

SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

Chapter 838: Chapter 838: His Heart Isn't That Narrow

"You seem very reluctant?"

"Anyone with eyes can see that."

"Heh."

Hope sat nearby, listening, and couldn't help but rub her forehead.

Finally, Waylon had had enough and directly shoved the bowl into Liam's hand, "Since you have hands, eat it yourself."

Liam frowned and glanced at the bowl in his hand, then curled his lips and looked at Hope, "Hope Williams, look at him. Such a bad temper, with no patience at all. This kind of man can't be married."

Hope, who was about to drink some water to calm herself, heard this and coughed lightly from choking.

Waylon's facial muscles twitched as he turned to look at Hope, "Did you smell anything?"

"What?"

“Tea aroma.”

Hope tugged at her lips, unsure who to look at with her clear eyes.

She just felt that their facial expressions were quite entertaining.

Hope couldn't help but laugh, “The way you two interact, it's a shame you're not brothers.”

Liam casually glanced at Waylon, “Could be, I'm the brother, he's the younger one.”

Waylon stared at Liam, “If you're still sleepy, go back and lie down to sleep.”

Liam smirked and raised his eyebrow, ignoring Waylon's words. He picked up the chopsticks and started eating heartily yet elegantly, not forgetting to praise Hope, “Good cooking skills.”

Hope smiled and pressed her lips, “As long as you like it.”

“In a few days, I need to go back to Y Country. Be careful,” Liam looked up at Hope.

Hope nodded and responded, “Has something happened?”

Liam's eyes flashed with a sarcastic smile, “Little thing. I don't know who spread the news of my injury, and now some underlings want to rebel. I need to go back and deal with them.”

Hope knew his situation over there. He was the head of the organization, and if news of his injury got out, some would think their chance to replace him had come, and they'd be unable to wait to rebel.

She had encountered those reckless people trying to plot against him when she was by his side. He, a king risen from the bloodshed, was unshakeable, yet each attempt was extremely dangerous.

Hope furrowed her brow and glanced at his abdomen, a bit worried.

"Your injury..."

Liam lazily smiled, "It's not a problem."

"Be careful."

"Mm."

Hope and Waylon sat on a sofa, and Hope noticed a few pieces of cotton swabs stained with blood and medicinal liquor thrown in a nearby black trash can, her brow lightly furrowing, eyes full of worry.

After Liam finished eating, the two sat for a while and soon left.

After leaving Liam's place, they went to the hospital.

Maverick was still unconscious as he had just undergone surgery and needed two days of observation in the ICU, where he was under specialized care, so family members didn't need to stay. Hope arranged a hotel for Jade and took her to rest, only then did she and Waylon return home.

Hope leaned on Waylon's shoulder and sighed softly.

Waylon slightly turned his head to look at her, "What are you sighing about?"

Hope raised her head, "I don't know, just feeling a bit uneasy at heart."

Waylon lowered his gaze, "Because of Liam?"

Hope changed position, sat up straight, and frankly nodded, "He got injured saving us, now some in the organization are trying to harm him because of it. Though I haven't seen his injury, it must not be light?"

Waylon had accompanied Liam to the hospital and seen his injury, he wasn't good at lying to Hope, he could only nod.

It wasn't light at all, the shards had gone deep enough to be life-threatening.

At the time, the doctor insisted he stay in the hospital, but Liam refused and forcibly left.

Waylon saw Hope's expression clearly, he furrowed his brows and pulled her into his arms, "I'll send someone to investigate over there and see how we might help."

Hope's eyes brightened, "You're willing to help him?"

Waylon stroked Hope's head, "Why would you think I'd be unwilling?"

Hope hesitated for a moment.

Because of her relationship with Liam, her concern for him, she feared Waylon might mind.

Hope pressed her lips and gently smiled, "Nothing, thank you for being willing to help him."

"A favor returned, as it should be."

Waylon held Hope's hand, gently squeezing it, knowing what she was just thinking.

Waylon glanced out the window and smiled helplessly.

This one who had saved her countless times without expecting any return, only asking for a home-cooked meal in return to ease her guilt, what could Waylon possibly be jealous of between them?

Waylon's heart wasn't so narrow-minded.

That day, perhaps when Liam unhesitatingly snatched the explosive away from Hope, when he walked out, or perhaps when Liam told Hope, "I saved you again, remember to treat me to a meal," he truly did admire Liam.

That person indeed was worthy.

Hope and Waylon returned home, and just as they reached the door, they heard Alitzel angrily shouting from the living room.

The two exchanged a glance and tacitly bypassed the living room, planning to go upstairs directly.

"Little Hope, Waylon, you two came back just in time, come over, tell me if this brat is getting out of hand."

Hope and Waylon stopped, Hope blinked, since they've been spotted, they couldn't just leave.

The two went over and saw Wyatt sitting on the sofa, covering his ears with a miserable expression as he glanced at them.

Hope and Waylon bent and sat on the sofa, exchanging a glance with Wyatt.

Hope glanced at the old man and Christopher sitting on the sofa, one looking at his phone, the other at a newspaper, even Old Ortiz was unfazed by the scene.

Hope looked at Wyatt and casually asked, "What did you do to make Mom so mad again?"

Wyatt made a solemn gesture, "Sis-in-law, I swear, I did nothing."

"You did nothing, Little Hope, let me tell you, I asked this boy to visit Aria today, so he went, and I thought he should bring a gift when seeing a girl, guess what he gave?"

Hope curiously looked at Alitzel, "What did he give?"

"This brat gave two boxes of wine and took Aria to a bar, the two drank nearly half a box!"

Hope raised her eyebrows and couldn't help but smile, "That suits their personalities very well."

Both have playful natures, Hope had seen Aria's drinking capacity before, so nearly half a box of wine didn't surprise her, nor did she worry about Aria.

But for Wyatt...

Hope glanced at Wyatt, he seemed fine, not drunk either.

She thought Wyatt would know his limits, the two definitely ended the fun properly.

Alitzel pulled Waylon aside and sat next to Hope.

Waylon stood up, glanced at Alitzel, then tugged his lips.

Hope smiled at Waylon.

Alitzel grabbed Hope, like opening a floodgate, began to ramble, “No, what will Aria’s parents think of him, giving a girl wine and taking their daughter to a bar, what if they think he’s unreliable and refuse to let their daughter marry him? It’s not just Aria’s parents who might think he’s unreliable, even I think he’s unreliable, the two of them are almost like brothers.”