

SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

Chapter 852: Chapter 852: Once Stamped, No Backing Out

Wyatt Lewis let out a mocking cold laugh, casting an inquisitive glance at Aria Richardson.

Aria Richardson nodded.

Wyatt's smile faded as the coldness in his eyes deepened, but he said nothing. He silently raised his hand to drape the coat he was holding over her shoulders.

The warm daytime weather had given way to a chilly breeze in the evening.

He adjusted the coat around her with a slightly displeased voice, "Say less, if you catch a cold and your stomach hurts again, it's none of my business."

Aria glanced at the coat on her and felt a bit of warmth in her heart.

"Hmm, got it."

Alexander Knox frowned slightly.

Wyatt shot a warning glance at Alexander Knox, then turned and walked a bit further away. However, he didn't go too far, leaning against the car behind them with eyes like a wolf, never leaving them for a moment.

As if any threat from Alexander to her would drive him to tear him apart.

Alexander looked at Aria, his expression much gentler, maybe due to guilt, his voice softer than usual, "How have you been lately?"

Aria nodded nonchalantly, "As you can see, not too bad. Did you come just to ask me this?"

"I heard you lost your memory?"

"Yes, memory loss, a bit of a pity."

"What's the pity?"

"Forgetting you."

Aria pulled at her lips, "Surprisingly, I didn't forget completely."

It's really such a pity.

" ... "

Aria lazily yawned, "Do you have other questions? If not, I'm going back."

Aria rubbed her abdomen; truth be told, it did hurt a bit.

Seeing her rubbing her stomach, Alexander Knox asked with concern.

“What’s wrong with your stomach?”

Aria raised her brows, “Pregnant, just today, why? Asking so much, want to congratulate me?”

Alexander’s eyes flashed, seemingly taking it seriously, he stepped forward anxiously, gripping Aria’s shoulder, “Whose child? Wyatt Lewis’s?”

Aria glanced sideways at the hand on her shoulder, her gaze turning cold with displeasure.

“It’s Aunt Flo’s.”

After saying that, just as she was about to raise her hand to remove his, Wyatt had already rushed over and slapped away his hand, “Is it yours? Then you touch.”

Alexander seemed not to catch Aria’s casual jest, looking at her seriously, “Are you with him now?”

Aria turned to glance at Wyatt beside her.

Wyatt frowned, his expression poor.

Aria smirked, "This doesn't seem to concern you."

Alexander did not abandon what he wanted to say next because of Aria's words, "You can't be with him."

???

What does he mean? Can't stand her being happy?

The cold intensity in Wyatt's eyes deepened further.

"I saw him going to a hotel today and buying women's clothes, not just one set, not just one style. Maybe he's two-timing, being with him will only hurt you."

Alexander spoke with unusual seriousness, as if he genuinely wanted to help Aria.

Aria paused slightly, looking at him quizzically.

Seeming afraid Aria wouldn't believe him, Alexander added, "I have no reason to lie to you."

Aria's gaze flickered, raising her eyebrows with a light smile, "Then let me introduce myself, I'm your so-called several different sides."

Alexander narrowed his eyes, "What did you say?"

"The person at the hotel was me, he went to buy clothes for me." As if worried he wouldn't believe, Aria raised her arm slightly, "See, I'm wearing them now."

Alexander, "..."

Wyatt raised his eyebrows, under his thick lashes was a gleeful, synonymous with complacency and disdainful smile.

Hmph.

Tried to tattle on him.

Is he someone so upright and proper to go fooling around?

Realizing he made a mistake, Alexander's face couldn't hide his embarrassment.

Aria tugged at her lips, not wanting to continue this awkward conversation, "Thank you for your good intentions. Do you have any other questions? If not, I'll be heading home."

Alexander opened his mouth, Wyatt repeatedly pulled his lips to a light smile, his eyes full of triumph.

Alexander frowned, "No more."

“Oh, then you go. Our house doesn’t need a Gate God for now.”

Alexander gave them one last lingering glance before getting in the car and leaving.

Aria looked at Wyatt’s almost overjoyed face, “Young Master Lewis, is flirting with several an option? If you buy a few more sets, will you be accused of maintaining a harem?”

“If I had a harem, how about crowning you Empress?”

Really wants a harem?

Aria pulled her lips into a cool smile, “As long as you can withstand Aunt Williams’s slap, it’s fine.”

Wyatt stepped forward, leaning in slightly, “What if a harem contained only one person?”

Aria touched her lip, thought for a moment, “That’s not impossible.”

The light in Wyatt’s eyes lit up instantly.

“Does that mean you agree?”

Aria laughed and turned her head, “Where did I agree?”

Wyatt excitedly cupped Aria's face, pressing his lips fiercely against hers.

Aria was stunned, "You?"

"Stamped it, no take-backs."