

## **SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR**

### **Chapter 800: Chapter 800: If You Don't Wake Up, I'll Kiss You**

Waylon Lewis lifted his gaze and glanced at her, Hope Williams looked up and blinked her eyes.

Alitzel Williams swallowed her saliva, met their gaze, and suddenly felt her action was too deliberate. She quickly pointed to the kitchen and said to Hope Williams, "Little Hope, think carefully, thinking is draining. I'll go make some soup for you to nourish your brain."

After saying that, Alitzel Williams quickly left.

Waylon Lewis raised his eyebrows slightly, glanced at Alitzel Williams who hurriedly left as soon as he came, and then turned to Hope Williams, "What did she do again?"

"Uh..."

Hope Williams tugged at her lips.

With the issue of Elias Patel, Alitzel Williams had always felt guilty in front of Waylon Lewis, and now that the matter was messed up, she probably felt even more guilty, so when Waylon Lewis arrived, she quickly left.

Hope Williams smiled gently, "Nothing much, Mom's just worried about me and went to make some soup for my brain."



Waylon Lewis stared at Hope Williams' eyes, "Lying."

He knew his own mom very well, whenever she messed up something, she would look guilty in front of him.

It's the same with Wyatt Lewis too, probably inherited that trait from her.

This time she ran straight away, maybe the matter is quite serious.

Waylon Lewis poured himself a glass of water, slowly took a sip, and said blandly, "Tell me, I have a good capacity for bearing things."

Hope Williams chuckled dryly twice, "Actually, it's not a big deal."

"Hmm?"

Waylon Lewis glanced at the agreement on the table, reached out to take it.

Hope Williams picked it up quickly and hid it behind her.

Waylon Lewis paused his hand in the air, looked back at Hope Williams, his eyes flickered slightly, he was silent for two seconds and then spoke, "Has she figured it out and wants to divorce Christopher Lewis?"

"..." Hope Williams was stunned for a moment.



What's with wanting a divorce?

"What do you mean by wanting a divorce? Where did you get that idea?"

Waylon Lewis had just seen the word "agreement" on the document, but Hope Williams was too quick, he hadn't seen anything else clearly.

Waylon Lewis raised an eyebrow slightly and took another sip of water, said blandly, "Seems that's not it, then what's it about?"

Hope Williams tugged at her lips slightly, and under Waylon Lewis' repeated insistence, she had to say, "It's... Elias Patel's child is gone."

Waylon Lewis listened, looked at Hope Williams, his expression unchanged as if he didn't care at all, "And then? Did she do it?"

Hope Williams held her forehead, "No, Mom wouldn't do something like that, Elias Patel himself lost it."

"Hmm, gone is gone then."

Waylon Lewis moved closer to Hope Williams, tightened his long arms, pulling her into his embrace, his voice gentle and tender, "Anyway, it has nothing to do with me."

Hope Williams raised her hand and patted Waylon Lewis' shoulder, "I know that child has nothing to do with you, but not doing a non-invasive DNA test is somewhat troublesome, but since I'm here, if she still wants to blame it on



you, I won't let her get away with it, you are my husband, I won't let her pour this dirty water on you."

Waylon Lewis' eyes flickered momentarily, the corner of his lips slightly curved up, the hand holding Hope Williams' waist tightened a bit.

"Say it again."

"Say what?" Hope Williams looked at the light in his eyes, her body instinctively retreated a bit.

Waylon Lewis naturally wouldn't let her off, "Say it again, otherwise you can't go."

Hope Williams got stuck for a moment, tugging at her lips, "Husband?"

Waylon Lewis smiled contentedly, "Call me that from now on."

Hope Williams couldn't help but laugh and cry, her fingertip poked at Waylon Lewis' chest, "I'm talking about serious things, where are you off to."

Waylon Lewis grabbed Hope Williams' hand and held it in his palm, his gaze very serious, "Wife is right, you continue, I'm listening very seriously."

Hope Williams muttered, "How serious is that."

She thought he didn't care about Elias Patel at all, not even willing to mention her.



Hope Williams also didn't want to talk about her, so she simply didn't mention it. Anyway, she'll deal with whatever comes up, if the water comes, she'll block it with earth, if Elias Patel won't give up, she'll be ready.

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Emperor Capital had rain for several days in a row, the air was filled with a wet haze.

Aria Richardson's condition in the intensive care unit gradually improved, she was out of danger and moved to a regular ward.

This was the best news for everyone recently.

Most of the time by Aria Richardson's side was spent with Wyatt Lewis, Isla Sue watched Wyatt Lewis carefully taking care of Aria Richardson, her heart filled with unspeakable regret.

She had too many prejudices against Wyatt Lewis before.

These days, she could clearly feel Wyatt Lewis' devotion to Aria Richardson.

The person staying by Aria Richardson's side was always him.

Even when Aria Richardson was in the intensive care unit, he stayed outside silently watching over her.



Every moment hoping that she would be out of danger.

Thinking of these days, Isla Sue's nose grew sour.

If only she had supported them earlier, perhaps her daughter would still be a sunny, confident, and lively girl.

Isla Sue wiped away the tears from the corner of her eyes, quietly closed the door and quietly left.

Wyatt Lewis stood up and got a cup of warm water, picked up a cotton swab from beside him, dipped it in water, and carefully touched it to Aria Richardson's lips.

His gaze rested on her, his voice gentle and slow, "It's been raining recently, but today's weather is nice, finally, it's sunny. If you wake up, you can see the big sun, so are you going to wake up today?"

The person on the bed didn't respond at all.

Wyatt Lewis stared at her face, smiled bitterly, "You're truly stubborn, stubborn when you jumped, stubborn now too. I should have let the doctor fill you with tubes and try every medical equipment on you, that way you'll be scared."

Aria Richardson still didn't respond, Wyatt Lewis continued to talk to himself.



“The doctor says talking to you more might wake you up sooner, is my voice too soft? So you can’t hear me? Should I get a loudspeaker?”

“Seems like it won’t work, if I use it, everyone on this floor can hear what I say to you, that would be embarrassing.”

Wyatt Lewis stood up as he spoke, slowly leaned over to Aria Richardson’s ear, and gently parted his lips, “How’s this, can you hear like this? I’ll count to three, if you don’t wake up, do you believe I’ll kiss you?”

Aria Richardson’s fingertips barely moved.

“Shall I really count?!”

“1, 2, 3...”