

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

### **Chapter 806: Chapter 806: This Face Is All I Need**

Hope was just about to step forward to stop him when Waylon Lewis grabbed her and pinned her onto the bed.

Alarmed, Hope asked, "Wait, Waylon! Luke and Willow have come back, why did you lock them outside?"

Waylon wouldn't let go of her, his deep voice tinged with grievance, "During the day you're learning medicine from Old Ortiz, and whenever you have time you run to the hospital. Those kids come back and still want to occupy you, then at night, there's another little one you have to coax and comfort. What about me? I should at least get my turn, right?"

A whole month, an entire month.

Waylon felt that if he didn't keep chasing after his wife, she wouldn't even remember him.

Hope looked at Waylon's resentful expression and froze, then couldn't help but giggle.

Those two kids? That little one?

This was how Waylon referred to his children.

Thinking back, Hope realized she had indeed been neglecting Waylon, and no wonder he had been giving her the cold shoulder lately. Hope patted Waylon's shoulder.

"My fault, my fault, I can't be in two places at once."

Waylon bent down and bit Hope's lip, "You're still laughing?"

Hope's smile didn't fade, "Okay, okay, I won't laugh anymore. How about I cry for you instead?"

"You'll be crying soon enough."

As the robe was undone, Hope finally realized that Waylon had just locked the door for real business.

Since giving birth, and with her body not doing well, Waylon had been hesitant to touch her.

She guessed Waylon had been holding it in for too long.

It's been almost three months now, and her treatment this month has come to an end. It seemed he didn't want to hold back any longer.

But it was still daylight...

Hope grabbed Waylon's large hand, "It's daylight..."

“Yeah, you can see clearly.”

Her robe was effortlessly removed by him.

Hope was both embarrassed and flustered, “Luke and Willow are still outside.”

“They can’t come in.”

“I mean they’re still outside.”

“I know, we’ll just keep it down...”

Hope, “...”

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The sky outside grew darker.

Lily Armstrong secretly brought Elias Patel to the Emperor Capital and had someone take her to an unfinished building in the suburbs.

Elias shrunk her shoulders, looking around in fear at the dozens of men standing around exuding a murderous aura.

These men were burly and robust, some had tattoos on their arms, others had scars on their faces. Dressed in all black, they looked like they belonged to a gang, definitely not people to mess with.

Elias felt a surge of fear, her trembling voice asked, "Where is Lily Armstrong?"

"Right here."

Lily Armstrong stepped out from behind a stone pillar, wearing a black trench coat and black high heels, her hands stuffed in her coat pockets, her hat pulled low, revealing only a hint of her red lips, alluring and seductive, yet with a deadly danger.

Elias tried to suppress her uneasy emotions and asked, "Are all these people yours?"

"Yes." Lily smiled as she walked forward.

She hadn't stopped for a moment this past month.

Since James Armstrong didn't give her that hundred million, she naturally didn't hand over the shares.

Later she sold those shares, originally worth billions, for a much lower price and quickly found a buyer.

With the money in hand, she went to the Assassin Organization and spent enough money to hire these desperadoes.

Everything she had had been destroyed, leaving her with no purity, no family, and nowhere to return.

So she had nothing left to care about.

Whether facing the Richardson Family or the Lewis Family,

Her sole focus was the death of Aria Richardson, at any cost.

When Lily Armstrong raised her head, Elias could clearly see the madness in her eyes.

Fear surged, pounding against her heart furiously.

It felt like she was standing before a lunatic ready to lose it at any moment.

Elias nervously swallowed, "What do you want me to do for you?"

Lily stepped forward, lifting her hand painted with bright red nail polish, hooked Elias's chin, admiring her pretty face, and smiled, "It's simple, having your face is enough."

Elias frowned, not understanding what Lily meant, and Lily didn't explain, pushing her hard.

Elias staggered, and two large hands grabbed her.

Danger loomed.

“What do you want to do?”

Lily’s red lips curled slightly, “Get to work.”

“Get to work? What work? What wor—mmm... mmm...”

Elias’s mouth was covered with black tape, as she was forcibly pinned to a chair, hands and feet bound, followed by a man swinging a club at her abdomen.

She struggled and begged in agony but with her mouth covered, not a sound could escape.

Lily stood calmly to the side, recording the entire scene with a camera, watching as Elias was tortured.

After five long minutes, seemingly achieving the desired effect, Lily called for a stop.

Elias was untied, the tape on her mouth ripped off. She collapsed to the ground, pale and weak, spewing two mouthfuls of blood, so pained she couldn’t even scream.

Lily nonchalantly walked over and reached out to help her, her meticulously made-up face full of tender smiles, as though she had become a completely

different person, nothing like the ruthless and venomous person she was moments before.

“Sorry, does it hurt?”

Elias spat blood, struggling on the floor to push Lily’s hand away, gasping for air, “What the hell is wrong with you?”

“Acting, can’t you tell? But I was afraid your acting would be too poor, so I didn’t tell you. The unknown brings a more genuine sense of fear.”

Lily was quite pleased with the video, this face of hers was enough to deceive the amnesiac Aria Richardson.

Dread filled Elias’s eyes, “What exactly are you planning?”

Lily smiled, considering last time’s poor teamwork as a lesson, she didn’t tell Elias anything.

This time, she only trusted herself.

“It’s my business, don’t ask. You were right before, we have the same goal. Don’t worry, once my plan succeeds, you’ll have your share of the benefit.”

Lily patted Elias’s face, her smile growing more exaggerated.

Elias shivered, as she looked at the woman in front of her, a single thought came to her mind.

Crazy!

...

During dinner, the servant knocked on Hope and Waylon's bedroom door to remind them it was time to eat.

Waylon tidied his dark shirt as he walked out.

Two buttons on the collar were undone, revealing skin marked with red spots.

His handsome, unparalleled face carried a certain satisfaction.

Still graceful and elegant in demeanor, exuding a noble aura.

His appearance was so striking that the servant paused for a moment.

Waylon glanced at her, and the servant quickly recovered, "Young master, it's time for dinner."

Waylon nodded, "Okay, madam is still resting, don't disturb her."

Hope had been seriously messed with by Waylon, now lying on the bed unwilling to get up.



The servant nodded, "Yes, young master."

Waylon descended the stairs gracefully, arriving at a dining table waiting for just the two of them. He bent down to sit in his assigned spot, only to meet two pairs of aggrieved little eyes across from him.