

SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

Chapter 791: Chapter 791: Lily Armstrong Gets Her Just Deserts and Is Mocked

Thinking of when Willow was injured, she felt a pain like her heart was being carved out.

Hope sniffed, bit the inside of her cheek, and forced back her tears.

This wasn't over yet; she couldn't indulge in sadness now, there were still matters to handle.

Waylon Lewis, having listened to Thomas Hughes' report, walked over to Hope Williams, brushed aside her soft bangs, and looked at her red eyes with an overwhelming sense of heartache.

"Shall we go home first?"

Hope looked up at him, "I still have things to do."

"Someone else will take care of what you need to do; you need to go home now, Old Ortiz is still waiting for you."

Waylon lifted his phone, showing the time to Hope.

It was already very late.

Hope had waited stubbornly for Aria Richardson to come out, holding her ground for over six hours unwilling to leave.

Waylon knew she was sad and worried, so he let her be.

But now, Waylon couldn't let her be; he sympathized with Aria but was more concerned and heartbroken over Hope.

Hope's expression changed upon hearing this; Old Ortiz had also warned her not to miss a day of treatment.

Waylon continued, "Don't worry, Wyatt handled this matter well; he can take care of what's next."

Hope's expression was complex, no longer as tough as it had been.

"Okay."

"Let's go."

Waylon took Hope into the car, fastened her seatbelt, and went to the driver's seat, driving away.

Hope leaned against the seat, feeling a poignant ache; too many things had happened recently, leaving the heart exhausted.

Especially the scene of Aria jumping, which replayed again and again in her mind.

Hope tightly shut her eyes, as the sound of new messages popping up on her phone pierced through.

Hope took out her phone, glanced down, and opened a webpage.

The reporters were incredibly fast; today's incident was already organized and posted on major websites.

The footage of Aria jumping, including the original video on the flash drive.

These reporters still had professional ethics; the inappropriate parts in the original video had been completely cut out, preserving Aria's privacy.

The whole sequence of events was clearly detailed and published.

Following the jump footage and original video was Alexander Knox admitting his mistakes in an interview.

Everything was revealed.

The comment section below was full of curses; Alexander Knox, Natalie Rogers, and Lily Armstrong's actions undoubtedly sparked public outrage.

Many voices expressed sympathy for Aria's ordeal, extending sincere apologies and earnest prayers, hoping Aria could get through this.

Hope closed her phone and gazed out the window, pondering Aria's last question, 'If I die, will those who hurt me feel guilty?'

Hope didn't know whether they would feel guilty, but if Aria could wake up, she would tell her that those who hurt you would get what they deserve.

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Returning home, Luke and Willow ran tear-stained to Hope, desperately asking, "Where is godmother? They all said something happened to godmother, and we will never see her again, right?"

Hope's heart was wrenched again, the sorrow she had suppressed surged back, and her nose tingled.

She squatted down and comforted the sobbing little ones, "No, who told you such nonsense? Godmother is fine... she's fine..."

Hope sniffed, her voice choking, "She will be fine... She promised to take you to the amusement park, didn't she? She won't break her word; she'll be okay, be good now and stop crying."

Luke and Willow had seen the news; no matter what was said, the tears couldn't be stopped.

Hope turned her head, covering her mouth as she cried.

The servant holding Baby seemed to have a telepathic connection, and Baby started to cry loudly too.

All four children were crying; Waylon stood beside them, momentarily unsure who to comfort.

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At night, Lily Armstrong and Natalie Rogers were abandoned at their respective doorsteps.

Lily's whole body was in pain, especially her throat, coughing violently; she felt like her throat was going to rot away.

Lily had no strength to stand, shivering as the cold wind blew against her damp body.

The instinct to survive made her crawl inside continuously, hoarsely calling out, "Someone... help... help..."

She felt she was dying, truly dying.

At that moment, a sound of a car approaching came from behind, soon the bright headlights shone on her, followed by a rapid screech of brakes.

Inside the car, Emilia Woods and Rose Armstrong were jolted forward by the braking, startled and silently glanced at the driver, "Do you know how to drive?"

The driver looked at the figure crawling in front, nervously swallowing, "Madam, Miss, there's someone ahead."

Emilia frowned, "What is it? Go take a look."

Lily was so scared by the sudden stop she felt her heart contract violently, nearly thinking she'd be flattened.

The driver looked at the disheveled, soaked figure ahead, cautiously approached.

This thing lying in the middle of the road at night, unknowingly could be mistaken for a ghost crawling out of somewhere.

The driver approached for a closer look, and Lily instinctively raised her hand for help upon seeing him.

The driver, a new hire of Emilia Woods and Rose Armstrong, didn't recognize Lily; he turned back to tell them it was a person.

Emilia and Rose got out of the car, startled at the sight of the figure on the ground, and bent down to carefully examine.

Emilia raised an eyebrow, "Lily Armstrong?"

Rose also recognized Lily, uncertain how Lily could have changed from her usual arrogant self to this state. After confirming twice, she covered her mouth and chuckled, "Is it really you, sister?"

The two originally meant to collect their belongings upon seeing online happenings, also wanted to witness Lily's current miserable state.

Unexpectedly, before the car even entered, they were presented with such a grand surprise.

The mother-daughter duo couldn't feel more satisfied.

Seeing Emilia and Rose, Lily's expression turned hideous and terrifying, filled with hatred as if wishing to kill them.

It was them, those two traitorous bitches.

They had ruined her plan.

If it weren't for them, she wouldn't be in this condition now.

Such hatred, she felt an intense hatred.

Lily lunged forward with all her might, but was too slow, easily avoided by the two.

Lily fell headlong into the mud.

Emilia and Rose's smiles grew wider.

Emilia crossed her arms, adopting the same disdainful victorious glare Lily used on them.

"Oh dear, Miss Armstrong, how did you end up like this? You look terrible."

"Mom, remember, she overrated herself thinking she could challenge the Lewis Family, but ended up wrecking herself."

The two exchanged smiles, faces full of delight.

Lily gritted her teeth, gripping the stones on the ground tightly, "It's your fault, you handed the video to the Lewis Family, I want to kill you both, bitches, bitches."

Lily roared powerlessly.

Emilia looked at her left with only the ability to roar, her lips curved, "We didn't do anything, don't wrong us."

Rose linked arms with Emilia's, disgusted, and backed away a step, "Mom, let's stay away from sister, she might bite."

Emilia laughed, "She's not a dog; how would she bite?"

Rose pouted, “The way she is now looks a lot like a dog, doesn’t it?”

Both couldn’t help but laugh.

Lily’s gaze was like piercing daggers, but no matter how agitated she was, now she was powerless.

At this moment, James Armstrong’s car pulled up, blocked at the door, he angrily got out, only to find Lily sprawled pathetically on the ground.

And Emilia and Rose were standing aside.

If it had been before, with James present, Emilia would certainly pretend to show concern and help Lily up.

But now she remained motionless; whoever wants to continue acting, let them, she’s done pretending.

Lily saw James like seeing a lifeline, quivering as she raised her hand, “Dad, help... save me...”

Chapter 792: Chapter 792: Hateful to Death

James Armstrong furrowed his brows, staring at Lily Armstrong. Thinking about what had happened online, James felt not an ounce of pity, only endless anger.

This time, she had really brought disaster upon the Armstrong Family.

When Lily looked at James, she could immediately see the blame in his eyes.

Lily pressed her lips together in grievance, "Dad, it's not my fault, it's not my fault. Listen to me, it's those two who sent the original video to the Lewis Family, leading to this outcome. They framed me."

James's brow tightened as his cold gaze swept towards Emilia Woods and Rose Armstrong standing to the side.

Emilia raised her eyebrows, lifting her chin defiantly, and said coldly, "You say it was me, and so it is? What a joke, where's the evidence?"

Of course, Emilia wouldn't foolishly admit to it.

"My people saw you go to the Lewis Family. You traitorous bitch, you did this to harm me on purpose." Lily spoke through clenched teeth.

"How novel, your people saw it! With what did they see it? When did they see it? Where's the evidence?"

Lily snorted coldly, "Does this need evidence? You hate me to the core and always try to set me up. This time you got the chance, you naturally wouldn't let me go."

Emilia raised her eyebrows, arms crossed, looking down at her, "Oh, don't you also hate me, always plotting against me? Why couldn't what you just said be your way of shifting the blame onto me out of hatred?"

"You!" Lily clenched her teeth. Lying there on the floor, shivering from the cold, her mind was too muddled to counter her.

James's scrutinizing eyes shifted back and forth between them.

It wasn't clear whom he believed.

Who James believed didn't matter to Emilia; she was leaving Emperor Capital with Rose anyway and didn't care whether James believed her. She said all this just to anger Lily.

Lily, however, was thinking about clearing her relationship, as only then would James help her.

"Dad..."

"Enough."

James, with a grim face, reprimanded sharply, his piercing gaze fixed on Lily, "You still have the nerve to blame others. Do you know how much trouble you've caused me?"

Lily bit her lips, seething with hatred.

This unsightly scene at the door infuriated James, and he ordered Lily to be taken inside first to settle scores behind closed doors.

Emilia and Rose exchanged a look, secretly ecstatic.

James glanced at them and scolded, "You two have the nerve to come back, didn't you act high and mighty when you left that day?"

Emilia adjusted her freshly styled hair, glanced at James, and said, "Sorry, we're just here to get our things. Once we're done, we're leaving. Who cares to stay here?"

Emilia pulled Rose along and marched inside.

Lily was helped upstairs by a few servants, took a hot bath, changed her clothes, and drank ginger tea before she felt alive again.

Lily clenched her teeth, her mind racing madly. She had to think of a way to appease James's anger over this matter.

As Lily walked downstairs, Emilia and Rose were also coming down, and the three of them crossed paths. Emilia gave Lily a disdainful look.

Lily, refusing to be outdone, now regained her strength, and as Emilia approached, she reached out and shoved her hard.

Caught off guard, Emilia screamed, tumbling down.

Rose's eyes widened in shock, shouting out, "Mom!"

Emilia lay sprawled on the ground, fortunately from a low height, holding her waist and clutching her head in pain.

Lily, as always, looked down on the mother and daughter, eyes filled with malice.

"This is the outcome of fighting me. You bitches think you've won? Stop dreaming."

Rose clenched her fists, her eyes filled with fury, "Lily Armstrong!"

Lily raised an eyebrow, "What? Are you going to hit me? Go ahead, try it if you dare."

Saying this, the servants beside her immediately stood behind Lily.

Lily instantly became even more arrogant.

Rose bit her lip; in this house, the servants always sided with Lily. They couldn't possibly deal with so many people.

Just then, James, hearing the commotion from the living room, walked over while still on the phone. Observing the scene, he glared at them, still faking politeness to the person on the other end of the line, then hung up and glared at Lily.

"Causing trouble, all you do is cause trouble. You've created such a big mess for me, and the board members are already pressuring me. What are you going to do about it, always causing more trouble than solving it?"

Lily bit her teeth, full of resentment, "Dad, it's truly them who ruined my plan. Otherwise, they wouldn't have gotten hold of the original video."

"Things are like this now, what use is it telling me all this? Can it quell the online uproar, or can it solve the problem?"

After scolding Lily, James glanced at Emilia and perfunctorily asked, "Are you okay?"

Rose helped Emilia up, "Mom, are you hurting? I'll take you to the hospital."

Emilia pushed away Rose's support, her gaze fixed on Lily, filled with hatred.

Frustrated, James said, "All of you come here."

Emilia ignored him, picked up her belongings, and grabbed Rose, "Let's go."

Rose looked at Emilia limping away, extremely anxious, "Mom, are you really okay?"

Rose supported Emilia, ignoring James as they left. James glanced at them, having no energy right now to deal with them, letting them go.

Chapter 793: Chapter 793: Venting Aria Richardson's Anger Once More

The two had just reached the doorway when they saw people from the Lewis Family approaching quickly.

Emilia Woods raised an eyebrow, observing the aggressive demeanor of the Lewis Family members, she knew a good show would unfold.

Emilia Woods grabbed Rose Armstrong and stepped aside, watching from the sidelines.

Lily Armstrong was still weeping to James Armstrong, while Thomas Hughes, with his entourage, had already reached the living room.

Seeing them arrive, a jolt of fear instantly gripped Lily's heart, and she couldn't help but tremble all over.

James Armstrong looked at Thomas Hughes, then at Lily Armstrong, smiling as he rose to greet him, "Assistant Hughes, what brings you here?"

Thomas Hughes replied expressionlessly, "The reason for my visit should be clear to Chairman Armstrong."

James exchanged glances, still maintaining a smile, gesturing for him to sit, "Come, come, Assistant Hughes, let's sit and talk."

"No need."

The smile on James's face faded somewhat, seeing Thomas's businesslike attitude, he had no choice but to say, "Assistant Hughes, you must be here about the online incident; I've already reprimanded this disgrace, hoping

Young Master Lewis can quell his anger. Whatever loss Young Master Lewis has suffered, our Armstrong Family will do our utmost to compensate.”

Thomas Hughes asked lightly, “That’s it?”

James paused, “Uh... what else?”

“Miss Richardson jumped off a building because of this matter, and your Armstrong Family plans to just brush it off lightly like this?”

James curled his lips, “Regarding Miss Richardson’s situation, I am also very distressed, but Assistant Hughes, the Lewis Family is the Lewis Family, the Richardson Family is the Richardson Family, we will handle things on the Richardson side, no need for the Lewis Family to intervene, right?”

James meant the Richardson’s matters had nothing to do with the Lewis Family, so they shouldn’t meddle.

Thomas Hughes chuckled unhurriedly, “Miss Richardson is Young Master’s beloved, acknowledged by the Lewis Family as the future daughter-in-law, and is also a close friend of our lady, do you think it has nothing to do with our Lewis Family?”

James sipped his tea, smiling fakely, “But you are merely the assistant to President Lewis, this matter hardly concerns you.”

“Miss Richardson is my lady’s close friend. Her incident saddened my lady greatly, and my boss cannot bear to see my lady sad, so he ordered me to sort this matter out.”

Thomas Hughes spoke calmly, finishing his sentence as he looked placidly at James Armstrong.

James chuckled dryly, discreetly picking up his tea to hide the shine in his eyes, "Then tell me, how does the Lewis Family plan to handle this?"

"From now on, it's either Lily Armstrong or the Armstrong Family, but not both."

Lily Armstrong's pupils shrank sharply; this meant the Armstrong Family was to abandon her.

If abandoned by the Armstrong Family, she would no longer be a lady of the family, and in the current situation within this circle, others could then trample on her without restraint.

At that point, anyone could overpower her.

No, she didn't want that.

"Dad." Lily Armstrong anxiously grabbed James Armstrong's arm, "I don't want to, Dad, save me..."

James Armstrong's eyes narrowed, glancing at Lily Armstrong, then looked at Thomas Hughes.

Thomas Hughes, with a serious face, showed no sign of joking.

Lily Armstrong, panicking and trembling all over, knew that although her father usually doted on her, she couldn't compete with the importance of the family in his eyes.

James Armstrong pondered for a moment, lifting his gaze once more at Thomas Hughes, "Is this Young Master Lewis's wish or President Lewis's?"

"Young Master is President Lewis's brother; does it make a difference whose wish it is?"

James Armstrong furrowed his brows deeply.

Seeing James hesitating, Lily Armstrong desperately shook her head, "Dad, you can't do this, I am the eldest daughter of the Armstrong Family, your daughter."

James Armstrong's expression became conflicted; hearing Lily's words, he angrily reprimanded, "Knowing you are from the Armstrong Family, how dare you wreak havoc elsewhere under its name?"

"I know I was wrong, Dad, there will be other ways, there will be other ways, trust me, you can't give up on me."

James Armstrong's brow deepened, "You mean to take the entire Armstrong Family to gamble with you?"

"No, it's not like that, Dad..."

“Enough, shut up.” James Armstrong’s expression was complicated and conflicted, taking a deep breath, and seemingly making a decision, he looked at Thomas Hughes and asked again, “No other way to handle this?”

Thomas Hughes lightly shook his head.

James Armstrong frowned, looking down at the tear-streaked face of Lily Armstrong, sighed, “Leave on your own.”

“Dad! Dad, I don’t want to, I won’t leave, you can’t listen to him, you have to save me...”

James Armstrong still showed a trace of reluctance, tightly furrowing his brows.

Thomas Hughes stood aside, looking coldly at James Armstrong, exerting unspoken pressure.

In the end, James Armstrong shrugged off Lily Armstrong’s grip, his voice cold and resolute, “Someone, throw her out. From now on, she is no longer one of the Armstrong Family.”

Listening to James Armstrong make the announcement himself, Lily Armstrong screamed and lunged forward, desperately clinging to his arm, “No, I don’t want to go, I won’t leave, I won’t leave...”

But her struggle was useless; two bodyguards easily lifted her up and threw her out.

Emilia Woods and Rose Armstrong hid in a corner and watched the whole spectacle, witnessing Lily Armstrong being thrown out of the Armstrong Family. Emilia Woods sneered sarcastically.

She had long seen James Armstrong as a cold-blooded businessman who puts interests first. It was the same for them, and in a necessary moment, Lily Armstrong was no exception.

Emilia Woods smirked, rubbing her still achingly sore back of her head. Not only did she feel no sympathy for Lily Armstrong, but she wanted to go up and stomp her down.

Since she had just pushed her down the stairs, if the floor was any higher, it would have cost her life.

Emilia Woods took out her phone and sent a few messages.

After finishing everything, she smiled.

For the fifty million alone, let's take it as venting anger for that poor Miss Richardson once again.

James Armstrong's face did not look good as he stared at Thomas Hughes, asking, "Happy now?"

Thomas Hughes chuckled, "If the child is wrong, it's the father's fault. I believe Chairman Armstrong will also face the consequences he deserves in this matter."

“What do you mean?” James Armstrong frowned.

Is this still not letting them go?

Thomas Hughes said no more, turning and leaving.

At the same time, it wasn't only Lily Armstrong thrown out of the family; Natalie Rogers was also expelled, accompanied by a divorce agreement.

Lily Armstrong had nowhere to go after being thrown out of the Armstrong Family, because she didn't have a penny on her, not even her phone.

Lily Armstrong gritted her teeth, standing by the roadside, shivering from the cold wind. She initially planned to spend a night at a friend's place, but after walking a short distance, suddenly a hand emerged from behind, covering her mouth and dragging her forcibly into an alley.

Lily Armstrong had no ability to resist, staring in terror at the person in front of her.

In front of her were a group of thuggish-looking punks, led by a man with dyed yellow hair who looked at her without concealing the leer in his eyes.

“Little beauty, no place to go by yourself, right? We're here just to play with you.”

Lily Armstrong kept backing away, her eyes filled with endless fear, “Who are you? Don’t come closer.”

These people had never been provoked by her, but why did they say they came specifically?

Lily Armstrong was terrified, backing up until her back was against the wall, unable to retreat any further.

The yellow-haired man reached out, grabbing her hair, pulling her forward, “Be good, serve the guys well, and you’ll feel better yourself.”

Lily Armstrong shook her head frantically, tears falling in large drops, “No, no, who are you? Who sent you?”

“You need to ask yourself who you’ve provoked.”

Who’s been provoked?

The Lewis Family? The Richardson Family?

Just as Lily Armstrong was thinking about who it might be, she was pulled into the man’s embrace, reeking of heavy smoke and alcohol, his face covered in acne marks and an indecent smile, his eyes filled with lasciviousness, laughing out loud as he exposed yellow teeth.

Lily Armstrong felt nauseous, wanting to vomit.

She didn't want to be sullied by such people; she screamed, "Help! Help! Someone! Help...mm..."

Her mouth was covered by the man's filthy hand, and Lily Armstrong bit him fiercely.

In pain, the man let her go.

Freed from restraint, Lily Armstrong ran forward recklessly.

"Staring like an idiot, go get her back." The man shouted angrily at his underlings while covering his hand.

Lily Armstrong ran frantically toward the outside; under the streetlight was a bright light. Running outside, as long as there were people, they wouldn't dare touch her.

Lily Armstrong ran as fast as she could in her life toward the outside, almost escaping the alley, when a hand suddenly grabbed her hair from behind.

Just like a demon dragging her back into the abyss.

Lily Armstrong screamed as she was dragged back by several men.

"Smack! Smack!"

Two slaps landed on her face hard, swirling her into dizziness. Before she could catch her breath, she was pushed to the ground, her eyelashes trembling.

The men in front laughed lasciviously, and then the yellow-haired man pressed down on her, “Run, keep running, falling into our hands and you think you can escape.”