

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

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Chapter 883: Chapter 883: The Unlucky One Who Doesn't Dare to Complain

Hope Williams crouched down to welcome the two little ones into her embrace. She reached out and pinched their little cheeks, "Tell Mommy where you went to play today?"

"The amusement park, Sister Zoey played with us for the whole afternoon, Uncle Liam Cloud, Uncle Thomas Hughes, and Uncle Wesley Ruiz took us out to eat lots of delicious food."

"Really? Did you thank Sister Zoey and the three uncles?"

Luke and Willow nodded vigorously.

Luke, "We also brought gifts for Mommy."

"What gift? Let Mommy take a look." Hope's eyes brightened, full of anticipation.

"Ta-da." In Luke's soft palm, a pink hair clip lay quietly, "Sister has one too."

Remembering to prepare gifts for her even while playing outside, Hope was deeply touched, leaning her head closer to Luke, "Then put it on for Mommy."

Luke reached out his little hand to put it on Hope, and Hope smiled so happily, oh my, having such loving children, how can she be so fortunate?

"Does it look good?"

"Mm-mm." Luke and Willow nodded vigorously.

Hope touched the hair clip, smiling radiantly as she turned to Waylon Lewis, who gazed at her with such tender eyes, until their gaze met Luke and Willow's.

The two little ones hugged Hope tightly, then looked at Waylon warily, as if afraid he would take Hope away...

Hope gently soothed the two little ones, "...What's the matter?"

"He takes Mommy away faster than a rabbit, huh, bad Daddy." Willow pouted her small lips, turning her face to one side.

"Hah..." Hope helplessly pinched their little cheeks, "But he later regretted it and kept thinking of you on the road."

"Really?"

Hope, "Really."

Waylon Lewis, "Not true."

Hope turned back and glared warningly at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis, "True."

"Then next time you can't leave us behind again." The two little ones looked worried, fearing they'd become unloved.

Even though they had fun all afternoon, it's still not better than being with mommy.

Waylon Lewis, "Okay." Anyway, it's Monday tomorrow, once school starts, peace.

Luke and Willow looked at Waylon Lewis, with a face of reluctance to forgive him.

Hope stood up, looking at the group behind, Baby was still nestled in Liam Cloud's arms, his chubby little arms wrapped around Liam Cloud's neck, his little head resting on Liam Cloud's shoulder, eyes wide open.

The adorable little baby and the cool silver-haired man, the scene surprisingly harmonious.

Hope smiled, "Baby really likes you."

"Isn't it more like catching an unlucky fool who dares not lose his temper?" Liam Cloud glanced disdainfully at the little bundle on his shoulder, his mouth slowly curving upwards.

Unlucky fool with no temper?

Behind, Zoey Sanders, Thomas Hughes, and Wesley Ruiz glanced at him as if asking, are you sure you're talking about yourself?

"What do you mean? Didn't you spend the whole afternoon holding him?"

“The nanny held him for a minute...” and he returned to my arms.

Liam Cloud raised his eyebrows, having no choice but to pamper him.

Hope was slightly surprised, leaning her face closer to Baby, fearing he liked Liam Cloud so much he wouldn't recognize his own mom.

Baby looked at her with big round eyes, reaching out to grab her, usually couldn't wait for her to hold him, yet today he calmly stayed put.

Liam Cloud's charm is indeed this big, even a three-month-old baby is enchanted.

Hope gently pinched Baby's chubby little cheek, “My darling, let Mommy hold you, your Uncle Liam Cloud has held you all afternoon, still reluctant to let go?”

Baby finally reacted, looked at Liam Cloud with big eyes, leaned towards Hope, and nestled his little face against her.

Hope helplessly looked at her son, then at the group, “Thank you all today for bringing Luke, Willow, and Baby out to play.”

“It's nothing, Aunt Williams, spending time with these little ones was fun for us too. Oh, where is my brother?”

Hope looked around the living room, didn't see anyone, “Probably went back.”

Zoey shook her head, “Left me behind again.”

“I'll have the driver take you back later.”

“Okay, thank you Aunt Williams.”

“Wow, such a lively scene.” Wyatt Lewis returned from outside, looking quite cheerful, seeing Hope and Waylon, approached with a smile, “Brother, sister-in-law, where did you play today?”

Waylon Lewis gently raised an eyebrow, “Not telling you.”

Wyatt Lewis pouted, “Where are you playing tomorrow then?”

Waylon Lewis glanced at him, “What do you want?”

“The more the merrier, mind if I join?”

Hope curved her lips, “Sure, we plan to go to West Suburb Funland tomorrow.”

West Suburb Funland, gathering horse riding, shooting, racing and other large outdoor entertainment projects.

Hope wanted to go today after seeing it, so Waylon Lewis planned it for tomorrow.

Going alone is indeed dull, Hope doesn't mind everyone going together, "Will you all join? Zoey, are you and Joseph in a hurry to return to City A?"

"Mm-mm." Zoey's eyes lit up, hearing about going out to play, her expression turned lively, "Can we join?"

"Of course."

Receiving Hope's definite answer, Zoey became even happier, "I'll definitely drag my brother there on time."

Hope smiled gently, batting her eyes at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis had no objections, as long as Hope was happy, besides, with so many entertainment options and space, everyone could enjoy their own activities without disturbing his alone time with his wife.

Hope looked at Liam Cloud, her face questioning, "Join us?"

Liam Cloud's expression was indifferent, "We'll see."

Zoey secretly glanced at his indifferent face, lightly pursing her lips.

Liam Cloud didn't linger, having completed his task of bringing these three little ones home today.

Zoey decided to leave as well, biting her lip, and catching up to Liam Cloud's pace.

"Wait."

Chapter 884: Chapter 884: Do You Like Me?

Liam Cloud stopped and glanced at her, his expression shifting from indifference to his usual cold demeanor. He quietly watched her, waiting for her to continue.

Zoey Sanders bit her lip, so nervous that she tightly clasped her fingers together.

After a while, as Liam Cloud's patience wore thin and he was about to leave, Zoey Sanders clenched her palms and anxiously blurted out, "What are your criteria for choosing a partner?"

Asking this question took an immense amount of courage from Zoey Sanders.

She looked up, her bright eyes fixed on the tall man before her. Despite the fact it wasn't particularly cold tonight, she couldn't help but shiver slightly.

After a moment of silence, just when Zoey Sanders thought he wouldn't answer her, his deep voice, still carrying its usual chill, rang out, "Interested in me?"

Zoey Sanders' heart skipped a beat, and her voice quivered even more, "You're... hard not to like, right?"

Zoey Sanders was only in her early twenties, at the age of budding romance, and she was quite the aesthete. With a face like Liam Cloud's, which could captivate anyone, exuding an unruly charm, it was hard for girls not to be moved.

Liam Cloud suddenly curled his lips into a cold smile, "Similar in age, similar interests."

He was answering her earlier question.

Zoey Sanders looked at him with wide eyes, quietly comparing herself to him in her mind.

Similar in age? They were nearly ten years apart! How could that be considered similar?

Similar interests? It seemed they couldn't be more different!

With these two words, was he completely extinguishing any of her fantasies?

While Zoey Sanders was lost in her thoughts, Liam Cloud had already started to walk away.

A cold wind blew past, and Zoey Sanders lowered her eyes, standing alone where she was, looking desolate.

They say women chase men like a veil, but Zoey Sanders felt she could give up even before starting.

Because perhaps what separated them wasn't a veil, but a wall of steel.

OK, fine.

No worries.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, adjusted her mindset, and walked out.

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The next day.

West Suburb Funland.

Knowing they were all going to have fun, Luke and Willow lost all motivation to go to school.

Hope Williams saw the two little ones with their backpacks looking reluctant, so she decided to give them the day off. After all, they'd already learned everything school had to offer, and missing a day wouldn't matter.

As soon as they arrived at the funland, the two little ones came alive, one pulling Aria Richardson, the other pulling Zoey Sanders as they ran ahead.

Waylon Lewis held Hope Williams' hand, with a few servants beside them taking care of Baby.

Wyatt Lewis hooked an arm around Joseph Sanders' shoulder, "How about we go horse riding?"

Joseph Sanders glanced at Wyatt Lewis, "Sure, let's compete."

"Ha, you've never beaten me."

"Nonsense, it's you who's never beaten me."

"Alright, we'll compete later; I'll make sure you admit defeat," Wyatt Lewis looked at Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams walking ahead, "Bro, sister-in-law, let's go horse riding."

Hope Williams raised her hand to shield the glaring sunlight and looked over to the vast horse field.

"Sure, but I'm not very good at it. Can anyone teach me?"

"I'll teach you," Waylon Lewis looked at Hope Williams gently.

Hope Williams smiled and nodded, "Alright, those four ran off, let's call them to join us."

Waylon Lewis took Hope Williams to pick out clothes. Soon, Aria Richardson and Zoey Sanders returned with Luke and Willow, and upon hearing about horse riding, everyone was eager to join.

The group changed into equestrian outfits and walked out of the changing room, the vast wilderness stretching before their eyes, the wind ruffling the grass, and a few gentle horses leisurely grazing nearby.

Aria Richardson hadn't come out yet, and Wyatt Lewis was about to choose a horse when he looked up to see a woman with long legs astride a saddle, confidently and naturally riding a horse freely across the field, followed by several others, though none could surpass her.

Soon, the woman crossed the line first, and the spectators cheered for her.

Joseph Sanders couldn't help but applaud approvingly, "That girl who crossed the line first rides well."

Wyatt Lewis nodded in agreement; she was indeed good, leaving several men far behind.

Just as Wyatt Lewis was about to say something, he saw the woman pull the reins and turn around.

The expression of admiration on Wyatt Lewis's face vanished instantly; the woman was Emma Winton!

Joseph Sanders tugged at his lips, watching Wyatt Lewis's expression, and couldn't help but burst into laughter.

"What is this? A narrow escape from fate?"

Chapter 885: Chapter 885: What a Coincidence, You're Here Too

Joseph Sanders smiled mischievously, and Wyatt Lewis was about to turn and leave when Emma's friend happened to look over and reminded her, "Emma, isn't that Young Master Lewis?"

Upon hearing Wyatt Lewis's name, Emma didn't show much emotional reaction, but still looked in the direction they were pointing and saw Wyatt leaving her with a cold, aloof back view.

Emma sneered coldly, not wanting to bother, and tugged on the reins, walking in the opposite direction.

Chloe Woods, however, rode up on her horse and called out to her, "Emma, don't you plan to go up and say hello to Young Master Lewis?"

Emma rode leisurely and carefree, wandering around, "He doesn't care about me, what's the point? If I say hello, will he suddenly care about me?"

"Are you not planning to join the Lewis Family through marriage? Emma, don't act impulsively. You're much better than that backwater bumpkin from the Richardson Family. He just hasn't seen your worth yet. Don't forget, you have a half-month deadline with your dad. If you don't succeed, Uncle Winton will be disappointed, not to mention how your siblings at home will mock you."

Emma's eyes dimmed slightly.

She had boasted she'd win over Wyatt Lewis in half a month, but she didn't expect Wyatt to not listen to a thing she said.

Now, having said that, her father still had high expectations of her, and if she returned empty-handed, she would indeed be laughed at by those at home.

Emma felt a headache coming on.

Being born into the Winton Family seemed glorious, but it wasn't without its difficulties.

Emma smiled bitterly.

Chloe Woods sympathized with Emma's situation, looking at her with pity, "Emma, maybe you should just go say hello. I just saw Young Master Lewis and Young Madam Lewis are also here. Building a good relationship with them wouldn't hurt, and it'd be rude not to greet them."

Under Chloe's persuasion, Emma finally stopped and sighed, dismounted reluctantly, and led her horse over.

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The girls were slower to change clothes, so Waylon Lewis, Wyatt Lewis, and Joseph Sanders had already changed into their riding gear and were waiting outside, while the girls hadn't come out of the changing room yet.

Waylon Lewis lifted his gaze, glancing at the person standing close to the horse, almost glued to its side, and asked with rare concern, "Seen something you like?"

"What?" Wyatt, absent-minded, asked in confusion.

Waylon raised an eyebrow toward the horse.

Only then did Wyatt notice he was nearly leaning against the horse, and he quickly jumped back a step.

"What are you thinking?"

Waylon's words had just fallen when he saw Emma and Chloe leading their horses over.

After being humiliated by Wyatt the night before, Emma was obviously still upset, but she couldn't show a sour face now. Taking a deep breath, she maintained her most graceful demeanor, "Young Master Lewis, Young Master Lewis, Young Master Sanders, what a coincidence to see you here as well."

Chloe also politely greeted them.

Waylon nodded slightly in response but never let his gaze linger on them.

Chloe couldn't help but fixate her eyes on Waylon. Dressed in all-black riding attire, with a perfect physique, broad shoulders, narrow waist, and well-balanced musculature, standing in the sunlight, he exuded elegance and strength. There was no denying that Waylon Lewis was a mature and incredibly attractive man, the kind that, once seen, was hard to look away from.

Chloe's cheeks reddened as she stared at Waylon, unable to divert her gaze.

Emma glanced at Wyatt, still harboring anger, unable to bring herself to speak to him first.

Likewise, Wyatt wouldn't possibly pay her any attention. If his brother weren't here, he might have turned and left.

The two remained silent, enveloped in the quiet.

Waylon's face was indifferent, his mind entirely wondering when his wife would finish changing clothes and come out. Chloe couldn't help but keep her eyes on Waylon.

Meanwhile, Joseph stood on the side, taking it all in, unable to resist a slight smile.

In the fitting room, Hope was struggling with the belt of her outfit and peeked her head out to look at Waylon standing outside, softly calling him, "Waylon Lewis."

Hearing his wife's call, the chilly look on Waylon's face instantly vanished, and he gazed at her tenderly, "What's up?"

"Can you help me with this belt?"

Hope adjusted her clothing, and Waylon walked behind her, helping with the belt. Hope's delicate brows knitted slightly, as she softly complained, "Waylon, it's your fault for always telling me to eat more. Now I've put on weight."

"Let me see, where have you gained weight?"

Hope stood in front of the dressing mirror, and through it, Waylon couldn't hide his amazement at the woman inside.

"Not at all, you look great. I chose well, didn't I? Praise me."

Hope curved her lips into a smile, knowing Waylon would say that.

Even if she ended up with rolls of fat around her waist, Waylon would probably proudly say, yep, I fed her, and she's beautiful.

Hope found it amusing, her eyes filled with laughter.

Having helped her with the belt, his attention shifted to her hair. Hope raised her hands, gathering the hair on her shoulders and letting it drape down her back.

Waylon took her long hair in his hands and skillfully tied it into a rather nice high ponytail.

Hope turned to look at Waylon, the high ponytail swinging a beautiful arc in the air, her delicate and elegant features showing a hint of playful smile. Before Waylon could ask for praise, she naturally hooked her arms around his neck and planted a rewarding kiss on his lips, "Not bad."

Waylon's smile deepened, and he held Hope to deepen the kiss, but Hope raised her hand to block him.

Waylon pulled down her hand, "You mean you're allowed to kiss me, but I'm not allowed to kiss you?"

Chapter 886: Chapter 886: If Not Death, Then Serious Injury

"Cough... You can kiss me back at home, there are too many people here, and you're not good at controlling yourself."

Waylon Lewis chuckled, "Look at you, so charming."

Hope Williams raised a confident smile, "Thank you for the compliment."

Waylon Lewis held Hope's hand and walked out.

Luke and Willow had already changed into their riding outfits and chose two Shetland ponies, which are smaller and look cute, suitable for children.

Hope glanced at the two new arrivals, Emma Winton and Chloe Woods, and slightly raised an eyebrow.

Emma Winton and Chloe Woods looked at Hope, nodded politely in greeting, "Young Madam Lewis."

Hope nodded slightly, "Mm, what a coincidence."

Emma Winton smiled faintly, still looking graceful and poised, "The weather is good today, so I'm out with friends to relax."

Hope nodded, "The weather is indeed nice today, enjoy yourselves. Wyatt, Aria isn't ready yet; go check on her."

"Alright." Wyatt Lewis happily walked into the house.

Aria Richardson and Zoey Sanders had just changed clothes and walked out arm in arm, chatting and laughing, nearly bumping into Wyatt Lewis.

Aria stopped just in time.

Wyatt Lewis took a look at Aria in her black riding attire, different from her usual style, adding a touch of strong and capable aura, with more heroism.

Wyatt's expression softened a bit.

Aria still noticed his displeased look, blinked and asked, "What's wrong?"

Zoey Sanders wisely let go of Aria, "You guys chat first, I'll go pick a horse."

Aria looked at Wyatt, with a hint of inquiry.

"It's nothing, just Emma and Chloe are here too."

Aria thought it was quite a coincidence and said nothing, "Mm, I'm not afraid of her, why be nervous. She does her thing, we do ours, let's go."

Wyatt Lewis wrapped his arm around Aria's slim waist, "Don't listen to what she says. If you feel unhappy around them, I'll take you away."

"Mm, I know."

Aria took Wyatt's arm and walked out gracefully.

Hope and the gang were choosing horses, Emma naturally walked beside Hope, chatting, clearly Emma and Chloe wanted to build a good relationship with Hope.

After all, Hope's status was apparent, plus Waylon treated her like a treasure, so getting on her good side meant a lot of things in the Lewis Family could be settled with her words.

Hope neither liked nor disliked Emma; she would chat with her and occasionally respond to be polite.

Emma heard Hope wasn't skilled at horseback riding and said, "Young Madam Lewis, if you don't mind, I can teach you to ride."

Upon hearing this, Waylon instantly became displeased, someone actually wanted to snatch the task of teaching his wife to ride horses.

Emma, being clever, saw Waylon's expression and immediately smiled gently, "I nearly forgot, with Young Master Lewis around, it's not my place. My bad."

Hope politely smiled back, "You're kind-hearted, it's alright."

Emma secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

So close, so close, she nearly got skewered by Waylon's gaze.

Suddenly, the reins in her hand were gently tugged, she quickly tightened her grip on them.

Waylon glanced at the horse beside her, frowned slightly, and pulled Hope to his other side to protect her.

The horse Emma chose had a bad temper and was difficult to control, at this moment the horse's head forcefully yanked the reins, trying to break free from Emma's hold.

"Control your horse." Waylon said sternly, then took Hope to pick two good horses and left.

Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson walked over, and out of courtesy, Aria still greeted Emma, who responded politely.

Only Chloe Woods disdainfully let out a snort, "How unlucky."

"Are you talking about yourself?" Aria asked coldly.

Chloe Woods led the horse forward, "I'm talking about you."

"Chloe, last night's matter with you hasn't been settled yet, don't push your luck." Wyatt Lewis stared coldly at Chloe Woods.

Chloe Woods frowned and approached, Emma Winton tied up her horse on the side and came over to pull Chloe Woods away.

“Chloe, you should apologize to Miss Richardson for last night’s incident.”

“Emma... Ah... your horse!” Chloe Woods screamed.

Emma didn’t secure the reins properly, the horse was already a bit restless, suddenly twisted its head forcefully, the reins fell off, and the horse charged directly towards Aria.

“Watch out!”

Wyatt Lewis’s heart leapt to his throat, if she really got hit by the hooves, Aria would be seriously injured even if she survived.

Just as Hope and Waylon Lewis were leading their horses away, they heard the exclamations and turned around.