

SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

Chapter 840: 840: Stuck Between a Rock and a Hard Place

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Alitzel sighed, "That old guy ended up like this, it's really just his own fault."

Hope shrugged lightly.

Perhaps Maverick's current situation is indeed his retribution.

The two chatted for a while when they heard a rustling sound from outside.

Hope raised her delicate eyebrows, about to go outside and take a look.

Alitzel, however, raised her hand to stop Hope.

Hope blinked, “I think I hear a sound at the door.”

“I know,” Alitzel replied with a slight, prideful huff, “I know, don’t worry about it, let them be.”

Hope, “...”

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Waylon called Thomas to the study.

In the quiet study room, Thomas stood in front of the desk, surprised by the order his Boss had given, “You mean to send the Shadow Squad to country Y to help Master Cloud?”

Thomas doubted his own hearing.

The Shadow Squad is a well-trained elite team by the Lewis Family, typically reserved for extremely urgent or dangerous missions, or to protect key figures.

For instance, the team of four, led by Shaw, currently has only one task – to protect the most important person – the Madam!

Does this imply that Master Cloud is also one of the Boss's most important people?

Waylon nodded without hesitation, "Yes."

Thomas pulled at his lips, even more perplexed, after all, Master Cloud and his Boss were rivals in love before, weren't they?

Did their battle somehow lead to an emotional connection?

Thomas scratched his head, looking at his Boss's utterly unhesitant expression.

Sometimes, he truly couldn't fathom their world.

Seeing Thomas standing motionless, Waylon raised an eyebrow and glanced at him, "Anything else?"

Thomas snapped out of it and shook his head, "No, no, I'll go give the orders just as you said."

"Alright."

Hope came out from Alitzel's room to find Wyatt and Christopher pacing back and forth outside.

Hope paused, her mouth curling into a smile. She walked over to them and asked knowingly, "What's up with you two?"

The two of them, seeing Hope come out, immediately approached. Wyatt glanced behind Hope and then looked at her.

“Sister-in-law, was my mom packing up her things to leave home just now?”

Hope blinked with a smile; it seemed they both knew well what Alitzel did every time she got angry.

“She was packing just now...”

“And now?” Christopher asked hastily, taking a step forward.

“Go see for yourself.” Hope shrugged slightly and turned to leave.

Wyatt and Christopher exchanged glances.

Wyatt gave Christopher a shove, “You go; you made her mad. Be careful, she might want a divorce again. Go comfort her.”

Christopher maintained a stern face, giving a cold hum, “I’m doing it for you; if it weren’t for you, would I have gotten scolded?”

Wyatt replied righteously, “You only said that to give yourself some peace and quiet, make it sound like you were speaking up for me.”

Wyatt adjusted his hands, muttering, “Claiming it’s for me, your mouth just runs wild, getting mad at me. Hurry up, if you don’t appease her, there might be no breakfast for us tomorrow morning.”

Christopher was speechless, his face dark, as he walked to the door, raised his hand, then paused, thought for a moment, and finally tapped lightly on the door.

A voice came from inside.

“Who is it?”

“Me!”

“Go away!”

Christopher, “...”

Wyatt looked sympathetically at his own father, “Where did your usual fierceness go?”

Christopher’s face turned all shades, then he kicked Wyatt’s calf, “Isn’t it all because of you, making me look bad?”

Wyatt, “Whatever...”

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Hope was leisurely heading back to her room but saw Thomas coming out of Waylon's study as she passed by.

"Assistant Hughes, working so late?" Hope stopped to ask.

Thomas politely bowed slightly, "Madam, it's a task from the Boss."

"I see, thank you for your hard work, Assistant Hughes."

"Madam, you're too kind; it's my job, after all."

Hope smiled softly, "Alright, take care on your way back home."

With that, Hope was ready to continue back to her room.

Thomas hesitated for a moment but still asked Hope, “Madam, does the Boss have a good relationship with Master Cloud now?”

Hope blinked, “Why ask that? Their relationship...”

Hope couldn’t help but smile as she recalled Waylon feeding Liam earlier that day.

“They’re getting along quite well now, why?”

Thomas nodded; now it made sense.

“Nothing, just wondered. Madam, I’ll take my leave now.”

“Alright.”

Hope watched Thomas leave with confusion, then glanced at the study, and decided to push the door open and go in.

Waylon was sitting at his desk working, his eyes downcast, the screen light casting shadows over his sharply defined face. Hope watched him for a while, a gentle smile appearing on her face.

She quietly walked to the sofa, sat down, picked up a book, and quietly accompanied him.

Waylon looked up to find Hope sitting there quietly, not sure how long she had been there.

Hope noticed Waylon's gaze and immediately said, "Keep working, I'm just here to keep you company."

Waylon slightly smiled, his eyes filled with tenderness, nodded, and continued his work.

In the quiet study, the two were absorbed in their tasks, keeping each other company in silence.

Eventually, Hope grew sleepy, leaning back on the sofa, falling asleep with her eyes closed.

Waylon had been paying attention to Hope, and when he heard her breathing deepen, he got up, picked up a nearby blanket, and gently covered her.

Hope was sound asleep, but when Waylon picked her up, she still woke.

Feeling his familiar embrace, Hope cozily nuzzled into Waylon's arms, opened her eyes, "Finished working?"

"Yes."

Waylon nodded, gazing at Hope's sleepy, drowsy face, and couldn't help but lean down, kissing her softly on the lips.

"It's late, keep sleeping."

"...Okay."

Hope murmured softly, raising her arms to wrap around Waylon's neck, leaning against his chest.

Waylon carried Hope back to their room, gently placed her on the bed, pulled the blanket over her, looked at the crib where Baby was already fast asleep, then turned to the small woman softly sleeping beside him, and felt a surge of contentment.

Sometimes, when Waylon looked at them, he couldn't help but feel proud, after all, he had such a pretty and smart wife, and three kids who, though a bit troublesome, were also a bit adorable. Not many people could match that; that's his pride.

Waylon smiled, gently brushed her hair, and softly said, “Good night.”

Early the next morning.

Hope was still asleep when Waylon got dressed in his suit and carried Baby downstairs, to avoid Baby’s cries waking Hope.

Alitzel saw Waylon coming down with Baby, took the bottle, and naturally took Baby from Waylon, “You’re off to work, go have breakfast, I’ll feed Baby.”

Waylon nodded, his eyes glancing at the two on the sofa with worried frowns.

Wyatt pursed his lips, taking advantage of Alitzel’s joy upon seeing Baby, pitifully approached, “Mom, we’ve got to go to work too.”

Alitzel huffed, indifferent, “Am I stopping you?”

“Can’t go without breakfast,” Wyatt looked at Alitzel ingratiatingly.

He knew this woman held grudges; today’s breakfast wouldn’t be for him or Christopher.

More importantly, the kitchen staff only listened to her. Without her say-so, no one dared to make food for them.

And even the old man sided with her.

Alitzel, holding Baby, sat on the sofa, snorting, “Didn’t you say I was meddling too much? Now I stay out of your affairs. If you want breakfast, make it yourself. I’m just following your lead.”