

SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

Chapter 795: Chapter 795: Disdaining to Drive Someone to Death with Underhanded Means

"We hired the best experts and used the best equipment, with dedicated care, she will be fine." Waylon Lewis said, gently stroking her long hair to comfort.

That's what he said, but not worrying is impossible.

"Ding." The sound of an incoming message.

Hope Williams patted Waylon Lewis on the shoulder, "Your phone."

Waylon Lewis glanced at his phone and raised an eyebrow, "Not mine."

Hope blinked, groping around on the sofa aimlessly, but didn't find anything.

Waylon sighed and picked up the phone from the table, handing it to her.

Hope had no interest in checking the messages, not even bothering to open her eyes, "You check it for me."

Waylon didn't say much more, he opened Hope's phone.

The latest message was a video, the cover of which was pitch black. Waylon opened it casually.

The video was extremely shaky, and after a few seconds, he realized something was wrong. His brow furrowed sharply, and he immediately closed the phone.

Hope, with her eyes closed, asked, "Who is it? What do they want?"

"Nothing." Waylon maintained his usual composure, speaking calmly.

"Nothing? Then who is it?" Hope sat up just as another message notification sounded.

Hope blinked and reached out to take the phone from Waylon's hand.

Waylon lifted his hand to avoid her, "I suggest you don't look."

Hope looked at Waylon, feeling there was something odd about his expression. The more he acted like this, the more curious she became, "What is it exactly? Let me see."

Waylon didn't give it to her and hid the phone behind him, "Lily Armstrong has been raped."

Hope frowned, paused for a moment as if digesting the information, then looked at Waylon, "Did you... do it?"

Waylon's brow jumped, and his dark eyes stared straight at Hope, finding her question amusing, "Ask me that again."

Hope pressed her lips together, "Alright, it couldn't be you."

Waylon never stooped to such petty acts. If he truly wanted Lily Armstrong to live a life worse than death, he had a thousand ways, but would never resort to such a despicable means.

Hope thought for a moment, "Who sent me the message?"

"Emilia Woods."

Hope understood and reached for the phone from behind Waylon.

Waylon tilted his head, watching her, "Really want to see?"

Hope smirked, "I'm not watching the video, I just want to see what she has to say."

Since someone was sent to deal with Lily Armstrong and also sent this to her, there must be a purpose.

Hope indeed wanted to see what she was trying to say.

Below the video, Emilia Woods sent a long message: 'Lily Armstrong harmed Miss Richardson so badly, consider this as venting for her.'

Miss Richardson still hasn't escaped life-threatening danger, right? If Young Madam Lewis is still angry, you can also upload the video online, let Lily Armstrong taste what it's like to have her reputation destroyed.'

"Ha."

Hope curled her lips coldly, turned off the phone, and tossed it aside.

"This Ms. Woods is really clever."

Sending her the video to incite her to post it online, to give Lily Armstrong a heavy blow.

Moreover, even if they report to the police afterward, and the investigation points back, it was Ms. Woods who sent people to rape, but it would be Hope who posted the video. If exposed, Hope would be Emilia Woods' biggest shield.

Really thought through, leaving herself a way out, while trying to force Lily Armstrong to death.

"You wouldn't do that." Waylon said lightly.

Hope directly deleted the video, looking at Waylon, "No, I wouldn't."

She wanted to stand up for Aria Richardson, but she didn't like doing it this way.

Though Lily Armstrong being tortured to this point can't offset the harm to Aria Richardson.

But if this video were uploaded online, using this method to force a woman to death, how would she be any different from Lily Armstrong.

Hope turned off the phone, shook her head with a sneer, and said, "Waylon Lewis, I suddenly thought of a saying."

Waylon, holding her, asked, "Which saying?"

"Evil people get their own punishment."

Waylon chuckled lightly.

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The next day, as the sun rose, golden light poured over the entire city.

The person in the intensive care unit was still not in a good condition, and the doctor dared not slack off in the slightest.

Outside the door, no matter what, Isla Sue refused to leave, but people aren't made of iron, and being overwhelmed by sadness and lack of strength, Isla Sue still collapsed.

Fortunately, Wyatt Lewis was outside at the time and called for a doctor.

Hope Williams and Alitzel Williams brought breakfast to the hospital, in the silent corridor, Wyatt Lewis sat alone on a chair, his handsome profile with an indescribable sense of loss.

Hope pursed her lips and exchanged a glance with Alitzel, eyes filled with unshakable sorrow.

Hope carried the lunch box over, stood silently for a while, without comforting, she just handed the lunch box to Wyatt, and said, "Eat something, you'll have the strength to continue guarding."

Wyatt lifted his eyes to look at Hope for a moment, then lowered them again, responding with a hum.

In another ward downstairs, Lily Armstrong was found frozen stiff early in the morning, still alive with a faint breath, so a passerby brought her to the hospital.

She had no money or phone, seeing her appearance, the passerby knew what she had gone through, and reported it to the police.

When Lily Armstrong woke up, her gaze was numb, her scarred fingers clutching the sheets tightly, saying nothing.

The two police officers exchanged glances. They couldn't get anything from her, so they investigated her identity and called James Armstrong.

Upon learning of Lily's ordeal, James Armstrong rushed over and seeing Lily's face covered in injuries on the hospital bed, his heart skipped a beat.

James knitted his brows, looking at the police officer, asking, "Officer, what happened to her?"

The officer sighed, "According to the report, it seems she was gang-raped..."

James's pupils contracted.

Lily, hearing the word rape, closed her eyes forcefully, the scenes from last night replaying frantically in her mind.

James looked back at Lily, then asked the officer, "Have you caught the perpetrators?"

"Not yet. There's no surveillance at the scene, and the victim is unwilling to cooperate with the investigation. We are currently trying to understand the situation."

Before James could speak again, the silent Lily on the bed suddenly spoke, "No!"

Hearing Lily speak, everyone turned to look at her.

Lily's voice was hoarse and cold, directly denying the fact, "I wasn't raped. I just went out drinking with some friends last night and got too wild, accidentally falling asleep outside, nothing else happened."

The two police officers exchanged another glance, clearly not believing Lily's words, "Are you sure?"

Lily just nodded, her eyes never lifting, "Yes, that's what happened, no need for any investigation."

The two police officers found it hard to believe, worried she might be under some threat, asked a few more questions, but Lily was firm, refusing any investigation or pursuit, insisting it was just an accident with friends.