her beautiful fantasy back to reality.

Hope's hand holding the phone tightened, inside clearly came Isla's desperate sobbing.

Alitzel watched Hope's slowly stiffening expression, her own face growing serious, "What's wrong?"

Hope took a deep breath, turning rigidly with shock to look at Alitzel, "Aunt Sue said, Aria wants to... jump off the building..."

Alitzel was speechless, incredulous, "How... how could it be?"

Hope and Alitzel hurried to the hospital, where the area downstairs was already crowded with people, pointing at the silhouette on the rooftop.