

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

Chapter 859: Chapter 859: All I Ask Is for Peace

The group who had been excitedly discussing earlier glanced over and saw a woman standing behind them with her arms crossed, who let out a small, disdainful sneer.

But because they were close enough, they heard her, looked her up and down, and immediately retorted, “As if you were worthy, you don’t look great, yet you have plenty to say!”

“Who are you talking about?” Sophie Zhou stepped forward angrily.

“I’m talking about you, using a disdainful and sarcastic tone to mock someone else’s bride at their wedding. Do you have any manners? Whose lady are you, who invited you? You must have snuck in, that’s hilarious.”

“Yeah, learned your manners from a dog’s belly.”

“I...”

Sophie Zhou wanted to say something but was pulled back by Emily Parker, who smiled apologetically at the group, “Sorry, my niece had too much to drink.”

“Too much to drink? The banquet hasn’t even started, and she’s already drunk? Then please take her back quickly, so she doesn’t drink more when it does start and go crazy.”

Sophie Zhou's face was extremely ugly.

Emily Parker dragged her aside, furrowing her brows, "Don't cause trouble at such an event; this is the Lewis Family's domain. Be careful, lest you get thrown out—I won't help you."

"Aunt, since when did you start speaking for outsiders?"

"There's no one here we can afford to offend today. If you cause trouble, won't your uncle and I have to clean up after you? Don't drag us down."

Sophie Zhou pursed her lips, "I get it. You're always compromising for Uncle. You keep talking about him, but where is he? I haven't seen him since we came in."

Emily Parker curled her lips, "He's gone to see his precious daughter."

"Hmph, Uncle is really something, leaving us here. He should at least take you along, Aunt."

Emily Parker sighed, "He's scared I'll make trouble. If we hadn't insisted on coming, he wouldn't have brought us."

Emily Parker sneered, making trouble? He's really overthinking it.

She's not foolish enough to make trouble at the Lewis Family's place, right under their eyes. Besides, what can she stir up? The dowry's given, and can't be taken back. If she makes trouble, Noah Carter might really divorce her.

Emily Parker warned Sophie Zhou seriously again, "Don't cause trouble, and don't harbor any illusions about Waylon Lewis; unless Hope dies—no, even if she doesn't die, you don't stand a chance."

Sophie Zhou snorted lightly, "I know, Aunt, no need to keep reminding me."

"You say you know, yet you were just spouting off?"

"I wasn't jealous, just enjoying some quick verbal satisfaction."

...

Meanwhile, the stars of the show, envied by everyone, were sitting in a room upstairs at the hotel, with no trace of a smile on their faces.

"These earrings are for the wedding later, this pair for the toast, don't mix them up, and that necklace is for the toast too, keep these together."

"Sister Aria, we remember, don't worry, we won't mess it up. You're more nervous than Aunt Williams."

Inside the room, Aria Richardson was continuously attending to Hope Williams, keeping busy by her side, while Joseph and Zoey Sanders had already arrived, with Zoey helping out actively.

Of course Aria was nervous; this is a wedding, one can't afford to be careless. Hope has to appear perfectly later.

"Hope..." Aria's voice stuck in her throat as she looked at Hope, sitting in front of the makeup mirror, her face tense; she was a bit startled.

She almost forgot—it was nearly eleven o'clock, with about seven hours left until the wedding officially started, and Waylon Lewis hadn't returned.

When they arrived, the banquet hall outside was already packed with people.

Everyone was beaming with smiles, yet no one knew the main characters of the wedding were still nowhere to be found.

Zoey Sanders lightly tugged on Aria's sleeve, "Sister Aria, what's wrong with Aunt Williams? Where's Brother Waylon? Why hasn't he shown up on such an important day, he isn't..."

"Shh..." Aria shook her head, reminding Zoey not to continue.

Zoey immediately raised her hand to cover her mouth, apologetically glancing at Hope.

Aria moved to stand behind Hope, raising her hand gently to pat Hope's shoulder, "Hope, don't worry, he will definitely come back."

Hope tugged at her lips, "Mmm."

“It’s so frustrating, so frustrating—what the heck is Waylon Lewis up to? Not answering his phone, really driving people crazy.” Alitzel Williams stormed in from outside, feeling like she was about to explode.

“Mom, he’s busy with something, stop calling, he’ll come back.” Hope barely managed to muster a smile.

“Do you know what he’s doing?” Alitzel walked over to Hope.

“Yes, I know, it’s fine, really, don’t worry, Mom.”

Hearing Hope say this, Alitzel felt somewhat reassured; she gently patted Hope’s hand, “Okay, then we’ll wait together for him to return. You haven’t had lunch yet; I just had someone prepare it, so make sure to eat something later.”

Hope nodded, “Alright.”

Hope conversed with them with an indecipherable expression, but her hand clenched on the skirt under the table, her knuckles turning white.

It’s only a few hours; she’s not afraid to wait, even if he really can’t make it back in time, it’s alright.

Hope only prayed for their peace, peace is all she needed.

Chapter 860: Chapter 860: The Outcome Is Still Uncertain

At the same time.

In a weed-overgrown clearing outside the Ancient Castle, centered around two men, lay dozens of people whose life or death couldn't be determined.

One man had a face like ice, the other an evil, ghostly charm.

The dark clouds overhead obscured the sun, leaving only a few remaining threads, casting everything in darkness.

A murderous intent filled the air like an all-encompassing net, enveloping everyone inside, everyone's nerves were taut.

A drop of crimson blood fell from between the blades... The silver-haired man with bloodstains on his face showed a strange smile, then slightly raised his ink-black eyebrows, looking at the person not far away, and spoke faintly, "Do you want to continue?"

A group of assassins stood about ten meters away, and at the forefront of this group were two Elders from the organization, alongside two other Leaders from separate groups.

Looking at the fallen people on the ground, the muscles on a few faces twitched, ultimately revealing a hint of fear.

They knew Liam Cloud's combat strength had always been strong, and when he fought, his reckless craziness was terrifying.

But he was originally so heavily injured, his combat ability should have been greatly weakened.

Now, he seemed to be getting more and more courageous as the fight went on.

They really underestimated him.

What surprised them even more was that Waylon Lewis actually came personally to help him.

According to their accurate information, the Lewis Family was hosting a grand wedding today in the Emperor Capital.

How could Waylon Lewis appear here?

Knowing Waylon Lewis's identity, no one dared to easily provoke him.

An Elder frowned deeply and stepped forward, "Mr. Lewis, this is an internal matter of ours, it has nothing to do with you. If you don't want to die, leave here quickly."

Waylon Lewis looked at him expressionlessly, "Who said it has nothing to do with me?"

The Elder furrowed his brows more tightly, "What connection do you have that makes you help him like this?"

“Rivals in love!”

The Elder was stunned, what was he talking about?

Liam Cloud raised his eyebrows, as if hearing a funny joke, laughed to himself, “Being humorous at a time like this?”

“What’s funny, is there a problem with what I said?”

Liam Cloud chuckled hoarsely, “No problem.”

“Mr. Lewis, I’ll remind you one last time, blades have no eyes, be careful not to get hurt, otherwise the Lewis Family might come after us for revenge.”

Waylon Lewis glanced at his watch with a cold face, it was apparent he was in a hurry, while the old man in front of him kept nagging him to leave.

Waylon Lewis had no patience, “Are you done talking? I’m in a hurry to get back to see my wife, so if you want to fight, let’s all go together.”

“That’s right, anyway, you all have to die here,” Liam Cloud said with a bloodthirsty smile.

The Elder burst into laughter at these words, “Liam Cloud, I think you’re talking big too soon. Look at the people behind you, then look at the people behind me. Who will die today is not yet certain.”

Upon hearing this, Liam Cloud's face showed even more bloodthirsty intensity, "No! From the day you betrayed me, you were destined to die."

"Hahaha, it seems you're truly seeking death. Originally, you just needed to give up resistance and voluntarily cede your position, and I would've spared your life. It seems you don't value it."

Liam Cloud dug in his ears and laughed lowly, "You think you can take my place?"

"I naturally have a better candidate."

"Your son who can't even hold a gun steadily? Oh, so you found so many people to fight for you just to put your son in my position."

The Elder's face suddenly changed, "Nonsense, the strong naturally take the throne."

"Then let's test it."

"Everyone listen up, today whoever kills Liam Cloud will be the next Leader, all of you, attack together."

Liam Cloud smirked, the intense killing intent in his crimson eyes, as he glanced at Waylon Lewis beside him, "Be careful, losing an arm or a leg, it'll be hard to explain to Little Hope when you get back."

"I don't need your reminder."

Waylon Lewis's tall figure swiftly rushed forward.

A black and a white figure plunged into the crowd, the leading assassins instantly fell to the ground.

...

Meanwhile, in the Emperor Capital.

Hope Williams had already done her makeup, changed into her wedding dress, and was sitting in the room waiting.

At this moment, she looked as beautiful as a fairy.

The stylist, after pinning up her hair, couldn't tear her eyes away from her.

She was definitely the most beautiful bride they've ever seen.

But this bride was very peculiar, often staring at the clock blankly, without a hint of a smile on her face.

It felt like everyone at the scene was happier than she was.

The stylist thought, perhaps she's just too nervous because of the wedding, so they tried to comfort her, "Mrs. Lewis, don't be nervous, this is the first time I've seen such a beautiful bride like you, you will definitely astonish the entire

audience when you appear. The groom will be so taken he won't want to look away."

Hearing the stylist's words, Hope Williams forced a shallow smile, "Thank you, you can leave now."

"Alright, there's still some time before the wedding starts, have a good rest."

"Mm."

After the stylist left, only Hope Williams remained in the room.

Everyone else went out to greet guests and help out.

Hope Williams held her phone tightly, never letting go, her clear eyes watching the clock on the wall tick by, her heart racing along with it.

Hope Williams stood up, gathering the layers of her skirt, walked to the floor-to-ceiling window, looking in a certain direction, clasped her hands together, and slowly closed her eyes.

...

"Bang."

"Bang."

“Bang.”

A few gunshots rang out, the shooter, too nervous, fired several shots but didn't hit the person slowly walking towards them even once.

“Don't come any closer!”

Liam Cloud, with a bloodthirsty smile at the corner of his mouth, wiped the blood off his face, squatted down, and with hands full of fresh blood, grabbed the Elder's face, “Old thing, you're the only one left, how do you want to die?”

“Liam Cloud, I truly underestimated you.”