

# **She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor**

## **#Chapter 1: 10**

### **Giving You a Billion to Abort the Child - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 1: Giving You a Billion to Abort the Child**

Chapter 1: Chapter 1: Giving You a Billion to Abort the Child

"I'll give you a billion, but abort the child."

Hope Williams was taken aback, her hands clutching the pregnancy test report, struggling to remain calm.

She covered her chest, feeling as though a huge stone was pressing down on her, making it impossible for her to breathe.

"What did you just say? Abort the child?"

A buzzing echoed in her ears, everything seemed to be an illusion.

Hope Williams raised her eyes, staring at him incredulously.

Today was supposed to be their third wedding anniversary, and she had nervously but eagerly planned to tell him about the pregnancy.

And he actually wanted her to abort the child!

After a moment of silence, the man's icy voice came again, "Joy has returned, and our marriage should end now."

"This child was an accident, he shouldn't have come, I won't keep him. Take this billion as compensation for these years, or if you have other demands, let me know. As long as they're not excessive, I can agree."

Hope Williams trembled, it took her a moment to find her voice again, "You, you mean you still want to... divorce me?"

"Mm." His voice was thin, cool, devoid of emotion.

Hope Williams clenched her fists, feeling as if her heart was being brutally stabbed with a knife, so painful she dared not breathe.

Just because Joy Ward had returned.

Even though she was pregnant, he still wanted a divorce, to abort the child.

He said the child shouldn't have come.

Waylon Lewis took out a cigarette from the pack, paused as he was about to bite into it, then put it back.

He pulled out documents from the drawer, his slender fingers slowly handing them to Hope, "Have a look, and if there's no objection, sign."

Hope didn't take them, so Waylon Lewis placed the divorce agreement on the table.

"I'll arrange an appointment at the hospital for you, think it over and sign when you're ready, I have things to do, heading back to the office."

Waylon Lewis stood up.

"Waylon Lewis." Hope Williams called out to him, choking up.

Waylon Lewis coldly turned back.

"What?"

Tears filled Hope's eyes as she looked up at him pleadingly, "I don't want the money, and I agree to the divorce, but can we... keep the child?"

This was her smallest request as a mother—to keep the child, she could give up everything else.

Waylon Lewis's deep eyes stayed on her face as well; he never liked being defied, what Waylon Lewis commanded was irrefutable; she knew this man, but still, she couldn't help asking.

"No."

The man's response was firm, dominating, and irrefutable.

After speaking, he didn't pause but stepped out and left, leaving Hope Williams alone in the empty villa.

She had been married to Waylon Lewis for three years, and although they were husband and wife, Hope knew he hadn't married her for love.

He didn't love her, yet she naively held onto hope, thinking one day she might warm this man's heart.

For three years of marriage, she had thought daily about how to be a good wife.

Every day she got up earlier than the servants, busier than the servants, all just to cook herself so that he could come home to her cooked meals and see a perfect home.

No matter how late it was, she would always leave a light on for him, only being able to sleep peacefully once he had returned.

She lived in this cold cage, envied by many women for a life of luxury, day after day, year after year, turned into a Husband-Waiting Stone.

But she didn't care, Hope told herself daily that being by his side was enough.

She thought they would continue to live quietly and steadily.

But reality slapped her in the face, unexpectedly.

Tears finally overwhelmed her, and Hope Williams gasped for air, her hands fidgeting with the fabric over her chest as her bitten lower lip quivered with sobs.

Today she finally realized, not loving means not loving!

Not knowing how much time had passed, Hope picked up the "Divorce Agreement" on the table, her every stroke of the pen firm.

It was over now!

From now on, Hope Williams would live for herself!

...

Waylon Lewis returned home earlier than usual today.

The little woman who used to greet him upon his arrival was absent today.

He ignored this faint anticipation.

The servant took his coat.

Waylon frowned slightly, asking dissatisfied, "Where is the lady?"

"Sir, the lady left a few hours ago."

Waylon walked into the living room, the cold coffee table bore a signed divorce agreement and an untouched check.

Waylon's gaze grew darker, a wave of irritation at his heart, he tugged at his tie, returning to his room, seeing the woman's absence, the consistently tidy room, her belongings all vanished without a trace.

...

Chapter 2: Chapter 2 "Steamed" Waylon Lewis, "Deep Fried" Waylon Lewis

Five years later.

"Big brother, are you sure our Daddy is in that building?" Willow asked in her babyish voice while looking at the magnificent building across the street through a pair of binoculars.

"Sure, I saw him go in," Luke said, his eyes glued to the computer. "I've seen his photo on Mommy's phone, and I'm sure he's the bad daddy who made Mommy sad."

"Brother, what are you doing?"

"Willow, bad daddy hurt Mommy. Do you want to help Mommy get revenge?"

"Revenge?"

"Yes, bad daddy was with another woman, making Mommy sad. We need to teach bad daddy a lesson."

Luke's eyes shone with determination, and his fair little hands skillfully operated the computer. A few minutes later, Luke confidently pressed the Enter key and immediately, the entire Lewis Clan Group building was plunged into darkness.

"Bingo! Success!"

Willow looked up to her brother admiringly and clapped vigorously for Luke. "Wow~ Big brother is so awesome, so awesome."

"There's something even cooler, watch this." Thinking it was over? Hehe, no way.

Meanwhile.

In the Lewis Clan Group conference hall.

The meeting had just started half an hour ago when the lights flickered and the room went pitch black.

The Lewis Clan Group had a dedicated power system, and such a large-scale blackout was unprecedented. All were renowned company heads sitting there; they couldn't possibly be facing a terror robbery attack.

Thinking so, everyone tensed up and quickly took out their phones for light.

Sitting at the head of the table, Waylon Lewis calmly raised his hand and waved back at Thomas Hughes.

Thomas immediately stepped forward.

"Go check what happened." As soon as Waylon finished speaking, the large LCD screen suddenly flickered and then a pig appeared, hopping and twerking its bottom, with the name "Waylon Lewis" emblazoned above its head!

Waylon's brow furrowed.

Then a cartoon child appeared, riding on the pig's back labeled 'Waylon Lewis,' whipping the pig's bottom with a whip and childishly chanting, "Piggy Waylon, giddy up, giddy up! Piggy Waylon, behave, or I'll butcher and eat you!"

The room fell dead silent!

Sitting next to Waylon and lounging with his legs crossed, Wyatt Lewis couldn't help but sit up straight, his eyes widening as he involuntarily twitched at the corners of his mouth.

The cartoon child continued to tug on 'Waylon Lewis' the pig's ears, while 'Waylon Lewis,' irritated, ran around wildly, continuing childishly.

"Piggy Waylon, giddy up, giddy up! If you don't behave, I'll turn you into steamed Piggy Waylon, braised Piggy Waylon..."

This was outrageous!

"Pfft..." Wyatt genuinely couldn't hold back and laughed out loud.

What a hilarious prank, haha!

Wyatt was laughing himself to death.

Waylon's face was taut, his dark eyes accumulating layers of frost.

Below him, teeth were clamped tightly, mouths twitched, and heads buried deeply into the table.

Sorry, boss, I'm laughing... I'm trying to keep it very quiet!

The video ended.

With a thud.

The next moment, lights came back on, revealing all expressions hidden in the dark, unabashed under the bright lights.

A chill swept through the air.

"Thomas!" Waylon turned his head to see Thomas earnestly bowing his head, biting his teeth hard and trying very hard to suppress his laughter!

Waylon's face darkened as if ink might drip from it.

Thomas's mouth hadn't yet relaxed when a chilling gaze fell upon him, startling him profoundly, feeling as if all the blood in his body was freezing.

"Think it's funny?"

Danger signals transmitted; everyone's nerves instantly tensed up.

Thomas trembled, desperately shaking his head.

The entire conference room fell silent under those cold and sinister eyes, freezing into ice!

After a while.

Waylon lowered his head to flip through some files, his stunning face still icy cold. "What are you spacing out for? Do you want me to invite you to check?"

...

Luke giggled himself silly, clutching his little stomach.

Just a little lesson for the stinky daddy to teach him a lesson about bullying Mommy.

Humph!

But they couldn't stay here for long.

"Willow, let's go." Luke had already packed up his laptop back into his backpack.

Willow also put her toy binoculars back into her little bag.

Luke took Willow by the hand, and the two little treasures hopped and skipped out of the building. As they exited, a car pulled up steadily in front of them, blocking their way.

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### Chapter 3: Chapter 3 Is That Woman Hope Williams?

Hope Williams hurriedly got out of the car. She had just finished a surgery today and hadn't even had the chance to catch her breath when the nanny called to say the two kids were missing, scaring her so much she almost couldn't breathe.

"Mommy," Willow cheerfully rushed into Hope Williams' embrace, "Mommy, Mommy, Willow missed you so much."

Hope Williams squatted down helplessly and hugged both children into her arms. When she had arrived, she was furious, thinking that this time she must properly discipline these two little runaways.

But Hope Williams couldn't resist their cute appeal—her anger dissipated immediately, and now all she could do was keep a stern face.

"You two running off like this, do you know Mommy worries?"

"Mommy, sorry, Willow was wrong," Willow pouted and started to apologize, looking both cute and lovely, even planting a kiss on Hope Williams' face, making it truly impossible for her to get angry.

"Mommy, it's all Luke's fault, don't blame sister, please aren't you mad, okay?"

"Are you going to run off again next time?" Hope Williams' heart had melted into a mess, but she couldn't let these two little rascals off too easily. Otherwise, next time they might really run up to the sky, with their poor mother chasing after them.

"No, no more," Willow said, shaking her little hand, her voice soft and sticky.

"Good, then tell Mommy, what were you just up to?"

Willow's sparkling eyes looked towards Luke Williams, and Luke Williams narrowed his eyes, signaling Willow with a glance.

"Luke, Willow, good children shouldn't lie, you know."

Under the dual pressure of her brother and mother, Willow's cute little face was full of conflict. She lowered her head and whispered so softly, "Willow can't say."

Hope Williams softened her voice, asking patiently, "Why not?"

Willow pursed her little mouth, "Brother said not to tell."

Luke Williams, "?"

"Why did brother say Willow can't tell?" Hope Williams looked back and forth between Luke and Willow.

"Because brother went to teach Daddy a lesson for Mommy..."

Luke Williams, "..."

Can this sister be kept?

Hearing this, Hope Williams took a sharp breath and continued to ask. Willow talked and talked until there was nothing left.

Hope Williams listened with bated breath.

Piggy Waylon driving?

How daring these children were, to provoke Waylon Lewis.

Years ago, after she went abroad, she gave birth to Luke and Willow. She had just come back a week ago.

Waylon Lewis wouldn't allow her to keep the children, so she dared not let Waylon Lewis know about the existence of Luke and Willow. She thought she would never have any dealings with this man again for the rest of her life, but the children insistently provoked him.

Meanwhile, the elite defense system team of Lewis Clan Group had already located the prankster's position through tracking.

"Boss, found them," Thomas Hughes handed the location to Waylon Lewis, displaying the person was right under the Lewis Clan Group building.

Waylon Lewis frowned slightly.

"Let me see," Wyatt Lewis leaned in, "Damn, doing it right under your nose, quite brave. Brother, don't worry, I'll definitely catch this talent for you... pfft..."

Waylon Lewis' molars clenched tight, he lifted his gaze, and Wyatt Lewis' scalp tingled as he slowly shifted his eyes from the locator screen to Waylon Lewis' face.

"..." Brother, can you not point that laser at me...



“Laughing again?” Waylon Lewis spoke lightly, neither warm nor fiery. Yet, Wyatt Lewis could sense the towering anger within.

He was certain, if his lips were to curl into a smile for his brother one more time, he’d be rolling off to raise pigs.

“I’ll shut up.”

Wyatt Lewis mimed zipping his lips, standing quietly to the side.

Waylon Lewis returned his icy gaze to the screen, his sharp eyes narrowing slightly. Someone had the guts, to play pranks right under his watch.

Waylon Lewis stood up; he actually wanted to see who this person who dared to mess with him was, in person!

Seeing a drama unfolding, Wyatt Lewis, who never shied from trouble, quickly followed after, “Brother, I’m coming too.”

Hope Williams knew the children meant well; she couldn’t bear to scold them, but Luke had provoked Waylon Lewis, and with Waylon Lewis’ ability, he would soon find them, especially right under the Lewis Clan Group building.

Hope Williams felt a strong sense of crisis.

Thinking this, she couldn’t help but look up towards the Lewis Clan building, and the next second she saw a tall figure approaching the door. He exuded an aura of nobility, standing out prominently amid the crowd, with a throng of people following behind him fiercely.

Waylon Lewis!

After five years, Hope Williams could still recognize this man at a glance.

Her heart suddenly clenched, alarm bells ringing in her mind.

Run!

Her heart pounded in panic, but she stayed utterly calm, picking up the two children and placing them in the back seat, then immediately getting into the driver’s seat herself.

Luke bore a striking resemblance to Waylon Lewis; an encounter would surely give them away.

Waylon Lewis’ icy gaze swept over an all-too-familiar figure, his dark eyes narrowing sharply, and he quickened his pace.

Just as he reached the door, he saw a woman hurry into a car.

That woman's figure...

Hope Williams?

Chapter 4: Chapter 4 Hope Williams, where will you run to?

She looks so much like her!

Waylon Lewis's icy gaze was fixed tightly on the car, squinting minutely.

"Boss, the location tracker shows that the person is moving away at a high speed."

That car—it was without hesitation that Waylon commanded, "Follow them."

He had a strong premonition that the figure he just saw was the woman from all those years ago.

Inside the car, Hope Williams was calling her friend, Aria Richardson.

"Hello, what's wrong, Hope?"

"Aria, I need to go back to Country Y."

"What, you're going back to Country Y? Didn't you just get back here? What happened?"

After Hope relayed the recent events, Aria was shocked, cursing three times, "Our baby is incredibly talented! Well done, Luke and Willow. Godmother supports you."

Hope was embarrassed!

"When are you planning to leave, Hope?"

"As soon as possible, preferably today. I absolutely cannot let him see the children." She felt uneasy, always fearing that Waylon had seen her and that he'd soon chase after them.

"But you just got back, Hope. Director Woods spent so much to bring you onboard; if you leave now, won't he be furious enough to fly to Country Y and drag you back?"

"Possibly, but I'm not leaving for good. I'll send the kids to Liam Cloud to lay low, then I'll return."

After all, she had already decided to come back to the country to develop her career and had agreed to take a job at the hospital under Ian Woods, Director Woods; she wouldn't leave easily.

After dodging this storm, she would bring back both children.

"All right, take care with the kids," Aria said hurriedly over the phone with a few reminders.

After the call, Hope handed the phone to Luke Williams in the backseat, "Luke, help Mommy book the tickets; we need to stay at Uncle Cloud's for a few days."

"Are we going back to Country Y?" Luke asked, his head down, busier than Hope driving; he had carelessly allowed their location to be tracked but fortunately had spotted it in time to intercept and disrupt the tracking.

"Yes," Hope tried to sound relaxed to prevent the children from feeling anxious with her, "Uncle Cloud has been missing you."

"Yay, we can visit Uncle Cloud, Willow is so happy." Turning her head, Willow bit her finger, puzzled, and asked Hope, "But Mommy, are you really scared of Daddy? Why are we hiding from Daddy?"

Hope paused, her eyes dimmed slightly, "Let's talk about it when Willow grows up a bit, okay?"

Hope didn't want Luke and Willow to know that their father did not want them.

Knowing talking about Daddy made Mommy sad, Willow pressed her lips together, obediently asking no further, "Okay then."

Hope occasionally looked back through the rear-view mirror, fearful that someone was following.

"Mommy, the earliest ticket is for tomorrow at 7:30 AM."

Hope nodded, "Okay, that flight."

It was now seven in the evening; just over twelve hours remained. Hope hurried home as if on fire, hastily packed a few clothes, fearing the longer night would bring more complications, and did not dare delay a single minute.

At the airport, Hope put on masks for herself and both children, then led them to the security check. She breathed a sigh of relief as their turn in the long line finally came.

She knew hiding was no way to deal with the situation, but she didn't have the courage to face Waylon with the children.

Knowing Waylon's personality, her defiance in the past, and her escape abroad would mean he would never let her go.

Moreover, a prominent family like the Lewis Family wouldn't allow their progeny to be left stranded outside.

These children were her life; she couldn't afford to lose them.

No matter what happened to her, she wouldn't let anyone harm them.

Looking down at Luke and Willow holding hands, her resolve was unshakeable, without a moment's regret for her past decisions.

"Mommy, after we go to Uncle Cloud's, can Willow come back?"

Willow seemed reluctant to leave.

Noticing Willow's reluctance, Hope smiled gently, "Does my little treasure like it here?"

"Yes, Willow has friends here, godmother, and also..." Daddy! Willow bit her finger, not completing her sentence.

Hope's eyes darkened; although the children didn't say it, she knew they longed for a father—no child doesn't wish to have both parents around.

Hope squatted down, hugging Willow and Luke, unable to provide them with a father's love, but she'd love them twice as much.

Seeing Hope's melancholy, Willow hugged her tightly, "Mommy, Willow only needs Mommy."

"Luke needs only Mommy, too." Luke also hugged Hope, trying to provide her with more comfort.

Hope smiled tenderly, fortunate to have both children, "Don't worry, my darlings. Mommy will surely bring you back after a few days."

However, at that moment, a line of black luxury cars steadily pulled up at the airport entrance. From the leading Rolls Royce, a tall man alighted.

The man's handsome features were tense, his dark eyes cold as ink.

He carried a chill that swept through the airport lobby, his black-suited bodyguards immediately dispersing, beginning a carpet-style search.

This time, he was determined not to let that woman escape again!

“Luke, Willow, we’re about to board.”

“Yay, Willow will see Uncle Cloud very soon.”

After checking in, Luke and Willow, hand in hand, bounced ahead.

Hope watched her children with a brimming smile; they were always excited about flying. She collected her documents, but in the next second, a strong hand seized hers.

Then a chillingly familiar voice sounded low in her ear.

“Hope Williams, where else will you run to?”

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Chapter 5: Chapter 5 You Want to Imprison Me

Boom!

Suddenly, her face paled instantly, as she jerked her head up, her body trembled slightly, and the face that met her eyes was one that, despite five years apart, was still intimately familiar to her.

“Waylon Lewis, you...”

Hope Williams anxiously turned her head to look at the two children who had already entered the jet bridge. Willow was desperately trying to run to her, but was pulled back by the calm Luke.

Hope watched as Luke silently shook his head. Luke was always vigilant and intelligent. After casting a few worried glances at Hope, he quickly blended into the crowd with Willow, disappearing into the cabin.

Thankfully, Waylon Lewis’s attention was fully on her and he hadn’t noticed the children.

Seeing this gave Hope some relief, but the man in front of her had dark eyes that were staring at her somberly.

Hope mustered her courage to meet his gaze. He was the same as he had been five years before: sharp facial features, flawless to the point of perfection, eyes deep as a

pool, and an air of natural arrogance and nobility enveloping him, exuding an overwhelming presence.

Waylon Lewis looked at the woman in front of him, whom he hadn't seen in five years. She was dressed in a white gown that hugged her slender figure, her tall stature accentuated by a pair of pale, delicate legs.

Her delicate face had become even more charming and vivacious than five years ago, marked with a strong stubbornness. Her beautiful amber eyes, however, were far too cold—something he had never seen in her gaze before.

At such close quarters, neither could hide their emotions from the other's sight.

Her look pierced Waylon's heart sharply, fueling a nameless rage within him.

"Hope Williams, you've done well, hiding for five years and now trying to escape?" Waylon's voice was impatient, and he pulled Hope out of the line roughly without a hint of tenderness.

"Let me go, Waylon Lewis. We are divorced. Are you sick? What I do is none of your damn business!"

"None of my business? You ran away with my child and hid for five years, and I don't even have the right to ask? Where is the child you hid away?" Waylon's grip tightened on Hope's chin.

Hope winced in pain, unceremoniously throwing off his hand, but she couldn't break free from his hold. She struggled fiercely, glaring at him defiantly when she couldn't get away.

"It's so funny, Waylon. You were the one who didn't want the child back then, and now you're the one looking for him. What's the matter? Couldn't Joy Ward give you a child?"

"You!" Hope's words jumped dangerously on his bottom line, yet he found he couldn't refute any of it, boiling with rage to the point where he wanted to strangle her right there.

Hope sneered, "If I hadn't left back then, should I have waited for you to force me to the hospital to abort my child? I won't let you find the child, Waylon. Just rest assured, since you didn't want the child back then, I will never let the child acknowledge you now!"

"Damn woman!"

Waylon glared at her face, the same gentle and virtuous features from five years ago now spitting venom and striking at his heart.

Waylon's narrow eyes squinted, rage surging uncontrollably in his chest.

“Ouch, damn, brother.” Wyatt Lewis arrived in a rush, only to witness the two glaring furiously at each other, the atmosphere so oppressive it made his blood run cold.

He felt if they each had knives in their hands, they’d be capable of stabbing each other to death.

“Brother, sister-in-law, please calm down. We can discuss this, there’s no…” Wyatt paused mid-sentence as Waylon’s glare cut across him like a knife, sending shudders through his scalp. He obediently shut his mouth.

“Let go of me.” Hope struggled. “Let go, Waylon Lewis, you psychopath.”

Waylon coldly nodded.

“Still talking tough, Hope Williams? Let’s see how long you can keep that up. Lock her up until she’s ready to tell where the child is. Then she can be released.” Waylon commanded coldly.

“Slap!”

Just as Waylon finished speaking, a sharp slapping sound followed.

In the next moment, the entire space fell into a terrifying silence.

A deadly aura swirled in the air.

“Damn it!” Wyatt wished he could disappear on the spot.

Hope had reached her breaking point; all the anger and grievance she had suppressed over the years were unleashed in that slap.

How could he be so shameless? What right did he have to imprison her?

Waylon’s head twisted slightly as the woman dared to strike him!

“You want to imprison me? You beast, Waylon Lewis. If you dare to imprison me, I’ll make sure you regret it.”

Waylon touched his numb cheek with the tip of his tongue, danger looming in the air around him.

“Heh…”

The man suddenly let out a cold chuckle.

Waylon grasped Hope’s nape and forcefully pressed her face close to his.

Hope shuddered violently as their faces drew near, forcing herself to remain composed, her hands at her sides tensed, then relaxed.

“Hope Williams, this isn’t over!”

After speaking, Waylon tossed her to the ground.

Yes, tossed!

Hope staggered backward, her back crashing against a nearby railing, the pain making her gasp for breath.

Wyatt trembled, afraid the two would start fighting on the spot. Seeing Hope fall to the ground, he instinctively moved to help her up but was stopped by Waylon’s gaze. He hastily withdrew his hand and stood aside, daring not to breathe too loudly.

“Take her away,” Waylon commanded sternly.

In the end, Hope was no match for Waylon and was forcibly taken to the car.

Willow didn’t dare to cry out loud; Mommy had told her not to let the bad daddy find them, and she didn’t want to cause more trouble for Mommy. Her eyes already brimming with tears, she stubbornly refrained from making a sound until the group had left, before bursting into loud cries.

“Ah... Bad man! Daddy is a bad man. He bullied Mommy and took her away. Brother, brother, Mommy was taken by bad daddy...”

Luke was extremely calm at that moment, his juvenile eyes filled with determination. Just as Hope had comforted Willow before, he hugged his sister close, “Willow, you shouldn’t cry. Mommy said when we cry, it hurts her heart. We need to think of a way to rescue Mommy quickly.”

Immediately, Willow halted her tears, her watery eyes looking up at her brother with pitiful hope, “Brother, do you have a plan?”

“We should go home first. We need Auntie’s help.”

“Okay, good. Willow will listen to brother.”

...

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: Hand over the child? In his wildest dreams!

Arriving at Seaside Villa, Waylon Lewis fiercely grabbed Hope Williams’ hand and yanked her out of the car.



Hope, concerned about the children, knew that Luke could take care of Willow and get on a plane to Y country to find Liam Cloud. However, she still felt uneasy since they were only five-year-old children.

Lost in her thoughts, she was pulled by Waylon so unexpectedly that she almost fell to the ground. Good thing she managed to maintain her balance by holding onto the car door frame. She glared at Waylon, her eyes spitting fire, "Let go of me, I can walk by myself!"

Of course, the man wouldn't pay attention to her words. Instead, he pulled her with even more force toward the room in the villa.

He threw her down onto the carpet without any mercy. Before Hope could react, she felt a sharp pain in her chin as she was forced to lift her head, the man's handsome face right before her eyes.

"You stay here and reflect on your actions. When you're ready to talk, you'll get something to eat," the man's icy voice sounded like a demon from hell, echoing in her ears.

A chill ran down Hope's spine, and she clenched her fists tightly. Give up the kids? He must be dreaming.

"Not a chance."

"Heh."

The man let out a cold laugh.

"Let's hope in a few days, you still have the courage to talk back."

After dropping that sentence, the man slammed the door and left.

Hope's anxiety surged, and she patted her pockets, only to realize her phone had been taken. She lunged at the door again.

The door closed mercilessly in front of her.

"Bang!"

Hope's eyes blazed with rage, "Waylon, give me back my phone, you lunatic!"

Without a phone, she couldn't contact Luke and Willow, couldn't confirm their safety. Hope became frantic, kicking the door hard, but the elaborate double doors didn't budge an inch!

The room was on the third floor. Hope glanced at the height, knowing that jumping would be a disaster, but that damned man had locked the door from the outside; she couldn't open it.

Hope searched through the room quickly; it was the room she had lived in after marrying Waylon. Not much had changed, which gave her a sense of familiarity mixed with strangeness. She remembered there was a spare key in the room.

Holding onto that slim hope, Hope searched through every drawer in the room, but not a shadow of a key was seen.

Feeling deflated, Hope leaned against the wall, hugging her knees, and slid to the floor. She had no idea whether Luke and Willow had safely boarded the plane.

She had no phone to contact them, and her anxious worry made every second unbearably torturous.

Three interminable hours passed like this. The clock on the wall showed it was twelve o'clock, lunchtime, yet no one brought her food.

Hope had rushed that morning preparing food for the children and had only nibbled a bite herself. By this time, she was starving.

Then, the sound of approaching footsteps echoed through the silent hallway. Hope abruptly stood up, her hearing had always been excellent, someone was coming.

The door was knocked, and a sweet female voice called from outside, "Waylon."

That voice... Joy Ward!

"Waylon, are you there?"

Hope's heart stirred but she made no sound, instead, she moved a few steps across the floor, deliberately making a faint noise with her footsteps to signal to the person outside that someone was in the room. Then, Hope held her breath and stood in the corner against the wall.

"Waylon, can I come in?"

"..."

"Waylon, I'm coming in?"

Joy was overjoyed inside. Waylon hadn't refused. Before, he always prevented her from entering this room, and the servants rarely did either. Even when they cleaned, they couldn't touch anything inside.

Today, since Waylon hadn't refused, Joy's lips curled up in a sweet smile.

About to enter the room she had longed for, Joy couldn't help but feel her heart race. She pulled down the collar of her dress to reveal her delicate collarbones and adjusted her neatly styled tea-colored curly hair before walking through the door.

Just as she thought she was about to see Waylon, "Ah..."

Hope hit her unexpectedly with a karate chop, immediately knocking her out.

However, Hope hadn't hit her too hard; Joy would wake up within an hour.

The fact that Joy had come upstairs looking for Waylon indicated that Waylon was not downstairs. With this thought, Hope hurriedly dashed down the stairs.

She rushed to the entrance, with the main door within reach, Hope's eyes filled with hope as she reached for the doorknob.

"Where do you think you're going?"

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Chapter 7: Chapter 7: She Ranks First in the Medical Field

A chill swept over.

Hope Williams shuddered violently at the sudden horrific male voice that echoed behind her, as terrifying to her as a malevolent spirit coming to claim a life.

Hope was so scared that her hair stood on end; she didn't dare turn around, didn't want to see, didn't want to face it. After all, the door was right in front of her.

"Click." Without hesitation, she turned the doorknob, and just as she was about to sprint out, two straight silhouettes blocked her path. Two tall bodyguards, expressionless, stared at her, resolutely blocking the door, and pulled out pistols pointing at her head.

Hope bit down hard on her back teeth, "..."

Was that necessary?

Hope hung her head in defeat and turned around, about to speak, when the tip of her nose brushed against the fabric of the man's suit, carrying a faint scent of tobacco.

The man's sudden approach caught Hope off guard; her eyelashes fluttered like butterfly wings, and she leaned back, only to be caught tightly by the man's strong arms encircling her lower back.

The man's chilly voice continued to resonate, "Escaping, well done! You think you can run, huh?"

Hope's heart skipped a beat, fear of being caught during escape sweeping over her. She looked at the man in alarm when suddenly, from upstairs, a cry was heard, "Ah, Miss Ward has fainted!"

...

Joy Ward was taken to the hospital, and to prevent Hope from escaping again, Waylon Lewis forcibly dragged her along to the hospital.

In the hospital room, Joy woke up an hour later than Hope had expected.

At the moment, she lay extremely weak on the hospital bed, her eyes watery and pitiful, looking at Waylon Lewis, crying profusely.

Joy, who was also a doctor, had her good sister Valentina River treating her at the hospital. Valentina was fussing beside her, saying, "President Lewis, how could Joy be hurt so badly? If the person had hit any harder, Joy might not have woken up!"

Hope, also a doctor, was stunned.

Originally, she had felt a trace of guilt as she had knocked Joy unconscious to escape, and was willing to apologize and compensate. But now, Hope's bit of guilt had completely vanished.

Joy Ward, in Hope's impression, hadn't changed in five years: pure, fragile, hypocritical, and full of deception.

She hadn't hit her that hard. But before Hope could speak, Joy was the first to open her mouth.

"Miss Williams, do we have such a deep hatred? You struck me so hard. Waylon, my neck hurts so badly, and I felt dizzy. I thought I was about to die."

About to die?

Hope almost died of fright!

"Was it you who hit her?" In the hospital room, Waylon Lewis turned his head, his handsome face coolly looking toward Hope.

"Yes, I hit her," Hope rolled her eyes and stood aside, loudly admitting.

Upon Hope's admission, Joy cried even more vigorously, clutching her chest, her eyes red, "Miss Williams, we have no grudges, why would you treat me this way, what did I do wrong to deserve being beaten by you?"

Beaten?

The charges brought against Hope really caught her off guard.

For knocking her out to escape was Hope's fault, but speak properly! Suddenly can't wake up, suddenly going to die, now beating? Was she trying to pull a scam or what!

"Apologize," Waylon Lewis said sternly.

Today, Hope truly understood what it meant to seem pitiful and deceptive.

"Not even conning grannies can act like you," Hope muttered.

"What did you say?"

Hope Williams glared coldly at him and exclaimed loudly, "I said, I'm sorry, my fault. I shouldn't have hurt your sweetheart, I shouldn't have hit her that hard. I'll go easier next time."

"You seem quite unconvinced?" Waylon Lewis stared at Hope Williams.

"No, I'm convinced, convinced. Even if I'm not, it doesn't matter."

"It's okay, Waylon, don't blame Miss Williams. Actually, Miss Williams doesn't need to apologize, I have already forgiven her," Joy Ward said weakly, looking all magnanimous and kind.

"She hurt you, she should apologize to you, you don't need to speak for her."

Which ear of yours heard her speaking for me, Hope Williams thought, nearly bursting out laughing.

"Get out here," Waylon Lewis commanded somberly, his voice deep with a sense of oppression.

Step outside then, who's scared of whom.

Waylon Lewis began to step away, Hope Williams quickly followed him.

"Waylon, I'm still feeling unwell, can you stay with me?"

"Tsk."

Hope Williams was a bit annoyed.

“What’s feeling unwell? Let me check it out, Waylon Lewis is not the Supreme Venerable Lord. Is staying here going to let him make ‘Immortal Pill’ to heal you or what?” If not for the fear that the man’s glare next to her could pierce through her, Hope Williams would really want to retort more.

“You! You...” Joy Ward was infuriated, her face turning bright red, and despite all Hope Williams said, she could not retort, making her stare with bulging eyes.

Joy Ward watched as Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams left, her eyes filled with resentment and spite, venomously staring at the back of Hope Williams.

This bitch!

“Joy, that person just now was Hope Williams, why has she come back?” Valentina River, who had just spoken up for Joy Ward, asked.

While Hope Williams was at the medical school, she was undisputedly recognized as the top of her class, blessed with beauty, favored by professors, extremely talented in medicine, winner of many prestigious awards, and had countless admirers – a goddess status that made people envy, jealous, and irreplaceable.

The more she achieved, the more some were green with envy, among them were Valentina River and Joy Ward.

Then, in her sophomore year, everyone thought Hope Williams was on a bright path until she was suddenly expelled from the school; rumors floated that she was caught having an affair with a professor by his wife, and the school expelled her immediately to cover up the scandal.

The issue was suppressed by the school and with Hope Williams’s departure, it faded away, but there was always some whispers behind her back.

After Hope Williams left, Joy Ward, with her sweet appearance and good family background, quickly rose to prominence.

“It was her.” Joy Ward ground her teeth.

The moment she saw Hope Williams she could hardly believe it, that woman had actually come back.

Five years had passed, she had been by Waylon Lewis’s side, but Waylon Lewis had never mentioned marrying her. She knew this man’s nature; she dared not bring it up, thinking that perhaps in a few years, having been by his side, he might marry her, but she never anticipated that, before it could happen, Hope Williams would return.

She just won't disappear!

"It really is her, Joy, you know, recently your cardiology department recruited a new head doctor from abroad, named Cynthia, ranked first in the medical community abroad, very famous in country Y, revered as a myth in medicine, I heard her Chinese name is also Williams. Could it possibly be Hope Williams..."

"That's the one personally invited by the dean to the hospital?"

"Yes."

The news had spread throughout the hospital, anyone so young yet directly appointed as head by the dean himself and provided with her own office could not be fake.

And this person was very mysterious, no one in the hospital had seen her yet.

Joy Ward scoffed, "Valentina, are you joking? You're suspecting Cynthia is Hope Williams just because her Chinese name is also Williams? You've got to be mistaken, how could Cynthia be that infamous woman who couldn't even finish her sophomore year before being expelled?"

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Chapter 8: Chapter 8: Willow Baby is Here

Valentina River listened to Joy Ward's bad tone, and immediately said, "I was overthinking, that bitch couldn't possibly be Cynthia. Plus, if we're talking about capability, our Joy is the best in the hospital. Even if Cynthia shows up, so what, Joy? You're beautiful and from a good family, with exceptional medical skills and you're going to be Young Madam Lewis. Who could outshine you?"

Valentina's flattery eased Joy Ward's expression considerably.

Outside the ward.

"Spit it out," Hope Williams said impatiently.

"Does your mouth ever get tired of spewing trash? Would it kill you to talk nicely?"

"Talk nicely? President Lewis, am I supposed to grovel and obey your every word like before, or should I foolishly hang on your every command? Am I your employee or your slave? Why should I listen to you?"

Hope Williams fired question after question, her eyes beginning to heat up. She had treated him too well before, always careful and submissive, never daring to talk back, which led him to think she was easy to control.

Did he think she was still the old Hope Williams, one he could bully just because she liked him?

From now on, think again!

The man's eyes, deep and angry, stared at her as if he wanted to grind her into dust.

Hope Williams stood up straight, as if declaring to the man, I'm not afraid of you!

The man clenched his fists, gritting his teeth, his voice squeezed through clenched teeth, "Hope Williams, well done!"

Hope Williams trembled slightly, coldness in her eyes, as she watched the man storm into the ward.

With the man gone, Hope Williams finally allowed herself to breathe, her forehead already beaded with sweat.

This man was too frightening; Hope Williams would rather have nothing to do with him for the rest of her life.

Thinking this, Hope Williams turned to leave but had only taken a few steps when Thomas Hughes and his bodyguards stopped her. "Um... Miss Williams, the gentleman didn't say you could leave."

Hope Williams took a deep breath, suppressing the fire in her chest, and looked silently at Thomas Hughes.

Thomas Hughes swallowed, sensing something different about this former wife, her gaze seemingly ready to flay him alive.

"Assistant Hughes," Hope Williams spoke faintly.

"Yes!"

"I...!" Hope Williams took a deep breath. "Need to use the restroom!"

"..." Thomas Hughes hesitated for a moment before immediately telling the bodyguards behind him, "Escort Miss Williams to the restroom."

"..." Hope Williams almost choked, "Escort?"

"Yes, escort," Thomas Hughes affirmed seriously.

Let's be honest, this was plain surveillance!



Hope Williams ground her molars, giving him a thumbs up, “Thomas Hughes, well done!”

Hope Williams stormed into the restroom, leaning against the door with dejection as the two bodyguards followed like shadows, giving her no chance to escape.

It had been so long, and she still didn’t know how her two little treasures were doing.

Just as Hope Williams was at her wit’s end...

“Mommy.” A sweet voice softly rang in Hope Williams’s ear.

Hope Williams’s heart trembled, “Willow?”

“Mommy!” Willow ran out of a stall and into Hope Williams’s arms.

Hope Williams hugged her daughter incredulously, filled with joy yet uneasy, “Willow, didn’t you get on the plane? How did you find this place?”

“Brother brought Willow here, remember Mommy? To prevent Mommy and Willow from getting lost, he gave us watches with a tracking system.” Willow lifted her hand, showing the pink watch on her wrist.

“Using the tracking, we found our deadbeat dad’s home. Just as brother was planning how to rescue Mommy, the location followed Mommy to the hospital, and so here we are.”

Hope Williams looked at her own wristwatch, which the little one had insisted she wear; she’d never taken it off and hadn’t realized its significance until now.

“Willow, where’s your brother?”

“Brother is outside, don’t worry Mommy, we’re figuring out how to save you. Oh and Mommy, brother said you weren’t contacting us, probably because they took your phone. Here’s a phone for you, make sure to hide it well.”

Hope Williams was moved to tears, her children truly were her saviors. With the phone, things would be much easier. She immediately hid the phone.

“Thank you, my darlings, Willow and your brother are truly Mommy’s saviors. Now, Mommy can find a way to escape on her own. It’s too dangerous for you here, why don’t you go back to your godmother’s? I’ll meet up with you later.”

Waylon Lewis was on this floor, and if he saw Luke, it would be over—he would surely take them away, as the Lewis family would never allow their descendants to be lost.

But Luke and Willow were her life, she couldn't lose them, she couldn't let them take risks.

"But Mommy..."

Footsteps neared the door; Hope Williams covered Willow's mouth, putting a finger to her lips, signaling her to be quiet.

"Mommy?"

"Shh!"

Hope Williams lowered her voice, "Willow, listen to Mommy and leave with your brother. Give me some time, I'll find a way to reunite with you, okay?"

"Willow is worried about Mommy."

Hope Williams held her daughter close, "Trust Mommy."

After comforting her daughter for a while, she reluctantly let Willow go to find Luke.

Though Willow was reluctant and worried for Hope Williams, she ran out with small steps.

Hope Williams watched Willow's tiny figure with a mix of heartache and relief.

Then Hope Williams nonchalantly exited the restroom, knowing Luke and Willow were safe, she felt much reassured. Her previously anxious mood lifted, and her steps were lighter.

Hope Williams even found the sight of the two bodyguards much more pleasant, smiling as she said, "Let's go, escort me back."

The two bodyguards looked at each other, "?"

Had this woman lost her mind? She'd seemed ready to kill them before she entered, and now she was in a good mood just from a restroom break?

Women are unfathomable!

Hope Williams walked light-heartedly back, humming a little tune.

Suddenly...

"Little kid, are you alright?"

That voice...

Hope Williams froze!

She felt her whole body surge with adrenaline!

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Chapter 9: Chapter 9: Is Willow Recognized by Waylon Lewis?

She widened her eyes!

She was filled with horror!

She saw a man in a suit and leather shoes helping the little girl up from the ground.

And that man was Waylon Lewis—the little girl could only be her daughter!

Willow pushed away Waylon's touch with repulsion, staring at him with her big, round eyes.

In Willow's eyes, Waylon Lewis was the bad daddy who took Mommy away and made her sad. She could get up by herself; she didn't need his help.

Seeing Waylon pushed away, Joy Ward crouched down in front of Willow, unpleasantly saying, "Little girl, the uncle was helping you up; how could you push him away? You should say thank you, you know?"

Willow looked up at Waylon and then at Joy Ward, confirming without a doubt that this was the bad woman her brother had mentioned, the one with the bad daddy!

"Who are you? Why are you lecturing me? Wahhh..." Willow cried out with a wail.

When Joy saw Willow cry, she forced a smile, "Little girl, why are you crying? I..."

"Wah... are you bullying me? You're yelling at me, wah..." Such young children are absolute experts at tantrums, and at this age, they are killers at playing up—and Willow, as white and tender as she was, and as cute as a fortune doll, was no exception.

Willow cried loudly, and the surrounding people, seeing the little girl cry like that, were all heartbroken and came to persuade her.

Hope Williams stood not far away and, hearing Willow cry, felt a tightness in her chest, wishing she could rush over immediately.

She clenched her fists tightly, but she couldn't.

She would expose herself if she approached.

“What happened to the little child? Why are you crying so pitifully, who is bullying you?”  
A passerby couldn’t help but ask.

“Don’t cry, little one; our hearts are melting. Tell grandma, who is bullying you?”

As more and more onlookers gathered, Willow pitifully wiped her tears, hiding in the embrace of a woman, looking at Joy Ward and Waylon Lewis with fear.

Joy couldn’t stand the blameful glances from those around her and, face unable to maintain composure, reached to pull Willow, her voice rising in panic, “Little girl, you can’t just say anything; where did I bully you?”

When Joy tugged her, Willow stumbled forward and fell to the ground, crying with her little face turning red, tears falling like they cost nothing.

“Why are you like this? If you want to talk, then talk. Why did you have to get physical?”  
an elderly woman holding Willow chided her sternly.

“Exactly, what kind of person are you, to be so harsh with such a small child and have the nerve.”

“She looks pretty, but who knew her heart would be so dark.”

Waylon looked at the tearful little girl with furrowed brows, also a little at a loss to deal with a child of this size crying so hard.

“I, I didn’t do anything. I just wanted to pull her up. I didn’t expect this to happen.”

Joy was desperate to explain, but the more she did, the more defenseless she seemed, who would’ve thought that the child could cry like this from a mere touch, just like a scam.

And Willow, who was crying loudly on the old woman’s shoulder, saw her mommy behind and mischievously winked at her.

Humph! This was the consequence of the bad woman bullying Mommy.

Hope couldn’t help but curve her lips into a smirk. Willow must have inherited this acting skill, this little craftiness, from someone—she even deceived Hope, let alone others.

“Enough.” Waylon lifted Willow into his arms from the old lady.

Hope felt a lump in her throat, watching Waylon’s expression intently, fearing he would recognize Willow.

Willow kicked her legs, struggling in Waylon's arms.

"What's your name?" Waylon stared at Willow, from the very first glance he thought the child's eyebrows and eyes resembled her, her little face just now scrunched up in an angry expression, even more so like her.

And she had just come out from the restroom, and that woman had just gone to the restroom too; the coincidence was too striking.

"Let me go. I don't know you; let go, let me go, I won't tell you," Willow struggled in Waylon's arms like a tiny beast.

Passersby wanted to come forward to appease her, but the aura around the man deterred them.

Hope's heart raced to her throat, an overwhelming fear flooding her.

Did he recognize her?

Did he recognize her?

"Hope Williams," Waylon called her, "come here."

Startled by the man's voice, Hope snapped back to reality, and when she looked up, she saw the man's deep, pool-like eyes fixed on her.

Her eyes narrowed slightly, unable to read his emotions, and his commanding voice forced Hope to muster the courage to step forward.

Hope forced herself to calm down and walked up to the man, looking directly into his cold, deep eyes, "What's the matter?"

"What are you doing standing there?" Waylon's voice was as usual, no hint of any anomaly, but his gaze on Hope was constantly monitoring her emotions.

Seeing Hope approach, Willow's eyes couldn't help but brighten.

This subtle reaction from Willow didn't escape Waylon's gaze.

Hope held her breath, her hands at her sides tightened then relaxed in an alternating rhythm; she smiled and spoke, "Waylon Lewis, are you guys even human? You're bullying such a small child."

"Your eyes are red, what's that about? Are you upset?"

“How interesting your words are, President Lewis,” Hope sneered coldly, “It’s not my child, why would I be upset? I simply can’t stand it.”

After speaking, Hope casually glanced at Willow, acting completely unconcerned.

In reality, her heart was pounding in her throat. Under the man’s scrutinizing gaze, Hope felt transparent—like there was nothing she could hide.

Playing tricks in front of him was as risky as plucking a tooth from a tiger’s mouth; she didn’t know if he believed her or not.

“Willow.” At that moment, a tastefully dressed woman hurried over from not far away.

It was Aria Richardson.

No, it was a savior!

Aria brushed past Hope as if she didn’t know her, walked quickly to Waylon, and looked at Willow, “Willow, how did you get here? Mommy was so worried.”

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Chapter 10: Chapter 10: So Angry I Kicked Waylon Lewis Away With a Kick

“Mommy?” Willow hesitated for a second, then quickly recovered her composure and threw her arms around Aria Richardson, “Mommy, hug.”

“Is she your mom?” Waylon Lewis looked at Willow, somewhat incredulous, then turned his gaze to Aria.

Hearing her identity questioned, Aria straightened her back and retorted defiantly, “Sir, are you questioning me while holding my child?”

A flash of surprise crossed Waylon’s face, looking at the child in his arms who was unable to stop crying, he hesitated, but eventually, put the child down on the ground and said coldly, “That’s not what I meant.”

“Good.” Aria firmly embraced the child, “Willow, don’t cry anymore, let’s go.”

Aria, holding Willow, walked away with her spine erect, each step emanating a powerful presence.

When she reached the corner, Aria abruptly leaned against the wall, bit her lower lip, patted her chest, and took deep breaths.

She couldn't imagine that she had just been so defiant in front of Waylon Lewis; thankfully she was still alive.

It truly was a daring move for the sake of her and her daughter's safety.

"Are you okay, godmom?"

"Godmom is worried sick about you and your mom, did you see the look your dad gave us just now? I was petrified."

"Godmom, you did great just now," Luke Williams said, appearing from nowhere, now standing in front of them.

Luke had been there all along, but Hope had instructed him to hide from Waylon so he wouldn't be discovered.

"Brother, Willow completed the mission, isn't Willow amazing?"

"Yes, Willow, you did great."

"But Mommy has someone watching over her, and Willow couldn't help Mommy escape. Brother, godmom, Mommy said it's too dangerous, so let's leave first."

Aria nodded, "It is too dangerous. Your dad must be suspicious by now. If you two kids show up again, and once he realizes, that'll be the end."

After all, both children were good-looking, Willow resembling Hope, Luke resembling Waylon.

"Let's leave first, Mommy has a cellphone to contact us with, and we'll come up with a long-term plan," Luke said.

"Okay."

Upon seeing that Willow had been safely taken away by Aria, Hope breathed a sigh of relief, grateful that Aria arrived in time; otherwise, she really wouldn't have been able to hold on.

The crowd began to disperse, and the surroundings quieted down, leaving only the sobbing of Joy Ward.

"Waylon, I didn't push that child. Why does everyone falsely accuse me? I just wanted to talk to the child nicely," Joy Ward said, biting her lip in distress.

"Miss Ward's skills in framing others are exceptional, aren't they? Now when it's on you, you can't stand it?" Hope Williams asked with a light laugh.

"I didn't," Joy Ward denied vehemently, then retorted, "Why do you have to slander me, Miss Williams? What did I do wrong?"

"Slander? Hmm, in Miss Ward's eyes, everyone in the world slanders you, and only you are right."

"You!"

"Did I say something wrong?"

Hope curved her lips into a smile, "Miss Ward, stop crying. Are you really proud of yourself for arguing with a child? Right, President Lewis, do you have no shame?"

Waylon Lewis's face was grim. Hope's lips curled upward and her brow lifted provocatively — a challenge.

Angry, aren't you? The more upset you are, the happier I am!

In the end, Hope was still forcefully pulled away by Waylon's grip on her wrist out of the hospital.

"Psycho, let go, stop pulling on me. I have nothing to do with you, I can walk on my own."

"Get in the car," Waylon Lewis commanded coldly, leaving no room for argument.

Hope, furious, glared at Waylon, too tired to even struggle, pulled open the back car door, and dived in.

"Am I your driver?"

"?"

"Sit in front."

Why is he so difficult? Getting in a car had to be on his terms?

Hope really wanted to kick him out of her way; of course, she didn't dare.

Hope got out of the back seat, opened the passenger door, and sat down with a "bang," slamming the door.

The sound made Thomas Hughes, standing nearby, cringe for the car.

Joy Ward weakly came out from behind, walking up to Waylon's side, her eyes filled with tenderness and shyness, "Waylon, where should I sit?"



Waylon's passenger seat had been taken by that scoundrel.

"Sit with Thomas Hughes. She's disturbed, her language too harsh, it's better to prevent her from bullying you again!"

"Waylon Lewis, you're the one with the problem!" an outcry from inside the car!

Waylon looked displeased, and although Joy was upset, seeing the friction between President Lewis and Hope Williams, she felt a sense of satisfaction.

Maybe if the two of them stayed together, they would fight even more, and Waylon would grow more and more tired of Hope.

Wasn't that what she wanted to see?

Thinking this way, Joy Ward smiled slightly, with an obedient expression, nodded, and got into Thomas's car.

Inside the car, Waylon Lewis rested one hand on the car window, his one-handed driving posture casual, the chilly wind outside blowing fiercely into the car, adding a cold cast to his striking features.

The car was eerily silent. Hope looked at the direction they were driving, towards Seaside Villa. Was he taking her back to that place again?

No!

Hope, from the bottom of her heart, rebelled against the idea. She took a deep breath and couldn't help but speak up, "Waylon Lewis, what will it take for you to finally let me go?"

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