

# SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

## Chapter 804: Chapter 804: Pretending Not to Know Me?

Aria reached out and hooked Hope's shirt corner, attempting to pull her back.

Hope's eyes glimmered with amusement as she deliberately walked away, heading towards Waylon who was leaning against the car.

She even called Isla and Miac to leave with her, leaving just Aria and Wyatt staring at each other.

Aria bit her lower lip.

When did Hope become so mischievous...

Wyatt tilted his head, smiled at Aria, and said, "Hey? Stunned?"

Aria lightly coughed and averted her gaze, "You're the one who's stunned."

Aria tossed the clothes she was holding back to Wyatt, "Hold it yourself."

Wyatt raised an eyebrow, watching as she walked ahead, "Where to?"

"Home."

Wyatt watched her walking in the opposite direction of the car and chuckled, "You're walking back by yourself? That's alright, thinking about exercising right after recovering from a major illness."

Aria tugged at her lips and stood there, unsure whether to go or return.

Wyatt slung the clothes over his shoulder, loaded the things into the car, and opened the car door, raising an eyebrow at Aria, "Getting in?"

Aria stared blankly at Wyatt, not reacting immediately.

With his hand on the car door, Wyatt chuckled, "Are you really planning on walking back?"

Aria quickly shook her head and got into the passenger seat, where Wyatt's hand was protectively placed beside her, helping her in.

Meanwhile, from a hidden corner, a pair of sinister eyes quietly watched them.

Wyatt closed the car door, his peripheral vision seeming to catch something, turning to look around, but found nothing unusual.

Wyatt squinted slightly and then got into the car.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Aria twisted her hands tightly, feeling a bit anxious.

She kept denying in her mind what Hope had told her, but her gaze involuntarily turned to Wyatt.

With one hand on the window and the other on the steering wheel, Wyatt drove onto the open road, glanced at Aria, and asked lightly, "What did sis-in-law say to you just now?"

"Huh?" Aria was a bit dazed, "Nothing really."

Wyatt chuckled, "Nothing, then why is your face red like a monkey's butt?"

"Who's face is red like a monkey's butt?" Aria was eager to deny it, instinctively touched her face, and found it really was a bit hot.

Wyatt couldn't hold back a smile and drove Aria to the Richardson Family.

Miac and Isla came out from the house to greet him, enthusiastically ushering him inside.

Aria stood by, watching with wide eyes, feeling like Wyatt was their real son.

Isla said, "Wyatt, come inside for a while."

Miac nodded with a smile, "Yes, yes, come in and sit, Aria just got out of the hospital today, and we've cooked a lot of dishes. Whatever you like, have the chef make it."

Wyatt smiled cooperatively, "Thank you, uncle, and aunt."

Aria crossed her arms as she watched the harmonious scene, pointing at herself with a smile, "Mom, Dad, I just got out of the hospital, shouldn't you care about me first?"

"You kid, haven't you recovered? Wyatt has been taking care of you, and he's worn himself thin," Isla said, looking at Wyatt.

Aria tugged at her lips.

Isla and Miac pulled Wyatt inside, "Come on, come on, get in the house."

With a smile on his face, Wyatt followed Isla and Miac inside, occasionally glancing back at Aria.

Aria put her hands on her hips and huffed, "Hmph, lucky guy. When did he become so favored by my parents."

At lunch, Isla and Miac's biased behavior became even more blatant. Aria bit her chopsticks as she looked at Wyatt's overflowing bowl of food, then at her own plain rice, feeling like her parents' affection had been stolen.

After the meal, Isla insisted Aria see Wyatt off.

Having been treated differently all day, Aria laid on the couch, sulking.

In the end, Isla forced her out together.

Aria slowly walked behind him, Wyatt stopped and turned to look at her, crossing his arms with a smile, "You seem to have issues with me."

Aria strode up, angrily glaring at him, "Tell me, what kind of charm spell did you cast on my parents? Why do they treat you better than their own daughter?"

Wyatt looked at her and slowly approached her. Aria tried to dodge, but her lower back was suddenly grabbed, forcing her two steps forward.

Wyatt's handsome face couldn't help but smile.

Aria's breathing became tense, and her body tensed up, "What? What are you doing?"

Wyatt smiled, "Maybe they see me as a future son-in-law."

"Future son-in-law?"

"Yes, maybe they think I match their daughter well and are willing to marry her to me, so naturally, they'd treat me well, right? Not happy? Then go with me to the Lewis Family, my parents also treat their future daughter-in-law very well."

Wyatt, having drunk with Miac, had a slight scent of alcohol in his breath at such a close distance.

Aria felt dizzy, her eyes locked on Wyatt's face, not blinking, momentarily lost in thought.

Wyatt wickedly curled his lips into a smile, his grin unrestrained and carrying a hint of teasing.

Aria suddenly snapped back to reality and quickly pushed Wyatt away, "What future son-in-law, future daughter-in-law, I'm not talking to you, I'm going back."

Aria flushed red and turned to flee in panic.

Wyatt watched Aria's retreating figure and smiled, not bothering to chase, knowing she would be his in the end.

After Aria returned, she hadn't calmed down all evening.

Lying in bed with her eyes closed, all she could see was Wyatt's mischievous smiling face.

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Aria spent two restless days at home, while Hope had been busy preparing for Baby's hundred-day celebration.

Aria and Isla planned to visit the mall to see what gifts they could get for Baby.

Entering the mall, Aria felt awkward being followed by four bodyguards.

She's not a celebrity, nor is she in danger, why did she need four bodyguards, it was quite conspicuous.

But Isla didn't seem to mind, and Aria recalled her mom wasn't one to show off.

Why did she seem to want to add four more guards now?

Aria looked at Isla in confusion, "Mom, we're not in danger. Why bring so many bodyguards?"

"Danger is everywhere, better safe than sorry, having bodyguards makes you feel secure."

Aria pursed her lips, "Got it, Mom, you're starting to nag again."

Aria really didn't understand where this much danger was coming from.

"Mom, you shop first, I'm going to the restroom."

"Let a bodyguard go with you."

Aria twitched her lips, "Mom, I'm just going to the bathroom, is it appropriate to be followed by a bodyguard?"

Isla glanced at the four male bodyguards, indeed inappropriate, “Then come back quickly.”

“Okay.”

Aria headed to the restroom, and after finishing, she moved to the sink to wash her hands. A woman entered, silently standing behind her, watching.

Aria didn’t recognize her, thinking she was just checking herself in the mirror, so after drying her hands, she turned to leave.

But the woman coldly stretched out a hand to block her, and Aria blinked, turning to look at her, “Miss, do you need something?”

Wearing a black trench coat and a cap, Lily’s eyes narrowed sharply, glaring at Aria, “What? Pretending not to know me?”