

# SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

## Chapter 844: 844: Need Me to Prove It?

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“Have you decided when you’ll take responsibility for me and become my girlfriend?”

The word “responsibility” immediately made Aria Richardson recall the topic they discussed at the celebration two days ago.

Aria’s lips moved slightly, her face blushing as she couldn’t withstand the man’s strong allure. She reached out to push against his chest, “I’m still considering.”

“How much longer do you need? Ten days, a month, or a year? I can wait, after all, I can’t escape this either. But my mom and your mom are getting a bit anxious. If we keep dragging it on, given my mom’s temperament, she might make me stay at your place tomorrow.”

It's not that Wyatt Lewis was exaggerating, but Alitzel Williams could actually do such a thing.

Aria's gaze lingered on Wyatt Lewis, "Do you really like me?"

"Need me to prove it?"

Aria instinctively shook her head.

In fact, there's no need for proof. On the day Lily Armstrong tied her up and threw her into the glass tank, when Wyatt Lewis arrived, Aria was still conscious.

She saw Wyatt Lewis smashing the glass tank repeatedly as if he didn't care about his life. At that moment, she realized it.

It's just that her heart is a bit confused now. Considering the way she and Wyatt Lewis interacted before, suddenly being together seems a bit hard to adjust to...

Seeing her hesitation, Wyatt Lewis didn't want to pressure her and naturally released his embrace.

"You can think it over a little more, and tell me when you've decided."

Aria bit her lower lip and responded softly.

Wyatt Lewis smiled lightly and turned back to continue washing vegetables.

Aria glanced around, finding herself at a loss for what to do next.

Watching Wyatt Lewis place the washed vegetables on the counter, she stood still as well.

Clearly, he didn't know what to do next either.

The two exchanged a glance, and Aria asked, "What dish are you planning to cook?"

Wyatt Lewis glanced at the ingredients on the table and casually named the dishes, "Garlic vegetables, sticky rice ribs, sweet and sour carp, spicy crab, stir-fried shrimp with snow peas..."

Aria couldn't help but twitch her mouth, "Are you sure you can cook those?"

It's not that she looked down on him, but cooking wasn't that simple. She had tried before and made a complete mess of it. She thought this young master was probably the same.

Evidently, Wyatt Lewis couldn't cook.

Aria suggested, "Should I call the chef and servants back?"

Otherwise, relying on just the two of them, this lunch would likely not happen.

Wyatt Lewis nodded, showing agreement.

Finally, they called the chef and servants back.

Wyatt Lewis seemed genuinely eager to show off, insisting on taking over after watching the chef finish cooking once.

Aria stood beside him, smiling as she watched this man, who looked so out of place in the kitchen, clumsily handling the spatula and tossing the pot of braised pork.

He looked quite adorable.

Until black smoke mixed with a burnt smell started to emerge...

Wyatt Lewis, "..."

Aria, "..."

Aria leaned in for a closer look, then glanced at Wyatt Lewis, tugging her lips, "It's okay, it's okay, everyone's first time cooking is like this. Why not let the chef handle it?"

Wyatt Lewis immediately refused, "No need, I'll do it. I can get it right."

Aria knew this was probably his pride acting up, so she relented, "Alright then."

"You go wait outside, it'll be ready soon."

Aria raised her eyebrows, nodded, and walked out of the kitchen.

Hope Williams happened to walk by to check on their progress.

“How’s the Young Master Lewis doing in there?”

Aria thought about Wyatt Lewis’s pot of burnt braised pork and the self-respecting expression on his face earlier. Unable to resist, she almost burst out laughing, “Looks like lunch will be delayed today.”

Having smelled the burnt scent from the kitchen, Hope Williams roughly figured out the situation, “It’s fine, let him mess around.”

“Where are my mom and Aunt Williams?” Aria asked, looping her arm around Hope’s as they walked toward the living room.

Hope shrugged, “I guess they’re plotting something together; they’ve disappeared for a while now.”

The Lewis family has a fixed lunchtime — eleven-thirty.

Waylon Lewis was having lunch at home today. He glanced around the dining room, seeing the empty table, beginning to doubt his eyesight.

“They aren’t allowed to eat, so we’re not eating either?” Waylon Lewis asked Hope Williams with a calm demeanor.

Hope sidled up to Waylon, arms crossed, looking towards the kitchen, “Just a little delay, Wyatt’s handling lunch.”

Waylon Lewis frowned, showing his lack of understanding, “Who gave him this confidence?”

“Mom did.”

Waylon Lewis took Hope’s hand, “Let’s go eat out.”



“Why?”

“I’d rather not starve or get poisoned by him.”

Hope’s face broke into a playful smile, “It won’t happen; Wyatt’s really trying hard today; we shouldn’t be so dismissive.”

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At twelve-thirty, Chef Lewis finally served all the dishes.

“Alright, alright, we can eat now.” Wyatt Lewis’s voice carried a hint of cheer, and his invitation to everyone was filled with expectation and excitement.

Everyone sat down, glanced at the feast laid out before them, and fell silent.

The old man looked up at Wyatt Lewis, “You cooked all this?”

Wyatt nodded, “Yes.”

The old man gave a couple of courteous laughs, holding his chopsticks in place, momentarily unsure of where to start.