

## **She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor**

### **#Chapter 836: 836: I Hope You Keep Your Word - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 836: 836: I Hope You Keep Your Word**

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Jade also looked at the two little ones with satisfaction; Hope had taught them well.

Hope patted the heads of the two little ones, a bitter smile on her lips.

The wait outside the operating room was long and almost exhausted one's patience.

Hope wanted Waylon Lewis to take the three children home, but Waylon handed the baby to her and helped her up from the chair.

"What are you doing?" Hope asked, puzzled.

Hope saw Thomas Hughes approaching, as always, respectfully greeting her.

Waylon threw the car keys to Thomas and said to Hope, "Take the three of them home. I'll notify you once there's news here."

Hope blinked, "But..."

The person inside was Maverick Williams; Waylon was willing to spend time here waiting for Maverick to come out?

"No buts, take the three of them home," Waylon said firmly, guiding Hope outside and instructing Thomas, "Drive slowly."

"Yes, Boss." Thomas nodded and said to Hope, "Madam, please."

Hope looked at Waylon, then glanced back at Jade, and her gaze returned to Waylon.

"Be a bit kinder to them; they're getting old..."

"I know, don't worry."

Hope nodded, "Let me know when he comes out."

Waylon gently patted Hope's head, "Alright, go."

Hope said goodbye to Jade and left the hospital with Luke, Willow, and the baby.

After Hope left, the tenderness on Waylon's face disappeared, replaced by his usual coldness.

Jade looked up at him, his tall, upright figure exuding a unique aura and charisma.

A face devoid of expression, exuding coldness and indifference.

From the first time Jade met Waylon, she knew that even though he was gentle and doting towards Hope, his coldness was deeply ingrained.

Now that he let Hope leave and was willing to stay here, he probably had something to say.

Waylon silently sat down, leaving a space between him and Jade, crossing his long legs and lowering his gaze.

His thin lips parted slightly, "Old Madam, you did not keep your original promise."

His voice was deep, inexplicably sending a chill down one's spine.

Jade's face changed.

Back when Maverick Williams was imprisoned, Jade was afraid that the news would cause chaos within the Williams Clan or that Ted would take the opportunity to seize control.

So she sought Hope's help, and eventually, it was Waylon who sent people to stabilize the Williams Clan's situation. In return, Waylon's condition was that Jade should never again use family ties to coerce Hope into helping her with anything.

However, it was evident that Jade had broken this promise many times.

Ultimately, due to her selfishness, Hope got caught up in the struggle between Luna Williams and Ted, nearly losing her life.

Although she never intended to harm Hope, the source of harm stemmed from her actions.

Therefore, Waylon couldn't possibly have any pleasant expressions for Jade, even though she was Hope's grandmother.

Jade lowered her head, glanced at Waylon, and wiped the tears that fell from her eyes, "I had no other choice. If I had any other option, I wouldn't have thought about seeking Little Hope's help. I know I already owe her a lot..."

Waylon watched Jade cry without any trace of sympathy, coldly saying, "There's no need to shed tears in front of me. I'm not Hope; I won't be softened by your tears."

Jade sniffled, looking very ashamed, "I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't rely on Little Hope for everything..."

"No, you don't understand. If you did, you wouldn't have invited her to that birthday banquet and deliberately dragged her into the mess." Waylon looked at her coldly, "Do you remember Ted Williams?"

Jade paused. Since Hope's accident at sea, it had been nearly four or five months, and she hadn't seen Ted.

She didn't even know if he was dead or alive.

Ted had disappeared as if he had vanished from the world.

Now that Waylon mentioned him, she raised her head to ask, "How's he? Is he dead?"

Waylon's expression was indifferent, "He's not dead. Perhaps somewhere, he's unable to live and unable to die."

Jade's heart skipped a beat.

"My debts aren't settled yet; how can he die?!"

"Wha... what debts?" Jade was somewhat shocked and dared not imagine Ted's current situation.

"There's a lot to settle. I have unresolved matters with you too, let alone with him!"

Jade's heart tightened, looking at Waylon in shock.

She knew what kind of person Waylon was, aware of his methods, and it was precisely because she knew that, even as an elder, she felt afraid facing him.

Jade looked at Waylon anxiously.

Waylon cast a sidelong glance at her, "But you don't need to be afraid. You're my wife's grandmother. She wouldn't turn her back on family, so I won't do anything to you or Maverick."

Jade understood the meaning behind his words.

He meant that if it weren't for Hope, they wouldn't be having such an easy time now.

Jade felt a chill in her heart.

“I’m saying this not to scare you. Luna was only sentenced to a year and will be out soon. Once she’s out, I hope you don’t continue to do foolish things out of your kindness. I’m not an easy person to negotiate with. There are things I can overlook, but Hope is my bottom line...”

Waylon didn’t continue.

But even if he didn’t, Jade understood, and she nodded repeatedly, immediately responding:

“I understand, rest assured, even if Luna is released, I won’t allow her to do anything to harm Little Hope, and I definitely won’t ask Little Hope for anything because of her.”

Waylon’s deep voice responded, “I hope you mean it this time.”

As he finished speaking, the door to the operating room opened, and the doctor came out, informing them that the surgery was successful.

Jade breathed a sigh of relief.

Waylon leisurely stood up from the chair, “Since everything’s fine, I’ll leave first. The most professional medical team will continue to treat him. Once he’s better, I’ll arrange for you to be sent back to City A.”

After speaking, Waylon left without looking back.

Jade lowered her head, her emotions unclear whether she was more regretful or grateful.

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Back home, Hope wasn’t idle. Luke, Willow, and the baby were playing in the living room, while she went straight into the kitchen.

It was almost dinner time, and the maids were preparing dinner.

Seeing Hope enter, several maids quickly tried to usher her out, “Young Madam, please go out. The kitchen is full of smoke; don’t let it get to you.”

“It’s fine. You all continue your work. I want to cook a few dishes,” Hope said.

One of the maids added, “Young Madam, just tell us what you want to cook, and we’ll do it for you. You don’t need to do it yourself.”

Hope had already started washing vegetables, “It’s okay. This meal is a promise I made to someone, so I have to do it myself. If you have time, could you help me make some nourishing soup to send to the hospital later?”

Seeing Hope’s determination, the maids didn’t say anything more and just assisted her from the side.

When Waylon returned, he passed by the kitchen and heard voices coming from inside.

“Wait, Auntie, let me do that. Don’t add ginger; the person doesn’t eat ginger.”