

SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

Chapter 815: Chapter 815: Messing with the Wrong Person

Lily Armstrong's body froze, her eyes widening in disbelief.

Hope Williams was unharmed, and her own subordinates surrendered without putting up a fight.

She angrily shouted, "Are you all a bunch of useless fools?!"

The hired hands all lowered their heads, not daring to respond to her.

Liam Cloud curled his lips coldly.

He looked at Lily Armstrong with a gaze reserved for worthless people.

Lily Armstrong gritted her teeth; she had no idea where this man came from or why he was opposing her, helping Hope and the others.

"Who are you? I have no quarrel with you, why do you want to harm me?" Lily asked, clutching her abdomen and glaring at Liam Cloud.

This man's identity was clearly not simple; otherwise, these people wouldn't be too terrified to move upon seeing him.

Yet she swore she had never provoked him.

Liam Cloud's tall figure walked leisurely towards Lily Armstrong, his eyes filled with malice, instinctively causing fear.

Lily Armstrong felt the murderous intent emanating from the person in front of her, her frail body trembling uncontrollably.

Liam Cloud squatted down and lifted his hand to seize her chin.

Lily Armstrong clenched her palms tightly; the hand holding her chin seemed determined to crush it, and the pain brought tears to her eyes.

But Liam Cloud showed no compassion, his voice cold as ice, "Who told you to be so foolish to touch someone you shouldn't?"

"Someone I shouldn't touch? Who? Aria Richardson?"

Was he here to help Aria?

Lily Armstrong's teeth nearly shattered; did Aria know someone of such status and ability?

"That bitch Aria must be really lucky to have so many people helping her, but why, clearly I am the one she harmed the most." Lily trembled with anger.

Liam Cloud sneered, "Shut up, fool, I have no interest in hearing about your personal vendettas. You could blow her to pieces, and I wouldn't bat an eye. The person you shouldn't have touched is Hope!"

Lily Armstrong glanced at Hope, her face turning pale.

Liam Cloud released her chin, lazily stood up, and took the handkerchief that Wesley Ruiz handed over, meticulously wiping each of his fingers.

Waylon Lewis, his face ashen, bent down to help Hope up, staring into her eyes for a while, only relaxing once he confirmed she was unharmed.

Before he could speak, Hope furrowed her brows and hurriedly grabbed his hand to check his injuries.

Waylon Lewis was indifferent to his hand, "It's fine."

A ring of redness surrounded Hope's eyes.

How painful it must be.

"Hahaha..." Lily Armstrong, lying on the ground clutching her abdomen, suddenly burst into laughter.

Hope turned to look, frowning.

Nobody knew what she was laughing about.

Natalie Rogers, who had been crying in fear, rushed forward and slapped Lily Armstrong twice across the face since she was no longer resisting.

“You psycho, you psycho! You actually wanted to blow us up, what did I or my son ever do to you? I’ll beat you to death.”

Natalie Rogers, still furious, lifted her leg to kick Lily Armstrong, but Alexander Knox stepped in, pulling her back, “That’s enough.”

Natalie Rogers snorted angrily, glaring at Lily Armstrong.

“Weren’t you so tough just now, wanting to shoot me dead? I spit on you, come on, keep shooting if you dare...”

“Heh.” Lily Armstrong chuckled lightly, glancing coolly at them, “I’m not done yet. I’ll face my retribution; you’ll face yours. Just wait, none of you will escape, none of you will escape.”

Natalie Rogers grew even more enraged at Lily Armstrong’s offhand curses, violently breaking free from Alexander Knox’s grip, rushing up, and pulling Lily Armstrong’s hair.

“Bitch! Bitch! Lily Armstrong, I’ve never mistreated you, and yet you curse me. If it weren’t for your lousy plan, would I be homeless and wandering now? It’s all your fault, all your fault, bitch, I’ll beat you to death! Beat you to death...”

A sound of “swish” sliced through the air.

Suddenly, Natalie Rogers froze, her face turning deathly pale as she looked down in disbelief and saw a dagger embedded in her chest.

Shifting her gaze downward, she met Lily Armstrong's bloodstained, maniacal, devil-like face.

With a blank expression, Lily Armstrong yanked the dagger from Natalie Rogers' chest, as calmly as if she were gutting a fish, "You seek death, I'll grant it."

"You... you..."

Natalie Rogers stared wide-eyed, her face ashen, unable to utter another word before she collapsed, blood gushing incessantly from the wound in her chest.

Alexander Knox's eyes filled with urgency, quickly rushing over to cover Natalie Rogers' wound, "Mom! Mom!"

"Cough..." Natalie Rogers coughed, her mouth overflowing with blood.

Lily Armstrong lay on the ground, scornfully laughing and cursing.

Alexander Knox's eyes were bloodshot, he glared at Lily Armstrong, uttering through clenched teeth, "Lily Armstrong!"

Lily Armstrong, "She forced me, she deserves this hahaha."

Standing aside, Liam Cloud watched the drama unfold, eyebrows raised slightly.

Before Natalie Rogers had rushed over, he had noticed the dagger in Lily Armstrong's hand, but hadn't warned Natalie.

She wasn't Hope; he couldn't be bothered to expend effort saving her.

Alexander Knox, too consumed by worry, hurriedly rushed out carrying the critically wounded Natalie Rogers, "Mom, hold on, I'll get you to the hospital, hold on."

Lily Armstrong watched Alexander Knox take Natalie Rogers away, a serene smile slowly curling her lips, as if relieved, and dropped the dagger, lying flat on the ground, her eyes staring at the ceiling, a tear unknowingly slipping down her cheek.

She thought she hated Alexander Knox enough, hated him for not choosing her, hated herself for becoming like this because of him.

But in the end, she couldn't bring herself to let Alexander Knox die with her.

Lily Armstrong's gaze swept over everyone once more, silently thinking, none of you will escape, none of you will escape...

Waylon Lewis signaled with a stern face, and people behind him stepped forward to drag Lily Armstrong up and restrain her.

Thomas Hughes led his men to check the explosives placed here.

Seizing a moment, Hope quickly went to check on Aria's condition.

"Aria?"

Aria Richardson slightly lifted her head, her eyes squinting as she looked at Hope, as if confirming whether the person in front of her was real.

Hope met Aria's hesitant glance, assuming she was still afraid. Hope gripped Aria's hand, pressing her lips together, "It's over, we're all here. Don't be afraid, don't be afraid."

"Hope!?" Aria's voice was very weak, tinged with a bit of uncertainty.

"It's me."

Aria looked into Hope's eyes, verifying it was indeed her, and immediately gripped Hope's hand back, urgently saying, "Someone, someone is impersonating you... she looks exactly like you, be careful... be careful."

Hope furrowed her brow in deep thought; the 'she' Aria mentioned should be Elias Patel.

But upon scanning the area, Hope couldn't spot Elias Patel anywhere.

He must have slipped away during the earlier chaos.

Hope patted Aria's shoulder, "Alright, I've got it. Try not to talk, just rest."

Aria gave a slight nod.

Lily Armstrong, her arms restrained by two bodyguards, was being taken out. As she passed by them, her gaze remained fixed on them.

She lifted the corners of her eyes in a chilling smile.

“You think it’s over? Don’t be so naive.”

Hope narrowed her eyes, her breathing deepening, “Stop.”

The two bodyguards holding Lily Armstrong paused, and Hope stood up, her eyes locked on Lily Armstrong’s face as she asked, “What do you want to say?”

Lily Armstrong’s words were clearly loaded with hidden meanings.