

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

## **#Chapter 101: 110**

### **Hope Williams Gets Angry - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 101: 101 Hope Williams Gets Angry**

Chapter 101: Chapter 101 Hope Williams Gets Angry

It was undoubtedly Hope Williams who saved Old Master Lewis.

Joy Ward suddenly collapsed on the floor, her face pale and her body trembling uncontrollably.

"I... I... this isn't... real..." Joy Ward's eyes twitched wildly, and she choked on her own saliva as she spoke incoherently.

"Do you suspect that I'm also using a video to falsely accuse you?" Waylon Lewis asked calmly, lifting his gaze.

"No, I... that's not what I meant," Joy Ward quickly explained.

Now, everything had developed beyond her expectations, out of her control. She had thought her actions were flawless, yet they were full of loopholes.

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"I... at first, it was I who was treating Grandfather..."

"Then tell me, what did you use to treat Grandfather?" Waylon Lewis's icy gaze swept over Joy Ward.

Joy Ward was terrified, her soul trembling, unable to defend herself at that moment.

"It doesn't matter if you couldn't save Old Master Lewis, no one would blame you," Alitzel Williams took a deep breath, "but you occupied Hope's treatment results, deceived everyone, overdosed Grandfather with medications causing repeated ailments; those were your mistakes. To cover your tracks, you even caused Hope to fall from the building. That was a grave mistake."

Alitzel was utterly intolerant of this woman, never expecting Joy Ward to be such a person.

Joy Ward cried, tears streaming down her face as she looked up unable to face anyone.

Elder Murphy clutched his chest, coughing violently; he simply couldn't accept this reality.

Saving Elder Lewis was a lie, the medication was a lie, and even yesterday's surgery had such a fundamental mistake.

He used to think Joy Ward was an exceptional medical talent, only to find she was a complete fraud.

She deceived everyone, harming Elder Lewis and Hope for her own selfish needs. How could he have accepted such a disciple?

He had even praised her excessively to Director Woods, declaring her a naturally gifted medical genius.

He even told Director Woods she mastered Silver Needle Acupuncture!

Nonsense!

His face was nearly lost because of her.

Elder Murphy, always upright and strict, unexpectedly helped the tyrant this time, repeatedly aiding Joy Ward. Undoubtedly, it was the biggest regret of his life.

"Waylon, Waylon I know I was wrong. I shouldn't have done this, give me a chance to amend, please, I truly realize my mistakes," Joy Ward begged with tears, "remember our past and forgive me. I... I promise I won't dare to do it again..."

"Do we have a past?"

The man's voice was devoid of any warmth, his handsome features filled with chill, truly showing no hint of sentiment.

"Waylon, listen to me explain... I was just impulsive at the moment; people make mistakes, Ah..."

"Get out! Don't let me see you in Lewis Residence again."

Waylon Lewis was tired of hearing her nonsense. His patience had been exhausted by the leniency he previously showed due to her past help in treating Old Master Lewis.

Joy Ward was stunned.

Not letting her come to Lewis Residence meant cutting off all ties with her.

No, it can't be, Joy Ward panicked completely. It had taken her years to reach this point, all her efforts aimed at marrying Waylon Lewis, and now he wanted to sever all ties with her, rendering her efforts futile.

No, absolutely not, Joy Ward scrambled madly to Waylon Lewis's feet.

"No, Waylon listen to me, I really know I was wrong, I won't leave, I won't go, Waylon, I love you, you promised to marry me... give me one more chance, I..."

Thomas Hughes waved his hand, and the security guard at the door immediately came in and dragged Joy Ward out.

Joy Ward clung to the door, unwilling to leave, "No, it's all your fault, Hope, you caused this, you did it on purpose, you planned all this didn't you? You knew all along and just waited for this moment to call me cruel, aren't you just as bad? Bitch, shameless, I curse you to die a horrible death, may your whole family die a horrible death."

Joy Ward cursed Hope wildly, using every dirty word she could; no trace of her former ladylike demeanor remained.

Hope Williams quietly listened, then said to the security guard, "Let her go."

The security guard hesitated, but unconsciously released Joy Ward.

Hope Williams slowly walked up to Joy Ward, then lifted her foot.

With a "bang," Joy Ward's body flew out and hit the wall.

She curled into a ball, clutching her kicked stomach, wailing in pain.

Hope Williams, with eyes downcast, looked down on her with disdain, "Continue, then."

Everyone was shocked.

Even Waylon Lewis was surprised for a moment.

To everyone, Hope Williams always appeared indifferent and gentle, her delicate figure seemingly fragile.

But they had not expected such an explosive force when provoked.

Wyatt Lewis covered his mouth in surprise, unbelieving that this was his usually gentle sister-in-law.

## Chapter 102: Chapter 102 Just Didn't Care

Old Master Lewis watched with a relieved smile as Hope Williams composed herself.

Joy Ward, having regained her energy, was both angry and resentful. She stood up abruptly and charged at Hope Williams, reaching out to scratch her face.

"Ah, Hope Williams..."

Hope Williams dodged to the side, quickly avoiding the attack, and Joy Ward was immediately restrained by a bodyguard, her venomous eyes glaring furiously at Hope Williams.

Joy Ward was dragged out, and her piercing screams could still be heard from afar.

Hope Williams's expression was indifferent; the anger that had been on her face had now returned to its usual passive gentleness.

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Old Master Lewis let out a sigh, "Alright, all the distressing matters are dealt with. Hope, stay for dinner with me tonight."

Hope Williams smiled apologetically, "Sorry, Grandfather, I have things to take care of today, I'm afraid I can't."

Luke and Willow, her two treasures, were still at home, and it wouldn't be good for her to return too late.

Seeing the displeasure on Old Master Lewis's face, Hope Williams added, "I will come and have dinner with you when I have time in the next few days."

After Hope Williams had said this, it wouldn't be right for Old Master Lewis to press further. "You're not lying?"

Hope Williams nodded with a smile, "No lies."

Old Master Lewis's gaze shifted to Waylon Lewis, and his previously affectionate voice took on an authoritative tone, "Waylon, escort Little Hope."

He glared sharply at Waylon Lewis as if to say that if Waylon dared to refuse, Old Master Lewis would teach him a lesson.

The chill on Waylon Lewis's handsome face eased marginally as he nodded in agreement, "Mhm."

Hope Williams said goodbye to Old Master Lewis and left the room with Waylon Lewis.

They walked together along the wide pebbled path. Waylon Lewis spoke softly, "I wrongly accused you before, I'm sorry."

Hope Williams nodded, "You should apologize to me."

She fully deserved this apology.

"So, you forgive me?"

Hope Williams looked up at him, "Whether I forgive or not, what difference does it make?" She paused then continued, "I'm not the kind of person who dwells on things."

Waylon Lewis slightly curved his lips, "When did you start studying medicine?"

"I have always studied medicine; I did even before we got married," Hope Williams paused, a trace of bitterness crossing the depths of her eyes. He didn't even know this; it showed just how invisible she had been to him as his wife.

She pressed her lips together in a faint smile, quickly coming to terms with it.

"I've never heard you mention it."

A shadow flickered in Hope Williams's eyes, "You simply didn't care."

"I will care from now on."

"What?"

"I admit that I neglected you before. From now on, I won't." Waylon Lewis's gaze remained firmly on Hope Williams, not wavering for a moment.

Hope Williams suddenly realized that his deep eyes hid a trace of affection.

Her heart fluttered, and she remembered the remarriage he had mentioned a few days ago.

They say a man settles down after having children. Was his wish to remarry her also because of Luke and Willow?

Thinking this, Hope Williams couldn't help but ask, "Because of Luke and Willow?"

Waylon Lewis went silent for two seconds before nodding, "Yes, and not only that. It's also because of you. I've said before that I want you to be the woman by my side, always."

Hope Williams looked down and smiled slightly, "So, President Lewis likes me?"

Waylon Lewis's lips pursed, his eyes narrowing almost imperceptibly.

Like? He had never considered it, simply following his instincts.

He felt happy when with her, and when not, her image would come to his mind. He would get angry seeing her with other men and incredibly worried seeing her hurt, fearful of losing her.

These were emotions he had never experienced with any other woman.

Seeing Waylon Lewis silent, Hope Williams's eyes twinkled, she laughed softly looking down, "It's fine, you don't have to answer. Let's leave it at this; I can go back by myself."

"You want to worry Grandfather?" Waylon Lewis frowned slightly.

"What?" How did her going back on her own relate to worrying Grandfather?

"Grandfather is worried about you, a girl, going back alone at night; he said it's dangerous and asked me to escort you. By insisting on going back by yourself, wouldn't that make him worry?"

Hope Williams tugged at her lip.

Waylon Lewis had already walked to the car and opened the door, lifting his eyebrows in gesture from the doorway.

Hope Williams felt a bit helpless but finally got into the car, bending over.

Waylon Lewis stood beside her, and they inadvertently leaned very close. Hope Williams's chest trembled slightly, and she looked somewhat uneasy.

Waylon Lewis got into the driver's seat.

The car drove smoothly, and Hope Williams watched out the window; she didn't know when the sky had opened up into a torrential downpour. However, Waylon Lewis drove very steadily, and Hope Williams felt secure.

Soon the car stopped steadily at the entrance of the apartment, and Waylon Lewis took out an umbrella and walked to the passenger door to open it.

A chill rushed in, causing Hope Williams to hunch her shoulders slightly. Waylon Lewis held the umbrella over her head without letting a single drop of rain touch her.

Hope Williams had rushed out to see her grandfather today and forgotten to wear a coat, now only a thin shirt wrapped around her delicate body. Seeing this, Waylon Lewis naturally raised his hand to draw her closer to his side.

Silent night, rain all around, a single umbrella sheltering two people.

The tranquil-faced woman looked up at the incredibly handsome man before her.

In such close proximity, he wrapped his arms around her, and she felt the warmth of his embrace.

On the way back, the rain grew heavier and heavier, showing no sign of stopping.

Hope Williams watched the rain outside, while Waylon Lewis watched Hope Williams.

Hope Williams's eyes fluttered then she looked away, "Ahem... You want to come upstairs? With the rain so heavy, maybe wait until it lessens a bit?"

Out of politeness, Hope Williams tentatively offered.

"Sure," replied Waylon Lewis.

His acceptance came very readily.

Hope Williams was taken aback, somehow feeling that he had been staring at her just waiting for her to say those words.

## Chapter 103: Chapter 103 The Secret of Waylon Lewis and the Two Babies

Finally, Waylon Lewis went upstairs with Hope Williams. The two little ones were probably waiting for Hope to come back—she didn't even need to take out her keys as the door opened from the inside, and out rushed the two little figures, plunging into Hope's arms.

"Mommy, we taught the bad lady a lesson today, please praise us, hug us, applaud us."

The two little treasures blinked expectantly, as if to say hurry up and praise me, quick.

However, they then saw Waylon Lewis, dressed in a black suit, following behind Mommy, and they paused in surprise.

"I knew today's video was the work of you two little rascals."

"Mommy, how come the bad daddy is here?"

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Hope got up, almost forgetting that Waylon Lewis was still standing behind her, "It's raining too heavily outside to head back home."

"Oh—then come in, bad daddy," Luke and Willow didn't resist Waylon's presence now.

Hope's apartment was a duplex with upper and lower floors. There was plenty of space for her and her two little treasures. The interior was decorated in warm tones; warm yellow walls adorned with pictures of Hope with Luke and Willow, creating a cozy atmosphere.

Hope glanced at her watch and asked, "Do you want to stay for dinner?"

Mainly because she was hungry, and Luke and Willow hadn't eaten yet. Aunt Thompson was still busy in the kitchen, and Hope couldn't possibly start the meal and make Waylon just sit there.

Waylon nodded, "Sure."

Hope nodded and entered the kitchen, where Aunt Thompson had already washed the vegetables, just waiting to start cooking. Hope went in to help.

Luke and Willow sat on the cream-colored carpet, where Willow thoughtfully poured a glass of water for Waylon Lewis, "Here you go, bad daddy, have some water."

Waylon reached out and took it, "Thanks."

Willow said "You're welcome" and sat back down to play with her doll.

Waylon took a few sips of water when he noticed a little notebook on the floor, picked it up.

Luke saw and quickly got up, but it was too late.

"Feeding Mommy earns five points...

Taking Brother Jimmy home earns five points...

Forgetting Mommy's birthday loses fifty points!

Not trusting Mommy loses fifty points!

Driving Mommy home earns five points..." Waylon's magnetic voice calmly rose.



He paused for a moment, then lifted his gaze to the two anxious little ones and a hint of a smile appeared on his lips, "Why can you only earn five points for the good things, yet lose fifty for the bad?"

Luke blinked, and when Waylon asked this, he countered, "Do you think it's unreasonable?"

"Is it reasonable?" Waylon asked back.

"Why do you think it's unreasonable?" Father and son, two surprisingly similar faces, confronted each other squarely as if facing off, "We think it's quite reasonable. If you don't want to lose points, just treat our Mommy well, strive not to lose any points, and then what you think is unreasonable won't exist, right?"

It made a lot of sense.

"I'm still minus eighty points?"

"That's right, with a full score of a hundred, you're not only failing but also in the negatives!" Luke was exasperated.

Waylon Lewis, "... That was pretty bad.

"If this keeps up, bad daddy, it's looking risky for you," Willow warned Waylon kindly.

Waylon couldn't help but smile, "So, does taking her home today earn me another five points?"

Luke and Willow nodded at the same time, and Willow took out her little colored pencils to add five points for Waylon.

Waylon watched as the little one diligently added five points for him. Even though it was just five points, Waylon looked as jubilant as if he had sealed a billion-dollar deal.

"If I get a full score, does that mean I can marry your Mommy?"

"Nope." Luke heartlessly said, "It only means you're adequate in our eyes."

"Right, as for marrying Mommy, you're far from it, bad daddy; it's like you're daydreaming, thinking you can marry her so easily," Willow added.

Waylon, taken aback by their daydreaming comments, couldn't help but chuckle, "Then at least if I get a full score you'll drop the 'bad' from daddy, right?"

Luke and Willow looked at each other and nodded, "That we could do."

“So, what should I work on?” After all, according to these two, any slight mistake could send him tumbling back into an abyss.

“You figure it out yourself.” They weren’t about to give him any hints.

At that moment, Hope called them over to eat, “What are you talking about, come on, it’s time to eat.”

Luke and Willow gave Waylon Lewis a glance, signaling to him with their eyes, and he quietly put the notebook aside. They were evidently relieved, it seemed the notebook was something Hope wasn’t aware of.

“Nothing much, let’s eat,” Waylon said as he got to his feet.

Hope didn’t suspect a thing and headed straight for the dining table.

Luke and Willow flanked Waylon quietly saying, “Mommy can’t find out about this, okay? It’s our little secret.”

Waylon smiled helplessly and rubbed their heads, “Got it, let’s go eat.”

“Pinky promise!” Luke and Willow held out their little fingers to Waylon.

“A pinky promise?”

“Hurry, before Mommy comes back.” Luke urged.

Waylon extended his little finger, solemnly locking it with theirs and even performed a sealing gesture with great ceremony.

A gentle smile played on Waylon’s lips, and a warm current flowed through his heart.

At the dinner table, Hope had served up food for everyone, Luke and Willow settled next to each other, with Waylon sitting opposite Hope.

#### Chapter 104: Chapter 104 The Most Anticipated Day, The Greatest Regret

At the dinner table, Hope Williams served everyone their meal, with Luke and Willow sitting side by side, and Waylon Lewis sat beside Hope Williams.

This was the first time the four of them sat down to eat together, but the atmosphere was unavoidably strange.

Waylon Lewis glanced at the table full of dishes, then looked sideways at Hope Williams, "Did you make all of this?"

"Aunt Thompson made it," said Hope Williams.

Just then, Aunt Thompson, who was carrying the last bowl of soup, hastily said, "Miss Williams is being modest. I only washed the vegetables. Miss Williams stir-fried all these dishes. Sir, you can have a taste. Miss Williams' cooking is really excellent."

Luke offered Waylon Lewis a piece of fish, "Mommy made very tasty food."

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Waylon Lewis picked up that piece of fish and took a bite.

The fish was crispy on the outside and tender on the inside, free of any fishy taste while preserving its freshness. It was delicious.

He had always heard Wyatt Lewis mention how tasty the food that Hope Williams cooked was.

At this moment, Waylon Lewis felt immensely regretful, having let Wyatt Lewis eat his wife's cooking for so many years.

Waylon Lewis could not help but frown; that boy had gotten too good of a deal.

Seeing Waylon Lewis frown, Hope Williams tentatively asked, "Does it taste bad?"

Waylon Lewis' slender fingers moved his chopsticks, "No, it's delicious, better than anything I've eaten before."

"Right? I'm not lying. Our Mommy makes the best food in the whole world," the two little ones said proudly.

Waylon Lewis's deep eyes held a smile as he nodded in agreement.

Receiving such high praise, Hope Williams smiled somewhat bashfully and chided, "It's not as good as you two are making it out to be. Alright, eat up; it's going to get cold if you don't."

Hope Williams served the two little ones their food.

The meal went on exceptionally harmoniously, and after dinner, Hope Williams and Aunt Thompson started to clean up the dishes. Suddenly, the load in her hand lightened as Waylon Lewis took the bowl from her and placed it in the kitchen sink.

Aunt Thompson, being experienced, could clearly see the affection Waylon Lewis held for Hope Williams, and moreover, Luke looked exactly like him—a clear sign of being the child's father.

As they entered the kitchen, Aunt Thompson very considerately began to tidy up the table outside.

"I'll do it," Hope Williams said as she saw Waylon Lewis rolling up the sleeves of his shirt, revealing a stretch of muscular forearm, clearly preparing to wash the dishes.

In Hope Williams' memory, this man had a strong aversion to uncleanliness and never set foot in the kitchen, let alone wash the dishes.

"Go sit down."

His pale and slender hand reached under the water, picking up a bowl. His movements were adept yet clumsy, showing he clearly had never washed dishes before.

Hope Williams didn't argue further and just stood behind him, quietly watching, with a gentle smile tinged with a bit of bitterness. She couldn't help but feel her eyes redden.

It wasn't because Waylon Lewis was helping her wash the dishes.

It was because today's myriad of things—a warm home, a gentle husband, adorable children, and a simple life—was what she longed for most in the past.

But now, it seemed like she had it, yet at the same time, she didn't. Her husband had become her ex-husband; this was her and her children's home, and he had his own.

It turned into regret.

If the Waylon Lewis of before had even half of his current goodness, how wonderful that would have been.

Unfortunately,

There was no going back.

Hope Williams turned and left the kitchen.

After Waylon Lewis finished washing the dishes and came out, he saw Hope Williams watching TV with Luke and Willow.

The woman was holding both children, her delightful laugh and smiles so beautiful that they defied description.

Only then did Waylon Lewis realize how much he had failed to cherish her.

The rain had stopped, and it was time for Waylon Lewis to say goodbye.

Hope Williams walked Waylon Lewis to the door, raising her little hand to wave at him, cautioning, "The ground is slippery after the rain; drive slowly."

"Are you worried about me?" he asked with a hint of teasing in his voice.

"..." Hope Williams choked, sounding like a doting wife giving her husband careful instructions before he went out.

"No, I just don't want you to die on the road."

Waylon Lewis laughed softly, lifting his hand to naturally tousle Hope Williams' hair, "I'm off then. Don't forget tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Hope Williams thought carefully before remembering that tomorrow was the weekend, and she had promised him.

Hope Williams nodded, "I can make it, but like I said, I can't guarantee I'll have time."

Hope Williams was a doctor, and with so many patients in the hospital, it was impossible for her to leave if something unexpected happened.

Waylon Lewis understood and nodded, "Okay, get back inside."

Waylon Lewis turned and left, and Hope Williams closed the door, as if the warm little home and the outside world were separated by different worlds.

The gentle expression on Waylon Lewis' face was replaced by his usual stern coldness as he re-entered his own cold world.

After being thrown out of the Lewis Family, Joy Ward could only retreat back to her own home in disgrace, with the sound of glassware breaking perpetually echoing through the upscale villa.

"Ah! It's that bitch Hope Williams, she's the one who caused all this, I swear I'll kill her," fumed Joy Ward, her face contorted with rage.

Kaeli Thompson and Father Ward sat heavily on the sofa with grave expressions. This time, Joy Ward had offended the Lewis Family. If they no longer supported the Ward Family or even began to suppress them, the Ward Family would surely face a catastrophe.

“Enough! Have you gone mad enough? If you’ve finished, then think of a way to win back Waylon Lewis’s heart,” Father Ward commanded with authority.

“Yes, Joy, listen to your dad, calm down,” Kaeli Thompson urged with concern.

## Chapter 105: Chapter 105 Conduct is Worrisome

“Yeah, Joy, listen to your dad and calm down,” Kaeli Thompson advised worriedly.

“You make it sound so easy. Waylon Lewis is completely hooked by Hope Williams now; he has no intention of marrying me, and what ‘responsibility’ is there to fob me off with?” Joy Ward was so angry she felt like going crazy.

“Responsibility? What responsibility?”

What responsibility does a man have towards his ex-wife?

“How should I know? If I did, I would certainly kill this ‘responsibility’ he is talking about.”

Old Master Lewis was her stumbling block, and then Hope Williams came back and disrupted all her plans. Now she was stuck with some ‘responsibility’ she didn’t understand—at this rate, Joy wouldn’t be crazy to go mad.

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Kaeli narrowed her eyes and muttered, “The only possible responsibility a man could have to an ex-wife is if she had his child.”

“What?” Joy Ward stood up abruptly, her eyes wide with rage as she stared at Kaeli, her breath catching in her throat. But on second thought, “Impossible. The last time at the Lewis Family’s place, Hope said she had no children. Even if she was lying, after her fall down the stairs last time, any baby would have miscarried if she had one.”

“Is it possible that they already had a child a long time ago?” Kaeli ventured boldly.

Joy was startled by Kaeli’s words. She frowned and thought hard, and suddenly a face of a girl who looked very similar to Hope flashed in her mind.

The child she bumped into at the hospital, the one that looked about five or six years old. Hope left five years ago—could it be she was already pregnant back then?

She bit her lip hard, forcing herself to dismiss this absurd thought, yet it grew more and more intense in her mind.

“Dad, Mom, please look into everything about Hope from five years ago for me, the more detailed, the better.”

“What are you thinking of?”

“I’ve come across a child in the hospital who looks a lot like Hope. I’m afraid…”

“That the child could be Hope’s?”

“I’m not sure.” Joy’s heart was in turmoil. If it really was the case, what should she do? She had already been kicked out of the Lewis Family, and if Hope had a child, it was very likely that she and Waylon would rekindle their relationship. Then Joy would really have no chance at all.

“I will investigate this matter. The most important thing now is to secure your position as department head at the hospital. I’ll donate another batch of medical equipment to your hospital, but you must secure that department head position for me,” Father Ward said.

A vicious look flashed in Joy’s eyes, “I understand, Dad. I must get that department head position.”

Joy clenched her fingers tightly. She had already been outmaneuvered by Hope at the Lewis Family; she absolutely could not lose to her at the hospital again.

The next day, Baby woke up and rushed over to wish her a happy birthday, each bearing a gift they had prepared.

Hope Williams accepted them with a smile, her heart brimming with warmth, “Thank you, my dears.”

There was also Aria Richardson. The moment it turned midnight, she sent a red envelope immediately to wish Happy 28th Birthday, with a real sense of ceremony.

Hope felt warmed by the gesture.

She had arranged to meet with Waylon at noon. In the morning, however, Hope still had to go to the hospital.

After all, the condition of the patients couldn’t be delayed.

As soon as she arrived at the hospital, she saw quite a few doctors heading to the cardiology office.

Hope guessed right; the matter of Joy Ward nearly killing Old Lady Mrs. Knox due to a surgical error was being pursued by the Knox Family.

“Mr. Knox, massive bleeding during surgery is inevitable. At that time, as I was preparing to remove the tumor, I didn’t expect such sudden bleeding. It was completely unforeseen. I...” Joy Ward looked haggard and exhausted as she spoke, trying desperately to dissociate herself from the blame, yet her face showed self-reproach, “But when such a situation suddenly arose, as the chief surgeon, I do have a responsibility. I’m very sorry, Mr. Knox.”

Alexander Knox, the eldest son of Old Lady Mrs. Knox, looked at Joy with furrowed brows and an imposing gaze.

“If I remember correctly, Doctor Ward, you assured our family matriarch that according to your surgical plan, everything would be fine. So what happened? Mid-surgery there’s massive bleeding, and not only did you not have an immediate response, but you also panicked and nearly killed the old lady. If it hadn’t been for the other doctor who came later, my mother would have died on your table.

You assured us with such certainty, yet you made a surgical error and now you’re making excuses. This not only leads me to question your ability but also makes me doubt your character.”

Joy Ward’s head drooped as she cried softly, “Mr. Knox, any surgeon would panic in the face of such bleeding. The old lady was already frail, and I was extremely cautious during the surgery, not daring to make the slightest mistake. This situation was beyond my expectations; I really didn’t see it coming, but even if Doctor Williams hadn’t come in, I could have completed the surgery. I had already found the source of the bleeding.”

In other words, she was still blaming Hope Williams for taking over her surgery.

Hearing this made not only Hope sneer, but the surrounding doctors as well. Just how brazen could Joy Ward be to spout such audacious nonsense?

## Chapter 106: Chapter 106 Another Blind Person Comes

Hearing this not only made Hope Williams snort coldly, but the surrounding doctors as well.

How much face did she think she had to spout such nonsense so brazenly?

It was obvious that if Hope Williams hadn’t timely stepped into the surgery, Old Lady Mrs. Knox would have been gone.

If Old Lady Mrs. Knox had really died from such a low-level mistake on Joy Ward’s operating table, Alexander Knox wouldn’t be calmly pursuing the matter right now.



Not only did she not thank Hope Williams, but she also bit back, which was just too much.

Seeing Joy Ward become the target of public criticism, Beau Harrison couldn't help but step forward and defend her, "Mr. Knox, this surgery can't be entirely blamed on Doctor Ward. Massive bleeding is uncontrollable during surgery, and Doctor Ward was somewhat unwell when she began the operation. She went ahead with the surgery to avoid delaying Old Lady Mrs. Knox's procedure. Afterwards, Doctor Ward did her best to rectify the situation. Now that Old Lady Mrs. Knox is fine, we can't entirely blame her."

...

Oh, here comes another blind one.

The looks from the people around Beau Harrison invariably changed.

Before the surgery, she looked rosy and showed no signs of discomfort, but now she's claiming to be unwell after the mishap.

If she wasn't capable of finishing the job, she shouldn't have fought for it. When things went wrong, she shirked the responsibility, playing the weak card. Despite others having helped her, she still lashed out.

Truly disgusting.

Everyone cast a disdainful glance her way without saying a word.

Joy Ward bit her lip, "Even though that's the case, Mr. Knox, I still owe you an apology. Thankfully, Old Lady Mrs. Knox is all right now, and that's the best outcome."

"Old Lady Mrs. Knox is fine, but not because of you. Why do you talk as if you saved her?" Aurora Wood and Michael Wood entered together.

"Doctor Wood, I never said that."

"You imply it. How can you shamelessly claim others' achievements as your own after they helped correct your mistake? Do you have no shame?"

Joy Ward pouted with a fragile face, "Doctor Wood, why are you always targeting me? Besides, this surgery was originally mine. It was Doctor Williams who intervened suddenly and disrupted my process."

Damn it!

Fuck!

Aurora Wood had seen shameless people, but never someone as despicable as this.

“How can you even say that...” Aurora Wood was livid with rage.

“Doctor Wood, I really don’t know what I’ve done to offend you. Why are you so aggressive? If I’ve upset you before, can I apologize?” Joy Ward weakly covered her chest, crying pitifully like a weeping pear blossom.

“Enough, Aurora.” Beau Harrison saw Joy Ward acting weak, clutching her chest, and rebuked Aurora Wood sharply. He even pretended to support Joy Ward, asking with concern, “Are you all right?” The completely different attitude and concern were blatantly apparent on his face.

Joy Ward weakly shook her head.

“Beau Harrison, I’m your wife, and yet you yell at me for another woman.” Aurora Wood said, heartbroken.

Beau Harrison frowned complexly, “Aurora, stop picking on Joy.”

Joy?

So intimate!

At that moment, the eyes of the onlookers couldn’t help but become speculative, as Beau Harrison actually scolded his own wife to defend another woman!

Alexander Knox’s gaze shifted to Hope Williams, who was standing by calmly, a shallow smile emerging on his stunningly handsome face, “You are Doctor Williams, aren’t you?”

Hope Williams nodded gently, “Yes, I am.”

“Thank you for saving the old lady.”

“It’s what I should do.”

After speaking, Alexander Knox turned to Vice Chancellor Wood and said, “Vice Chancellor Wood, I’m not an unreasonable man. I’m pursuing this matter to get an explanation. After all, the old lady almost didn’t make it off the operating table, and it was a mistake on the part of your hospital’s doctor. At the same time, I’m very grateful to Doctor Williams for saving my family’s old lady. However, regarding Doctor Ward, concerning the safety of the old lady’s life, I cannot rest assured to entrust the old lady to Doctor Ward any longer. I request that Doctor Williams be assigned as the old lady’s chief physician.”

Upon hearing this, Joy Ward panicked. Handing her patient over to Hope Williams was an insult to her.

“No, Mr. Knox. I was the one who started treating Old Lady Mrs. Knox. Now switching to Doctor Williams, not to mention that Doctor Williams might not be familiar with the patient, it would also delay the old lady’s treatment, wouldn’t it?” Joy Ward hurriedly said, anxiously looking at Beau Harrison.

Beau Harrison’s eyebrows were also tightly knit, and he called out to Michael Wood as a reminder.

Michael Wood entered without saying much, although he had clearly promised to help Joy Ward. Beau Harrison was anxious.

Michael Wood’s brow furrowed, paying no heed to him, but nodded directly at Alexander Knox, “Of course you can. Doctor Williams is a very capable doctor in our hospital. I believe that the old lady will greatly benefit from her treatment. Also, on behalf of the hospital, I extend our most sincere apologies to you and Old Lady Mrs. Knox for Doctor Ward’s mistake during the surgery. We will strengthen our training of doctors to ensure that such rudimentary errors do not occur again.”

Alexander Knox nodded, Vice Chancellor Wood’s attitude was good, and the doctor was changed; his purpose was accomplished. Having no intention to pursue further, he nodded politely to Michael Wood and Hope Williams and then turned to leave.

Suddenly, he paused in his departure and turned back to look at Hope Williams, “Doctor Williams.”

Hope Williams was startled, “What is it?”

“Would I be fortunate enough to invite you to dinner?” Alexander Knox’s voice was gentle, his eyes smiling as they rested on Hope Williams.

Hope Williams smiled broadly, “Mr. Knox, you flatter me.”

Her tactful rejection was evident as Knox observed her distant and dignified demeanor, a hint of indiscernible light flashing in the depths of his eyes.

Knox didn’t persist, “Till next time.”

It was only then that Joy Ward came to her senses, looking incredulously at Beau Harrison and then at Michael Wood, “Vice Chancellor Wood, are you mistaken?”

“Father, this matter...”

It was clearly agreed upon, how could it end up like this?

“What about this matter? It’s an undeniable fact that Doctor Ward made a mistake during the surgery. Her competence is questionable. Now you are still here arguing on her behalf. I might seriously suspect there’s an issue with her character as well,” Michael Wood said indignantly.

Chapter 107: Chapter 107 What are you talking about, I don’t understand

“What about this incident? It’s an indisputable fact that Doctor Ward made a surgical error, there are problems with her competence, and now, even as you continue to defend her here, I can seriously doubt that her character might also be problematic,” Michael Wood said angrily.

Everyone knew full well what Joy Ward was thinking; the reason she took on that surgery was to compete with Hope Williams.

She resorted to petty tricks to win the competition, but once on the operating table, she couldn’t do a thing, and almost killed the patient.

Isn’t this both a competence issue and a cause for concern about her character?

Competence issues! Character doubtful!

Joy Ward’s body suddenly gave way, and she collapsed to the ground, finished, everything was over.

...

She raised her eyes to look at Hope Williams, then looked at herself, appearing just like a clown.

Hope Williams met Joy Ward’s gaze and said nothing, only a faint trace of scorn passing in the depths of her eyes.

Upon seeing Joy Ward collapse, Beau Harrison hurriedly crouched down to help her up, revealing all his anxious thoughts without concealment, “Joy, are you alright?”

Joy Ward wept incessantly, head lowered.

At this moment, they did not notice that the gazes of those around them had shifted from puzzlement to probing and even suspicion.

“Dad...” Beau Harrison looked at Michael Wood urgently.

“Don’t call me ‘dad.’ The fact that her surgery went wrong can’t be covered up. You keep arguing for her and behave intimately with her – could it be that you have some unspeakable relationship with her?”

At first, when Michael Wood didn’t mention it, everyone just thought it was strange. But once it was exposed, everything took on a different flavor.

In this moment, the hand Beau Harrison placed on Joy Ward’s shoulder seemed particularly mocking.

“Right, Doctor Harrison was so concerned about Doctor Ward just now. Could it be that he likes Doctor Ward?”

“And this Doctor Ward, with his wife right here, she has the audacity to lean on another man and cry, acting all meek and vulnerable. The more I look at her, the more shameless she seems.”

“Yeah, I thought the two of them were acting strange just now. They couldn’t have feelings for each other, could they?”

“It’s really possible. I always see Doctor Ward with Doctor Harrison.”

Aurora Wood walked up to Beau Harrison, her expression icy cold, her every step as if taken with enormous resolve. She slowly asked, “Beau Harrison, do you like Joy Ward?”

“I...”

Joy Ward interrupted, stepping forward to grab Aurora Wood’s arm, “No, no, you’re mistaken;

Doctor Harrison and I are just friends, Doctor Wood, please don’t misunderstand.”

Things were chaotic enough, truly chaotic enough, and Joy Ward really didn’t want any more trouble.

Aurora Wood did not hesitate to shake off Joy Ward, her face growing even colder, “Misunderstand? Joy Ward, you’ve been openly and secretly seducing my husband, do you think I’m not aware?”

The crowd was shocked, and a wave of astonished murmurs fell.

“Damn, what the hell, Joy Ward and Beau Harrison? Beau Harrison is a married man, how can she be so shameless as to seduce someone else’s husband.”

“That’s right, after all, we are co-workers, how can she do this, how can we get along afterward? She just relies on having some good looks.”

“And about Beau Harrison, I always felt that he loved Aurora Wood. Now it seems it was all an act. What a good husband, a good man, completely despicable.”

Aurora Wood’s blow was no light matter; Joy Ward hit her back against the corner of a table,

let out a cry of pain, and then collapsed to the ground.

Beau Harrison couldn’t hold back anymore and roared, “Aurora Wood, what on earth do you want?”

“Slap.”

Aurora Wood raised her hand and gave Beau Harrison a hard slap to make him come to his senses.

Biting his teeth fiercely, Beau Harrison’s eyes were bloodshot as he stared at her, “Was this all your plan? To feign agreement with me and then renounce it today, you and your father are truly cunning.”

Seeing him like that, Aurora Wood felt utterly disgusted; the once gentle young man was gone.

Aurora Wood’s expression was bitter as she closed and then opened her eyes.

“Beau Harrison, we’re getting a divorce.”

Beau Harrison couldn’t hold back at all and, resolving to smash the pot to pieces, decided he might as well be with Joy Ward, for whom he had settled. Who didn’t have the right to pursue love?

He was extremely sick of Aurora Wood; Joy Ward was a thousand times better than she was.

A lady of genteel appearance is a fitting match for a gentleman, what was wrong in that?

“Fine, divorce. I’ve wanted to divorce you for a long time.” Beau Harrison tightly grabbed Joy Ward’s hand, “Joy is the one I love.”

Joy Ward’s eyes widened, filled not with emotion but with panic.

She frantically tried to pull away from Beau Harrison's grip, but the man held on even tighter, "Joy, I know you love me too, you just mind that I've had a family all this time. Now I'll divorce her, and we can be together."

"Let me go, you're crazy, Doctor Harrison, what are you talking about? I don't understand anything you're saying, let go of me." Joy Ward, panic-stricken, kept refusing; she truly felt she was going mad.

"Beau Harrison, I am not involved with you, I don't like you, let go of me, let me go!" Joy Ward was really being driven mad, repeatedly shouting.

Beau Harrison was startled by her resistant manner, and her piercing words stabbed deeply into his heart. He didn't want to believe, didn't dare to believe.

## Chapter 108: Chapter 108 birthday party

"Joy, you're lying to me, aren't you? You do care about me. You asked me out for meals, you hugged me, you sought my help, you said I was someone you could rely on, and that I was the best person to you in this world. Joy, you love me, don't you? You're afraid of them, aren't you? Don't be afraid, I will protect you." Beau Harrison tightly gripped Joy Ward's shoulders, desperate for her response.

But what he got in return was...

"Shut up! Shut up! Just shut up!"

Joy Ward felt like she was about to lose her mind with frustration, pushing him away repeatedly and raising her hand to stop him from getting closer. "I don't love you, I've never done those things you mentioned. We are just colleagues. I've never agreed to anything like that, Beau, you need to clear your head."

Beau was frightened by Joy's fierce demeanor.

Was this still the gentle, generous, kind, and sweet woman he knew? She was completely different now.

...

Beau blankly raised his hand.

"Don't touch me, don't touch me," Joy Ward frantically swatted Beau's hand away. "I've never said those things, I've never done those things, and I don't love you. Don't flatter yourself. If you keep falsely accusing me like this, I will start to resent you, Doctor Harrison, I will resent you."

“You...” That’s not what you said before, “You don’t like me at all?”

“That’s right, Doctor Harrison, I only see you as a colleague, and yet you have these thoughts about me. Doctor Harrison, I’m so disappointed in you.”

Clearly, Joy Ward was pushing all blame towards Beau, clearing herself, and obviously, in self-preservation, she had decided to forgo Beau as a pawn.

Unable to comprehend Joy Ward’s transformation, Beau said, “That’s not what you said before.”

“Don’t you get it? She doesn’t love anyone; she only loves herself. She uses you as a pawn to climb up for her own sake.” Hope Williams spoke dispassionately, standing aside, feeling disgusted by everything she heard.

“What do you mean?” Beau glared at Hope fiercely.

Hope merely smirked coldly, “Every time you confessed, she brushed you off, claiming you were married or that she was under a lot of pressure. But whenever she needed your help, she’d turn her attitude around three hundred sixty-five degrees, subtly seducing you, luring you in. That’s your ‘goddess’, am I wrong?”

Hope Williams could see everything clearly from an outsider’s perspective—Joy Ward’s usual tactics.

Hearing Hope’s words, Beau’s face suddenly went pale, and he stood there dumbfounded, struck as if by a bolt from the blue. Even being foolish, he finally understood everything.

Furious, Beau gritted his teeth, his face almost contorted with anger, as he glared at Joy, stepping closer and closer.

“So, you’ve been using me all this time, and now that you’re done, you discard me to cover your own guilt, you wretched woman.”

Beau wished he could strangle Joy Ward right there.

Joy Ward, nearly collapsing, kept moving back, “No, no, she’s lying to you. Don’t believe her.”

“You still want to argue? Do you think I’m unaware of your surgical mistakes? Others might not see it, but I risked getting scolded with you to help you, and now I find out you were just using me. Ready to kick me aside now, are you?”

“No, no, it’s not... not like that.”



Joy covered her ears with her hands, desperately shaking her head, as if she'd gone mad.

"Nice plan, Joy Ward," Beau suddenly laughed out loud, realizing he had been used like a fool by this woman, unable to even cry out at this moment.

Beau dropped Joy Ward and charged towards Aurora Wood, "Aurora, I realize my error now, I realize it. I was also deceived by that woman. Let's not get a divorce, please forgive me, I won't ever make the same mistake again, I will truly love you..."

Aurora Wood coldly looked up at him, "If you had known this day would come, why ever begin? We're getting a divorce."

Aurora coldly brushed off Beau's hand.

Hope Williams watched everything coldly and then turned to leave.

"Hope Williams, Hope Williams, you wretched woman, don't you dare walk away." Joy Ward struggled to grab Hope, but she slipped and fell, causing laughter from those around.

Hope Williams coldly looked down at Joy lying on the ground, her lips slightly curving up, "Still not giving up?"

Joy Ward gritted her teeth, "You destroyed me; it's all your fault, Hope Williams!"

"Never acknowledging your own mistakes, self-serving, selfish, and arrogant, you always thought you could control everything, manipulate others—Joy Ward, who gave you that confidence?"

"I... I did nothing wrong!"

Hopelessly incurable.

Hope Williams was speechless.

Just then, someone outside came to call for Joy Ward, "Doctor Ward, Director Woods is calling you to his office."

What could Director Woods want with her now? Upon thinking it through, Joy Ward's face turned ashen.

Hope Williams suddenly smirked, "Good luck."

Aurora Wood said gratefully, "Hope, thank you."

“You’re welcome, and besides, I have my own motives,” Hope Williams stated lightly.

They smiled at each other, “By the way, today is your birthday, right? Happy Birthday.”

“Thank you.”

A few doctors gathered around.

“Doctor Williams, it’s your birthday today? How about we throw you a birthday party tonight? We’re really sorry for the misunderstandings before.”

“Yeah, we all misunderstood you before, we’re really sorry. Your surgery was truly impressive; we’re all convinced this time.”

“Right, everyone should come along. Oh, it’s almost noon; let’s go buy gifts later; otherwise, it’ll be too late.”

“Sure, let’s all go together, Doctor Williams. Please don’t refuse us.”

“Right, Hope,” Aurora laughed.

Hope Williams was a bit overwhelmed by the sudden warmth, feeling slightly uneasy, as she had already promised to spend the evening with Luke, Willow, and Aria Richardson; but with the current scenario, it was hard for her to refuse.

Hope Williams called Aria and Luke, telling them that Baby and Aria agreed it would be more fun to celebrate together. So, Hope decided to reserve a large private room.

## Chapter 109: Chapter 109: Waylon Lewis Hosts a Birthday Banquet for Hope Williams

At noon, a patient suddenly developed an emergency condition and was rushed to the operating room. Hope Williams found it impossible to leave, and just before entering the operating room, she called Waylon Lewis.

“Hello, Waylon Lewis.”

“Hmm, going to stand me up?” The man asked, as if he had anticipated it.

Helplessly touching her forehead, Hope said, “I’m sorry; I can’t leave the patient in urgent condition. I need to go into surgery.”

“Hmm.” The man, looking at some documents, acknowledged the situation with a hum and glanced at his watch before asking, “What plans for tonight?”

“The department’s talking about having a dinner together.”

...

“To celebrate your birthday?”

Hope paused for a moment, “You actually remember today is my birthday?”

“...”

There was silence on the other end for two seconds before he asked again, “Is there a place set yet?”

“It’s a bit rushed, not yet.”

“Hmm, I’ll take care of it.”

Hope was stunned by Waylon Lewis’s response for another two seconds, “No, that won’t be necessary...”

Before she could finish, the man’s low voice came through again, “Go on to your surgery, I will arrange it and send it to your phone.”

It was as if Waylon Lewis hadn’t heard her at all.

Hope touched her forehead, urgency coming from the operating room. Without much thought, she simply acknowledged and then directly entered the operating room.

Five hours after the surgery was done, Hope emerged to find Thomas Hughes standing obediently aside.

Seeing Hope, Thomas approached respectfully and bowed, “Miss Williams, you have worked hard. Boss has sent the address for your birthday dinner to your phone. Boss is tied up with an important meeting and cannot leave, so he asked me to take you to the hotel first.”

Still holding the mask in her hand, and with Thomas’s rapid-fire explanation, Hope, possibly still mentally recovering from the surgery, stared blankly at Thomas.

Thomas felt somewhat at a loss under Hope’s gaze.

“Uh... What did you just say? I didn’t catch that, could you repeat it?” Hope asked, somewhat embarrassed.

Thomas swallowed, relieved to realize that she hadn’t heard clearly; he had thought he had said something wrong to upset her.

Patiently, Thomas repeated the message.

Hope took out her phone to look at the address sent by Waylon Lewis, and her eyes involuntarily widened.

“Emperor Perry?”

Emperor Perry Hotel, the most famous seven-star hotel in Emperor Capital, located in a highly coveted area glittering with gold and unsurpassable luxury.

She just wanted to have a small birthday celebration with colleagues, did it need to be this grand? This was over the top.

Hope touched her forehead helplessly, “It’s just a small birthday celebration; it’s too extravagant. Tell him to cancel it, I’ll make my own arrangements.”

“However! Boss is very concerned about Miss Williams’s birthday. He has made arrangements. If Miss Williams does not go, it would be difficult for me to explain when I return.”

Thomas said earnestly, emphasizing the words “very concerned.”

Hope tugged at her lips and simply decided to call Waylon Lewis herself.

“Hmm?” The man’s deep, magnetic voice came through the phone speaker.

Hope pursed her lips, “Emperor Perry Hotel, it’s too much...”

“Too much?” The man leaned back in his executive chair, his slender fingers rhythmically tapping on the desk.

The room below was as silent as a tomb.

Hope nodded, “Yes, it’s just a small birthday; there’s no need for such a grand gesture.”

“You don’t like it? We could change the venue, though it might be a bit late to rearrange the decor.” Waylon Lewis spoke indifferently, “Where do you prefer? I’ll have it changed right now.”

“...” Hope touched her forehead, understanding that any venue chosen by Waylon had no chance of being low-key, “Stop arranging, I’ll make my own plans.”

“You missed your previous birthdays; won’t you give me a chance to make up for this one?” Waylon asked.

Hope sighed, “I don’t need any compensation.”

Hope moved to the window with the phone in hand, bowing her head slightly as the clean glass reflected her somewhat weary face.

She didn't need the compensation he spoke of. The past was the past, and she had no desire to dwell on it. Now, having Luke and Willow with her was more than enough.

After a brief silence,

Hope heard the man sigh lightly, "That's a shame."

"A shame for what?"

"A shame because Thomas and his team spent the whole afternoon setting up, and if the guest of honor doesn't attend, it will all be wasted; the decorations will end up valueless in the trash. Don't you think it's a pity, hmm?"

The man's voice was tinged with a hint of indulgent spoilage.

The conference room was so quiet that only Waylon Lewis's magnetic voice could be heard.

One by one, the executives exchanged glances in disbelief. Their noble, aloof Boss was using such a tender, indulgent tone, patiently persuading a woman.

What the hell?

Was this for real?

Who in the world was this woman?

Hope was truly at a loss, hearing his words made her feel indeed it would be quite wasteful; having said this much, if she refused again, it would seem ungracious.

Hope let out a light sigh.

If it had to be Emperor Perry, then so be it. It was high-profile and a bit too spectacular, but other hotels didn't compare. What reason did she have left to refuse? Besides, she hadn't made any other reservations, so it saved her the trouble.

"Alright, thank you. How much should I send you?" The price for a private room at Emperor Perry Hotel naturally wouldn't be low, and despite Waylon Lewis not being short on money, Hope didn't want to feel indebted.

"Emperor Perry Hotel is part of the Lewis Clan's holdings; are you saying I should charge you for hosting your birthday party?" Waylon chuckled.

“ ... ”

“Okay, if you feel you owe me something, you can take me out to dinner later.” Waylon Lewis spoke casually, adding, “Your own cooking, is that okay?”

Hope stopped arguing and nodded, “Alright.”

## Chapter 110: Chapter 110: Creating a Top Beauty

Seeing Hope Williams agreed, Thomas Hughes gave his boss, Waylon Lewis, a thumbs-up from behind. The boss always had a way.

“Later, Thomas Hughes will send you over first. I have something to deal with and will arrive later, is that okay?”

“Mm.”

After hanging up the phone, Waylon placed his cellphone on the desk, the corners of his mouth curled up in a slight smile, as if he had just accomplished something great.

The subordinates saw their boss like this for the first time; they couldn’t help but stare openly.

Clearly, the boss was in the throes of love.

...

The boss is in love?

And that woman just now, the boss is eager to host a birthday banquet for her?

Who among them had ever seen the boss like this?

Waylon lifted his gaze, his deep eyes as icy as ever, and he swept a cool look over his subordinates. His gaze landed briefly on the clock hanging on the wall.

His thin lips parted slightly, his voice low and devoid of any warmth, “You have one hour.”

Everyone trembled fiercely.

The boss had just issued their final warning.

They were to finish their reports within an hour and wrap up the meeting, so as not to delay him from attending his wife’s birthday party.

Everyone immediately perked up, not daring to waste even a minute, and their speaking pace unconsciously quickened.

Thomas Hughes drove to take Hope Williams home first.

Hope sent the evening's address to her colleagues' group chat, and just as she expected, once the message was sent, the group exploded.

"Emperor Perry Hotel, am I seeing this right, Hope? Emperor Perry Hotel, the legendary seven-star hotel that only serves VIPs, and you managed to reserve their private room? You are too extravagant, Hope. Are you some undercover tycoon experiencing life here? Tycoon, please sponsor me, sponsor me."

"My goodness, is this really not a mistake? Am I not dreaming?"

"I must be dreaming."

"Ahhh... I can't believe I'm going to have dinner at Emperor Perry Hotel tonight. I can brag about this for a lifetime."

"Tonight, I must dress beautifully. I've seen pictures of the Emperor Perry Hotel online, it's truly magnificent, like stepping into a royal palace as a princess. Ahhh... I'm so excited, thank you Doctor Williams for inviting us."

Hope replied to a few messages and then silently put away her phone. Because of the barrage of messages and questions, it was impossible to reply to them all; she couldn't even manage to look at them as they popped up incessantly.

This was bound to be a high-profile birthday.

Hope Williams went home to change her clothes. After all, as the main character of the birthday party, she naturally wanted to dress up a bit.

But just as she reached the door, she was startled by a group of fashionably dressed people standing imposingly outside.

Hope looked at these trendy individuals and approached with a surprised expression, "Who are you?"

They turned to look at Hope, and a blond man politely asked, "Are you Miss Williams?"

Hope nodded, "Yes, I am."

"We are the personal stylist team arranged by President Lewis for you. I am Rick, the stylist." The blond man observed her while smiling, "Miss Williams, you are indeed beautiful, and I believe we can make you even more stunning."

Rick, a top-class world-renowned stylist. It was said that his hands could turn anyone into a top beauty, and his makeup skills were comparable to having a face swap.

Startled, Hope turned to look at Thomas Hughes.

Thomas quickly understood her puzzled look and stepped forward, "Miss Williams, all this was arranged by the boss."

Hope furrowed her brows, "What exactly is he trying to do?"

It was just a simple birthday party. The usually simplistic Hope hadn't planned on anything so elaborate as hiring a stylist; she thought she'd just put on some makeup and a dress and go.

But now...

Since Waylon Lewis had even sent people to her doorstep, could she really send this impressive crowd back?

Hope took out her keys to open the door, when suddenly, "Bang!"

"Ouch!"

A water balloon flew past Hope's cheek, barely missing her, but the blond stylist Rick was not so lucky.

The water balloon smashed directly onto his exaggerated black-rimmed glasses, instantly exploding into splashes of water.

Hope covered her mouth in surprise, looking at the kids inside, Luke and Willow, both dressed in toy bulletproof vests, wearing black helmets and black sunglasses, each holding a black toy water gun, with a pile