

SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

Chapter 801: Chapter 801: Was I Hit by a Car or Beaten Up?

She didn't react, so Wyatt Lewis took it as her consent...

Wyatt's eyes flickered, his gaze locked onto her pale lips. He tilted his head slightly and lowered his eyes as his warm lips gently landed on Aria Richardson's dry and cool lips.

He tenderly lingered on her lips, softly kissing them, causing her bloodless, cold lips to become somewhat rosy.

Wyatt looked at his handiwork, licking his lips with satisfaction. He straightened up, a faint smile dancing in his eyes.

He gazed at Aria, who still had her eyes tightly shut, his voice teasing yet carrying a different kind of tenderness, "Not awake yet? Then I'll kiss you every day until you wake up. How about that? If you don't speak, I'll take that as your consent."

" ... "

"Alright, I'll consider that as your consent."

Wyatt smirked slightly; he thought if Aria were awake, she'd probably grab a chair and chase after him, calling him shameless.

What a pity, what a pity—too bad she hadn't woken up yet.

Wyatt turned his head and pulled out the chair behind him.

Just then, Aria's fingertips twitched, and the device beside her suddenly beeped.

Wyatt froze, quickly turning his head and widening his eyes at Aria.

The previously quiet machine was now emitting sounds.

Wyatt's expression changed instantly. He grabbed her hand, bent down and stared at her face, calling out anxiously, "Aria? Aria?"

Aria's eyelashes trembled constantly...

Wyatt frantically pressed the bedside call button, bending over and continuously calling her name.

Aria's eyes trembled as they slowly opened into a slit, revealing a white ceiling above, surrounded by the strong scent of disinfectant.

She slightly furrowed her brow; fragmented images flashed through her mind. She tried to grasp them, but everything turned into a mirage. Her gaze lingered on the white ceiling for a long time before finally shifting her focus toward Wyatt Lewis beside her.

His warm palms held her hand, his mouth opening and closing as he spoke, his face revealing a mix of joy and tears.

Aria felt somewhat dazed.

She didn't know what had happened to her, why she was lying on a hospital bed, surrounded by machines, unable to move her body, or why Wyatt was looking at her with such eyes...

Countless questions gathered in her mind; for a moment, she felt as if everything around her was like a dream.

Aria struggled to open her mouth, trying hard to say something.

Wyatt noticed her mouth moving and quickly leaned in to ask, "What do you want to say?"

Aria opened her mouth, managing to produce a sound, but her voice was so hoarse that Wyatt didn't hear clearly.

Doctors and nurses entered soon, along with Miac Richardson and Isla Sue, who had been waiting outside.

Isla rushed over when she saw Aria awake, but Miac pulled her back. Miac's voice was filled with excitement yet he kept himself calm, saying, "Let the doctors examine Aria first."

Isla nodded repeatedly, "Okay, okay."

Wyatt also stepped aside, watching the doctors crowd around Aria to administer an examination.

"Doctor, how is she?" Wyatt asked.

The doctor, viewing the now-normal readings on the instruments, relaxed after days of tension, "Rest assured, everyone, she has completely come out of danger. As long as she continues with the treatment, she'll recover."

Isla's heart finally settled, covering her mouth as she tearfully thanked the doctor.

Miac exhaled a breath of relief, tears glistening in his eyes, "Good, that's great."

Aria lay on the bed, her lips moved slightly, speaking softly.

Wyatt immediately approached, touched her hair, "What do you want to say?"

Isla and Miac also leaned in, carefully asking, "Aria, how do you feel? Is there anywhere uncomfortable?"

Seeing Aria struggling to speak, Wyatt quickly poured a cup of warm water, gently lifting her to let her have a sip.

"Feeling better?"

Aria nodded, her voice still faint but audible, "Better..."

"What... happened to me?"

Wyatt furrowed his brows slightly, Miac and Isla exchanged a glance, Isla quickly asked, "Aria, can't you remember what happened to you?"

Aria turned her head to Isla, "Mom, was I sick?"

"You were..." Isla was anxious, "Aria, you're not sick, you were..."

"Aunt Sue!" Wyatt sensed something amiss in Aria's condition and quickly stopped Isla.

Aria turned to Wyatt again, who hadn't taken care of himself these days; his eyes were dark, chin stubbled, lacking his usual playful smiles, replaced by a tense face full of concern.

Meeting his anxious gaze, Aria was puzzled...

Since when did he care about her so much?

After all, he was the one who usually joked upon meeting her, but now this look, anyone who saw it might think he liked her.

But Aria didn't care about this now; she really wanted to know what had happened to her.

Why was she lying on a hospital bed? Why did they all look at her with eyes filled with joy as if she'd come back from the dead, coupled with an unspeakable worry?

Did she get hit by a car?

Why can't she remember anything?

Aria tried moving her leg, discovering it was wrapped, then her arm, noting it was in a cast.

It seems she really did get hit by a car.

She got hit quite badly.

It seems they hit her so hard that she lost her memory.

"Mom, did they catch the driver?"

Isla was speechless, her lips twitching, "Wha... what?"

"The driver that hit me? Don't tell me they didn't catch them and they just ran after hitting me like this?"

Seeing their stiff expressions, Aria felt disappointed; it seems they really didn't catch the driver.

Isla blinked hard twice, filled with confusion, "No, Aria, what nonsense are you talking?"

Wasn't she hit by a car?

Aria pursed her lips and continued, "Mom..."

Isla quickly leaned closer.

"Was I beaten up?"

Aria's voice was soft, but all three could hear her.

Their expressions kept changing, but ultimately they unified from bewilderment to worry.

Miac was the first to react; he quickly went to call more doctors for an examination.

After examining Aria, the three stepped out of the hospital room.

Isla was so anxious she kept looking inside.

Miac held her hand, comforting, "No need to worry; the doctor just said Aria is fine, so she will be fine."

"But, but why is she speaking nonsense, about being hit by a car and beaten up, she..."

Standing by the door, Wyatt glanced back, sighing, "She might have forgotten about everything that happened recently."

She remembered everyone except for what happened recently, unaware of how she ended up like that.

The only possibility is that recent events have been forgotten.

"Ah... this..." Isla's eyes trembled.

Wyatt glanced into the hospital room, saw nurses exiting, and then neurology doctors entering.

The neurology doctor entered; the door shut. Shortly after, they wheeled Aria out for examinations.

Wyatt found a moment to call Hope Williams.

Hope, upon hearing that Aria had awakened, was ecstatic and rushed to the hospital with Waylon Lewis.

Once Aria's examinations concluded, she was returned to her hospital room, and the doctor summoned Isla and the others.

Hope hurried to the hospital room.

Waylon walked behind her; seeing Hope's impatience, he shook his head helplessly, following carefully, concerned she might slip or fall.

When Hope entered the room, only Aria and two nurses were present.

"Aria!"

Aria froze upon seeing Hope, wide-eyed and motionless.

Hope strode over, tears glistening in her eyes from excitement, "Aria, you're awake! You're okay, that's wonderful."

"Hope?" Aria called her name in astonishment, her gaze looking as if she'd seen a ghost.

Just as Hope was puzzled by her expression, Aria struggled to sit up; the nurses tried stopping her, but she managed to sit, incredulously gripping Hope's hand, "You didn't die?"