

# SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

## Chapter 867: Jingrao Extra Story

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Wyatt Lewis bent down, picked up Aria Richardson horizontally, and walked toward the garage.

Thomas Hughes hesitated for a moment, should he follow or not?

Forget it, he had had quite a bit to drink today and couldn't drive them, so he simply arranged for a driver to go.

He shouldn't be the only one eating dog food.

Thomas Hughes slipped away quietly...

Wyatt Lewis put Aria Richardson in the car, was about to close the car door, when he noticed his clothing hem was being firmly held by her.

Wyatt Lewis paused his movements.

Aria Richardson, with her eyes closed, murmured softly, "Don't go..."

Wyatt Lewis looked at her soft and muddled appearance, feeling amused, "I have something to take care of, you stay in the car for a bit."

The woman's grip on his clothing was tight, her knuckles whitening, stubbornly refusing to let go.

Wyatt Lewis raised his hand to glance at the time and eventually compromised by getting into the car, propping her up to lean against himself.

Just then, the driver called by Thomas Hughes arrived.

"Second Young Master, heading to the old house?"

Wyatt Lewis glanced down at the person in his arms, "To the Richardson Family's home."

"Yes."

The car slowly started, Aria Richardson nestled in Wyatt Lewis's broad embrace, inhaling his familiar scent, feeling particularly at ease.

The tense emotions gradually relaxed; both had drunk quite a bit and the car was filled with a faint alcohol scent.

Aria Richardson was dizzy, resting comfortably in his large embrace, not wanting to move at all.

Wyatt Lewis looked at her furrowed brows, raised his hand to brush her hair, and asked softly, "Feeling uncomfortable?"

Aria Richardson nodded vigorously with her eyes closed, whispering the words lightly, "A little... headache."

"You drank so much, now you know it's uncomfortable?"

Aria Richardson moved her brow, opened her misty eyes with effort, looked at him, and in the slightly red bottom of her eyes flashed a hint of light grievance.

"Why are you here? Why aren't you with those ladies... chatting?"

Wyatt Lewis's eyes flickered, making a silent laugh, "Are you jealous?"

Aria Richardson pursed her lips, sat up from his embrace, and leaned against the car window on her own, pushing his hand aside, "...No."

"You're just short of writing it on your face."

Wyatt Lewis pulled her back into his arms.

It was nice that she would get jealous.

Wyatt Lewis explained, "On an occasion like today, I can't dishonor them."

Aria Richardson naturally knew, as the second young master of the Lewis Family, on a joyful day for the Lewis Family, he had to help out and couldn't dishonor those people.

Just because she knew, she was only a bit jealous.

Wyatt Lewis looked at the person in his arms, with a hint of shallow grievance between his brows, and felt a slight stir in his heart, embracing her more tightly.

Enveloped in warmth, Aria Richardson exhaled lightly, continuing to close her heavy eyes, ignoring other matters.

Looking at this incredibly obedient woman, under the influence of alcohol, her fair face took on a faint blush, her hair slightly disheveled, long eyelashes gently fluttered with steady breathing, sleep peaceful and gentle.

Soon, the car arrived at the Richardson Family's home.

"Second Young Master, we're here."

"Mm."

Wyatt Lewis tilted his head to look at the sleeping Aria Richardson, reached out to tidy her slightly disheveled hair "Aria, we're here."

Aria Richardson was deeply asleep, was slightly disturbed but wouldn't open her eyes, instead snuggled in his embrace, finding a comfortable position to continue sleeping.

Wyatt Lewis glanced at the woman sleeping comfortably in his arms, couldn't help but curve his lips, leaned down to carry her out of the car.

Miac Richardson and Isla Sue had returned earlier and now rushed out upon hearing the car return.

Just as they came out, they saw Wyatt Lewis carrying their sleeping daughter from the car.

"This... Wyatt, how did the child drink this much?" Isla Sue said helplessly, "Thank you, Wyatt, for bringing her back, it's still busy at the banquet hall, hand her to us."

Wyatt Lewis didn't let go of Aria, "It's okay, Auntie, I'll carry her in first."

Isla Sue nodded, "Alright, be careful, her room is upstairs."

"Okay." Wyatt Lewis nodded and carried Aria upstairs.

Miac Richardson was about to follow up, Isla Sue pulled him back, "What are you doing? Going up to be a third wheel between your daughter and future son-in-law."

Miac Richardson frowned and stopped, his face showing a complex expression.

Isla Sue saw he looked like he wanted to say something but stopped, asked, "What's wrong? You came back frowning, who upset you?"

Miac Richardson sighed and sat on the sofa, "Today at the wedding banquet, quite a few people were after Wyatt?"

Isla Sue had been focusing on Hope Williams and them, so hadn't noticed much about others, couldn't understand what Miac's words meant.

Leisurely took a sip of water, she asked, "What do you mean?"



"What I mean is your future son-in-law is very sought after now that Young Master Lewis has flamboyantly had his wedding, leaving only Second Young Master, many big families are thinking of marrying into the Lewis Family, do you think your future son-in-law is in demand?"

Isla Sue was momentarily stunned, "But... they are together now, Lewis Family supports them a lot, both families have tacitly agreed they'll get married, no chance for others, right?"

"This is not certain, our family's background compared to the Lewis Family is indeed vastly different, we have no advantage here."

Miac Richardson looked hesitantly upstairs, "Whether they can end up together, who knows."

Isla Sue put down the cup, firmly said, "They will, they've been through so much together, which outsiders can't compare to, I trust the Lewis Family won't choose others, you just relax."

Miac Richardson still couldn't relax, sighed, "Hopefully."

Isla Sue stood up, "I'll go make them some sobering soup."

Wyatt Lewis carried Aria Richardson back to her room, carefully placed her on the bed and was about to leave when Aria instinctively grabbed his hand.

Wyatt Lewis paused, looked down at her, leaned over and gently kissed her forehead, "You're home, sleep."

"Don't... go." Aria's voice was drowsy.

Wyatt Lewis smiled, a hint of surprise in his eyes, "We both drank, sharing a room, if I don't go, your parents might end up guarding the door tonight."

Aria said nothing, eyes closed, holding his hand tightly.

Wyatt Lewis was helpless, had to sit down nearby, leaned in and joked, "You give me a kiss, I won't leave."

Aria slowly opened her eyes, seeing the man's face close at hand.

She paused, lifted her head, and lightly kissed his jaw.

Wyatt Lewis originally just wanted to tease her, now surprise flitted through his eyes.

He hadn't expected she'd really kiss him, so proactive and obedient.

After kissing him, she continued to sleep holding his arm.

The surprise quickly turned into a surge of excitement.

He raised his hand, hooked her chin, "Didn't react just now, doesn't count, redo."

Aria moved, just about to withdraw her chin, but faced with the persistent man.

"That didn't count just now, redo."

Aria frowned, lifted her head and kissed him again.

Really obedient.

Wyatt Lewis paused, looking at the drunken, oblivious woman, feeling sweetness like consuming honey.

Aria's eyelids moved, seeming to mumble.

"Wyatt Lewis..."

"Mm, what's up?"

"Don't be with other women, okay?"

Wyatt Lewis's gaze softened, "Sure."