

SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

Chapter 986: You're Going to Be a Dad

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Aria Richardson cleared her throat lightly, keeping a straight face, as she pushed Wyatt aside, "Stand properly."

She pretended to be angry, "So tell me, what's the deal with that girl you came back with? I saw her clinging to you. Why did she send you back? Don't you have a driver?"

Wyatt saw Aria was upset and immediately became honest and straightforward, "She's a newly hired assistant, but I swear, I didn't hire her."

Aria crossed her arms, "A pretty assistant, feeling comfortable, aren't you, Wyatt?"

Wyatt listened to her sarcastic tone and became even more nervous, afraid he'd be kicked to sleep in the living room tonight.

"Not comfortable, not comfortable at all." Wyatt leaned closer to Aria, but she deftly avoided him.

Aria pointed to a spot on the floor, "Stand there, don't move. Don't touch me until you explain clearly."

Wyatt felt aggrieved, irritatingly scratching his head.

"Go on, newly hired assistant, and then?"

"Then there was a social event tonight that she attended with me. I was late; she arrived before me and was forced to drink at the table. Given she's from the Lewis Clan, there's no way I could ignore this situation."

Aria thought he was right.

If someone under him was bullied and forced to drink, stepping in to stop it was not wrong.

"And then?"

"I let her leave first; she was of no use staying there anyway."

"That's all?"

Wyatt raised his eyebrows and lifted his hand to swear, "Promise."

Aria stroked her chin, looking at Wyatt's face, recalling the scene. A hero saving a damsel in distress might make hearts flutter.

His actions weren't wrong, but his approach made the girl misunderstand that he was interested in her, compelling him to save her and shield her from drinking.

Wyatt, handsome and wealthy, once they sensed an opportunity, they couldn't help but want to climb up.

But she was too confident, believing Wyatt had feelings for her, enough to dare challenge Aria directly.

Aria smiled calmly.

However, Wyatt's decisive actions did surprise her.

After all that he'd done, why should Aria be upset? She was just teasing him.

However, it seems Wyatt took it seriously, standing there properly, as if waiting for instructions.

Aria couldn't help but let out a laugh, walking a few steps forward, approaching Wyatt, finally throwing herself into his arms.

Wyatt's brain paused momentarily from the embrace, but he still opened his arms, holding her steady when she fell against him.

Wyatt's expression froze, looking down to see the woman's bright and charming smile.

She seemed very happy.

Showing no signs of anger at all.

"You're not angry?" Wyatt asked, looking down.

Aria wrapped her arms around his neck, looked at him happily, and shook her head, "Not angry at all. Why should I be angry? You did nothing wrong."

Upon hearing this, Wyatt's expression darkened, "Why aren't you angry? Are you not jealous at all? Why aren't you jealous?"

No, no, a normal woman would be jealous at this time.

Yet she wasn't jealous!

Wyatt suddenly felt a bit defeated.

"Yes, I was really jealous just now, but I'm not angry because I'm happy, I'm very happy today."

"Why are you happy?" Wyatt hugged her waist and asked softly, his voice tender and affectionate.

Aria smiled without speaking, her eyes sparkling with increasing laughter, unable to resist standing on tiptoe to kiss his lips...

Wyatt paused immediately, getting entangled with a woman, then rewarded with a kiss by his wife?

Whoa.

Where's the logic here?

Yet action outpaced thought, he lowered his head, cupping her waist firmly in his hands, stooping to deepen the kiss.

He had drunk quite a bit; the taste of alcohol lingered in his mouth, Aria let out a gentle hum.

Wyatt kissed intensely, Aria staggering from the kiss, wanting to end it.

Once started, when would it end so quickly?

Wyatt lifted her up directly, laying her down on the soft bed, as his breath gradually grew irregular, kissing her densely.

Aria's body shivered slightly; one hand skilled, reached under her hem, his palm touched her skin, roaming freely.

Wyatt raised his head, his voice hoarse, "Tell me, what made you so happy."

As he spoke, fragmented kisses lingered on her neck, his voice mixed with noticeable desire.

Aria raised her hand, directly pressing his restless hand, raising her head to look at him.

"Wyatt..."

"Uh-huh, speak."

Aria's smile wouldn't stop, the room fell silent as they gazed at each other.

Wyatt eagerly awaited Aria's next words.

"Wyatt, we're having a baby."

Aria's voice was clear, carrying joy and delight, she gazed at Wyatt intently, her voice quivering with excitement.

Wyatt's breath abruptly tightened.

After a long while, he said, "What? Say it again."

"I'm pregnant." Aria repeated with great seriousness, "We're having a baby, you're going to be a dad."

Wyatt fixated his gaze on her, his eyes frozen for a while.

Slowly he straightened up, "Say it again."

"I'm pregnant."

"The next line."

"We're having a baby."

"And the next line."

Aria looked at him, her smile deepened, leaning over to kiss his face, solemnly saying, "Congratulations, you're going to be a dad."