She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

Chapter 861: Chapter 861: Hope Williams, I Love You

"Liam Cloud, I really underestimated you."

"Heh, now you realize it? Isn't it a bit too late?"

Liam Cloud raised the pistol, pressing it against the Elder's forehead, "You're old, time to be laid to rest."

"Hahaha." The Elder suddenly let out a sinister laugh.

"No matter, since if I die, you'll all be buried with me, because I've planted explosives at over a dozen locations here."

Liam Cloud's sharp eyes narrowed fiercely, "You old bastard, what nonsense are you spouting?"

"Don't believe me? Twelve o'clock position, five meters away, go dig."

Liam Cloud frowned, glanced back at Wesley Ruiz, who immediately understood and nodded. Following the instruction, a few minutes later, Wesley

returned, looking grave and extremely cautious, holding a bomb that was counting down.

"Big Boss..."

Liam Cloud glanced at it, a three-minute countdown!

Waylon Lewis's expression also turned serious instantly.

At that moment, everyone's hearts were in their throats.

"I knew you had some skills, so I naturally prepared a backup plan. If I had won today, my people would have remotely stopped the countdown. But unfortunately, I lost, so we're all dying here."

Rage burned in Liam Cloud's eyes.

This damn old man was ruthless. Over a dozen explosives, which meant they had no idea how far they needed to run within less than three minutes to escape the blast area.

Perhaps as they escaped, the explosives buried beneath the ground were directly under their feet, and they would be blown to bits, not even leaving fragments.

Wesley Ruiz set the explosive on the ground and began quickly disassembling it with a dagger.

Soon, five wires—red, yellow, blue, black, and white—were revealed, connecting to the countdown.

Wesley was a professional assassin, not specifically trained in bomb disposal, so this was as far as he could go.

The old man mentioned remote control to stop timing, so it meant that the wires of these dozens of bombs were connected together.

That is, if they disarmed this one bomb and stopped the countdown, the others would also stop.

Wesley was troubled by the bomb in front of him, knowing if he cut the wrong wire, it would immediately explode.

And these explosives weren't like the ones Lily Armstrong had before; these were far more powerful.

If they exploded, there would be no chance of escape.

So they couldn't afford to make any mistakes now.

"Big Boss, there are five wires here..."

"Disarm it."

"I don't know which one to cut!"

Liam Cloud, "..."

"Swish, swish." Two sounds.

Two daggers were successively thrust into the Elder's shoulders, pinning him to the ground.

The Elder let out a piercing scream.

Liam Cloud glanced at the five wires, feeling a headache.

"Can you do it?" Liam Cloud looked at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis's brows were tightly furrowed, "If I could, would I just be standing here?"

The countdown was down to a minute and a half.

Wesley Ruiz held the dagger, sweating profusely, "Big Boss, President Lewis, there's no time, we're dead anyway, pick one."

Liam Cloud's temples throbbed, he cursed under his breath, this damn old man was really vicious.

The Elder was still screaming and laughing.

Liam Cloud agitatedly tugged at his silver hair.

The countdown, accompanied by the intense sound of heartbeats, seemed terrifyingly ominous in the suddenly silent air.

Fear was magnified inch by inch.

"Hurry, you guys, pick one." Wesley Ruiz was so anxious he urged them to randomly choose a wire.

Randomly picking one had a one-in-five chance; waiting any longer meant going together to the afterlife.

Liam Cloud, "White."

Waylon Lewis, "Black."

Waylon Lewis glanced at Liam Cloud.

Liam Cloud also glanced at Waylon Lewis.

Liam Cloud, "Black."

Waylon Lewis, "White."

Thomas Hughes, "..."

Wesley Ruiz was dying of anxiety, "Can you guys agree on something?"

Then, a phone call shattered the eerie silence.

Waylon Lewis glanced at it, gritting his teeth, and answered the call, "Honey, red, blue, yellow, black, white, which color do you like?"

Hope Williams originally thought Waylon Lewis wouldn't answer, but to her surprise, he connected immediately, threw out a fast-paced question before she could speak.

"What does this mean?"

"No time, just pick."

Stunned for a second...

"Red."

Waylon Lewis inhaled slightly, looked at Wesley and repeated Hope Williams's words, "Red."

Wesley Ruiz glanced at Liam Cloud, Liam Cloud took a deep breath, clenched his hands at his sides, "Red it is."

"What's really going on?" Hope Williams totally couldn't grasp what they were talking about, she was nearly frantic.

Waylon Lewis gripped the phone tightly, "Hope, I love you."

He then tightly gripped his phone and slowly lowered his hand, staring at the bomb with ten seconds remaining.

"Waylon Lewis? Waylon Lewis! Hello? Hello! What? How are you all over there..."

Wesley Ruiz gripped the dagger tightly, took several deep breaths, "To hell with it, let's do this."

Wesley Ruiz closed his eyes, used all his strength, and snapped the red wire.

Everyone simultaneously held their breath, closing their eyes...

Beep, beep, beep, beep, beep...

A busy signal.

Everyone's heart was suddenly in their throat.