

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 831: Hoping to See Him One Last Time - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 831: Hoping to See Him One Last Time

Chapter 831: Chapter 831: Hoping to See Him One Last Time

Hope's heart sank, and the expression on her face changed slightly.

Jade saw Hope's expression change and immediately panicked, quickly said, "Little Hope, your grandfather doesn't mean anything else; he just wants to see you all. I know he's done many wrong things in the past, but he's realized his mistakes now and absolutely won't harm you anymore."

Hope slightly curled her lips but didn't speak immediately.

Jade looked at Hope with a complex yet hopeful expression, wanting to continue speaking, "Little Hope..."

Alitzel noticed the expression on Hope's face and found Jade quite speechless.

This old lady has been too soft-hearted towards both Luna and Maverick before, so she keeps coming time and again to plead with Hope on their behalf.

Every time she asks, it seems harmless to Hope, but every time it puts Hope in a difficult position.

She isn't unaware of how excessive Maverick has been.

Baby almost lost his life because of him. If Little Hope weren't smart, this child would have long been a pool of blood.

What right does he have to see Baby now?

How dare they say such things?

Alitzel directly pulled Hope aside, sat in Hope's seat herself, crossed her arms, and looked at Jade, "Old lady, sorry, my daughter-in-law doesn't want to see that stubborn old man at all. He should think about the things he's done himself; he's really got no face to see them, right?"

Jade lowered her posture considerably, nodding inclusively in response to Alitzel's cold words, "Yes, yes, yes, he really has no face to come, so he didn't even dare enter the

banquet hall at yesterday's hundred-day feast, fearing Hope would be unhappy. Later, he only dared to stand at the Lewis Family's gate for a distant glance at Hope and them."

Hope raised her eyebrows, so it turns out she wasn't seeing things last night; she really did see someone standing there.

And that person was Maverick.

Alitzel looked at the old lady's pleading appearance, not softening at all, continued coldly, "Then let it be, a distant glance is enough, huh? Old Lady Williams, don't speak for that person anymore, if you want to see Baby, no problem, our home always welcomes you because you are the only person in that family who still has some conscience; as for the others, we just don't agree."

Alitzel clearly rejected on Hope's behalf.

But Jade didn't hear Hope's thoughts; she was still unwilling to give up, stood up, and came to Hope's side.

"Little Hope, you know your grandfather is quite old now; his only wish is to see you all doing well. Luna is still in prison now, and you are his only granddaughter. You don't want him to pass away without seeing his family one last time, do you?"

Alitzel didn't like these words, pulling Hope close to her, questioning Jade, "Old Lady Williams, are you blaming Little Hope for putting Luna in prison so your family can't reunite or meet?"

Jade hurriedly followed to Hope's side, flustered, "No... absolutely not... I didn't mean that at all. What I mean is that the only family he can see now are Hope and the children."

Alitzel pulled Hope farther away, "Humph, don't use family ties to bind Little Hope. Because of this blood relationship, how much has Hope suffered, how many hardships has she endured? Do you still have the face to talk?"

"This..." Jade's face went green and purple after Alitzel's rebuke, leaving her speechless.

Hope furrowed her brows, catching some clues from Jade's words earlier, calmly asked, "Did you just say before he dies? What's wrong with Maverick?"

Jade's eyes trembled, her lips tightly pressed, full of grief, "Your grandfather... he's always had poor health, then he went to prison, and his health deteriorated day by day. On the day he was released, he was so thin I barely recognized him.

Later, he heard about Luna being sentenced for all the things she did, which triggered his hypertension, sending him to the hospital. This time he came to the Emperor Capital still carrying his illness, just to see you all. Seeing him like this is unbearable, so I wanted to ask if you could put the past aside and see him; after all, he is your biological grandfather."

Jade spoke with emotion, tears uncontrollably streaming down.

Hope furrowed her brows, pulled out two sheets of paper, and handed them to Jade.

Alitzel tugged at her lips from the side; this old lady really has some tricks to make Hope soften.

Alitzel helplessly shook her head.

Jade's eyes were red from crying, tightly gripping Hope's hand, her body slightly trembling, "Little Hope, we have a flight back this afternoon. Grandma won't force you, just hope you'll think it over. If you're willing, just come and see him; think of it as fulfilling his last wish."

Hope's expression wasn't very good, her lips pressed into a thin line, not answering Jade, making it hard to guess what she was thinking.

Alitzel couldn't help but mutter under her breath, "This is practically moral coercion, yet they say it's not forcing."

Jade wiped her tears, "Alright, I've disturbed you, I'll be leaving first."

Hope sighed lightly, handed her two more sheets of paper, "I'll see you off."

"Okay."

Hope escorted Jade outside, and Jade held onto her, endlessly chattering about how Maverick regrets it, and how miserable he is now, ultimately just hoping Hope would soften and bring the three children to see him.

Jade finally said, "Little Hope, this may truly be the last meeting this lifetime. Once we return to City A, who knows if your grandfather can survive this year, so grandma still hopes you can go see him."

Hope nodded slightly, "I'll think about it."

Seeing Hope relent, a hint of joy appeared on Jade's face, and after telling Hope their flight details, she left.

Hope watched the slowly departing car, her gaze distant, her cold and indifferent eyes still showing some emotion.

Chapter 832: Chapter 832: For Herself

Hope Williams really isn't someone with a hard heart.

On the way back to the living room, Hope was pondering over Jade Bell's words.

When Alitzel Williams saw her returning, she quickly put down her teacup and pulled Hope onto the sofa, "Did you agree with your grandmother?"

Hope shook her head, "Not yet."

"So are you going to agree with her?"

Hope hadn't decided yet.

She really didn't want to see Maverick Williams. What he did to her mother, to her, to the three children, was unforgivable no matter how much time had passed, and she couldn't let it go.

But after hearing Jade Bell's last words, Hope still felt a moment's emotion.

Hope looked down with her eyebrows furrowed, seeing Baby in the cradle moving his arms and legs energetically, babbling as if trying to say something, and she curved her lips slightly.

Alitzel continued speaking nonchalantly, "It's best not to agree. Such a person cannot be forgiven. Never see him."

Hope responded with silence.

Alitzel sipped her tea, "This tea is nice, you should try it."

"Okay."

"By the way, is Old Ortiz planning to leave? I heard the old master mention it this morning," Alitzel looked at Hope and asked.

Hope nodded, "Yes, my master mentioned it to me too."

With the month's treatment ending, she's also learned quite a bit from Old Ortiz, who had indeed told her about his plans to leave.

Alitzel took a deep breath, "I actually wanted to suggest Old Ortiz stay with us permanently. He's getting on in years, living alone back there makes me uneasy."

Hope thought the same.

"Moreover, look at how the old master and Old Ortiz got along like brothers this past month. It's rare for the old master to find someone with similar interests."

Hope followed Alitzel's gaze out the large window and saw in the garden that the old master and Old Ortiz were sitting together, playing chess and drinking tea.

Hope smiled and nodded, "But Old Ortiz is used to living alone. He might not want to stay here long-term. Besides, if you make him stay long-term, he'd feel indebted to us."

Alitzel looked at her disapprovingly, "Not necessarily, just ask. If Old Ortiz stays, that's the best scenario."

Hope felt Alitzel made a valid point.

"Then I'll trouble you to look after Baby, and I'll go see grandpa and the others."

"Yes, go on, go on."

Hope walked outside. It was a beautiful sunny day, and the two old gentlemen sat comfortably in Sun Yat-sen suits by a stone table, leisurely playing chess with fragrant tea infusing the air around them, in complete tranquility.

Hope tiptoed toward them, worried about disturbing their peace.

The old master spotted Hope early on and waved her over.

Hope immediately put on a smile and walked over quickly, "Grandpa, Master."

Old Master Lewis said, "Sit."

Hope sat down, and before she could speak, the old master placed a chess piece down and asked, "In a bad mood, something on your mind?"

Hope lifted her eyes to look at the old master, instinctively denying, "No, I was smiling just now. Grandpa, how could you tell I'm not in a good mood?"

The old master chuckled, "You can't hide anything from me, girl. Your emotions are always clear to me."

Old Ortiz also laughed, taking a sip of tea, "Your grandpa can read people like a book. As soon as you walked over, he told me something's definitely bothering you."

Hope helplessly tugged at the corners of her mouth, "Nothing escapes grandpa's eyes, indeed."

The old master picked up a black chess piece, placed it, and exchanged a glance with Old Ortiz, "Then tell us, maybe these old folks can help you analyze."

Hope sighed, resting her chin on her hands atop the stone table, looking at the chessboard in front, she spoke, "It's nothing much, just that I'm hesitant whether to see Maverick Williams or not."

The old master glanced at Hope, "Your grandmother came just for this matter?"

Hope nodded, "Yes."

"What do you think?"

Hope was silent for a while, "Given everything that happened before, I don't want to see him. There's nothing about him that softens my heart, but..."

Hope pursed her lips, the emotions within her own heart elusive even to herself.

"But what?"

"But grandmother said he's sick, dying, and if I don't see him this time, I might never get the chance."

After listening, the old master placed another piece without looking at Hope, "Go see him."

Hope paused for a moment, sitting upright to look at the old master, "Grandpa?"

"Not for him, for yourself."

There was a hint of surprise in Hope's eyes; she didn't understand what the old master meant, she looked at the old master, then at Old Ortiz, full of questions.

The old master glanced at the teacup.

Hope wisely lifted the teapot to refill the old master's cup, pouring some for Old Ortiz as well.

"Grandpa, what do you mean?"

"You're not someone who can be ruthless. Rather than tormenting yourself with indecision, why not let it go."

Seeing him now doesn't cost you anything, helps him find some closure, and spares you potential future guilt."

Hope looked at the old master, who continued evenly, "If he dies and your grandmother tells you he left with regret, because he didn't get to see you and the children, would you feel guilty?"

"I..." Hope wanted to say she wouldn't.

She hated him, hated his obstinacy, his biases, all that he had done.

"Don't rush to deny it; you will," the old master said meaningfully, "Let go of what should be let go, old man, what do you think?"

The old master glanced at Old Ortiz opposite.

Old Ortiz smiled, "I don't know what happened between you all, so I won't comment. But Little Hope, I agree with your grandpa's words. Rather than tormenting yourself, why not let it go."

Hope remained in silent contemplation for a while and finally showed a faint smile, "Got it, grandpa."

The old master nodded, "Good. So why did you come over here?"

"Wasn't Master planning to leave? I wanted to persuade him to stay longer at the Lewis Family."

Old Ortiz laughed heartily, "Your family certainly is united, your grandpa just told me not to leave."

Hope quickly added, "Then Master, please stay. Look how much fun you have drinking tea, chatting, and playing chess with grandpa. I still have so many questions about traditional Chinese medicine to learn from you."

"This..." Old Ortiz hesitated.

Seeing him still hesitant, the old master playfully slapped the table.

"Look, look at this, Little Hope asked you, and you still want to leave? Do you really want our family to tie you up and keep you at the Lewis Family?" The old master feigned anger at Old Ortiz, "Besides, once a teacher, always a father. Let Little Hope and Waylon Lewis take care of you in your old age, don't retreat into the mountains alone like an old sprite."

Hope smirked.

The term “old sprite” said by the old master felt oddly amusing.

Old Ortiz couldn’t help but laugh, “If I stay at your place forever, shouldn’t I pay rent? Let’s talk about rent then.”

“Master, if you want to talk money with us, then we need to discuss money with you too. You cured my illness and taught me traditional Chinese medicine without taking a cent. Let’s tally up how much we owe you then.”

Old Ortiz chuckled, “Alright, alright, I can’t win against you.”

Hope and the old master exchanged knowing smiles.

The old master, “That’s more like it, stay here. We two old folks have company.”

Having persuaded Old Ortiz, Hope was pleased, and she took to heart the old master’s words. After lunch, Hope prepared to take Luke, Willow, and Baby out.

Luke and Willow looked at Hope, “Mommy, where are we going?”

“To see... someone.”

Willow tilted her head curiously, “Who are we seeing? Is it a friend of mommy’s?”

Hope patted Willow’s head, “Not a friend.”

“Then who?”

“Consider it... a family member who’s not quite family. You’ve met them before, an old grandpa.”

Luke and Willow blinked, unable to recall who it was immediately.

Hope had the driver wait at the door, after getting everything ready, she carried Baby and took Luke and Willow out, just as they were about to get in the car, they saw Waylon Lewis’ car slowly pull up beside them.

Waylon got out and approached Hope.

Hope raised a brow, “Why are you back here?”

“You’re going to see Maverick Williams. I’ll go with you.”

Hope looked at Waylon, “You sure get your information quickly.”

“Let’s go.”

Hope didn't refuse, and she got in the car with Waylon.

Chapter 833: Chapter 833: Just Regret

Hope Williams didn't refuse and followed Waylon Lewis into the car.

"Address?"

Hope glanced at the time Jade Bell had given her. They were probably heading to the airport now.

"Airport."

Waylon Lewis silently started the car and drove towards the airport.

Hope looked at Waylon with curiosity, "I'm going to see Maverick Williams, don't you mind?"

Waylon turned to glance at her, smiling faintly, "You have your freedom, your decision. I support you."

Hope felt a slight tremor in her heart and smiled gently, "I thought you'd be unhappy because you'd care."

Waylon held the steering wheel, nodded lightly without denying, "I am a bit unhappy."

Hope paused, "Hmm?"

"You're not planning to take me with you, which makes me a little unhappy." Waylon turned his head to look at her, "In the future, when you want to do something, how about thinking of bringing me along?"

Hope smiled and nodded, "Okay."

"And take both of us, too." Luke and Willow in the back seat eagerly chimed in to find a sense of presence.

Waylon curled his lips, "Why are you two everywhere?"

"Who told you two to give birth to us, so we have to stick to you." Luke replied.

Waylon slightly tugged his lips, his deep voice carrying a hint of laughter, "Little tagalongs."

"Daddy, what did you say?"

Waylon's voice didn't escape the ears of the two little ones.

Willow put her hands on her hips, puffing her cheeks, "Daddy, weren't you ever a little tagalong when you were young?"

"Do you think everyone is like you two?"

Willow muttered softly, "I don't believe you didn't stick to Grandma when you were young."

Waylon shook his head lightly, "Me stick to her? Ridiculous."

"I don't believe it, I'm going back to ask Grandma."

As if to confirm that Waylon was also a little tagalong, Luke and Willow secretly noted it down.

Waylon smiled indifferently.

Nearly a forty-minute drive, and because Hope and the children were in the car, Waylon drove much slower. The car gradually stopped at the airport entrance.

Before getting out, Hope looked at Waylon, "Would you like to go and meet him together?"

"I'll accompany you."

"Okay."

Waylon parked the car, took the baby from Hope's arms, and the five of them walked into the airport together.

At this time, Jade was standing beside Maverick Williams at the security checkpoint, waiting anxiously, frequently searching the crowd for familiar faces.

They came this time with low profile; they didn't bring any attendants or bodyguards. The elderly couple supported each other at the security checkpoint, their faces showing discomfort, causing onlookers to feel a sense of sympathy. Several times, the staff came to ask if they needed help.

Jade watched Maverick's expectant expression, couldn't help but sigh, and reminded, "Maverick, we really have to go through security now, Little Hope... maybe she won't come."

Maverick raised his head to look at her, hesitated and responded, taking a few slow steps forward but still unwilling to stop, in his aged voice he said, "Let's wait a few more minutes."

Jade couldn't bear it, took out her phone and said, "How about I call Little Hope?"

Maverick raised his hand to press hers, shaking his head, "No need to call. If she wants to see me, she will come. If she doesn't want to see me, any calls will be futile."

Maverick sighed heavily, then unexpectedly coughed violently a few times.

Jade hurriedly supported his frail body, patting his back anxiously, helplessly said, "I originally told you not to come, the doctor said you should be resting quietly..."

Maverick held her hand, gently patting it before speaking in a hoarse voice from coughing, "If I don't come this time, I fear I won't be able to see them in this lifetime. Jade, the person I've let down the most in this life is her. While I still have a little strength left, I want to say sorry to her, want to see the children one last time, then I'll be satisfied."

"But you should know, with what you did before, it's hard for Little Hope to forgive you; she doesn't want to see you." Jade's eyes brimmed with tears, utterly helpless and anxious.

Maverick was stubbornly obstinate all his life, she spent half her life with him and never managed to persuade him even once.

This time is the same.

Jade watched Maverick's deteriorating body, as if his life was entering a countdown, she couldn't help but cover her mouth and cry softly.

Maverick's raised hand trembled uncontrollably, he struggled to wipe Jade's tears, then said, "Don't cry, don't cry, if she really comes and sees you crying, she'll get worried again."

Jade held back her tears.

She actually knew, that Hope was probably not coming.

Jade feared Maverick would be too disappointed later, so she said upfront, "If Little Hope doesn't come in the end, don't blame her."

Maverick nodded.

He knew he wasn't worthy of seeing them, Hope unwilling to bring the children to see him was to be expected.

If she didn't want to come, he definitely didn't blame her, just... regret.

Chapter 834: Chapter 834: Guilt

Maverick Williams looked towards the crowd, his chest heaving with a few violent coughs. He covered his mouth with a handkerchief, and upon looking at it, saw a trace of blood.

Maverick glanced at Jade who was looking at the crowd, realizing she didn't notice, he quietly tucked the handkerchief into his pocket, pretending nothing had happened.

The person next to them, noticing they had been standing there for a long time, couldn't help but ask, "Sir, Ma'am, are you waiting for someone?"

Maverick nodded, "Waiting for my grand... grand..."

"Granddaughter," Jade quickly filled in the term he dared not mention.

The person was indignant on their behalf, "Then your granddaughter is really unfilial. You are both so old, yet not only does she refuse to see you off, she makes you wait so long."

Maverick shook his head, immediately disagreeing, "It's not her fault, it's because I made an irreparable mistake, she doesn't want to see me, justifiably so."

Maverick looked down at the child holding the person's hand, and his gaze softened a bit.

Originally, he should have had such a small child calling him great-grandfather, but he personally harmed them, and they might never be willing to call him great-grandfather in this lifetime.

Maverick sighed heavily at the thought.

Not knowing how long they had waited, the crowd beside them thinned and filled up again, yet Hope had not appeared. Jade looked at Maverick with a comforting glance, "Let's go."

Maverick's eyes were filled with disappointment as he nodded.

Perhaps they might never meet again in this lifetime.

These were all sins he had committed; he deserved this.

Thinking this, Maverick and Jade turned to join the queue for security check.

"Grandma..."

A soft call came.

The two were startled, freezing in place, as if not daring to believe what they heard.

There was a moment of silence before Maverick and Jade slowly turned around.

At that moment, Maverick looked helplessly at the figures in front of him.

"Little... Little Hope..." Jade muttered, slowly saying her name.

The two hurriedly left the queue, hastening towards Hope Williams.

Hope also paused for a moment upon seeing Maverick, who had become much thinner, and his full head of white hair made him look even older.

His face still showed a sickly pallor, and to those who saw his hurried steps, there was the fear that he might collapse at any moment.

Maverick's gaze also lacked some of that domineering authority, replaced with more kindness and gentleness.

Hope couldn't help but note that Maverick had indeed changed a lot recently.

The two approached eagerly, Maverick extending his hand, "Little..."

Hope slightly frowned, her arm subtly shifting away.

Maverick's wrinkled hand paused, slowly retracting.

The atmosphere grew tense for a moment.

Waylon Lewis stood by indifferently.

Luke and Willow looked at the subtle tension among the adults, then at the sorrow in the old man's eyes. Luke gently tugged at Hope's hand, looking up with a questioning gaze.

They had only met Maverick once, back when he had kidnapped them, but that had been so long ago, and Maverick had changed so much, they had forgotten him.

Yet they only knew their mommy had an air of hostility towards this old man.

Jade forced a smile, making small talk, "Little Hope, you're here."

Hope nodded slightly.

Another wave of silence.

Jade's eyes flickered, not knowing what to say to break the silence.

Slowly, Hope stepped forward, gently embracing Jade, "Grandma, take good care of yourself and be healthy. I'll visit when I have time."

Jade nodded vigorously, her eyes brimming with tears, "Okay, you all take care too."

"We will."

Hope lightly patted Jade's back, then released her.

Maverick stood aside, silently pressing his lips and shifting his gaze elsewhere.

Jade looked at him, squeezing Hope's hand in a plea.

Hope turned her eyes to Maverick's face, stared at him for a moment, and spoke softly, "You too."

Maverick visibly paused, as if it took him a long time to confirm that Hope was speaking to him. He then slowly turned his face.

After a long pause, he nodded with a smile, tears in his eyes, "Okay."

Hope turned back, taking Baby from Waylon's arms, looking at Maverick, "Would you like to see the child?"

Maverick gazed at her in disbelief.

Only when he was sure that Hope was allowing him to see the child did he nervously step forward.

In over a hundred days, this was the first time this great-grandfather saw Baby.

The little one was awake, bright eyes darting around, finally settling to watch him quietly. The child's features resembled Hope's intensely.

Good, truly good, Maverick's mouth involuntarily lifted in a smile.

But remembering that this child was almost harmed by him, a deep sense of guilt rose in his heart.

Maverick stretched out his hand, wanting to touch the little one's cheek, but his hand trembled and was withdrawn.

In his frail condition, avoiding contact with the child was best, lest he pass on his illness.

Maverick felt around in his pocket and took out three red envelopes for Hope, "These are gifts for the three children, take them, don't disdain them."

Hope glanced at them, her voice indifferent, "No need, Grandma already gave plenty yesterday."

Maverick persisted, not withdrawing his hand, "That was from her, this is from me."

He looked at Hope, his face full of regret.

Jade quickly added, "Little Hope, accept it for the children. He prepared these a long time ago, it's his sincere wish."

Hope listened, her expression remained unchanged.

Seeing her reluctance, Maverick glanced at Waylon.

Waylon, just like before, remained calm, saying nothing, standing quietly behind Hope.

Maverick then looked towards Luke and Willow, bending over to offer them.

Luke and Willow looked at Hope, seeking her approval. Hope looked at them, ultimately not stopping them, "Take it."

Hearing this, the two little ones reached out and accepted the red envelopes from Maverick, politely saying, "Thank you."

There was finally more smile on Maverick's face.

Jade's eyes were filled with relief.

Boarding time was nearing, and the two had to go through security. Jade supported Maverick, "It's about time. If we delay any longer, we might miss the flight, let's go."

Maverick nodded contentedly, a few more smiles on his pale face, "Alright."

Jade looked at Hope and her family of five, "Little Hope, we're heading back now."

Hope nodded, adjusting the shawl on Jade's shoulder, "Call us when you arrive."

"I will."

Jade supported Maverick as they walked away, occasionally turning to wave at Hope and the rest, "You all should head back."

Hope and Luke with Willow also waved back at them.

Watching them enter the waiting hall, Hope sighed lightly, followed by a smile.

The old man was right; it was just a meeting. She hadn't lost anything, nor did she need to hold a grudge over it, feeling somewhat relieved.

Waylon watched Hope smile, involuntarily curving his own lips, leaning in to hold Baby, "Feeling good?"

Hope nodded nonchalantly, "I am not someone indecisive, but the situation did make me hesitate. Yet, thanks to grandpa's words, now that they can return without regrets, I'm quite happy."

Waylon chuckled, "It was the right thing to do."

"Indeed."

"Let's head back."

"Yes, let's go home."

Hope held Luke and Willow's hands, Waylon holding Baby, just about to turn and leave when a sudden commotion rose unexpectedly from inside.

They paused their steps, instinctively turning back to see what was happening, noticing a crowd gathering quickly.

Chapter 835: Chapter 835: Maverick Williams in Critical Condition

Hope Williams took a deep breath, spotted a staff member coming out to disperse the crowd, and asked, "What happened?"

"An elderly man suddenly fainted."

Hope's heart skipped a beat, furrowed her brow, exchanged a glance with Waylon Lewis, and became somewhat anxious. She handed over Luke and Willow to Waylon. "I'll go take a look."

As Hope hurried over, she saw Jade Bell kneeling on the ground, crying for help next to the unconscious Maverick Williams. Hope's breath caught, and she immediately squatted down to check Maverick's condition.

Seeing Hope, Jade's panicked expression calmed down a bit. She sniffled, "Little Hope, your grandpa... suddenly fainted..."

Hope furrowed her brow, spoke a few comforting words to Jade, and performed a basic check-up on Maverick. Her face grew increasingly grave.

Jade anxiously called Maverick's name over and over, but he didn't respond at all. Seeing Hope's serious expression, Jade became even more flustered. "Little Hope, how is your grandpa?"

"Don't worry for now. Does he have high blood pressure?"

Jade nodded repeatedly. "Yes."

Without hesitation, Hope immediately opened her own bag. Due to her regular habits, she always kept a silver needle pouch in her bag.

Unrolling the pouch, Hope calmly took out a silver needle, quickly sanitized it, located the acupuncture point, and inserted it into Maverick's point...

Someone had called an ambulance, which quickly arrived and took Maverick to the hospital.

After the doctors' examination and emergency treatment, it was confirmed that the fainting was due to acute cerebral hemorrhage caused by high blood pressure, compounded by Maverick's already poor health.

Jade almost fainted upon hearing this and tightly grasped the doctor's hand, pleading for him to save Maverick.

The doctor quickly reassured Jade. "Madam, don't worry. Before he was brought to the hospital, he must have received some initial treatment that controlled his condition, so it's not the worst scenario right now."

Jade immediately pulled Hope to the forefront. "Yes, my granddaughter is also in medicine. She was there and performed emergency treatment."

The doctor glanced at Hope, recognizing her from the hospital where she used to work. "Director Williams, it's you."

Hope nodded slightly.

The doctor curiously asked, "Aren't you a cardiac surgeon? How do you have expertise in neurology too?"

"I previously studied traditional Chinese medicine with my mentor and have continued learning from my senior mentor recently, which came in handy."

Maverick was fortunate; it wasn't a very severe cerebral hemorrhage. If it had been, there would have been nothing she could do.

The doctor nodded, looking at Hope with increasing admiration, then turned to Jade. "Madam, rest assured. Thanks to Director Williams being there, your husband was saved and is currently not in life-threatening danger. Specialists from neurology are already consulting on his case and will soon present a treatment plan."

Jade nodded repeatedly. "Thank you, thank you, for all your hard work."

After the doctor left, Jade pursed her lips, her nose tingling, her eyes brimming with tears. Her knees weakened, and she almost knelt before Hope.

Hope quickly supported her, shocked. "What are you doing?"

Jade didn't know how to describe her feelings at this moment—gratitude, guilt, regret...

Hope not only came to see Maverick today but at the critical moment, she put past grievances aside to save him.

But Maverick had previously endangered her child's life!

Jade genuinely didn't know what to say at that moment.

They had plotted against her in every possible way, yet in the end, she was the one who repeatedly saved them. They could never repay what they owed Hope in this lifetime.

Having Hope as a granddaughter was their greatest fortune.

Jade embraced Hope, crying bitterly, mumbling endless thank-yous.

Hope soothingly patted Jade's back. "Alright, Grandma, you don't have to say this. It's what I should do. I can't just watch him die in front of me. Don't cry anymore; he'll be fine."

Jade nodded repeatedly.

Maverick's surgery soon began, and Hope sat with Jade outside, waiting.

Waylon Lewis initially kept the three kids in the car outside to wait, but seeing that Hope didn't come out for a long time, he brought the kids inside.

"Mommy."

Luke and Willow reached out their little arms towards Hope.

Hope extended her hand to embrace them, rubbing their small heads. "What's the matter? Didn't I tell Daddy to take you home? Why are you back?"

Willow's soft, rosy face peeked out from Hope's embrace. Her big eyes were filled with concern. "Mommy, what's wrong with Grandpa? Is he sick?"

Hope tugged at her lips. "Yes, he's sick."

"Then is Mommy worried now? Grandpa will get better, right?"

Hope paused.

Worried?

Jade also looked at Hope, seemingly wanting to hear her answer.

Hope pursed her lips, thinking that perhaps she still couldn't cut off that little bit of blood relationship. If Maverick were to die in front of her, she truly couldn't remain indifferent.

Hope nodded at Willow. "Yes, he will get better."

"Mm, Willow also hopes Grandpa will get better soon, so Mommy and Great-Grandmother won't be sad. I don't want to see Mommy and Great-Grandmother sad..."