

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

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Hope Williams furrowed her brows tightly, sensing something amiss.

Lily Armstrong was a very cautious person, always leaving a backup in her plans.

This time, her plan was so meticulous, it's impossible for her to fail and still remain so calm.

Lily leaned closer to Hope, "Want to know? There's a box over there, go open it."

Lily nodded her chin, indicating Hope to look at an inconspicuous box in the left corner.

The sense of danger in Hope's heart grew heavier.

Seeing Hope not move, Lily's pale face showed a half-smile, and she said, "You should hurry."

Or else it will explode.

Sensing something, Hope suddenly turned around, stared at the box, and in just a second, reacted and decisively ran over to lift the lid. Inside lay a time bomb.

And there were only thirty seconds left on the countdown.

Hope's pupils contracted, her face turned pale, and she picked up the bomb, intending to run in the opposite direction of the crowd, shouting to everyone, "Run!"

Waylon Lewis instantly understood Hope's intentions, his face was greatly shocked, and without hesitation, he rushed toward Hope.

Liam Cloud was the closest to Hope, his previously casual and lazy expression instantly froze, "Damn it!"

He cursed under his breath, grabbed Hope's clothes, and pushed her away.

"It's not your turn to be a hero, leave."

Before Hope could react, the box in her hand was already taken by Liam, her body tilted backward, her eyes widened in shock at looking at Liam.

Her body staggered back, and a hand reached out from behind, holding her tightly.

Yet just as she was stabilizing herself, she tried desperately to break free from the man's embrace.

When she saw Liam running away with the explosives regardless of his life, her heart clenched instantly.

With only thirty seconds left, they simply couldn't run far, and there were other bombs here. The firestorm from this box of explosives would detonate the others.

So Liam ran off with the bomb.

He was saving everyone.

But him running off with the bomb, he wasn't Superman either, he would die too.

This clearly wasn't his responsibility, so why should he be the one to run off with the bomb, saving everyone?

"Liam!" Hope screamed, her voice raw and strained.

Waylon restrained Hope's irrational urge to chase after him, picking her up around the waist, "Go."

"No, I don't want to, save him, save him..."

Waylon tightly furrowed his brows, ignoring Hope's struggles, he picked her up and ran out of the building.

There were explosives everywhere. Now Liam decided to take the bomb and run to save everyone, there was no way to rescue him.

In thirty seconds, the only thing they could do was run.

Hope saw everyone running outside, everyone was afraid of death, she was afraid too.

But only Liam was running away with the bomb.

Who isn't afraid to die? Whose life isn't precious?

The scene was chaotic.

The panic-stricken footsteps of everyone, Lily's hysterical laughter, and Hope's heart-rending cries all converged, and finally came to an abrupt halt amid a massive explosion.

"Boom."

Hope's ears buzzed, and when she turned back, a column of fire shot up into the sky.

The next second, the firelight and heat seemed to engulf everyone, the surrounding buildings shook.

At this moment, breath was held.

Waylon pulled her into his embrace, holding her tightly, protecting her firmly in his broad chest.

After the enormous explosion, the building behind them collapsed with a loud crash, kicking up dust that filled the sky, blurring vision, making everything impossible to see clearly.

Hope struggled out of Waylon's embrace, straightened up, and looked at the ruins before her, freezing in place. She opened her mouth, wanting to scream, to call out, but her throat felt constricted, no words came out.

At this moment, there were only two words left in her mind, 'Liam Cloud'!

She dashed in, unheeding of anything else, her loose hair swinging in the scorching wind.

Waylon shook his head, dizzy from the shock. Seeing Hope charge forward, he too rushed in without hesitation, "Hope."

Looking at everything before her, Hope took a long time to process it, large tears streamed down from her empty and dull eyes.

Her trembling lips, she suddenly dropped to her knees, her hands helplessly and aimlessly raking the ruins before her.

"No... No... He won't die, what a joke, Liam Cloud! Get out here, you won't die, come out, come out..."

"I know you just love to joke with me, but this time it's not funny at all, get out here, do you hear me, come out..."

Hope knelt on the rubble, using all her strength to dig out stone after stone, her ten fingers bled, yet she seemed oblivious to the pain.

"I beg you, I beg you, please come out, will you? I'm truly begging you, come out!" Hope lifted her head and let out a painful scream, as if to vent all the agony.

Waylon's eyes were filled with pain and panic, he slowly crouched down and embraced her tightly.

Hope struggled to push Waylon away, but he didn't give her that chance, using all his strength to hold her firmly.

"Hope, stay calm."

"Let me go, let me go! Save him, save him, I beg you all to save him, he shouldn't die, he shouldn't die..."

Hope's painful cries fell one after another.

Waylon closed his eyes tightly, veins popping on his hands as he held Hope.

Hope's gaze caught Lily Armstrong, who had just run out with them.

She was sitting on the ground like everyone else, breathing deeply as if still relishing the joy of being alive.

Hope's eyes filled with a murderous intent, terrifying beyond measure.

She reached for the gun at Waylon's waist, forcefully pushed Waylon aside, and strode towards Lily.

Lily, in the last thirty seconds before facing death, was scared and ran out too.

Now, seeing Hope walk towards her with that murderous look, it struck her heart, Lily fearfully backed away a few steps.

"What do you want to do? No, no..."

At this moment, Hope was like a god of death, devoid of emotion, she raised the gun, "Bang, bang, bang."

Three shots, each one striking Lily's heart.

Lily didn't even have time to beg for her life before she stopped breathing.

Hope looked at her lifeless body without any expression, not even blinking.

As if she was meant to be a corpse all along.

Everyone nearby, Wyatt, Aria Richardson, Thomas Hughes, and the bodyguards were all stunned, looking at Hope in disbelief.

Chapter 817: Chapter 817: Silly Girl, Why Are You Crying?

Waylon Lewis was greatly shocked, watching Hope Williams with furrowed brows.

In the past, even when faced with deadly danger, Hope would never take a life. This time, she fired three shots, each one fatal. For Liam Cloud, she completely lost her sanity, killing for the first time.

This was enough to prove Liam's importance in her heart.

Waylon was a bit dazed, a sense of panic growing in his heart.

The others stood frozen, staring blankly at Lily Armstrong's gradually cooling body, unable to react for a long time.

Hope indifferently retracted the handgun, tossing it onto the ground, looking dejected.

Aria Richardson struggled to get up from the ground, thinking to go comfort Hope, but as she reached out, Hope coldly brushed past her.

"Hope?" Aria called her softly, eyes red and swollen.

Hope didn't respond, walking to the pile of debris, and knelt down with a thud.

Waylon's expression was complex. He took a couple of steps forward, wanting to stop her, but eventually paused, not continuing forward.

Hope looked at the debris, her once bright eyes now devoid of any light, empty and despairing. Self-blame and guilt intertwined with all other complex emotions, enveloping her like an impenetrable web, and the atmosphere around her was suffocatingly heavy.

"I caused his death." Hope bit down hard, her hoarse voice filled with self-reproach, tears falling unceasingly.

In her mind, the scene of Liam Cloud snatching the explosives from her hands without hesitation, taking them away from everyone, played out.

Hope closed her eyes tightly.

If it weren't for saving her, he wouldn't have come, and he wouldn't have died.

This matter originally had nothing to do with him.

All because he wanted to save her, he bore all the consequences.

Hope's heart ached to the point of suffocation. Liam Cloud had helped her countless times; without him, there wouldn't be the Hope of today.

What she owed him, she couldn't repay even if she gave everything.

What to do? What should she do?

Hope clutched her chest, bowing her head deeply, the intense pain in her heart making it hard to breathe.

Waylon watched Hope in this state, his thin lips pressed into a sharp line, his eyes filled with a desolate storm.

Wyatt Lewis took a couple of steps forward, looking worried, "Brother, sister-in-law..."

Waylon raised his hand to stop Wyatt, his husky, low voice saying, "Let her be for now."

She probably doesn't want anyone to disturb her right now.

Wyatt pressed his lips tight, glancing between Waylon and Hope, finally just letting out a deep sigh.

For Hope, Liam Cloud was her companion day and night for five years, rescuing her at the cost of his life many times. Therefore, Liam Cloud's place in Hope's heart was immeasurable.

To say Liam died to save everyone was inaccurate; he died to save Hope.

If Hope weren't there, even if Lily Armstrong blew them all to ashes, Liam would probably only consider it a good joke.

For Liam, he gave her all his love and exceptions.

Sometimes Wyatt felt that if Liam had met Hope before his brother, given Liam's love for her, his brother wouldn't have stood a chance.

Wyatt lowered his head, his eyes also moistening for a moment.

How deeply can one person love another to risk their life every time, without hesitation?

If Liam truly died, Hope might be engulfed in endless self-reproach for her entire life.

Wyatt was already worrying about the days to come.

The surrounding was silent, except for Hope's shattered sobs; no one else made a sound.

It was unknown how long this suffocating atmosphere lasted.

Suddenly, a hand was placed on Hope's bowed head, followed by the sound of a familiar voice above.

"Fool, why are you crying?"

Chapter 818: Chapter 818: Ultimate Devotion

Hope Williams froze, staring dazedly for a long time as if she couldn't believe it. It took her a while to react, afraid it was a dream she'd conjured up. She didn't dare to look up.

The man squatted down in front of her, tilting his head to look at her, unable to help but smile faintly.

Hope stiffly looked at the person in front of her, "You..."

"Not dead." Liam Cloud's voice was as casual and laid-back as ever, as if he didn't care at all.

Hope stared blankly ahead, at the man's handsome face, dirty silver hair, even his black shirt had some burnt holes, yet he was still smiling, a carefree and unrestrained smile.

Her eyelashes trembled slightly.

She repeatedly stared at Liam, almost a full minute, as if trying to confirm the reality of the person in front of her.

Liam raised an eyebrow at the sight, "Ha, too scared to recognize me...?"

Before he could finish speaking, he was enveloped in the girl's soft embrace.

Liam's expression changed dramatically. A moment ago, he was still nonchalant and teasing, but now he was completely at a loss, his body tense as a line, frozen where he stood, afraid to move.

Hope was so agitated that even hugging his body, she trembled.

"You're okay? You're really okay! Thank goodness, thank goodness..." Hope kept repeating this phrase, her heart overwhelmed with an immense relief, immensely grateful he was okay.

Liam's expression turned indescribably gentle, wanting to tighten his arms around her, but seeing his blood-stained, dirty hands, he pulled back, unwilling to soil her clothes.

Out of the corner of his eye, Liam saw Waylon Lewis standing in the back, quietly watching them, saying nothing, but Liam saw a storm of suppressed emotions in his eyes.

Liam lowered his eyes briefly, then abruptly withdrew from Hope's embrace, gently pushing her away without any excess intimacy.

Suppressing the turmoil in his heart, Liam looked at Hope, who was crying uncontrollably, his gaze turning playful and indifferent again, "Stop crying, even I'm disgusted by it."

Hope ignored whatever he said, staring at him insistently, worriedly asking, "Are you hurt?"

"No." Liam's lips curved with a pale smile, "Do you underestimate me? If such explosives had hurt me, I'd spell my name backward."

Hope still wasn't reassured.

Liam impatiently said, "Stop staring at me, if you keep looking, I'll think you're in love with me."

Hearing Liam's usual joking tone, Hope sighed in relief. Since he could still joke, he was probably fine, and after a look over him, she didn't see any wounds.

Liam briefly hooked his lips, quickly retracting it, "Little Hope, I saved you again, remember to buy me a meal."

Waylon Lewis walked over, just in time to hear Liam say this.

A moment of surprise flashed in his eyes, as if he couldn't believe someone would ask for a meal in return for saving a life.

Hope still felt something was off. With explosives so powerful, no matter how skilled he was, able to escape, it seemed impossible he hadn't been hurt at all.

Hope frowned, "Injured or not, you need to get checked at a hospital."

Liam smiled indifferently, "You're such a nag. I already said I'm fine, just go back and don't worry about me."

Hope frowned.

Liam turned to Waylon Lewis, smiling lightly, "Waylon, aren't you going to take her back, or are you waiting for me to steal her away?"

After speaking, Liam waved his hand flamboyantly, "Alright, if you guys aren't leaving, then I shall."

Liam turned and walked away with confident steps, looking as if he was perfectly fine.

But once he reached a secluded corner where no one could see him, his expression suddenly turned serious, and his tall body involuntarily leaned forward, barely catching himself against the wall to stand steady.

Wesley Ruiz followed behind him, his expression tightened, promptly going up to support him, "Big Boss!"

Liam wiped the bloodstains from the corner of his mouth with his hand, leaning against the wall, closing his deep eyes, and breathing heavily.

Liam noticed something, furrowing his brow, pulling up Liam's black shirt to find his abdomen was slashed by shrapnel from the explosion, bleeding profusely.

Because he wore black clothes, it covered the blood well, and with the lingering smell of explosives around, it was no wonder Hope didn't notice.

Having seen many battles, Wesley could tell at a glance how deep the cut was; any deeper, and it might have taken his life.

Wesley couldn't understand how Liam could maintain such a nonchalant facade in front of Hope.

Wesley silently tore his shirt, ripping it into a long strip to bandage Liam's wound.

Liam clenched his hand, not making a sound, until the bandaging was done, he slowly said, "Don't say anything to Hope."

Wesley's expression stiffened, "Big Boss, I really don't understand."

Liam rested against the wall, seeing Wesley's indignant expression, feeling it was amusing, "Don't understand what?"

"You've done so much for Sister Hope, why won't you tell her anything? Even now, when you're so seriously injured, you won't tell her. She doesn't know anything."

Wesley felt it was unfair to his boss.

He thought if Hope knew how much their Big Boss had sacrificed for her, maybe they could be together.

Wesley just couldn't stand seeing his boss love so deeply, yet also endure so silently.

Liam panted, letting out a cool laugh, "That would only be a burden to her."

Since she chose Waylon Lewis, his love couldn't become her burden; only then could she be with Waylon with no reservations.

Wesley still couldn't comprehend Liam, frustration nearly spilling out of his face.

Liam Cloud waved a hand at him, "Come over here."

Wesley Ruiz obediently squatted next to Liam Cloud, leaning in as if he were a good student ready to be scolded by a teacher.

Liam Cloud rolled his eyes silently, giving Wesley Ruiz a smack on the head, "Help me up."

Wesley Ruiz jolted, "Oh, oh." At the same time, he couldn't help muttering, "So capable just now, but such a mess now, why don't you get up yourself if you're so tough."

Liam Cloud furrowed his brow, "What are you mumbling about?"

Wesley Ruiz quickly changed his tune, "I said Big Boss, you're the best."

Liam Cloud's gaze lazily swept over him, making Wesley Ruiz feel a chill down his spine.

Wesley Ruiz pulled Liam Cloud up, and suddenly another hand appeared on Liam Cloud's right arm, supporting him.

Liam Cloud raised an eyebrow, turning his head to see Waylon Lewis standing next to him, looking at him expressionlessly.

A glint of brilliance flashed in Liam Cloud's eyes, and he gave a faint smile, "What does this mean?"

Waylon Lewis's expression remained calm and composed, "Sending you to the hospital."

Liam Cloud squinted his eyes, "Did Hope Williams send you?"

Waylon Lewis couldn't deny it.

“Your acting is too clumsy, you can’t fool her.”

“Ha.” Liam Cloud curled his lips into a smile, “She cares about me, and you don’t mind?”

Waylon Lewis slowly withdrew his hand, his expression calm and indifferent, yet the suppressed emotions in his eyes were unmistakable.

Waylon Lewis minded.

As a man, as Hope Williams’ husband, he minded when he saw Hope crying her heart out over another man.

He minded when he saw her losing control to the point of killing someone because of him.

He minded when he saw how relieved she was to hug him when she found out he wasn’t dead.

But he said nothing, quietly watching till the end, quietly beginning to clean up the mess.

“I mind, but she is mine, no matter what, she is mine. Maybe she has feelings for you, but in her heart, I am irreplaceable, and that’s enough.”

Liam Cloud let out a soft laugh, “What a nice way to put ‘that’s enough,’ you’re quite frank.”

“What else could I do? Should I have a big fight with her? That would only make her sad, and I don’t want to see her like that, so since I can’t erase you from her heart, I’ll just have to work harder to ensure you can never surpass me.”

Liam Cloud looked at Waylon Lewis, the smile on his lips deepening.

Their conversation was calm and clear, each taking turns speaking with utter candor.

Wesley Ruiz stood by listening quietly, shocked by the sincere and deeply affectionate love these two men had for one woman.

...

Hope Williams knew Liam Cloud didn’t like her seeing him in a vulnerable and injured state, so she tactfully chose not to expose him.

Upon returning home, the old man, Christopher Lewis, Alitzel Williams, and Miac Richardson and his wife hurried out to greet them.

“Oh, you finally came back.”

Alitzel Williams was at the front, anxiously scanning Hope Williams up and down, fearing she was hurt.

Hope Williams discreetly hid her injured hand behind her back.

“How did it go? Was it smooth? Are you hurt? Where’s Aria? Did you bring her back safely?”

Faced with Alitzel Williams’ barrage of questions, Hope Williams wasn’t annoyed, nor did she recount the thrilling events that transpired. She simply said, “Don’t worry, everything went smoothly, Aria is in the back.”

The group turned to see Wyatt Lewis supporting Aria Richardson as she got out of the car.

Miac Richardson and Isla Sue were so overwhelmed with joy that they almost burst into tears, rushing forward, “Aria! Aria!”

“Mom! Dad!” Aria, still pale from being in the water for so long, looked a bit haggard, stirring sympathy in everyone.

“What did Lily Armstrong do to you? Oh dear, why are you all wet?” Isla Sue pinched Aria’s cold little hands, her face tense with concern.

Aria pressed her lips together, and when Lily Armstrong came to mind, her brain suddenly flashed with what Lily had said.

Her injuries weren’t from being hit by a car, but from jumping off a building herself...

They were all deceiving her with kind lies.

They didn’t want her to remember those memories.

So what had happened to make her attempt suicide, and what unspeakable matter had made everyone go to such lengths to keep it from her?

With these thoughts, Aria’s face grew even more troubled.

Seeing her dazed, Isla Sue was so worried she nearly dragged her to the hospital for an examination, but Wyatt Lewis standing nearby spoke up, “Aunt Sue, let Aria change her clothes first.”

“Yes, yes, don’t catch a cold.”

Aria’s eyes flickered, and she opened her mouth, wanting to ask something, but ultimately didn’t.

Yet in her heart, there still lingered a doubt.

Chapter 819: Chapter 819: A Hint of Disappointment

Everyone followed and went into the house, except for Hope Williams who stood at the doorway, holding her phone, pacing back and forth, occasionally glancing towards the door, looking somewhat anxious.

Alitzel Williams noticed and gently patted Hope, asking with concern, "What's wrong?"

Hope had something on her mind and wasn't in the mood to talk much, so she just said, "It's nothing."

"Where's Waylon? Why didn't he come back with you guys? Did something happen to him?"

Alitzel felt that Hope's expression was not as relaxed as the others, feeling that she had something on her mind.

Coupled with Waylon Lewis not coming back, Alitzel was afraid that something unexpected had happened.

Hope simply said, "He has some matters to deal with and should be back soon."

"Oh, your hand." Alitzel noticed Hope's fingers were covered in bruises, with dried blood, which she hadn't noticed before but saw now, grabbing Hope's wrist hurriedly.

"How did you get your hand like this, child?" Alitzel frowned, reprimanding with heartache while pulling Hope inside.

Hope glanced at her hand; if Alitzel hadn't mentioned it, she wouldn't have felt the pain.

It must have been injured when she was pulling at the rocks at that time, and she hadn't noticed it back then.

Seeing the injuries now, she truly felt a bit of pain.

Alitzel quickly called in the family doctor to clean and bandage Hope's wounds.

Aria Richardson also changed into clean clothes and sat on the sofa with a cup of warm water, somewhat in a daze.

The large living room had nearly a dozen people, with no one speaking, creating an odd atmosphere.

Alitzel looked at Hope, who was constantly staring at her phone like she was waiting for some important news, at Aria who was lost in thought, and at Wyatt Lewis, who seemed out of it.

After scanning around, finally, Alitzel exchanged glances with Isla Sue and couldn't help but say, "Why don't you all talk about what happened today? Why is Little Hope's hand so injured, and why was Aria soaked to the skin? No one's talking, it's really worrying us."

Isla also said, "Yes, with you guys not saying anything, we're genuinely anxious."

Aria pursed her lips and recounted the entire story.

Alitzel slapped her thigh in dismay, "It turns out it couldn't be without Elias Patel, that little bitch stirring things up in this, and it's also our fault for not telling you earlier, or else you wouldn't have been deceived."

Aria lowered her eyebrows and just as Alitzel mentioned this, Aria casually asked, "Lily Armstrong said I attempted suicide by jumping, not by being hit by a car, so can you tell me why I would attempt suicide by jumping?"

As soon as the question was asked, everyone fell silent.

Aria, with teary eyes, looked at everyone. The more they didn't speak, the more she felt that there was no small matter in this.

Could it be, as Lily Armstrong said, she did something terribly wrong and couldn't take the pressure, ultimately choosing suicide?

Aria's gaze moved to each person, hoping someone could provide her with an answer.

Isla pursed her lips, meeting Aria's slightly wavering eyes, slightly dodging, unsure of how to begin.

After a long silence, Wyatt Lewis, who sat on the sofa opposite Aria, finally spoke. He clearly narrated the cause, process, and result of the entire incident to her.

With each sentence he spoke, Aria's face grew more sullen, and everyone else's hearts lifted with concern.

Because this matter caused Aria great harm, due to this matter, she couldn't get over it, and now she had to revisit this matter, wasn't this equivalent to tearing open a wound?

After Wyatt finished speaking, his deep gaze fell on Aria, and he slowly asked, "Do you want to know anything else? I'll tell you everything."

Instead of letting her keep this question pent up inside, remaining curious and sullen, it's better to directly tell her.

With anxiety, Aria shook her head, her eyes slightly unfocused.

Isla looked at Aria and hugged her shoulders, softly patting her comfortingly, "Originally, we didn't want to tell you, fearing you'd overthink, but Aria, it's all over, don't think about it anymore, okay?"

Aria lowered her head, silently lifted her hand to wipe the tears at the corner of her eyes, "I understand."

After a long while, Aria forced a smile, "I won't lose hope again, Mom, you're right, it's all in the past, it was my fault before, too fragile, causing you to worry about me, it won't happen again."

Isla affectionately hugged Aria, as her understanding was more important than anything.

Outside, the sound of a car engine sounded.

It must be Waylon Lewis returning.

Hope was the first to go out, seeing Waylon carrying his coat with one hand, striding in, Hope quickly walked over.

When Waylon saw Hope, the light in his eyes softened, knowing she was anxious to ask, without her needing to voice it, Waylon answered, "He's fine, all the wounds are bandaged, but he wouldn't stay in the hospital and has already left."

Hope pressed her lips together, finally feeling at ease, "That's good."

At this moment, Hope's focus was on her concern for Liam Cloud, not noticing the slight disappointment hidden in Waylon's eyes.

But attentive Thomas Hughes noticed it.

Their Boss, although saying nothing, no matter the reason, seeing his wife show concern for another man first, must surely bring him discomfort.

Thomas Hughes lightly coughed, deliberately saying, "Boss, you should also tend to your wounds first."

This sentence conveniently reminded Hope.

Hope's heart tightened, blaming herself harshly inside.

After the explosion, she was only thinking about the injured Liam Cloud who left with explosives, forgetting that during the explosion, Waylon used his body to shield her, unable to run far holding her.

Now seeing Waylon's slightly pale face, Hope frowned, her nose twitching, immediately circling behind Waylon, reaching out, just as her wrist was caught by Waylon.

"Don't listen to his nonsense, I'm not hurt."

"Not hurt?"

"Hmm."

"Then why not let me see?" Hope glared at him, her voice turning cold.

"..."

He said nothing, and Hope said nothing more, reaching out to start removing his clothes.

Waylon raised an eyebrow, not caring despite being outside, simply allowing her to undress him.

Thomas Hughes' eyes flickered, lightly coughing, looking around, diverting his eyes elsewhere.

Hope pulled aside Waylon's black shirt, his strong back covered in cuts and burns from shrapnel from the explosion, Hope's face suddenly turned cold.

She had not suffered a single injury, all landed on Waylon.

Yet he never mentioned anything.

He didn't mention before, and wasn't mentioning now. If not for Thomas Hughes, would he have silently dealt with it on his own, never wanting her to know?

Waylon saw her eyes redden, hesitated internally, his thin lips slightly parting, "...It doesn't hurt..."

Chapter 820: Chapter 820: Go Have One Yourself

"Not painful? You're lying to ghosts, aren't you?" Hope's voice was cold and angry.

All of them dislike letting others see their injuries, wanting others to pity them, making her both exasperated and helpless.

Waylon Lewis smiled lightly, indifferent to his wounds, leaned closer to Hope and hugged her, "It really doesn't hurt."

Hope pushed him away in annoyance.

Waylon took a deep breath.

Hope immediately panicked, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have pushed you so hard."

Waylon curled his lips, "Not that fragile."

"How come you didn't let the doctor clean up your wounds at the hospital?"

"Didn't notice."

Alitzel Williams and the others came out from inside and saw Waylon Lewis topless in the broad daylight with injuries on his upper body, yet looking as if he had swallowed honey, gazing tenderly and smiling at Hope who was angry enough to have a dark face.

Alitzel tugged at her lips, glanced at the few people with various expressions beside her, blinked her eyes, and couldn't help but remind, "Um... Little Hope, you guys be mindful..."

Hope hurriedly and carefully pulled Waylon's clothes up, quickly dragging him upstairs.

Waylon smiled slightly.

Back in the room, Hope silently went to fetch the medical kit and walked over, speaking in annoyance, "Apply the medicine."

Although her tone wasn't pleasant, Waylon knew it was her caring for him.

Hope reached out to take off his shirt, only for her hands to be gently caught in Waylon's palms, "Your hands are injured, let someone else do it."

Hope withdrew her hands, holding the hand he used to block a knife for her, and waved it in front of him, "My injury is nothing compared to yours."

Next time, don't do this, I feel heartbroken."

Waylon gave a faint smile, "Okay."

He agreed well on the outside, but when danger truly struck, Waylon would always be the first to protect her fiercely.

Hope sighed, silently organizing the medical supplies.

Because her hands were bandaged, dealing with the wounds was indeed difficult, and eventually, they had to call in a family doctor.

Seeing it was a female doctor, Waylon coldly drove her out.

Hope looked at him, feeling both annoyed and amused, "You've become finicky, huh? Covered in injuries, I find someone to treat your wounds, and you drive them away, really something."

"Don't like women."

"Then you like men?"

Waylon's dark eyes steadily watched her, the gaze seemed to challenge, come, say that again.

Hope tugged her lips, "Fine, I'll go find a male doctor for you."

Waylon reached out and pulled her back, Hope stumbled and bumped into Waylon's chest.

The sudden strong sense of pressure made Hope's heart skip a beat, nervously asking, "What... What are you trying to do? I just said you like men, you wouldn't be thinking of domestic violence against me, would you?"

Waylon lowered his head to gaze at her, "I like men?"

"See, you admitted it!"

Waylon frowned.

Hope's eyelashes trembled, she tugged at the corner of her lips and then quickly pulled back, almost breaking character.

"I might need to prove my sexual orientation to Mrs. Lewis."

Hope gave two dry chuckles, sensing danger in her current situation, hurriedly standing up, "No need to prove, no need to prove, I know, I know, you sit well, I'll go find a man... oops, find a male doctor."

Hope quickly called another male doctor over.

Because of Hope's remark, Waylon seemed to dislike the male doctor as well, causing him to hurriedly complete the treatment and rush out.

Hope sighed lightly, while putting a new shirt on him, she reminded, "Try to avoid water these days, don't overuse that hand, understand?"

Waylon nodded obediently this time, "Yes, understood."

Hope helped him button up his shirt, feeling a bit emotional, thinking about the scene from today, she pursed her lips and snuggled into his broad chest.

"Waylon... Sorry about today." Hope's voice softened significantly.

"Why say sorry?"

Waylon reached out gently encircling the woman.

"I was too anxious at the time and didn't notice..."

"I know, you don't need to apologize." Waylon laughed a little, "Anyone would first hurry to leave with explosives in a situation like that, I didn't blame you."

Hope looked at Waylon, momentarily unsure what to say.

It can only be said that she is genuinely very fortunate, whether meeting Waylon or Liam Cloud, it is the luckiest thing of her life.

Hope embraced Waylon's neck, buried in his neck, whispering softly, "Waylon... Thank you."

Waylon held the woman tighter, his eyes full of tender smiles.

Waylon rested at home for two days, and due to such a big event, the baby's hundred-day banquet was postponed, although not held on schedule, it was still grand and magnificent.

Emperor Capital's most upscale hotel was packed with guests, no one wanted to miss the Lewis family's young master's hundred-day celebration if they received an invitation.

Of course, there were quite a few reporters at the entrance as well.

In such crowded situations, the fear of danger is always the greatest.

Waylon deployed all the bodyguards at every corner, firstly for safety, secondly to prevent anyone from causing trouble.

Aria Richardson, along with Isla Sue and Miac Richardson, arrived early, Aria immensely fond of the tiny three-month-old in the crib.

In Aria's memory, this was the first time she genuinely saw the baby.

The little pink-tinged, milk-scented fellow reaching out chubby little hands cooing adorably beyond measure.

Aria cautiously extended her hand to play with the little one, "My gosh, the baby is really too cute, I want to steal him home."

"Don't even think about it." Waylon, hearing those words, frowned slightly.

Want to steal his son?

Dream on!

Though this little one's arrival took time away from him and his wife being alone, someone thinking to steal him is absolutely unacceptable, don't even think about it.

This is the son his wife risked her life to give him.

Aria clicked her tongue, "You stingy fellow, I was just talking, can't I even joke?"

"Talking is also a no." Waylon firmly argued.

"Look at you being stingy, Hope, look at him, I was just talking, and he won't even allow it."

Hope, being amused by them, chuckled.

Waylon's gaze turned profound, and his peripheral vision caught Wyatt Lewis standing aside, he notably remarked, "She wants a child."

Wyatt stood quietly by, inexplicably caught by his brother's remark, stunned for a moment, "And then?"

Waylon raised his eyebrows, "When will you give her one, so she won't keep fancying ours."

Alitzel Williams, holding Isla's hand, stood nearby, Alitzel echoed Waylon's sentiment following his words.

"Oh yes, I fully support Waylon in this, Aria, liking children means having your own, you guys better hurry up, I'm actually planning to have two grandsons and two granddaughters this year, think of how lively and wonderful that'll be."

Wyatt's eyelid twitched, if greed is to be discussed, his own mom is definitely the one.

