

# SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

## *Chapter 813: Chapter 813: We're Here to Save, Not to Die With Them*

The bodyguards behind Wyatt Lewis immediately stepped forward to check, and saw that the glass tank was sealed with a specially made lid and locked. Without a key, it couldn't be opened.

"Second young master, it's sealed shut. We need a key."

Wyatt Lewis turned around, gripping his gun tightly, his veins bulging, pointing at Lily Armstrong, "The key."

Lily Armstrong raised the key in her hand unhurriedly.

"Give it to me."

Lily Armstrong smiled slightly and threw it behind her without hesitation. The key fell straight down, instantly disappearing, full of provocation.

Wyatt Lewis's pupils contracted, wanting to rush over to catch it, but it was impossible to make it in time.

"Lily Armstrong, you're courting death." Wyatt Lewis was about to shoot when Lily Armstrong calmly raised her other hand, holding the bomb detonator.

"No!" Natalie Rogers suddenly stood up and lunged towards Wyatt Lewis, shouting loudly, "She set a bomb here, she has the detonator in her hand, she's gone mad, she hates all of us, she wants to blow us all up, if you shoot, we'll all die."

Hope Williams, slower than Wyatt Lewis, hurriedly caught up and heard Natalie Rogers' words. Seeing the terrifying scene, her face instantly froze, "Wyatt, stop."

Lily Armstrong quietly stood there, facing Wyatt Lewis's gun. She was so confident that she didn't dodge or hide.

She wasn't afraid of Wyatt Lewis shooting, she even looked forward to him shooting, after all, everyone was here, and they would die together.

She wasn't afraid at all.

"I want to kill her!" Wyatt Lewis gritted his teeth.

Again and again, this crazy woman.

He had endured to the limit with Lily Armstrong.

Hope Williams quickly advised Wyatt Lewis, "She has a detonator in her hand. Even if you shoot her, the muscle reflex in the last second might very well trigger the detonator. With just a light press, we're all dead. We're here to rescue people, not to die with them."

Lily Armstrong laughed mockingly, holding the detonator, "You guys are already discussing how to die?"

Hope Williams anxiously looked back at Aria Richardson struggling and crying for help in the glass tank, forcibly pressing down Wyatt Lewis's arm, "Think of a way to save Aria first. Leave her to me."

Only then did Wyatt Lewis furiously put down the gun, turned to look at the glass tank, and picked up a nearby brick, "Smash it for me."

Lily Armstrong didn't stop them either, letting them smash.

This glass tank was specially made for today, not easy to smash open.

Wyatt Lewis's eyes were blood-red, furious beyond limit, gripping the brick tightly, smashing it hard against the glass tank, over and over, with such force that his hand started to bleed.

The bodyguards beside him didn't stand idle either, grabbing hard objects from nearby to smash against the glass tank with all their might.

Hope Williams watched this scene, both anxious and distressed.

Lily Armstrong delightedly enjoyed the scene, her lips always slightly curled.

Alexander Knox ran up, his pupils shrinking tightly as he looked at the scene, "Lily Armstrong, are you insane?"

"I am insane, I am insane, I have nothing left, because of you all. You've ruined me, and I want you all to die with me."

As she spoke, Lily Armstrong's expression turned crazy, holding the detonator, ready to press it at any moment.

"Wait." Hope Williams loudly stopped her, nervously gulping, "Lily Armstrong, let's talk."

"What's there to talk about? You just want me not to detonate the bomb. Too bad! That's impossible. Today you must die. You used such vicious means to harm me; you should have expected today."

"Are you referring to the rape incident?" Hope Williams calmly asked.

Upon hearing the word rape, Lily Armstrong's expression changed drastically.

Hope Williams immediately said, "If that's the reason, then let me tell you, you're hating the wrong people. We didn't do it."

Lily Armstrong sneered, "It's come to this, why still argue?"

Hope Williams was constantly watching her fingers, afraid she might lose control and press the detonator, "I'm not arguing. The Lewis Family does things openly. If we were really going to deal with you, it would be straightforward. We didn't do this, and I know who did. If you decide to blow us up now, the ones who truly harmed you are still out there free, while you're dying here. Are you willing?"

Lily Armstrong's previously unwavering expression showed signs of wavering, "Then tell me who."

"It's your stepmother, Emilia Woods. She sent the people."

Lily Armstrong frowned tightly, hesitation flashing in her expression, "Emilia Woods!"

Hope Williams observed her expression, knowing her words had worked.

The reason Lily Armstrong was willing to drag them all down to die was because of the rape incident before.

Hope Williams said that not to intentionally transfer Lily Armstrong's hatred toward Emilia Woods, but to buy time.

Lily Armstrong was very vengeful and vindictive. Knowing her enemies were still living well, she wouldn't be content to die here.

"Why should I believe you?"

At that moment, some commotion came from behind. Waylon Lewis arrived with his team, glancing coldly at Wyatt Lewis, who was smashing the specially made glass tank, frowning slightly. Several bodyguards behind him brought forward some thugs.

Lily Armstrong immediately recognized those thugs as the ones who dragged her into the alley that night.

Lily Armstrong's expression turned even crazier, something stabbing her heart.

"What do you mean?"

Hope Williams quickly replied, "You should remember these people, right?"

Lily Armstrong gritted her molars, trembling with anger.

Of course she remembered; she'd never forget them even if they were turned to ashes.

Thomas Hughes, behind Waylon Lewis, dragged the thugs forward, "Speak."

The thugs were so scared they were sweating bullets, hastily saying, "That night, a woman with the surname Lin contacted us. She sent us photos, told us to block someone at the Armstrong Family door, and gave us money. Everything we did that night was following her instructions."

"We know we were wrong. We'll turn ourselves in. Please don't kill us..."

Lily Armstrong's eyes widened, her complexion dramatically changing.

Waylon Lewis took over the documents Thomas Hughes handed him, tossing them in front of Lily Armstrong, "Call records, transfer records."

All evidence laid before her.

Lily Armstrong gripped the detonator tightly, her eyes turning blood-red with anger.

She should have expected this, she should have expected this...

The night she was chased out of the Armstrong Family, those bitches were also there.

Only they would do such a thing.

She was ruined, and the happiest ones were them.

"Whoosh." A sound.

At this moment, the glass tank was smashed open, the water inside spilling out.

Aria Richardson's limp body also got flushed out, helplessly collapsing to the ground.

Wyatt Lewis dropped the brick, disregarding his bleeding hand, full of urgency reaching out to scoop her up.



Aria Richardson's face was pale as if lifeless.

Wyatt Lewis wasted no time administering first aid, performing CPR and artificial respiration over and over, finally getting her to cough up some water.

Aria Richardson's eyelids trembled, her eyes weakly opening a slit.

Her head felt dizzy; for a moment, she thought she was really going to die.

"Aria... Aria..."

Aria Richardson's lips moved, but no words came out, and she weakly closed her eyes again.

Hope Williams's heart twisted with anxiety, "Wyatt, take Aria away first..."

"Nobody leaves!" Lily Armstrong suddenly roared, "Today nobody leaves, you! Hope!"

Lily Armstrong raised the detonator, like a madwoman, roaring at Hope Williams, "Emilia Woods and her team contacted you, you definitely have their

contact information. Call them now, immediately, bring them here, or you'll die. I'll give you only 30 minutes to show them to me."