

## Chapter 837: Chapter 837: Feed Me

“Young Madam is putting in so much effort, did you make this dish especially for the Young Master?”

“No, I can make it for him anytime he wants; it’s for someone else.”

“Then that person must be very important to you, Young Madam.”

“Very important, without him, I would have died a long time ago.”

“Ugh, Young Madam, don’t say such unlucky things.”

Hope Williams laughed. She was speaking the truth; if it weren’t for that person, weeds would already be growing on her grave by now.

While speaking, Hope's fingertip suddenly hurt, "Hiss."

Hope put down the knife and looked at the cut on her fingertip that was starting to bleed slowly.

"Oh no, are you okay, Young Madam?" The servant hurriedly gathered around concerned.

Waylon Lewis furrowed his brows and walked over in large strides.

When someone saw Waylon Lewis coming in, they naturally made way, slightly bowed, and called, "Young Master."

Hope turned around and saw Waylon Lewis, her heart skipped a beat, "You're back."

Waylon Lewis, with a stern face, held her hand to check the injury, noticing a cut on her pink fingertip, not shallow and bleeding quite a bit.

Waylon's expression darkened even more as he pulled her by the wrist outwards.

The servant sensibly took over the tasks Hope had been handling. While Waylon was dragging Hope out, she instructed, "Just simmer it for a few more minutes, then put it in that silver lunch box. Oh, the soup needs to go into the thermos box; it's for the hospital."

"Yes, Young Madam."

Waylon Lewis sat Hope down on the sofa and hurriedly got the first aid kit.

Looking at his urgency, Hope glanced at her wound helplessly, "It's just a slight cut, it doesn't hurt, you don't have to be so anxious."

Waylon Lewis patiently disinfected her wound and applied ointment.

As the ointment touched the wound, Hope's hand instinctively pulled back slightly.

Waylon furrowed his brow again, his actions gentler, looking up at her, “Doesn’t it hurt?”

Hope pouted, “Ten fingers are connected to the heart, there’s still some sensation. By the way, how is he doing?”

“He’s not going to die, the surgery was successful.”

Knowing Maverick Williams was not in any life-threatening danger, Hope felt relieved hearing Waylon’s words.

“Was the meal made for Liam Cloud?”

Hope nodded candidly, “Mm, been busy with Baby’s hundred-day banquet the past few days. I planned to visit Liam Cloud today, was going to invite him for dinner at home, but he probably wouldn’t come. So I thought I’d make it and take it to him instead...”

Hope glanced at Waylon, “You probably wouldn’t like that, so I made it at home and I’m bringing it to him.”

“I’m not that petty. With so many lives saved, asking for just a meal, he’s the one losing out.”

Waylon finished bandaging Hope’s wound and put the items back into the first aid kit.

Hope smiled, “Alright, I know Mr. Lewis from our family is the most generous. Are you coming with me?”

Waylon nodded in agreement.

Hope placed the homemade dishes into an exquisite meal box, informed Alitzel and the others, and set off with Waylon.

However, Hope didn’t know where Liam Cloud’s place was in Emperor Capital and eventually had to ask Wesley Ruiz to find out.

Stopping in front of a secluded standalone villa, both got out of the car, and Waylon went to press the doorbell.

After a while, the door opened, and Liam Cloud's eyes scanned the two of them coolly.

But upon seeing Hope, his indifferent gaze transformed into surprise, quickly concealed with a slightly hoarse voice, he asked, "Why did you come?"

When he opened the door, Waylon had already covered Hope's eyes.

Because Liam was shirtless, revealing his tanned skin with a smooth muscle line, and bandages wrapped around his waist.

"Exhibitionist?"

"Is it illegal to be shirtless in my own home?"

Waylon, "..."

Liam, "Come in then."

Liam walked in, took a black shirt, put it on unhurriedly, buttoning it, "Make yourselves comfortable, how did you find this place?"

Hope placed the lunch box on the coffee table, "Wesley told me."

"I didn't even realize when that kid sold me out," Liam bent down to sit on the couch, looking at them, "Why are you here?"

"To eat." Hope started laying out the dishes one by one, noting the sparsity of the surroundings. It was empty except for essential furniture, with no extra items or staff, making it feel very cold.

Hope withdrew her gaze, "Is your injury getting better?"

Liam glanced at Waylon.

Waylon raised an eyebrow, “Why look at me? She already knows you’re injured.”

Liam withdrew his gaze, “Much better.”

Hope faintly smirked, “Someone once said, if he was injured, his name would be read backward, Cloud Liam, that person must be you, right?”

Liam, “...”

Really ruthless.

Waylon faintly curled his lips.

Hope looked at Liam, “What do you usually eat?”

“What?”



“Looking at this empty place, you don’t seem like you cook. What do you usually eat? Do you live like a god?”

Liam, “...”

Hope handed Liam a bowl of rice, “You’re still recovering, so I made everything quite light. Didn’t use garlic or ginger, see if it suits your taste.”

Liam looked at the table full of dishes and soup, his brow slightly moving, “Did you make all this yourself?”

“Mm.”

Liam couldn’t help but smile as he was about to take the bowl from Hope but caught a glimpse of Waylon at the side and retracted his hand with a smile.

“Feed me.”

“Huh?”

Waylon's face darkened, "Do you want a beating?"

"I meant you," Liam looked at Waylon.

Waylon furrowed his brow, staying put.

Hope looked at Liam in surprise, then at Waylon.

Liam leaned back on the sofa, raising an eyebrow, his gaze careless, "What? Even if it wasn't intentional, I still saved your life. Hope made me food; is it too much to ask you to feed me?"

Hope, "..."

This guy... what's he up to?

Waylon glanced at him, gritting his teeth as he took the bowl from Hope's hand, "Fine."

“Really?” Hope looked at Waylon.

Waylon walked towards Liam.

Hope stood aside, watching the two of them, what followed was...

“Are you feeding a bird?”

“ ... ”

“Is my mouth that big?”

“ ... ”

“You seem quite unwilling?”