

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

*Chapter 807: Chapter 807: Your Friend Is in My Hands*

"What are you looking at?"

Waylon Lewis had a servant pour him a glass of cold water and drank it leisurely.

Willow asked angrily, "Stinky Daddy, why did you lock us out again?"

Waylon took a sip of water, indifferent, "That's my room, I lock it if I want to."

Luke snorted, "Hmph, where's Mommy?"

"She's tired, sleeping."

The old man sitting in the main seat asked with concern, "Is Little Hope going to sleep at this time? Dinner hasn't been served yet. Is she feeling unwell? Do we need to call the family doctor?"

Alitzel Williams also spoke with concern, "Yeah, is she feeling unwell? I'll go check on her."

Alitzel Williams stood up and was about to head upstairs.

Waylon Lewis pursed his lips, raised his hand to hold Alitzel Williams's arm, "No need, let her sleep for a while."

Alitzel frowned and looked at him reproachfully, "Sleeping? How come you don't care about your own wife?"

Waylon Lewis coughed lightly, his face changing slightly, looking somewhat peculiar.

Wyatt Lewis, sitting beside them, saw his brother's expression, seemed to understand something, raised his eyebrows and smiled, pulling Alitzel back, "Oh, Mom, just stay here. There's no sickness, don't overthink it, sit down and eat.

If Sister-in-law were really sick, could my brother sit here calmly? He'd probably be worried to death."

Alitzel heard Wyatt say this and thought it made sense.

Waylon was extremely concerned about Hope, the last time she coughed, he was worried for ages. If she were really sick, he would probably be going crazy by now.

It seemed she was overthinking.

Alitzel didn't say more, just instructed the servant to cook some of Hope's favorite dishes to send up later.

Hope felt it was inappropriate for everyone to be eating in the dining room while she lazed in bed, so she changed and went downstairs.

Waylon Lewis saw Hope coming downstairs, put down his chopsticks, and walked up, "Why did you come down? Had enough rest?"

Something in Hope's nerves was triggered, and her cheeks flushed, "I'm hungry."

Waylon Lewis's lips curled with a hint of a smile, "Then come and eat."

Waylon Lewis pulled Hope to sit down and eat.

Hope had just sat down when Alitzel looked at Hope's flushed face, which seemed unusual, and started worrying again, "Little Hope, why rest so early? Are you feeling unwell?"

"Huh?" Hope was startled, remembered the scene in the room, coughed lightly to cover her embarrassment, and said, "No, I'm not unwell, I slept too late last night, so I got a bit drowsy and napped for a while."

Hope came up with a very reasonable excuse to gloss over it.

After dealing with Alitzel's question, Willow asked, "Mommy, why lock us out? Daddy wouldn't say."

Hope's hand, just reaching for the chopsticks, paused, and she blinked hard a couple of times, looking at her precious daughter's innocent, aggrieved little eyes, feeling a bit guilty, and also a bit impulsive to punch Waylon.

Hope gave an awkward smile, desperately trying to find a reason, but why lock the door in the room in the middle of the day, this question...

After thinking for a while, Hope came up with a random excuse, "Because... because the door lock broke, and it wouldn't open."

Wyatt Lewis, sitting beside them, curled his lips and smiled.

This lame excuse would only fool kids.

"But Daddy just said he locked it."

Darn it! Can't even fool a kid!

The others at the dining table seemed to understand something, smiled, and said nothing.

Alitzel shook her head, giving Waylon a reproachful look.

Hope tugged her lips, her hand beneath the table pinching Waylon's waist, staring at him with shame and indignation.

Faced with such an intense gaze, Waylon Lewis just chuckled, pulling her hand into his palm.

Hope tried to pull her hand back, but Waylon gave her no chance.

Hope lowered her head, counting rice grains as she ate.

The tips of her ears were burning red.

Waylon raised an eyebrow and then inexplicably coughed lightly.

Wyatt was holding the bowl, eating heartily and gracefully.

Hearing his brother's pointed cough, he raised his head.

Just in time to see his brother subtly raise an eyebrow at him.

Wyatt Lewis noticed the strange atmosphere at the dining table and immediately understood.

He swallowed his food whole, stood up, "Eat, eat, come on, come on, Luke and Willow, aren't these cola chicken wings your favorite? Eat more, eat more."

As he spoke, Wyatt directly picked up the plate and gave Luke and Willow each two big pieces of chicken wings.

"Uncle, we can't eat that much."

"It's okay, eat slowly, and you'll finish it."

Alitzel frowned at him, "Wyatt..."

Wyatt carried the plate over, giving Alitzel two big pieces with chopsticks, "Mom, Mom, you eat too, eat, don't be shy, eat more."

"Enough's enough, hey, stop giving..."

With Wyatt stirring things up, everyone's attention shifted away.

Waylon curled his lips.

Hope breathed a sigh of relief, the awkward issue finally glossed over.

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The next day.

Alitzel and Hope, the two ladies, went out for shopping since they still needed to buy some things.

Meanwhile, Aria Richardson was nestled at home, Isla Sue not allowing her to run around, so she could only stay at home watching dramas.

The doorbell rang outside, and a servant went out to open the door.

Aria Richardson was happily munching on fruit, saw the servant who went to open the door return, and asked, "Who came?"

The servant shook her head, "I don't know her, she's a Miss who said she met you once, and you've dropped something, she came specially to return it."

Aria blinked and thought carefully, remembering the person she met yesterday, "Is she at the door?"

"Yes."

"Then please invite her in."

"The young lady said she has urgent matters, and after returning the item to its owner, she has to leave, so she's waiting for you at the door."

"I see." Aria stood up and walked out. Lily Armstrong was quietly standing at the door, still dressed in a low-key manner that wouldn't attract attention in a crowd.

Aria Richardson saw her standing at the door and walked over to open the iron gate.



Seeing Aria come out, Lily Armstrong turned back around, her gaze instantly turning incredibly gentle, she said softly, "Miss Richardson, we meet again."

Although Lily was wearing a black mask, Aria recognized her in an instant by her eyes, which were always smiling, "It's you, you said you wanted to return something to me, what is it?"

"It's this." Lily Armstrong took out a plush keychain from her bag and handed it to Aria, "This was picked up in the bathroom yesterday, I thought it might be yours, so I brought it to return."

Aria took the plush keychain, smiling lightly, "It's mine, thank you, it's really trouble you went through, coming all the way to return it to me. By the way, how did you find my house?"

Lily Armstrong looked at her deeply, her unfathomable eyes hiding countless emotions, she spoke lightly.

"Aren't you surnamed Chu? Yesterday I saw your demeanor and clothing suggested a good family background, and in the entire Emperor Capital, there's only one prominent family with that surname, so it was easy to find."

Aria's eyes flickered, looking at Lily with a smile, "You're very clever."

Beneath the black mask, Lily Armstrong's lips curled into a cold smile.

Aria Richardson, "Would you like to come in and sit for a while?"

"No need." Lily declined gracefully, her gaze on Aria's face, her gentle eyes gradually turning icy. She stepped forward, "Actually, I came today to show you something as well."

"What is it?"

Lily Armstrong raised an eyebrow, her eyes devoid of humor, and she took out a phone, handing it to Aria.

Aria looked at the video, her eyes widening, her smile slowly freezing on her face. She unconsciously murmured, "Hope!"

Lily Armstrong's fingers toyed with the mask, pulling it down, she bent down close to Aria, her slightly curled red lips asked with a smile, "You should recognize her, shouldn't you?"

Aria's expression turned cold, her eyes focused on Lily, "How did Hope get kidnapped?"

Just a moment later, Aria sensed something amiss, "Why do you have a video of Hope being kidnapped?"

"Because your friend here, she's now in my hands."

