

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 111: 120

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Chapter 111: Chapter 111 Worship Boss Williams +99

Hope Williams, "..."

Hope Williams had to talk to Luke and Willow for quite a while before they finally agreed to open the door. Puckering up their little lips, they said, "Who let them dress up so oddly and stand at our doorstep without talking? We thought they were bad guys. Since they're here to help Mommy with her makeover, come on in quickly."

Hope Williams smiled apologetically at the drenched, blond stylist Rick, "Sorry about that, kids don't know any better. Luke, Willow, apologize quickly."

Luke and Willow hurried forward, "Sorry, Uncle, it wasn't on purpose. It's just that your outfit is so... cool, we thought you were a baddie."

The "baddie" blond, who originally had a bad temper, especially with his handsome hairstyle messed up, forgave them when these cute little ones apologized and even complimented him for looking cool. He ran his hand through his hair, "Forget it, it's no big deal."

Following Hope Williams into the house, thankfully her living room was spacious enough to accommodate all their stuff.

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"OK, that's settled, let's get started."

8 pm at the Emperor Perry Hotel.

The news that the Lewis family's helmsman was hosting a lavish birthday banquet at the Emperor Perry Hotel spread like wildfire within just a few hours.

Thus, in addition to Hope Williams's colleagues and friends, various notable figures were in attendance.

After all, grand birthday banquets like this were a rarity for the Lewis family aside from Old Master Lewis's birthdays.

The banquet was held in the largest banquet hall on the top floor of the Emperor Perry.

The significance of the event spoke for itself.

Although no one knew for whom the birthday banquet was prepared, the fact that Waylon Lewis was giving it so much importance made everyone curious about who this person could be and eager to catch a glimpse.

Rumors suggested that Waylon Lewis's birthday banquet was arranged for a woman.

It had been said that Waylon Lewis had a beautiful and capable wife who supported the entire Lewis family from behind the scenes, but since the Young Madam rarely appeared in public, no one knew what Mrs. Waylon Lewis looked like. Eventually, rumors spread that Young Madam Lewis had vanished, and people were still very curious about her. Many speculated it was her.

But Young Madam Lewis had been missing for such a long time.

The woman known to be by Waylon's side was none other than Joy Ward of the Ward family.

So there were also many who thought this birthday banquet was prepared for Joy Ward.

Moreover, with such a grand birthday banquet personally organized by Waylon, and given his rare attendance at social events, it was a prime opportunity for many to curry favor with him, hoping to become familiar with him.

If one could form ties with the Lewis clan, it could mean a bright future for their own company.

The Ward family was the perfect example.

More and more people gathered in the top floor banquet hall.

The chat group of Hope Williams's colleagues was simply beyond words.

"Admiring Boss Williams."

"Admiring Boss Williams +2"

"Admiring Boss Williams +3"

...

“Admiring Boss Williams +99”

Hope Williams, “...”

Truly baffled and at a loss, she typed, “Have you all reached the private room?”

Someone asked, “Doctor Williams, did you book a private room?”

Hope Williams replied, “Yes.”

“... Please excuse my bluntness, but you’re quite the joker, this ‘private room’ is as big as a football pitch!”

“Right, I’m glad I knew we were coming to Emperor Perry so I dressed up a bit, otherwise I would have been embarrassed.”

“Doctor Williams, who exactly are you?”

“Does Doctor Williams need a son? I think I could fit the bill!”

Hope Williams felt they were teasing her with their exaggerations. As she neared the hotel, she put away her phone.

Not only was Hope Williams dressed exceptionally grand today, but so were the two little ones — one in a princess dress and the other in a miniature suit, looking beautiful and handsome.

Hope Williams glanced at Luke and Willow, then looked down at her own gown, feeling more and more that something was odd.

It gave her the false impression that she was heading to a major evening gala.

“Assistant Hughes, where is Waylon Lewis?” Hope Williams asked calmly.

“Miss Williams, Boss has just finished his meeting and is preparing to come over. Would you like to join Boss for your entrance?”

Hope Williams shook her head, “No need, I was just asking.”

Thomas Hughes nodded and made a point of saying, “Boss said he originally wanted to make his entrance with you on this grand day, and he’s hurrying over as fast as possible.”

Hope Williams pursed her lips; truly, Thomas was a good assistant for Waylon, subtly suggesting that she waits to enter with him.

Chapter 112: Chapter 112: Want to Have a Good Birthday? No Way!

At that moment, a red Ferrari pulled up steadily in front of the door.

The person who got out of the car, donned in a bright red backless gown, fascinatingly showcased her sultry figure, her brown curly hair casually cascading over her shoulders, and her delicate face painted with exquisite makeup.

She arrogantly raised her head, gazing at the majestic, luxurious Emperor Perry Hotel with a faint smile on her face, yet her eyes shot out a clear resentment.

Wearing the brightest red at someone else's birthday party blatantly screamed of stealing the spotlight.

Who else could it be but Joy Ward?

"Joy, don't be angry. It's just that a little slut momentarily rose to power. We'll recover our lost face tonight," Valentina River, in a bewitching purple spaghetti strap gown, arrived beside Joy Ward, her lips curled with a sinister smile.

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Joy Ward tugged her lips, her hands hanging by her sides, clenching constantly.

Hope Williams, it was all because of this slut.

If Christopher Ward hadn't personally gone to the hospital to plead on her behalf today, Joy Ward would have been fired by Director Woods.

Joy Ward was also banned from performing surgeries for half a year, driving her insane with rage.

This enormous humiliation, she must reclaim it tonight.

Hope Williams thinking she could enjoy her birthday smoothly, no chance!

Joy Ward quickly stepped into the hotel.

Valentina River hurriedly followed; she was eager to enter the Emperor Perry Hotel, the top hotel in Emperor Capital.

The River Family, being rather insignificant, struggled even to book a small private room here. Valentina had never been here before, and the Emperor Perry Hotel was known as the royal court. Entering it made her feel like a princess in a court, for which she had

dressed herself meticulously, aiming to outshine everyone, energized by the mere thought.

Valentina River scornfully swept a glance at Joy Ward in front of her, eager to surpass her pace.

The service in Emperor Perry Hotel was remarkably considerate; waitstaff guided them along the way as they entered.

Valentina River looked around, her eyes widening in awe. True to its reputation, the Emperor Perry Hotel was opulent both inside and out.

The murals on the carved beams, the bright, grand crystal chandeliers, the elaborately luxurious decorations, and the stunning court-style was breathtakingly beautiful.

Valentina River, holding her phone, crazily snapped pictures and posed with her face, immensely satisfying her vanity.

Joy Ward disdainfully sneered at Valentina River and muttered under her breath, "Country bumpkin who's never seen the world."

Upon entering the elevator, the waiter promptly pressed the button for the top floor.

Joy Ward glanced and snorted coldly, "Miss, you pressed the wrong button, didn't you? We're here for Miss Williams' birthday party; is Miss Williams' private room really on the top floor?"

Although Joy Ward hadn't been here many times, she knew that the top floor had only three top-tier private rooms for the most distinguished guests and also housed the largest and most luxurious banquet hall in Emperor Perry.

Joy Ward scoffed and rolled her eyes. How could Hope Williams afford a top-floor room? At most, it would be one of those smaller private rooms.

Valentina River, busy admiring the sparkling elevator, didn't forget to add, "Yeah, have you led us on the wrong path? Where exactly is the private room Hope Williams booked? Isn't she supposed to come and greet us at her own birthday party?"

Hearing this, the waiter guiding them couldn't help but turn his head and briefly scrutinize them with perfectly managed facial expressions that maintained neutrality.

"Ladies, you aren't mistaken. Miss Williams' birthday party is indeed on the top floor. Besides, Miss Williams is one of our most distinguished guests, so naturally, she's not available to come and greet you."

The waiter's voice was clear, and although extremely polite, it limited to just that. His underlying message seemed to suggest, "You aren't important enough for Miss Williams to greet personally."

"Bragging much about booking at Emperor Perry, even calling her a 'most distinguished guest'? Hello, you must be mistaken. Are you sure you're talking about Hope Williams? That's laughable. She's just a nobody, a nobody with no backing. You definitely got it wrong," scoffed Valentina River, tossing her meticulously groomed hair with scorn.

The waiter bowed his head in silence, facing these two unrealistic women, the smile on his face slightly fading.

Seeing that the waiter didn't echo her sentiment, Valentina River was displeased.

"Hello, I'm talking to you. What kind of attitude is that?" Valentina River asked haughtily.

The waiter bent slightly, expressionless as he said, "The guests our hotel considers distinguished are but a few. How could there be a mistake? Maybe you ladies walked into the wrong hotel. If you did, the exit is just down the elevator to the left."

The upper management had specifically instructed that since Miss Williams was associated with their boss, she was equivalent to their living ancestor, the future Matriarch Lewis. Anyone speaking ill of her would face a mild warning or, worse, be thrown out.

"What do you mean by that? We came to your hotel, aren't we your guests? Are you trying to drive us out now?" Valentina River smirked, looking down on the waiter with an extremely haughty gaze.

"If you verbally insult Miss Williams again, it won't just be a matter of asking you to leave," the waiter stated calmly, his words carrying a firm warning.

"You, I'm just speaking about her. What about it? Do you know who we are? How dare a mere waiter be so arrogant in front of us? You're living..."

Joy Ward quickly grabbed Valentina River and gave an apologetic smile to the waiter, "Sorry, my sister just lost her temper a bit, no offense meant."

"Joy, why..." to be so polite to a waiter.

Joy Ward fiercely glared at her, signaling her to shut up.

Though resentful, Valentina River had no choice but to close her mouth, feeling somewhat intimidated.

When the elevator reached the top floor, the waiter, fulfilling his duty, showed them the way before stepping back.

Valentina River stomped her foot and pulled Joy Ward aside, asking, "Joy, why were you so nice to her just now? Such a waiter should be fired by the manager."

Chapter 113: Chapter 113: Surprise, Absolutely Too...Surprising

Valentina stomped her foot, tugging at Joy Ward and asking, "Joy, why were you just now being so nice and polite to her? A waitress like that should be fired by the manager."

"Are you an idiot? You would have been thrown out before they fired her. Emperor Perry has his own rules, troublemakers, regardless of their status, are all thrown out without exception."

Valentina River's heart tightened, "Then just now..."

"At Emperor Perry you better behave yourself and not cause me any trouble, or you can just roll out of here early," Joy Ward said angrily, she was sick and tired of having a fool by her side, if not for the fact that she was somewhat useful, she would have wanted her gone far and away.

Valentina River, looking at the burly security guards in black clothes standing two meters apart in the spacious corridor, couldn't help but feel her heart pounding.

If she were to be thrown out in such a setting, she would truly lose all her face.

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Upon reaching the top floor, a new attendant stepped forward to guide them. As they walked, Joy Ward couldn't help but feel something was amiss and softly asked, "Excuse me, are we heading to Miss Williams' private room?"

"Miss Williams didn't book a private room, she booked the banquet hall."

Joy Ward stood there astonished.

Her look could only be described as incredulous, as if she wanted to confirm the reality immediately, her pace unconsciously quickening following the attendant.

Entering the banquet hall, Valentina River couldn't help but cover her mouth.

The grand banquet hall was resplendent and glittering, glasses clinking, with a grand expanse of beguiling, rich red roses blooming in the center, their fragrance overwhelming.

Handsome men and beautiful women in suits and gowns, the skirts twirling, a vision of grand beauty too magnificent to behold.

This caliber of a birthday banquet was precisely the dream every girl yearns for.

“Joy, are... are we sure we haven’t walked into the wrong place?” Valentina River asked dumbfoundedly, completely astounded.

Joy Ward pressed her lips tightly together; such a standard for a birthday banquet was clearly the work of Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis was hosting a birthday banquet for Hope Williams!

Damn that Hope Williams!

Why does she deserve such attention from Waylon?

Truly hateful, she thought, let her be arrogant for a few more days, and when it’s time for her to be dealt with, she’ll be taught a lesson.

Joy Ward saw people approaching them, pulled her thoughts together, took a deep breath, stood up straight, and her demeanor instantly lifted.

Even in spite of the hatred, she could still perfectly mask her feelings in such a gathering, presenting the best side of herself.

After all, she was the daughter of the Ward Family, naturally lovely and vivacious, not to mention her outstanding demeanor and the meticulous attire drawing many glances her way in an instant.

She managed a properly gentle and sweet smile, walking gracefully into the crowd.

“Miss Ward, you truly look stunning today.”

“Yes, yes, that red dress is an haute couture design from HY, right? It looks as though it was tailor-made for you, really beautiful.”

“Indeed, Miss Ward’s figure is too good, we’re all so envious.”

Joy Ward was slightly flustered by such unexpected, enthusiastic adoration, having usually received at most a few polite words from them, never this warmth.

Still, such praise undeniably satisfied her vanity, and she smiled gently in response, “Oh, no, you’re all too kind, you all look beautiful too.”

“Miss Ward and President Lewis must be closing in on the good news, right? President Lewis is treating you so well, holding such a grand birthday banquet for you that we’re all green with envy.”

“Right, right, President Lewis really does spoil you. After this, you’ll be Mrs. Lewis, just don’t forget about us then.”

Joy Ward’s smile stiffened imperceptibly, and as Valentina River was about to speak, “That’s not Jo—”

Joy Ward tightly grasped Valentina River’s hand, causing her to stiffen, and she looked at Joy Ward with a puzzled expression.

Joy Ward’s pretty face carried a sweet, shy smile as she said to the people in front of her, “Stop teasing me, there’s nothing between President Lewis and me yet.”

“Oh, come on, you’re playing coy. Everyone knows you’re the only woman by President Lewis’s side, he spoils you the most. This grand birthday banquet he’s holding must be because he’s thinking of proposing to you.”

Joy Ward smiled shyly.

Joy Ward avoided the topic, her silence speaking volumes.

Joy Ward smiled, yet a shadow flickered across her eyes; unbeknownst to others, she knew the birthday celebration was for Hope Williams.

They mistook the event as being for her, because she was wearing a bright red dress today, and as the only woman close to Waylon, they assumed the birthday banquet was his doing for her.

Since they misunderstood, why should she bother to correct them?

She had been holding so much tension these past days, that today’s flattery had her swelling with pride.

Valentina River couldn’t help but roll her eyes twice in annoyance, cursing inwardly: Truly shameless to take credit for things that aren’t even yours.

Meanwhile, the Rolls-Royce slowly came to a stop at the entrance.

Thomas Hughes promptly got out of the car and respectfully opened the rear door. Luke and Willow stepped out one after the other, their eyes lighting up instantly.

“Wow, Mommy, this place is so beautiful,” Willow exclaimed, dramatically covering her mouth with her hand.

“Mommy, can we go play by ourselves and come back to you later?” Luke asked, taking Willow’s hand.

The woman emerged from the car, watching the two little ones tenderly.

“Sure, but don’t run off, and remember to come back to find Mommy early.”

With strict management inside Emperor Perry, Hope Williams wasn’t afraid that the two little treasures would be in any danger, so she let them go.

With their mother’s permission, Luke and Willow happily ran hand in hand toward the play area.

Thomas Hughes approached her and said, “Miss Williams, the Boss will probably need another twenty minutes to get here, you may choose to go in first.”

“Okay,” she responded. It wouldn’t do to keep others waiting.

“Which floor is the private room he booked?”

“Private room?” Thomas Hughes lifted his eyes, slightly puzzled. After glancing at Hope Williams, his eyes inadvertently trembled, and he swallowed, quickly lowering his head.

Even looking at the Boss’s woman felt like blasphemy.

“Miss Williams, the Boss has prepared a surprise for you,” he said, realizing that since the Boss hadn’t told Hope Williams about the surprise of a grand birthday banquet that evening, he likely intended to surprise her. Immediately picking up on this, he felt quite clever.

“A surprise?” Hope Williams blinked, a faint light flickering in her eyes as if she’d guessed something. She furrowed her brow slightly and then nodded her head, lifting her skirt and walking slowly towards the hotel entrance.

Thomas Hughes dared not pause and immediately followed Hope Williams’s pace, slowing his steps even more to maintain a respectful distance. The Boss’s woman was truly...dazzling. Tonight at the banquet, the Boss might regret putting on such a grand display.

“Which floor?” Hope Williams asked over her shoulder, looking at Thomas Hughes.

“The top floor,” Thomas Hughes replied promptly.

Without giving it much thought, Hope Williams nodded. The two attendants by the elevator immediately bowed deeply and said, "Welcome, Miss Williams, please go ahead."

Slightly nodding, Hope Williams stepped into the elevator with a hint of suspicion.

Joy Ward was drowning in a sea of praise and couldn't extricate herself. She lowered her head with a smile, receiving all the flattery and completely forgetting who the evening's star was.

"Miss Ward has such a graceful temperament, that dress looks like it was tailor-made for you."

"Miss Ward and President Lewis are about to have good fortune, aren't they? We're ready to come and drink to your happiness..."

"Happy Birthday, Miss Ward..."

"Miss Ward... Oh! My... God! She... She's so beautiful... Look! Look at the entrance..."

The exclamations quickly drew the attention of those nearby, and a sea of eyes turned in that direction while everyone naturally started looking towards the entrance.

The arrival was dressed in a red, body-hugging, off-shoulder fishtail dress.

Hope Williams always preferred light-colored clothing, and rarely tried such bold colors. But her fair skin could pull off any color.

And this was a piece that had caught her eye at first glance.

Its simple yet elegant neckline perfectly showcased her beautiful shoulders and neck, with a hemline reaching just above the ankles, paired with a flowing silk that moved gracefully as she walked, and matched with a pair of black velvet high heels.

Her waist was slender, her figure tall, with clean and fluid lines outlining her perfect silhouette, exuding temptation all over.

And what refined it all was her exquisitely beautiful face. Hope Williams was undeniably alluring, the kind that catches your breath at first glance, and whose features become even more perfect upon closer observation.

But in those momentous amber eyes of hers was a slight look of surprise.

Hope Williams pursed her lips and glanced back at Thomas Hughes, who seemed to hesitate to speak.

A surprise; indeed, it was quite a surprise—a shocking enough surprise to nearly make her faint.

How could Hope Williams have expected that man to simply organize a birthday banquet for her in a hall filled with countless guests, among them a few of her colleagues she could faintly recognize?

Hope Williams resignedly touched her forehead.

Chapter 114: Chapter 114 Simply Stunning

Hope Williams paused for two seconds and sighed softly, her heart filled with indescribable complexity.

Aurora Wood saw Hope Williams and immediately waved at her, prompting Hope to walk towards her.

As Hope moved, many eyes followed her without wanting to look away.

Joy Ward clenched her fists tightly, envious as the attention she had garnered shifted towards Hope.

Why was it that wherever Hope appeared, she seemed to completely overshadow her?

When two beauties wearing similarly styled and colored dresses appeared at the same party, it was natural for people to compare them with critical eyes.

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The gazes then returned to Joy Ward, and no matter what the comparison, Hope Williams completely outshone her.

It wasn't the dresses that made the difference but the women wearing them. Hope's dress would not have looked as stunning on anyone else as it did on her.

Her enchanting red dress complemented the vast sea of red roses at the center of the venue.

Words like breathtaking and radiant were insufficient to describe her allure.

But that striking red dress...

Knowing it was someone else's birthday party, guests usually wouldn't choose to wear bright red so as not to upstage the host.

People tacitly understood and shifted their gaze towards Hope, their brows furrowing slightly at the impropriety of her dress.

“Hope, you look absolutely gorgeous today,” Aurora Wood exclaimed, thinking she would surely fall for Hope if she were a man.

Confident, beautiful, capable, and radiant – who wouldn’t love a woman like that?

“Don’t flatter me too much, or I’ll get carried away,” Hope Williams replied with a light laugh.

“By the way, what’s going on today? We thought we went to the wrong place. After asking the staff several times, we were finally reassured that your birthday party was indeed here. This is way too lavish! I might actually believe you’re a princess trying out life as a commoner.”

Several colleagues nodded in agreement, and Hope pressed her lips together, a faint smile playing on her lips, “It’s a long story; I’ll explain later.”

“Alright then, you’re the star tonight and must be very busy. Don’t worry about us; go attend to your guests,” Aurora said, acknowledging the grand scale of Hope’s birthday celebration was bound to keep her occupied.

Hope Williams had intended to find a quiet place to call Waylon Lewis, but then she looked up and saw Wyatt Lewis approaching.

The surprise in Wyatt’s expression upon seeing Hope’s outfit was evident, “Damn, sister-in-law, you look stunning. You’re definitely the most beautiful woman in the world.”

“Cut it out,” Hope responded as she elegantly sipped from her glass, and something made her turn her head to gaze at Wyatt.

Caught off guard by her stare, Wyatt Lewis tugged at his lip, “Uh... sister-in-law, why are you looking at me like that?”

Hope laughed softly, “Tell me, what exactly is your brother up to?”

Change his ways?

Almost a second after Hope asked, Wyatt answered seriously, “My brother has long been preparing for this birthday of yours. Initially, the setup wasn’t like this. He wanted to surprise you with something private, just the two of you. But then you wanted to invite your colleagues, so he had to reluctantly agree in order to give you the freedom you wanted.

Just at noon, someone leaked information that the Lewis Clan's CEO was hosting a lavish birthday party here, ensuring everyone knew my brother would be present, drawn by his repute, though I hadn't expected so many would come. Look at all those gifts..."

Hope's gaze followed Wyatt's pointing to a mountain of elegantly wrapped gift boxes, with hotel staff busily moving them to an empty parlor.

Hope was astonished for a moment.

"These people really splurged to attend this event, my brother would feel terrible if he had missed it," Wyatt said, not expecting such an extravagant celebration, comparable to their grandfather's spectacular 70th birthday party.

Hope paused briefly, surprised yet her face not completely betraying her emotions, though the complexity in her eyes was evident.

"Do you think your brother loves me?"

Waylon caught off guard!

Hope Williams sipped her red wine while Wyatt took those seconds to think, but unable to be sure, only responded, "Sister-in-law, you should ask my brother directly."

"Hmm."

Hope had only been asking, not really expecting Wyatt to know.

After all, she still couldn't comprehend what that man was really thinking.

Hope set down her wine glass, fixing her gaze on a woman approaching slowly, and smirked, "Trouble is coming."

Following Hope's line of sight, Wyatt noticed Joy Ward dressed in bright red, his brow furrowing involuntarily.

"Miss Williams," Joy Ward greeted Hope with a feigned gentle smile, causing a wave of revulsion in Hope.

Hope wasn't surprised by Joy Ward's presence.

Her intentions were clear to any discerning eye, though Hope truly didn't wish to engage.

But as Joy, like an indestructible pest, kept provoking her, Hope felt thoroughly vexed.

“Miss Williams...” Joy’s face stiffened, a touch of embarrassment crossing her artificially pleasant expression.

Hope coolly swept her gaze over Joy and coldly ignored her, turning away.

Wyatt raised his eyebrows slightly, casting a disdainful glance at Joy and chuckled disdainfully, following Hope’s lead to walk away.

That scornful laugh pierced Joy Ward’s heart more deeply than Hope’s disregard, flooding her with an intense feeling of humiliation; she gritted her teeth and signaled Valentina River.

Seizing the moment, Valentina approached with a glass in hand, “Miss Williams, regardless of any past misunderstandings, I hope we can turn our swords into plowshares.

Considering we both work at the same hospital, it’s unpleasant to always be at odds. Miss Williams, let me offer you a toast. Let’s put any past grievances behind us.”

Chapter 115: Chapter 115: Being Played

Hope Williams glanced at Valentina River opposite her, a delicate eyebrow raised, and her gaze swept over the red wine glass in front of her before settling on Joy Ward behind her.

She slightly curved her lips.

Some people always love to write their nefarious deeds all over their faces, naively thinking others can’t see through them.

Hope Williams’s lips curled imperceptibly as she reached for a wine glass nearby and slowly extended it toward Valentina River’s glass.

A triumphant smile flashed across Valentina River’s eyes.

Joy Ward watched, seeing victory within reach...

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“Clang.” The light collision of glass sounded.

Valentina River’s glass tilted sharply, and the liquid inside poured towards Hope Williams’ dress.

“Careful...”

Her intent was too obvious. These women’s petty games were so transparent that even Wyatt Lewis, a man, could immediately sense something was amiss.

Hope Williams smiled calmly, her lips curved as she raised her hand and with a “smack,” the glasses collided, sending her own red wine splashing all over Valentina River.

Valentina River stared at Hope Williams, too stunned to react.

Looking down at her dress stained in splotches, she couldn’t help but start trembling the next moment.

Valentina River, “You, you, ah...”

Hope Williams casually rubbed her ear.

“Sorry, my hand slipped. I didn’t mean it. Are you okay?” Hope Williams asked innocently as she approached.

“Look at me, too careless. How about this, I’ll compensate for Miss River’s dress, you should go take care of it.”

Valentina River saw the smiling look in Hope Williams’ eyes and felt it was nothing but provocation. She was on the verge of exploding.

This bitch! She had clearly done it on purpose and still had the audacity to pretend it was an accident. Bitch, bitch!

Rage surged from the bottom of Valentina River’s heart, she clenched her teeth and glared furiously at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams indifferently withdrew her gaze, simply turning the tables using their own tactics, and they couldn’t handle it.

Hope Williams, “You, you bitch! Shameless! You did it on purpose, you meant to humiliate me.” Valentina River shrieked as she snatched a red wine glass from a server’s tray and violently aimed to throw it at Hope Williams.

Suddenly, her wrist stiffened, held in mid-air by a firm grip. Valentina River looked up in horror.

“What are you trying to do?” Wyatt Lewis’ handsome face was emotionless, but his voice was utterly cold.

“Wy... Young Master Lewis...”

Valentina River’s movements were still frozen in place, her eyeballs trembling in their sockets.

Wyatt Lewis’s previous frivolous and unconcerned demeanor vanished, replaced by a chilling sternness that was truly frightening.

Valentina River’s wrist trembled as she cast a pleading look towards Joy Ward. With gritted teeth and cursing inwardly at the fool, Joy Ward put on a helpless, weak face and stepped forward. “Young Master, please let go of Valentina first. It was just a little misunderstanding.”

“Misunderstanding?”

Wyatt Lewis coldly released Valentina River’s hand.

He frowned, meticulously wiping his slender fingers with a couple of tissues, as if he had touched something dirty.

Joy Ward harshly pulled the stunned Valentina River behind her.

The idiot was useless in achieving anything but excelled in messing up; even a little thing couldn’t be handled well without getting into a mess with Hope Williams, now continuously falling into Hope Williams’ traps.

Wyatt Lewis’s penetrating gaze glanced at Joy Ward before turning towards Hope Williams.

“Sister-in-law, are you alright?”

“These little tricks of theirs are still seen through.”

Joy Ward glared at Hope Williams.

So this bitch had realized what they were up to from the start; she had seen right through them.

They paraded around her like clowns, looking utterly ridiculous.

This bitch deserved to die.

If it weren’t for the inappropriateness of causing a scene right now, Joy Ward really wanted to tear this bitch apart.

Considering the many people present, Joy Ward forced a smile, “Valentina, you should go and take care of it first. After all, Miss Williams didn’t do it on purpose.”

Hearing Joy Ward’s words, Valentina River couldn’t help but stamp her foot in anger. What about Hope Williams not doing it on purpose—if she stood where she stood, she wouldn’t feel the pain. “She did it on purpose! She spilled the wine on me intentionally. She just wants to humiliate me, this bitch!”

Upon hearing this, Hope Williams’ eyebrows lifted slightly, her mouth forming a cold curve as she feigned weakness. “Miss River, why would you wrongly accuse me? I truly didn’t mean it. If you want to splash it back, just splash it back then.”

Hearing what Hope Williams had said, Valentina River’s anger was uncontrollable.

What was this woman playing at?

“Hope Williams, you—you, I...” Valentina River looked around for a wine glass, nearly driven mad by anger. Why did such a despicable person like Hope Williams exist?

“Seriously? Isn’t that a bit too much? It’s not like she did it on purpose, and she even apologized, offering compensation. Her attitude was quite good, even when she got cursed out a few times, she didn’t get angry. Now she’s actually looking for a wine glass to throw back, isn’t that petty?”

“Exactly, that’s way too much. And she keeps calling her a ‘slut,’ showing no manners or upbringing at all.”

“It’s outrageous. She apologized already, doesn’t she know the saying ‘to spare someone when you have the advantage’?”

Bystanders tend to side with the perceived underdog by habit.

Although Valentina had been the one splashed, she didn’t garner any sympathy from anyone; her repeated verbal abuse of Hope Williams appeared exceptionally crude and unreasonable to onlookers.

Meanwhile, Hope Williams, who seemed fragile, was perceived as the real victim.

These were the usual tactics employed by both women.

Joy Ward, who found Hope Williams’s words all too familiar, felt like her teeth were on the verge of shattering.

She truly despised Hope Williams.

She was using their own methods against them, making them taste their own medicine.

This woman wasn't as harmless as she appeared; her cunning and depth were far from ordinary.

That fool Valentina could easily be played dead by her.

Joy Ward didn't want to lose face alongside Valentina. She yanked Valentina back, wearing a displeased expression and said, "Enough, Valentina. Stop being unreasonable. Miss Williams has apologized to you; let's end this matter here."

Joy Ward's words completely infuriated Valentina River, who had been restraining her anger, and she lashed out directly at Joy Ward, "Easy for you to say, you try to use me for your scheme every day, and that's enough, but now you're playing the good person here, isn't that just pathetic?"

Joy's face turned pale; she had never expected Valentina, who always acquiesced to her, to talk to her like this.

The onlooking crowd immediately understood and wore knowing expressions.

So, that was the story!

The constant whispered comments entered Joy Ward's ears, making her feel extremely humiliated. She closed her eyes tightly and gnashed her teeth, "Shut up, what nonsense are you spouting? You're drunk, I'll take you down to rest."

"I'm not drunk, let go of me, you are both sluts, sluts!"

Valentina's angry words were particularly grating.

Joy Ward felt so angry she could faint.

"Stupid bitches..." Wyatt Lewis couldn't help but laugh at the scene. It was the epitome of "a dog-eat-dog situation."

Wyatt couldn't be bothered to watch these two fools self-destruct.

Facing such lackeys, Wyatt felt Hope Williams could easily crush them single-handedly.

That's why his brother told him to come early to help Hope Williams, in case she was bullied – his worries had been completely unnecessary.

Since he wasn't needed, he should find something fun to cleanse his spirit.

"Sister-in-law, did you bring the two little ones out today?" Wyatt Lewis rubbed his hands in anticipation.

Hope Williams smiled slightly, "I did."

"Where are they, where are they?" Wyatt Lewis really missed those two cuddly little ones, and he was so eager to hear them call him Uncle, which would be absolutely adorable.

"I don't know where they've run off to play. Do you need them for something?"

"To play, I want to play with them."

Could a twenty-something-year-old play with five-year-old kids?

Hope Williams glanced up and examined Wyatt Lewis, "They're playing in the mud, you gonna join them?"

"Why not?"

Playing in the mud? That was what he loved most!

Hope Williams was amused by his enthusiasm, "Alright, I'm not sure where they've gone off to; you might need to look for them."

"Got it."

At this moment, the two little treasures, who were supposed to be playing in the mud, had already taken over the security room of the Emperor Perry Hotel...

Luke's keen gaze was fixed on the monitors, his eyes locked on his targets as the corners of his mouth curled slightly.

Hmm!

It looked like someone was in for some trouble!

...

Chapter 116: Chapter 116 Jealous

"Pfft..." Valentina River couldn't help but chuckle as soon as she arrived and saw Joy Ward and her little entourage embroiled in a fierce quarrel. She approached Hope Williams nonchalantly with a glass of wine in her hand and laughed, "Hope, how did you manage to make them fight like cats and dogs?"

Hope Williams shrugged slightly and smiled, "Just fighting fire with fire."

Joy Ward pulled Valentina to the side and whispered something to her. Valentina's eyes suddenly widened, but she quickly calmed down and obediently stood behind Joy, not daring to make another scene.

Hope Williams caught this scene and furrowed her brows in thought.

"Little Hope."

A gentle, magnetic voice rang out. The man's tall and imposing figure approached slowly, his light-colored suit more formal than his usual attire, accentuating his naturally gentle and refined demeanor.

...

Hope Williams looked at the approaching Benjamin Myers and smiled softly, "Benjamin."

Benjamin Myers' eyes, long and narrow, rested on Hope Williams as he handed her a pre-prepared gift, "Happy birthday."

Hope Williams politely accepted it with both hands, "Thank you."

"Hope, hurry up and see what it is."

Aria Richardson curled her lips, naturally seeing Benjamin's affection for Hope. As a good friend, she had to watch out for the good men around Hope and create opportunities for them when needed.

She thought highly of this Benjamin Myers, who seemed utterly devoted to Hope and was gentle and emotionally intelligent.

And importantly, he was really handsome!

Sorry, she was a sucker for good looks.

Benjamin Myers watched Hope Williams eagerly as she untied the ribbon and opened the box to reveal a heavy medical book, which looked quite old.

"A book?" Aria tugged at her lips.

Alright, she takes back her earlier praise for his emotional intelligence.

Aria stood beside, biting her lip, feeling a bit worried.

A typical big move by a straightforward guy, how could he think it's a good idea to gift a book to a girl? Maybe he should have added a workbook and made it a complete set.

“How did you find this book?” Hope Williams couldn’t help flipping through it excitedly.

Benjamin Myers smiled gently, “I happened upon it at an auction. Knowing you’re interested in Silver Needle Acupuncture, I bid on it, hoping there would be a reason to give it to you someday.”

Alright, Aria had to retract her previous criticism again.

That was smooth.

He bought it because he knew she liked it, just to let Hope Williams know that he always had her interests at heart.

Aria tugged at Hope Williams’ sleeve. The man has his eyes all on you, waiting for some praise, you silly girl.

Hope Williams was already lost in the world of knowledge and couldn’t tear herself away.

She had been searching for this book while in Y country and couldn’t believe she found it through Benjamin Myers.

“Thank you, I really like it.”

Aria pulled at her mouth corner.

Benjamin Myers’ gentle smile responded, “I’m glad you like it.”

“Ahem...”

Aria pursed her lips speechlessly.

Fine, one wouldn’t say it directly, and the other was too oblivious to get it, let them be, as long as they’re happy.

“Aria, do you have a cold?” Hearing Aria cough, Hope Williams asked worriedly.

Aria waved a hand, “I’m fine.”

It was just a bit heartbreaking.

Never mind.

Let them be.

“But Hope, you’ve really outdone yourself with this setting, Emperor Perry’s top banquet hall for your birthday party. Tell me, which man is trying to win your favor with all this?”

“Man?” Benjamin Myers, standing beside her, slightly furrowed his brow, “Little Hope, do you have a boyfriend?”

Benjamin Myers stared at Hope Williams suddenly more seriously.

As soon as he said that, Hope Williams’ face changed, unsure how to explain the situation since she was also surprised.

Seeing Hope Williams’ silence, Benjamin Myers felt his guess might be confirmed. His gaze became colder and more melancholic. Staring deeply into her eyes, his voice was gentle as always, but with an added urgency, “Really?”

Hope Williams, “...No, I don’t know how to explain it to you guys, I thought it was just a private room too, but I realized it wasn’t just a simple birthday party when I arrived.”

She also found out only after arriving...

At that moment, some commotion arose at the entrance.

A man in a crisp, noble black suit whose perfect contours highlighted his tall and imposing figure entered.

The bright lights cast on his exceptionally handsome face, his thin lips slightly pursed, his deep eyes inscrutable.

With such an air of innate nobility coupled with a strong, indifferent menace.

It was Waylon Lewis!

Seeing him arrive, everyone naturally gathered around to offer their compliments. He responded indifferently, scanning the room as if looking for someone. Eventually, his gaze settled in a corner.

In an instant, his gaze hardened.

Under the bright lights, Benjamin Myers was gently looking down at the woman in front of him—who else but Hope Williams? They seemed to have exchanged a few words, and Benjamin Myers relieved, stood straight up, hooking his lips in a gentle smile, and Hope Williams too returned a soft smile.

Waylon Lewis’ handsome brows quickly clouded over with a layer of frost, the chill around him spreading instantly, intimidating those nearby not to approach further.

Waylon Lewis stepped forward and the crowd naturally parted for him.

As Hope Williams was laughing and talking with Benjamin Myers and Aria, she suddenly felt a tight grip on her lower back, an arm firmly encircling her waist.

Hope Williams was caught off guard.

She hadn't turned around yet, but the dominant aura had already hinted at the answer.

Instinctively, she looked up and her gaze unintentionally met the man's.

Although she had anticipated it, her heart skipped a beat when she saw Waylon Lewis.

The man's tense, handsome face evidenced his displeasure. Seeing the surprised look in her eyes and the smile that faded from her face, Waylon Lewis grew even more irritated.

"What's the matter? Not happy to see me?"

"Where am I not happy?" His comment reflexively made Hope Williams retort, immediately realizing the problem after speaking.

"So, you're happy to see me? Why aren't you smiling?" the man darkly asked.

Hope Williams, "..."

Just as she thought!

Enough already.

Hope's bright, captivating eyes moved slightly, her lips curling upward at both corners, "Are you satisfied now?"

"Perfunctory," he said, but the icy coldness around Waylon Lewis indeed dissipated a bit.

Chapter 117: Chapter 117: The Birthday Star

"Perfunctory." Although that's what he said, the chill in Waylon Lewis's demeanor did recede a bit, his lips curling into a slight, indulgent smile.

Hope Williams silently pursed her lips, not taking up his words.

As Hope watched her interaction with Waylon Lewis, her response was perfunctory, yet she accommodated his requests with a concession that even she hadn't noticed.

Waylon Lewis, on the other hand, recognized Hope's perfunctoriness, but such an exceedingly perfunctory smile still managed to bring him pleasure.

Benjamin Myers's eyes narrowed almost imperceptibly. Waylon had always been an important presence to Hope; it was just that, as an outside observer, he saw it clearly, while she, the involved party, didn't realize it.

Benjamin's hands, hanging at his sides, tightened.

...

He liked Hope, liked her a lot, and he had never liked a girl this much before. He knew this clearly. He wanted to be with Hope, not just as friends.

In that moment, he realized that if he didn't take the initiative now, the girl who shone so brightly might be taken back by this man.

Benjamin looked at Hope and slightly lifted his lips, "Little Hope, I have something to say to you."

Hope's eyes, which had been on Waylon Lewis, shifted back to Benjamin. Though confused, she still nodded, "Alright," and took a step forward.

But... the hand wrapped around her waist did not loosen. Instead, it tightened, pulling her back to his side.

Hope furrowed her brows.

Seeing this, the light in Benjamin's dark eyes deepened, and Waylon Lewis's brow grew even more severe. A hint of gunpowder smoke seemed to spread instantly between the two men.

"Let her go," Benjamin said in a deep voice.

"Mine."

"You're divorced."

Waylon's face was expressionless, "We can remarry."

Benjamin frowned, "That depends on whether she wants to or not."

"None of your business."

Benjamin, "I like her."

Waylon stated firmly, "She doesn't like you."

Benjamin, "None of your business."

Waylon's coldness intensified, "She's mine."

"Cough..." Aria Richardson, who was drinking water on the side, couldn't help but choke.

Her gaze went to Hope: Take control, they're about to fight.

Hope blinked, her lips twitching slightly, her eyes moving back and forth between the two men.

"What the hell are you guys doing?"

"Isn't it obvious? I'm pursuing you, he likes you, and he wants to steal you from me," Waylon Lewis glanced coldly at Benjamin, "Utterly delusional."

"Waylon Lewis, I've told you, I won't remarry you, and Benjamin, stop joking," Hope said.

"I'm not joking," Benjamin said with utmost seriousness.

Waylon's brow twitched slightly, "I've said that you can stick to your principles, and you, I won't give up either. Go ahead and refuse, but in the end, you're destined to be mine, there's no escape."

Hope's delicate brows furrowed. His words struck a chord deep in her heart, stirring a wave of complex emotions that she found difficult to articulate.

By then, Joy Ward had dealt with Valentina River's situation, and the two approached as if nothing had happened.

"Waylon." Joy Ward called out timidly to Waylon Lewis; the warning she had received last time was obviously still making her incredibly fearful of the man, but even so, it wasn't enough to deter her from the man she was determined to have a chance with, popping up at every opportunity.

Waylon Lewis was in a foul mood and gave Joy only a cold glance without any intention of acknowledging her.

Joy's expression stiffened awkwardly, trying to find words to ease the embarrassment, "Miss Williams, I apologize for before. What Valentina said wasn't intentional."

Hope pursed her lips, “Oh, Miss Ward is quite generous. Just now she called me a slut, and now here you are speaking on her behalf. Miss Ward, you really are noble and benevolent to your friends.”

Hope turned her gaze to Valentina River, who now stood behind Joy, too afraid to speak, her tone scornful, “Isn’t that right, Miss River? You should really learn from Miss Ward’s tact, lest next time when you’re running errands for others, you’re the one who suffers again. It’s so not worth it.”

Hope Williams’ mockery was something Joy Ward couldn’t fail to detect.

Yet she still managed to keep her expression under control, inwardly seething with such fury that she felt her teeth might shatter.

Thomas Hughes saw that it was time for the cake and approached Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis nodded.

The cake, escorted by several pastry chefs and four bodyguards at the side, was wheeled in.

Everyone couldn’t help but take out their phones at the sight of the exquisite and lifelike cake tower.

The cake, consisting of twelve layers and standing three meters tall, had every tiny decorative piece immaculately crafted, seeming to come to life in its beauty, almost like a delicate piece of art.

All the guests gathered around.

Their eyes fixated on the valuable cake tower, everyone was filled with envy.

“Wow... it’s simply too beautiful, this completely redefines my understanding of cakes.”

“Miss Ward, you’re truly fortunate, this cake is a veritable work of art, I bet it costs well into the eight figures.”

“Yeah, Miss Ward, don’t stand there any longer, go stand next to President Lewis, you’re the birthday girl today, you should be standing with him.”

On hearing this, Joy Ward’s face instantly turned deathly pale, and she frantically waved her hands to signal them to stop talking.

“Oh, Miss Ward, don’t be shy, you’re the birthday girl today; how could you let another woman stand next to President Lewis? If you ask me, you’re just too nice, Miss Ward.”

“That’s right, that’s right.”

These voices weren’t low, and Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams at the front heard them loud and clear.

Joy Ward now felt an overwhelming urge to die.

Hope Williams raised her eyebrows, her gaze shifting toward Joy Ward.

She’s the birthday girl?

Her birthday?

Waylon Lewis turned his head to look at the person who had spoken, his gaze cold and detached.

“What did you say?”

The person stiffened, intimidated by his icy and oppressive stare and couldn’t help but take a step back.

After a half-second pause, she realized she hadn’t actually said anything wrong and continued stammering, “Isn’t it Miss Ward’s birthday today? I think as the birthday girl, she shouldn’t be standing in the corner; she should move forward a bit and stand together with you.”

The person, feeling she hadn’t done anything wrong, met an even colder glare from the man, a gaze that seemed capable of freezing someone to death.

Fortunately, he swiftly looked away.

At this moment, Joy Ward wished more than anything to flee the scene, but she was surrounded by people and had nowhere to run. With her head hung low, she could still feel the man’s eyes on her.

She dared not lift her head yet couldn’t keep from doing so, her eyes frantically trembled in their sockets.

“Is today your birthday?” Waylon Lewis looked at her with a detached expression that was sinking heavier and heavier.

“I...”

His piercing and profound eyes carried an intimidating presence.

Joy Ward's hands, hanging by her sides, clenched tightly, her heart for a moment almost scared into suffocation.

"I... I never said that," Joy Ward could only outright deny it now, mustering all her strength to force a smile, "Today is Miss Williams' birthday, how could it be my birthday? Everyone must be mistaken."

No sooner had Joy Ward finished speaking than the people around started whispering among themselves.

Someone immediately said, "Miss Ward, you're joking with us, right? Just now you clearly..."

"I clearly what? I've never once said that today was my birthday..."

The woman speaking couldn't help but raise her voice in exasperation, "But Miss Ward, when so many of us wished you a happy birthday a moment ago, you openly accepted it."

Joy Ward felt a chill in her body and her fingers trembled, forcing herself to continue, "You all misunderstood, I... I don't know..."

Chapter 118: Chapter 118: Do me a favor, a reward of five million

"I never said today was my birthday; you all misunderstood," Joy Ward stubbornly denied, because this way she was just misunderstood by others, not at fault.

But these noblewomen, daughters from prestigious families, were all as shrewd as they come; they understood Joy Ward's intentions with just a little thought.

Such a bitch.

After they had gone to such lengths to flatter her, it turned out she wasn't the evening's birthday girl.

This sense of being deceived spread anger among everyone's hearts.

No matter how Joy Ward argued, there was no way they would allow themselves to be put at a disadvantage.

...

“Heh, Miss Ward, you may not have said today is your birthday, but after we misunderstood, you didn’t clarify. Moreover, when we wished you a happy birthday, you were smiling so happily, as if you had tacitly agreed,” someone challenged.

“Yeah, you even have the nerve to say that, dressed like this at someone else’s birthday party; who wouldn’t misunderstand?” another added.

Knowing the truth, no one was willing to indulge Joy Ward.

Facing these harsh accusations, Joy Ward had no power to refute, “I...”

Hope Williams’ brows slightly furrowed, clearly sensing that another drama had unfolded here before her arrival.

As expected, Joy Ward had tried every possible way to disgust her but ended up suffering the consequences herself.

At that moment, Joy Ward’s face alternated between red and white, wishing she could dig a hole and crawl inside.

“Miss Ward, tell us, what’s this all about?” Hope asked indifferently.

“I...”

Under Hope’s calm gaze, Joy Ward suddenly felt as though there was nowhere to hide.

Having someone else’s birthday party hijacked to show off, everybody would think the real birthday person would be extremely angry.

Hope’s lips merely curved into a faint, mocking smile as she slowly approached Joy Ward.

Joy Ward stepped back guiltily, gaze darting about, “What... what are you going to do?”

Hope’s eyes fixed on Joy Ward’s, and after a few seconds, her lips curled into a derisive smirk.

Joy Ward looked at Hope with dread, not knowing what she intended to do, her heart was filled with immense fear, fearing a slap might come her way.

Just when everyone thought it would happen, Hope already turned around with a cold voice, “Let’s cut the cake.”

Just like that?

Everyone was puzzled. Normally people would be furious in such a situation where someone else was showing off at their expense, but this woman didn't seem angry at all.

She must be quite easygoing.

Joy Ward had her breath caught in her throat, everyone else looked on at Hope's magnanimity, but only Joy Ward herself could see the disdain in her eyes!

She simply couldn't be bothered to reprimand her.

Why did Joy feel so unbearably stifled?

Even though Hope had done nothing, Joy's face stung as though slapped.

That disdainful look was even more humiliating than an actual slap.

Waylon Lewis's gaze drifted back to Hope Williams, his face slightly less severe.

Everyone's attention returned to the main character, and Joy Ward's matter became a trivial interlude not worth mentioning.

However, the woman standing beside Waylon Lewis was not Joy Ward. Who was this woman beside him? No one had seen her before; if she was from their circles, no one could have missed her stunning beauty.

So, she must not be a daughter of a prestigious family, and now everyone was intensely curious about Hope Williams' identity.

A woman valued by Waylon Lewis.

Previously, Joy Ward was considered the woman closest to Waylon, but never had she received such treatment on her birthdays.

Yet this woman made her first appearance, and everyone could see how much Waylon valued her.

They couldn't help but look at her with a mix of awe, admiration, respect, and fear.

The waitstaff stepped forward to light the candles.

A "ding" sounded.

The chandeliers throughout the venue were extinguished, leaving behind only one spotlight tracking tonight's birthday star.

Waylon Lewis stood to the side, his eyes fixated on Hope alone, his gaze flickering with light and his noble lips curling into a gentle arc, "Make a wish."

Hope closed her eyes and brought her hands together.

A few seconds later, Hope opened her eyes, stepped forward, and blew out the candles.

A round of applause followed.

"What did you wish for?" Waylon gently asked.

"I won't tell you," Hope quipped, taking the knife passed to her by a waiter.

Hope took two steps towards the cake.

Waylon chuckled, his voice magnetic and pleasantly light-hearted, "Hope Williams."

"Mm?"

Hope turned, only to have her neck grasped by a large hand, as the man leaned forward and pressed his lips onto hers.

Hope's eyes widened in shock and her free hand instinctively tried to push him away.

But the man had no intention of letting go.

Benjamin Myers' hands immediately tightened, his whole body trembling uncontrollably, and he could only close his eyes tightly, turning his body away slightly.

"Good heavens!"

"OMG!"

"What did I just see?"

"Help, I'm smitten by this public display of affection."

"Ahhh... why isn't it me in President Lewis's arms?"

"Oh my God, they're kissing in public, President Lewis's love for that lady is about to overflow, help!"

The whole venue erupted into a commotion, and Joy Ward felt a chill throughout her body. She had a thousand urges to rush forward and break them up, but how could she

dare? She could only hold back with all her might, her hatred for Hope Williams growing beyond measure. If Hope hadn't come back, all this would have been hers.

Why?

Why was Hope Williams the one in Waylon Lewis's arms?

Why wasn't it her? She would take back everything that belonged to her.

Joy Ward's hands clenched until they turned red.

Hope Williams's cheeks glowed red, surrounded by teasing laughter.

Facing the sight of the women embarrassed and wanting to hide, Hope felt like her face was on fire. Observing the flustered and furious animal-like demeanor, Waylon Lewis's lips played with a hint of amusement.

The gesture was that of a little woman through and through.

Waylon Lewis lifted his hand, pulling her body into his embrace, his hand stroking her hair, "Why so shy?"

"Waylon Lewis! You are simply... a hooligan!"

Under the scrutiny of the public, did he have no shame at all?

He might not care about his image, but she did.

And if he didn't, could he leave some for her?

Waylon Lewis chuckled lowly, "Hmm, I can agree with that word."

"Ding." All the overhead lights suddenly turned back on, but they still stood out in the center, catching everyone's eye.

Hope Williams felt a headache coming on. It was clear that tonight this man was too much for her to handle.

"You all go ahead and eat, I need to go to the restroom."

Waylon Lewis said, "I'll accompany you."

Hope Williams quickly raised her hand to stop him, "No need."

Watching Hope Williams flee in a rush, Waylon Lewis let out a low laugh. How had he not noticed before how adorable this little woman was?

Inside the restroom, Hope Williams' fair and delicate fingers were placed under the faucet, letting the cold water run over her fingertips.

The cold touch snapped her back to reality, gathering her scattered thoughts.

She realized something; lately, she had been too close to Waylon Lewis.

She let out a light sigh and was just about to leave the restroom when a red figure appeared beside her.

In the mirror, Joy Ward was staring at Hope Williams with a dark expression on her face.

Hope Williams did not want to deal with her, so she took a piece of paper and meticulously dried her fingers.

"I'll make you pay the price; don't get too smug," Joy threatened.

The sound of water flowed on, accompanying Joy's menacing voice.

Hope Williams didn't even spare her a glance; she didn't have to accept every single bit of nastiness thrown at her.

She might be pathetically persistent, but she was tired of it.

Wondering where her two little treasures had gone, the little ones played without even checking in with her, Hope Williams called Luke's phone.

Hope Williams waited anxiously for a few seconds before the other side picked up, "Hello, what's up, Mommy?"

"Luke Williams, Willow Williams, where have you two run off to? Mommy said to come find me if it gets late." The banquet was nearly over and there was no sign of the two little ones.

"Don't be mad, Mommy. We wanted to come find you, but there was a weird uncle insisting on playing this silly game of hide and seek with us."

"Cough..."

Weird uncle!

Playing silly hide and seek!

Ha, they must be talking about Wyatt Lewis.

“Are you little ones hiding well? Here I come to find you.”

Indeed, it was Wyatt Lewis’ voice.

Hope Williams felt embarrassed, of course.

But it was clear Wyatt Lewis truly adored these two little ones.

...

Joy Ward returned to the banquet hall furiously and Kaeli Thompson pulled her aside as she approached.

Seeing Kaeli’s hurried and frantic expression, Joy was instantly filled with an ominous premonition, “Mom, what’s the matter? Why are you here?”

“Your dad’s investigation into Hope Williams’ situation from five years ago has yielded results,” Kaeli said with a grave face.

Joy stepped forward, fixing her eyes on Kaeli, “And? What’s the outcome?”

“When Hope Williams left that year, she was already pregnant.”

Boom!

It was as if thunder had struck her!

Joy’s eyes widened and she could hardly breathe, “Is the news... reliable?”

“Absolutely. Your dad spent a great deal of money to buy off the Lewis Family’s servant from back then. Not only that, but he followed the lead and found out that Hope Williams’ two children are attending kindergarten. The boy is named Luke Williams, and the girl, Willow Williams.”

Joy stumbled back, her hand slamming onto the railing beside her to prevent a fall.

Two children.

Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis had two children...

Joy’s face turned so pale that it was void of any color.

Finally, she understood why she couldn’t surpass Hope Williams.

She finally knew why Waylon Lewis refused to marry her five years ago.

It was because Hope Williams had gotten pregnant, because she had children, that Waylon Lewis had felt obliged to take responsibility and didn't want to marry her.

If it weren't for the children, she would have long been Mrs. Lewis.

Damn it!

Utterly despicable!

It turned out she was just one child away from being Mrs. Lewis.

All because of Hope Williams.

Why should she have children, and not just one, but two?

No, everything that belonged to Hope Williams should be hers; she had to seize it back.

A dark glint crossed Joy's eyes, with a terrifying plan spreading through her chest.

"Mom, you have to help me. I absolutely cannot let this woman Hope Williams get away with it," Joy said, grinding her teeth, her venomous gaze filled with murderous intent.

Kaeli Thompson had never seen her daughter look so fierce, and watching Joy like this, her heart pounded alarmingly, "What do you plan to do?"

Joy leaned close to Kaeli, whispering into her ear, "Mom, I want to..."

"You're crazy, simply crazy. Do you know how much Waylon Lewis values those two children now? It's not worth it for a Hope Williams; Joy, you mustn't do something foolish," Kaeli said, looking into her daughter's ruthless eyes, feeling as if she didn't recognize her.

Joy had made up her mind; she had to take a gamble for herself, "Mom, give me your phone."

Kaeli's hand trembled slightly as she held the phone; Joy snatched it away, and with gritted teeth dialed a number.

Soon, a man's sinister voice came through the phone, "What is it?"

Joy's eyes narrowed viciously, "Do me a favor, for a reward of five million."

"Where's the person?"

"Emperor Perry's penthouse."

...

Chapter 119: Chapter 119 Luke and Willow Get Kidnapped

The banquet was drawing to a close.

Miss Williams was the main attraction today, and naturally, there were many who toasted to her. Although Waylon Lewis was by her side, and they dared not behave improperly, some things were unavoidable. At this moment, feeling a bit dizzy, she stumbled a few steps, but thankfully, Waylon Lewis was there to support her.

"I'll take you home."

Miss Williams shook her hand, "The guests haven't left yet, it wouldn't be good for me to leave first."

Upon hearing this, everyone nearby felt a tightness in their chests, followed by an unemotional glance that scanned over them.

Cough...

...

That look clearly meant, "If you're not leaving, shall I invite you to stay the night?"

Someone immediately reacted cleverly, setting down their glass and standing up, "President Lewis, Miss Williams, I have matters at home and must leave."

"Right, we have things to do too, my wife is waiting for me at home."

The ones who could speak directly to Waylon Lewis were undoubtedly influential figures from powerful families. Seeing them quickly bowing and making a quick exit, the rest dared not linger any longer.

Thus, a group of guests stood up in unison and took their leave.

Miss Williams blinked at this scene and turned to look at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis seemed to feel her gaze and looked back at her with lowered eyes.

"We can go?"

"..."

"Luke and Willow are still playing hide-and-seek with Wyatt Lewis," said Miss Williams with a hint of helplessness, meaning she had to find Luke and Willow.

Waylon Lewis hooked his arm around Miss Williams's shoulder, leading her forward, "No rush, I'll send someone to find them. They'll bring the two little ones to you later."

Miss Williams felt that wouldn't do. Today, for some reason, she was feeling exceedingly anxious. She wouldn't be at ease until she had brought the two children home herself.

Miss Williams adjusted her dress and stubbornly started walking out, "I'll go find them."

Waylon Lewis, who always had difficulty with stubborn women, immediately dialed Wyatt's phone.

Seconds later, Wyatt answered. Before Waylon Lewis could speak, Wyatt exclaimed, "Bro! Luke and Willow... they're missing!"

Waylon Lewis's grip on the phone tightened suddenly.

Waylon was close enough to Miss Williams that the chilly night wind carried Wyatt's voice clearly to her ears.

Miss Williams was struck dumb as if by a bolt from the blue, and it took her several seconds to recover. She quickly snatched Waylon Lewis's phone, anxiously asking, "What did you say?"

"Panting as he ran and searched, Wyatt's voice was filled with haste, "Sister-in-law, I was just with the two little ones in the hallway, then I turned around and they were gone. But don't panic, I've already sent people out to look for them, they couldn't have gone far..."

Miss Williams could almost hear her heart pounding violently.

The incident was so sudden and her unease grew stronger. She immediately tried to call Luke and Willow's communication watches.

Switched off!

Switched off!

Miss Williams had never felt such intense anxiety before. She picked up her skirts and ran out.

Luke and Willow, her whole world!

After running a few steps, her high heels proved to be extremely troublesome. Miss Williams's heel caught on her dress and she stumbled uncontrollably.

Waylon Lewis frowned deeply, taking three steps forward to steady Miss Williams, "Calm down. I've ordered a lockdown of the entire Emperor Perry. No one can get out. I'll help you look."

Miss Williams clenched her teeth, "To the surveillance room."

Emperor Perry was too vast, with hundreds of private rooms. Searching through them was like looking for a needle in a haystack. Miss Williams desperately tried to regulate her breathing and force herself to calm down.

The two of them hurried to the surveillance room, where Wyatt was already waiting, "Brother, sister-in-law."

Wyatt was deeply bowed his head.

"Found anything?"

"Yes." Wyatt immediately replayed the surveillance video he had pulled up for the two of them.

I could clearly see Luke and Willow being carried away by two men in black as the crowd was moving out.

The men in black deliberately avoided the surveillance cameras, wearing baseball caps, so not a single clear shot of their faces was captured; it was evident they had premeditated the abduction of Luke and Willow.

Hope Williams clenched her hands that were hanging by her sides.

Waylon Lewis's eyes were filled with icy coldness, "Search, deploy more people to search, even if we have to turn Emperor Perry upside down, bring Luke and Willow back to me."

Wyatt Lewis abandoned his usual frivolous demeanor, his eyes now brimming with severe coldness, "I'll go right now."

Daring to kidnap the Lewis Family's children, these two must be tired of living.

Waylon Lewis continued to make calls.

"Boss?"

"Mobilize everyone and block every exit of Emperor Perry, conduct a carpet search on every floor, don't miss any corner. Tonight, without my order, anyone who sets foot outside of Emperor Perry is opposing the Lewis Family."

“Yes, Boss.”

At the front door of Emperor Perry.

Thomas Hughes, leading a team of fully armed troops, had already sealed off every entrance to Emperor Perry.

All the lights of Emperor Perry were blazing, with more than a dozen helicopters hovering overhead, brightening the entire area around Emperor Perry as if it were broad daylight.

Thus, all the staff were on high alert; tonight, all guests, no matter how prestigious their status may be, were stopped in their tracks, because the Lewis Family had just made their point: stepping out of Emperor Perry meant opposing the Lewis Family.

And to oppose the Lewis Family, there was only one outcome—death!

No one dared to defy the order and stayed put obediently.

Even filled with questions, they only dared to whisper amongst themselves, as no one dared to question the members of the fully armed Black Guard Corps nearby.

For Waylon Lewis to mobilize such force, something major must have happened.

Everyone was anxious tonight.

At this moment on the fifth floor, two men in black were carrying two children who had been drugged into unconsciousness, evading the search with their exceptional counter-surveillance skills.

They moved rapidly through the corridors, sabotaging the surveillance cameras and quietly slipping into a private room without a trace.

“God damn it, kidnapping two kids for five million, I knew it wouldn’t be so easy. What the hell is this woman up to? Whose brats are these? Are they trying to get us killed?”

Scarface threw Luke and Willow onto the sofa next to him.

The other man peered out of the window to check the situation outside and reassured him.

“Brother, you have to take risks for wealth. Nothing can bring us down. After this job, we can go home to our wives and children.”

Scarface, in a fit of rage, pointed outside, “You take a look for yourself, we’ve got money we can’t even live to spend.”

Right now, every inch of the exterior, not to mention the interior, of the building was brightly illuminated by the helicopter lights; they didn't even have a chance to scale the walls and escape.

Scarface swallowed and lit a cigarette before making a call, "Are you trying to get me killed?"

"Come to the top floor, I ensure your safe departure."

The person on the phone promised.

"Are you sure we can leave safely?"

"I'm in Emperor Perry right now, too. We're two peas in a pod; saving you is saving myself."

The person on the other end added, Scarface's murderous eyes squinted with a hint of trust, "Got it."

Joy Ward hung up the phone with sincere fear and trepidation, pulled out the SIM card, snapped it in half, and flushed it down the toilet.

Kaeli Thompson stood at the bathroom door keeping watch; Joy Ward came out of the bathroom in a hurry, grabbed Kaeli Thompson's hand tightly, and already resumed a calm state.

"Did you take care of everything?" Kaeli Thompson, facing the patrolling Black Guard Corps, was visibly shaking.

Joy Ward held Kaeli Thompson's hand tightly, "Mom, I've taken care of everything, don't worry. Just do as I say, and I'll soon win back the opportunity to return to the Lewis Family."

As long as Hope Williams was dead or the children were dead, she would be the last one standing.

No data found.

Chapter 120: Chapter 120 Willow is Killed

Joy Ward thought to herself, her chest rising and falling uncontrollably, her emotions a mix of excitement and ecstasy.

"Joy Ward!"

A voice suddenly rang out from behind Joy Ward.

Joy Ward and Kaeli Thompson both stiffened abruptly.

“Turn around.”

The voice, filled with chill, continued to rise.

...

Joy Ward steadied her emotions, calmly turned around with Kaeli Thompson in tow, “Miss Williams...”

“My child is missing.” Hope Williams stood in front of them, her delicate face expressionless, blurting out a few words without any explanation.

Joy Ward was clearly taken aback, having not expected Hope Williams’s first words to be so abrupt.

Caught off guard and utterly unprepared, her eyes flitted about in panic for two seconds before she quickly wore a look of bewilderment, looking at Hope Williams, “Miss Williams, are you joking? Where would you get a child from? Are you drunk?”

Hope Williams’s cold eyes narrowed slightly, not missing the fleeting panic in Joy Ward’s eyes.

“Have you seen my child?” Hope Williams asked a second question, her face still expressionless.

Both women’s hearts trembled fiercely, and their facial muscles twitched uncontrollably. “Are you alright? Miss Williams, I think you must be drunk. What child? Whose child are you talking about?”

The two would have easily been led astray by Hope Williams’s words if they hadn’t been quick to react and on their guard.

Hope Williams’s mouth curled up coldly, “If anything happens to my child, I will make you pay with your lives.”

Their expressions were fine, but they were too calm, calm as if they had prepared beforehand.

When she mentioned her child, they were surprised, but only surprised.

But based on her understanding of Joy Ward, if Joy knew of her having a child, her first reaction should not be surprise, but fear, anger, and disbelief.

Because Joy Ward so desperately wanted to become Mrs. Lewis. If Hope had a child, that would become Joy’s biggest stumbling block. How could she not be angry, fearful, and in disbelief!

But they were merely surprised, nothing more, suggesting they knew in advance about her child.

Surprise and the flawless dialogue seemed premeditated.

She could not confirm if the kidnappers of her child were sent by the mother-daughter duo, but this point was already crystal clear.

Kaeli Thompson became even more panicked, terrified that Hope Williams knew something, clinging desperately to Joy Ward's hand until Hope Williams left, still shaking.

"Joy? What do we do?"

"She won't have any evidence, Mom. There's no turning back now that the arrow's been shot. We don't have an out."

In the current situation, with Waylon Lewis searching for the child with all his might, it was evident how much the child meant to him. If Waylon Lewis found out it was them who kidnapped the child, they wouldn't even know how they died.

Joy Ward clenched her teeth and rushed to the place she had agreed to meet with Scarface.

The rooftop.

"What assurance do we have that we'll be able to leave safely under these circumstances?" Scarface held a child in one hand and impatiently waited for Joy Ward.

If he had known today would turn out like this, he wouldn't have taken the job for ten million.

Another bald man was also panicking.

Joy Ward stood before them, pretending to be calm and collected, "I naturally have a way to get you out. Kidnap me."

...

"The boss has found something, the people are now on the rooftop's terrace."

No matter how much the other party tried to hide, they were bound to leave a flaw under the meticulous and dense search.

Waylon Lewis stared at the monitors intently, "Everybody go to the terrace, we must ensure the child is retrieved unharmed."

"Yes."

Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams quickly headed for the terrace.

The terrace had no surveillance, the door was kicked open, and everyone rushed in.

Hope Williams's heart was in her throat.

Two men in black, one holding a child, had shrunk back to the railing, while the other, clutching Joy Ward's neck, pressed her against the railing, threatening, "You want to be the hero who saves the child? Then die together."

Joy Ward begged desperately, "Please, the child is still so young, let the child go. You're kidnapping them for money, and I'll give you the money, whatever amount you want."

Waylon Lewis's face was as dark and cold as ice.

"Waylon, Waylon, they just want money. Save the child first, save the child," Joy Ward said, utterly anxious.

Suddenly, so many elite guards from the Lewis Family surged in, obviously intimidating the two isolated men in black.

The two men started to back away in nervousness.

"Don't come any closer, everyone get out, take one more step and I'll throw the child down." Luke was already held out beyond the railing by Scarface.

Hope Williams nearly fainted from fright and quickly stepped forward, "Don't be rash, we will back off, all of us will back off."

Hope Williams turned to look at Waylon Lewis, who waved his hand, and the black-clad bodyguards all retreated.

"Okay, now everyone has backed off, calm down for a moment. You want money, fine, any amount, ten million, twenty million, thirty million, I'll give it to you."

The most important thing now was to stabilize the kidnappers' emotions.

"You can have the money, just let the child go."

"Don't fool us, in a situation like this, letting go of the child would be a dead end for us." The kidnapper felt a chill down his spine just looking at the brooding Waylon Lewis.

"Our people have already retreated, we have shown our sincerity, it's your turn now," Hope Williams had taken a step back.

The kidnapper knew they also had to take a step back to have a chance to continue negotiating.

Scarface pulled Luke back from hanging over the railing.

Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams both let out a sigh of relief, exchanged a glance, and nodded understandingly.

“As long as you don’t harm the child, I guarantee you’ll get away,” promised Waylon Lewis in a chilling tone.

“Do you hear us? Just let the child go, unharmed, and we can talk about everything else. Let the child go and you’ll be free to leave; we mean what we say.

Look at the current situation, if the child is so much as scratched, do you think you’ll be able to get out? The whole building is surrounded, it doesn’t matter how skilled you are, you won’t escape.”

Hope Williams desperately forced herself to stay calm, to negotiate with them in the most rational way possible.

“I believe you have children too, you’re parents yourselves, your wives and children are still waiting for you to come home.”

The kidnappers exchanged glances and fell silent.

Seeing that the kidnappers were not speaking, Hope Williams immediately added, “Just let the child go, and I guarantee your safety.”

The kidnappers squinted at Hope Williams, looking around, their resolution wavering; they knew they couldn’t escape in this situation, and harming the child would mean certain death.

They were greedy for money but valued their lives more.

“Fine, as long as we get out of Emperor Perry’s territory safely, I guarantee the child will be returned to you unharmed!”

“...Okay.” Hope Williams gritted her teeth and took a step back.

Joy Ward’s eyes spun desperately in their sockets; she bit down hard on her teeth, determined not to let Hope Williams succeed, or else all her arrangements would come to nothing.

Just as the kidnappers started to move, Joy Ward, being gripped tightly, suddenly exerted her strength, pushing the kidnapper away and reaching out to snatch Luke.

The kidnapper, already in a state of high anxiety, panicked when Joy Ward made her move, his hand shook, and the child was dropped.

People below screamed, stepping back in disbelief, staring at the top floor.

Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis's eyes widened in horror; Waylon Lewis kicked the kidnapper away and dove forward, barely grabbing hold of Luke's clothing.

"You... you're playing us!"

The standing kidnapper, completely enraged, gave up all semblance of control, lifting Willow to throw her down.

"You bunch of dead women, conspiring against us, then let's die together."

"No..." Hope Williams kicked the kidnapper harshly, and in pain, the kidnapper grasped Hope Williams's arm, flinging her against the wall.

Hope Williams's head buzzed loudly.

"You dare to kick me, you dead woman, then watch your daughter die with your eyes wide open."

Scarface raised his knife viciously, and as his hand raised, the knife descended.

Without a moment's hesitation, Hope Williams rushed forward but it was already too late.

"No!"

"Whoosh..."

Blood splattered in an instant, reddening people's eyes.

"Willow!"

Boom!

Every drop of blood in the body seemed to reverse its flow.