

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 121: 130

Willow, Her Child, Oh Her Child - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 121: 121 Willow, Her Child, Oh Her Child

Chapter 121: Chapter 121 Willow, Her Child, Oh Her Child

Hope Williams's entire being suddenly went rigid, as if something in her mind violently burst open, slowing everything around her down to a crawl, all sounds drifting away.

Hope Williams's face was filled with terror as darkness instantly enveloped her vision, intense pain spreading from her heart to her entire body, making breathing as painful as if she were being stabbed with a knife.

Hope Williams abruptly dropped to her knees, staring with eyes wide open, not daring to blink, her hands trembling violently as they reached out for the little one lying motionless on the ground.

She desperately opened her mouth, her shaking fingers afraid to touch Willow's delicate, pale face, "Willow... Willow... please, don't scare Mommy... Willow..."

Hope Williams was in so much pain that tears couldn't even flow out; she desperately clutched at Willow's bleeding wound.

"You can die too."

...

The kidnapper suddenly lifted his hand, the blade pointing straight at Hope Williams.

"Bang." Waylon Lewis instantly stood up, restraining one with his hand, followed by a fierce sweep of his long leg.

Two sounds of "crack crack" of breaking bones were heard.

"Ahh!" Scarface let out a piercing scream as Waylon Lewis brutally snapped his hand.

The man before him was like a demon that had emerged from hell.

With each step, the man closed in, his presence as if bearing the ominous fire to extinguish lives.

Scarface felt every cell in his body tremble with fear as he backed away, clutching his arm, "Don't come any closer, stay away!"

Waylon Lewis bit down hard on his back teeth, grabbed Scarface by the throat and forcefully pressed him against the railing, below was a sixty-floor drop.

"What do you think you're doing?" Scarface was completely terrified.

"Die!" Waylon Lewis roared.

The crowd below let out a series of gasps as they watched the man above fall straight down with a scream.

Blood splattered instantly, and Scarface's brains spilled out onto the ground, pearls scattered from his shattered skull, bleeding from every orifice, his death a gruesome sight.

...

Hope Williams held the child and ran desperately; she felt the tiny person in her arms so fragile, so fragile that with the slightest pressure, she felt as if she would cease to exist.

Waylon Lewis handed Luke over to Wyatt Lewis and chased after Hope Williams.

Racing like the wind and lightning, Waylon Lewis ran every red light, never taking his foot off the gas pedal.

In ten minutes, Willow was brought to the hospital.

The hospital doctors were shocked at the sight.

"Type A blood, non-allergic constitution, stabbed in the left chest, breathing, unconscious, heartbeat per minute... fifty, slower!"

These words had repeated in Hope Williams' mind thousands of times on the journey, quickly and mechanically reported.

The attending physician immediately took the blood-soaked child from Hope Williams' arms, "We'll do our best."

As the doors to the emergency room closed, Hope Williams collapsed to the floor as if her soul had left her body, her gaze hollow.

Blood, her hands were covered with Willow's blood, glaringly conspicuous.

Endless fear spread wildly throughout her body.

Waylon Lewis's deep eyes were pitch-black, devoid of any light; he stood silently.

A man and a woman, one standing still, one slumped over, everything seemed to freeze at this moment.

Passersby, whether doctors or patients, were subdued by the oppressive atmosphere of the emergency room, not daring to breathe loudly.

Wyatt Lewis, Thomas Hughes, Aria Richardson, and Benjamin Myers all arrived and stood quietly behind, no one dared to make a sound, simply waiting in silence.

Quiet.

Dead silent.

After an unknown length of time, the man who had stood motionless finally moved, bending down to embrace the woman on the ground, holding her tightly and softly comforting, "It'll be alright, the ground is cold, get up first."

Hope Williams moved her neck and slowly raised her hand, her eyes void of any light, her voice hoarse from not speaking in a long time, she asked, "Willow will be alright, won't she?"

Waylon Lewis kissed Hope Williams's forehead deeply and said warmly, "Yes, she'll be alright."

He didn't know if he was comforting Hope Williams or himself.

When Hope Williams asked the question, she knew the answer in her heart, yet still sought a sliver of emotional comfort.

"Hope Williams!"

A furious roar came from behind her.

Hope Williams stiffly turned her head, a strong gust of wind rushing towards her face.

With a crisp "snap" sound.

The anticipated pain didn't come, someone had blocked it, and Waylon Lewis's face had been struck to one side.

Hope Williams's hollow eyes looked at Waylon Lewis, with ripples faintly emerging.

Waylon's eyes were filled with a chilling coldness, looking at Alitzel Williams, "Have you had enough yet?"

Alitzel Williams stared at Hope Williams and then turned to Waylon Lewis, becoming even more furious, staring at Hope Williams she raged.

"You! This is outrageous! Who allowed you to take my Lewis Family's child and run off, who gave you the courage?"

Alitzel Williams's fury was uncontainable, "Not only did you take the child away, but you also had no ability to take care of her, getting her into this state, how on earth can you be a mother? Tell me, how can you be a mother?"

Waylon Lewis helped Hope Williams to her feet, but her stiff legs couldn't move an inch.

Compared to Alitzel Williams's crying that was desperate and shrill, Hope Williams was expressionless from start to finish, not crying, not making a fuss, just holding it in all by herself.

The person most distressed by the child's predicament was Hope Williams.

"Speak up," demanded Alitzel Williams, her composure as a lady completely abandoned, bellowing in rage.

Hope Williams hung her head low, and it took a long time before a faint voice could be heard, "I'm sorry."

Alitzel Williams felt she was about to go insane, she found it unbelievable when she discovered Hope Williams had a child, nearly fainting from excitement, and when she heard the news of the kidnapping, she nearly couldn't catch her breath.

Sorry?

What's the use of being sorry?

At that moment, the doors of the emergency room finally opened.

Everyone surged forward, and Hope Williams asked, "My child, how is she?"

The doctor removed his mask and shook his head gravely.

"The child's condition is not optimistic, you need to be prepared, she is very weak right now and can only survive with the help of a ventilator, she might pass away at any moment."

Silence.

A deathly silence spread among everyone.

Alitzel Williams took a couple of deep breaths, "What...what did you say?"

"Mom!"

Alitzel Williams fell straight down, and Wyatt Lewis reached out to catch the fainting Alitzel Williams.

Hope Williams gasped for air, but no matter what, she couldn't breathe properly.

She bent over, her hands clutching her chest tightly, her heart aching as if it were being viciously torn apart.

The pain was unbearable, she couldn't breathe.

Biting down hard on her teeth, she sobbed, but could not make a sound,

She was embraced tightly by someone, as Waylon Lewis pulled her into his arms and closed his eyes.

It was the beginning of autumn, yet it felt as cold as the dead of winter.

Hope Williams struggled frantically, "Let go of me, let go, I need to be with Willow, Willow...ah..."

Tears finally fell in large drops, the pain uncontrollable, her heart as if it was ripped open.

Willow, her child, her child.

"Hope Williams, Hope Williams, calm down, calm down..." Waylon Lewis held onto the struggling Hope Williams tightly, clenching his back teeth.

Willow was his daughter, how could he not be heartbroken.

Sorrow spread among all present.

In the intensive care unit, Hope Williams stayed by Willow's side all night, gazing at her pale, colorless little face, Hope Williams was devastated.

"Boss."

Waylon Lewis stood at the entrance of the intensive care unit, standing silently for who knows how long, with Thomas Hughes standing behind him, gently reminding him.

“Have the people been summoned?” Waylon Lewis asked with a hoarse voice.

Thomas Hughes lowered his head, “Not yet.”

The hand hanging by his side clenched tightly, whitening at the knuckles.

Every industry has its rules, especially for professional assassins like them, revealing the employer meant endangering family members, even if they died, the organization would not spare their families.

Chapter 122: Chapter 122 The Debt That Must Be Repaid

Waylon Lewis furrowed his brows deeply, his eyes displaying the calm before the storm, “Call Wyatt Lewis over.”

Wyatt Lewis hadn't left the hospital and had been staying with Aria Richardson and Luke the whole time. Soon, Wyatt arrived.

“Brother,” Wyatt's voice was low and somber, his usually flippant face devoid of any frivolity.

“Stay with her, and make sure she doesn't come to harm.”

“Brother, where are you going?”

“Something's come up.”

...

Waylon Lewis left coldly after dropping those words.

Wyatt only felt that at this moment, the rage emanating from his brother could incinerate everything.

A man with a scar had died, and another bald man had been arrested.

Waylon Lewis had ordered that the bald man was not to die.

The bald man was hung from a post, his body without a single piece of intact flesh, blood pooling on the ground.

Waylon Lewis walked coldly to the sofa and sat down, lifting his gaze—which had not a trace of warmth—sweeping it over the man, “Who instructed you to do this?”

The bald man clenched his teeth tightly in defiance, “No one instructed me... just... I’ve been short on money recently and thought... I could get some to spend.”

Waylon Lewis gave a slight nod.

Standing next to the bald man, Thomas Hughes’ whip cracked down harshly onto the man’s body.

The bald man let out a piercing scream.

After a good ten-minute whipping, the bald man was barely clinging to life when someone doused him with a bucket of water to revive him.

Waylon Lewis sat there, expressionless, with a cigarette pinched between his fingers, “Ready to talk now?”

The bald man still bit down hard, refusing to submit.

Waylon Lewis let out a cold laugh and pressed the burning cigarette butt into the man’s mangled flesh.

“Ah!” The bald man cried in agony, “Kill me, kill me, just kill me.”

Waylon Lewis stood up ruthlessly, gesturing with his finger.

A woman and a child around seven or eight years old were immediately brought in from outside.

The bald man’s gaze shifted from a readiness to die to sheer panic; he struggled desperately, the chains clanging loudly.

“What... what are you going to do? Let go of my wife and child, let them go!”

Waylon Lewis had a fiendish cold smile on his lips as he stood high over the woman. As soon as the bald man finished speaking, he grabbed the ashtray from the table and smashed it violently against the woman.

“Ah!”

The ashtray struck her head, and blood gushed forth immediately.

Thomas Hughes kicked her in the back of the knees.

With a “thud,” she fell to her knees, trembling from the pain, crying desperately, “Ah... stop hitting, Aiden you must speak up, you must speak, are you going to watch me die with your eyes open?”

This time the bald man’s scream was more intense than ever; he fiercely struggled against the chains, but to no avail.

The woman and child’s crying, the bald man’s howling, echoed through the entire room.

Waylon Lewis was unmoved.

“Let go of my wife, I beg you, spare her, she knows nothing, she has done nothing wrong, direct your anger at me, at me!”

“What has my wife and child done wrong, huh?” Waylon Lewis asked coldly.

“My wife and child were harmed by you all; why should your woman and child have an easy time?”

“I know I was wrong, I truly do. Kill me—I’ll pay with my life, just spare them; they’re innocent, please spare them.”

“Spare them? Who’s going to make up for the suffering my woman and child endured?” Waylon Lewis radiated an unsurpassable chill.

“I will, I will, I’ll tell you everything, I’ll talk! The one who contacted us was a woman, surnamed Zhao, she’s from the Ward Family. We’ve done jobs for her before; I have her phone number in my cell.”

Waylon Lewis’s brow furrowed sharply, clearly already having an answer in mind. He gave the bald man a cold glance, “Kill the man, let the woman and child go.”

“I’ve told you everything, I’ve confessed everything,” the bald man yelled, “Why still kill me?”

“Because you deserve to die.”

Waylon Lewis left after throwing down those cold words.

In the car, Waylon Lewis leaned his elbow against the window and rested his hand on his temple, coldly saying, “Go to the Ward Family.”

Thomas Hughes had just started the car when Waylon’s phone rang.

Seeing the caller ID, Waylon immediately picked up.

“Waylon Lewis,” Hope Williams’s voice was frighteningly soft, as if all her strength had been drained.

“Uh-huh, I’m here,” Waylon replied, his heart aching at the sound of Hope’s weak voice.

“I want to go to the Ward family.”

Waylon frowned deeply, “Okay, I’ll come get you.”

At the Ward family’s villa.

Kaeli Thompson and Joy Ward lay lazily on rocking chairs, surrounded by several servants massaging them, with cheerful music playing as they toasted in celebration.

“Congratulations, Joy, Hope’s little bastard will soon die, and Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams must hate Hope for her deliberate concealment back then, and you conveniently saved that little wild seed. Your return to the Lewis Family is now secured.”

“Mom, I just used a little scheme. It’s just a pity that the other little bastard didn’t die. It would have been so good if they had both died,” Joy said elegantly, sipping red wine with a self-satisfied cold smile.

A sinister smile hung on Kaeli’s face, “Don’t worry, take your time. Hope will be severely weakened this time. What can she fight against you with? Once you marry into the Lewis Family, that little bastard will be under your care. With just a little trick, you can make his life unbearable. It’s more interesting to torture him slowly.”

“Mom, you’re right.”

Joy smiled coquettishly. She could already imagine her blissful life after marrying into the Lewis family.

The two women clinked their glasses together, laughing arrogantly.

“Madam, Miss, Young Master Lewis is here,” a servant came to report.

Joy’s heart leaped with joy, “Waylon has come to see me. His coming to see me now is...”

“It must be because you saved Luke, that boy. Waylon Lewis came especially to thank you,” Kaeli said with a smile, looking at her daughter.

Thinking of this, Joy immediately broke out into a proud smile, “Mom, I’m going down now. Do I look okay like this? Do I look good?”

“Beautiful, beautiful, my daughter is the most beautiful.”

Kaeli looked adoringly at Joy.

Joy quickly reapplied her lipstick and hurried downstairs. The moment she saw Waylon Lewis, her joy was unmistakable, "Waylon..."

Joy's gaze shifted left and saw the woman standing beside Waylon Lewis.

Hope Williams!

This wretched woman's daughter was about to die, and yet she found time to come here.

Joy immediately dropped the smile from her face, which was quickly replaced by a full look of worry.

Hope's gaze was icy as she looked at Joy.

If it hadn't been for Joy, the hijacker wouldn't have gone berserk and thrown Luke and Willow down.

Willow wouldn't have been killed.

Hope clenched her hand tightly, a tidal wave of anger threatening to drown all her rationality, she desperately forced herself to hold back her rage.

Joy looked at Hope's face, once delicate, now full of exhaustion, and felt a sense of triumph.

All she had to do now was wait for Willow Williams, that dead girl, to die, and her return to the Lewis family would be imminent.

Joy sighed softly, her face full of sorrow as she looked at Hope, "Miss Williams, my condolences."

Hope's gaze turned frosty, "What did you say?"

"The thing about Willow... I... Ah!" Joy was cut off by a shriek mid-sentence.

She felt a numbness on her face, and her mind went blank as the slap landed.

Hope stood there quietly, looking down on Joy with disdain, her eyes devoid of any human warmth, utterly cold.

Joy clutched her face in pain, "Why... why did you hit me?"

Hope grabbed Joy by the collar with one hand, "Is my daughter dead? Huh? I'm telling you, she is not dead, and she won't die. So this 'my condolences' I'll return to you."

Joy was struck dumb with fear, her eyes frantically darting about in panic.

She had never seen Hope like this before, those eyes filled with intense malice, as though if Hope had a knife in her hand, she would not hesitate to plunge it into her neck.

But even this was not enough to quell the hatred in her heart.

Hope closed her eyes tightly and gritted her teeth, "At the time, I had already persuaded the kidnapper. Why did you have to grab Luke? Why did you have to provoke the kidnapper? Tell me, why?"

Chapter 123: Chapter 123: Harm My Child, I'll Take Your Life.

Joy Ward's heart raced with fright, and she desperately shook her head, "I...I wanted to save Luke, I was afraid they would harm the child, I wanted to save them."

"Save?" Hope Williams sneered.

As the laughter died, she violently grabbed a decorative piece from the coffee table and smashed it straight onto Joy Ward's head.

Joy Ward had no time to dodge.

"Crash!"

The glass ornament hit her head hard, shattered fiercely, and fell to the ground, scattering pieces everywhere.

...

With a "thud," Joy Ward fell violently onto the glass shards.

"Ah..." Joy Ward let out an inhuman scream of pain.

Hope Williams gripped Joy Ward's carefully groomed long hair, looked down at her with a cold gaze, "Did I not tell you, harm my child a bit, and I'll take your life. Why do you insist on not valuing your life, huh?"

"I didn't, I didn't harm your child, I really...really wanted to save them, Hope Williams, let me go...let me go."

“Bang.”

The screaming Joy Ward was thrown by Hope Williams against the wall, where she promptly lost consciousness. Half-closed eyes, she was as bloody and mangled as mud.

The person before her was even more terrifying, like Asura himself.

Kaeli Thompson, upstairs, followed the noise down only to see her daughter lying on the floor with a bloodied face.

The servants beside her were all so frightened that they knelt on the ground.

Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams stood there coldly, like two devils coming to claim their lives.

Waylon’s gaze shifted to Kaeli Thompson, who was so startled that her facial mask fell off, and with wobbly legs, she ran down to embrace her daughter, “Joy, Joy, what happened? What happened? Who hit you? Who hit you?”

The kneeling servant tremulously pointed at the quietly standing Hope Williams.

Kaeli Thompson bit her teeth hard, “Hope Williams, you treacherous wretch, my daughter saved your son, and this is how you repay her, what does my daughter owe you? Joy should not have saved your son, you damned wretch, I’ll tear you apart.”

Kaeli Thompson got up, raising her hand to slap Hope Williams across the face.

Waylon Lewis furrowed his brows tightly, the chill from his body spreading instantly as he stepped forward and seized Kaeli Thompson’s hand.

The chilling oppression from Waylon Lewis startled Kaeli Thompson into terrified shock.

“President Lewis...you, with Joy being beaten like this, are you still going to protect this woman?”

Waylon Lewis said coldly, “She shouldn’t have been hit?”

“President Lewis, you can’t bully people like this. What has Joy done wrong? She even saved Luke. Why should she be beaten by this woman? This wretch hitting Joy today can’t just be let go like this,” Kaeli Thompson said very aggressively, fiercely protecting Joy Ward in her arms.

Hope Williams ground her teeth, her icy gaze sweeping over Kaeli Thompson’s gritted face.

Waylon Lewis's brow furrowed deeply. "Say that again."

Chilled by Waylon's sinister gaze, Kaeli Thompson trembled fiercely, her voice getting stuck in her throat. After a second's hesitation, she mustered her courage and said again, "President Lewis, Joy really did save Luke...did I say anything wrong? She saves a life but still gets beaten by this wretch. We just want a proper explanation."

She was certain that since her daughter had saved Luke, Waylon Lewis wouldn't do anything to her.

So she was fearless, holding onto a favor as her leverage.

"An explanation?" Waylon Lewis ground his molars, the frost in his brows coalescing into endless hostility, and he coldly gestured with his hand.

Thomas Hughes immediately stepped forward with his bodyguards, one on each side holding Kaeli Thompson's shoulders down.

Kaeli Thompson's whole body was trembling, "What? What are you going to do?"

"Slap! Slap!"

Two slapping sounds were heard, and the bodyguards released Kaeli Thompson.

Kaeli Thompson clutched her face tightly, unable to even cry out.

The man swept a cold glance over her, like a devil crawling out from hell.

Just as Christopher Ward came back from outside, he witnessed this scene and instantly became furious.

"What, what are you doing?" Christopher pushed Thomas Hughes away.

"Christopher, save me, save me," Kaeli cried, throwing herself at her husband for help.

Christopher wanted to continue speaking, but Thomas's cold, angry voice rang out, "Chairman Ward, ask your dear wife what she has done. She even dared touch the Lewis Family's child, this matter isn't over between the Lewis Family and the Ward Family."

"Those two slaps were just to shut her filthy mouth; if she dares to curse Miss Williams again, I'll absolutely tear her mouth apart."

Thomas, who had been with Waylon Lewis for a long time, knew from just one look what his boss's raging anger meant.

His recklessness was on par with hers.

The three of them were startled by Thomas's words.

Kaeli's pupils suddenly contracted sharply, freezing for a full five seconds before she loudly objected, "It wasn't me, President Lewis, it wasn't me. Who told you... It couldn't possibly be me who kidnapped the children..."

Christopher knew how grave it was to have this blame pinned on them and objected repeatedly, "What does the kidnapping of the Lewis Family's children have to do with my wife? There must be a mistake. My daughter even saved Luke; it must be a mistake," Christopher argued desperately.

"Chairman Ward, if it weren't for your dear daughter angering the kidnapper, my young lady wouldn't be injured and lying in the hospital now. Are you sure you still want to bring up the matter of saving the young master?"

Christopher jumped at the scare, wondering if these two fools had really gone after the Lewis Family's children. He explained with a guilty conscience, "She... she meant well at that time... Kaeli has always been the most timid, she couldn't possibly have sent someone to kidnap the Lewis Family's children. There must be some misunderstanding."

"Whether it was well-intended or deliberate, my boss and Miss Williams will judge for themselves. It's not your place to say," Thomas said coldly, staring at them with severity.

"Let them die understanding why," came the utterly indifferent voice of Waylon Lewis.

The three people in front of him trembled violently.

Particularly Joy Ward and Kaeli Thompson, with Joy clinging to Kaeli, both trembling and unable to make a sound.

Kaeli, in a panic, clutched Joy's hand, unable to control her shaking.

"Yes," Thomas immediately turned on the video on his phone.

Kaeli picked up the phone shakily, and in the video, there was a bloody scene of torture, but one could faintly hear their words.

"I know I did wrong, I really did, kill me, I'll pay with my life, spare them, they are innocent, spare them, please."

"Spare them? Who's going to pay for the suffering my woman and child endured?"

“I will, I will, I’m telling, I’ll tell everything. The one who contacted us was a woman, named Zhao, from the Ward Family. We’ve done jobs for her before, her cell phone number is still in my phone.”

“Ah!” Kaeli screamed sharply, as if she was holding a hot potato, and violently threw the phone away, her eyes wide with terror.

“It’s not like that, it’s not like that, they are lying, I didn’t, I didn’t do it, I don’t know them, they are lying, you mustn’t believe them.”

Chapter 124: Chapter 124: Return the Injury Tenfold

“It’s not like that, it’s not like that, they are lying, I didn’t, I didn’t do it, I don’t know them, they are deceiving you, don’t believe them.”

Christopher Ward picked up the phone and after looking at the screen, his face turned as dark as ink. With a kick, he landed a blow on Kaeli Thompson’s body. “You! You wretched woman, how dare you, how dare you! You want to kill me, ruin the Ward Family.”

“I didn’t, I really didn’t. Christopher, there’s a misunderstanding, I truly didn’t,” Kaeli Thompson crawled to Christopher Ward’s feet, desperately clutching his pant leg.

“The video evidence is all here, how do you plan to argue your case?”

“Ahh,” Kaeli Thompson clutched her head, “No, I really didn’t do it.”

“So it was indeed you.” Hope Williams stood there quietly, then suddenly spoke up, her gaze falling on Joy Ward, “You were involved too, weren’t you?”

...

“No!” Joy Ward shouted decisively, “I know nothing about it, I was kidnapped too, to save Luke and Willow, I was also kidnapped, I don’t know anything, I honestly don’t.”

Joy Ward clenched her teeth, this time Kaeli Thompson definitely could not escape, and she cried out, “Mom, are you confused? How can you be so muddled, how could you harm Luke and Willow?”

“It was clearly you...”

“Mom!” Joy Ward yelled, drowning out Kaeli Thompson’s voice, “Just admit it, Mom. It’s pointless to deny, you can’t die unrepentant.”

Kaeli Thompson looked at her daughter with a face full of panic, she couldn't believe that this was indeed her own daughter, "You, you!"

Joy Ward gripped Kaeli Thompson's hand tight, with a pair of eyes full of pitiful begging.

Those eyes were clearly communicating a plea for her mother to take the blame for everything.

Joy Ward stood frozen, then heard a voice from Joy Ward so low only the two of them could hear, "Mom, please, help me, I don't want to die. I still want to marry into the Lewis Family and become the Young Madam of the Lewis Family. Just take the blame for all of this for me, I will thank you, Mom, I'm your true daughter."

Kaeli Thompson tilted her head back, her eyes wide open, staring at the woman in front of her. She remained stiff for a full minute, then fiercely closed her eyes, "It was... it was me who did it, all by myself, I hate Hope Williams, it was me, everything was my doing."

Joy Ward let out a breath of relief and harshly reprimanded Kaeli Thompson, "Mom, you, you are just despicable!"

"Take her away," Waylon Lewis commanded coldly.

Thomas Hughes led his men to restrain Kaeli Thompson.

Kaeli Thompson struggled fiercely.

Everyone knew that Waylon Lewis was cold-blooded and ruthless. Would she even be alive to return after being taken away?

No, no, she didn't want this.

"Save me, Christopher, save me, I'm your wife. Joy, save me, save me, I won't go, I won't go," Kaeli Thompson struggled with all her might.

Seeing his wife like this, Christopher Ward pleaded with Waylon Lewis and Miss Williams, "Waylon, Miss Williams, she already knows she was wrong. Please let her go. I will make her apologize to the children, no, our whole family will apologize to the children..."

"No need," Hope Williams interrupted coldly, lifting her eyelids slightly, "Whatever my child has suffered, she will suffer ten times over before I will let her go."

Suffer ten times over?

Willow had been stabbed once.

Kaeli Thompson to be stabbed ten times before they would let her go!

Wasn't this a demand for her life?

"No, no, I will die, I really will die... let go... ah, let go of me!" Kaeli Thompson struggled furiously, thrashing on the ground like a mad dog.

"Waylon, I beg you, please. My mom was misguided, she didn't mean any harm, she truly didn't. Let her go, please, with ten stabs, she really will die," Joy Ward knelt on the ground, weeping and begging.

Waylon Lewis slightly turned his head, his stunningly handsome face void of any emotion, his thin lips parting slightly to let out a few words, "Then why don't you take her place?"

In an instant, Joy Ward was so scared that even her crying ceased.

In the chill of the room, only the terrible swishing sound of a cold blade cutting through flesh and Kaeli Thompson's inhuman cries of pain could be heard.

The worst part was that every stab avoided the vital areas, Kaeli Thompson could only endure the excruciating pain, unable to die.

Waylon Lewis gently pulled the woman who had been standing calmly by his side, watching everything with indifference, into his arms.

When he touched the woman's body, he realized that she had been lightly trembling the whole time, her hands clenched tight, the sharp nails have long since deeply embedded themselves in the palms of her hands.

Her palms were a bloody mess.

From when Willow had the accident until now, she had handled everything with extreme calmness, so calm it seemed as if she had no soul, just an empty shell, even when her enemies paid tenfold the price, she didn't even blink, unable to soothe the slightest hint of hatred in her heart.

Waylon Lewis's brows deeply furrowed, his anger burning even more intensely, he tenderly pried open Hope Williams's fingers one by one.

...

The intensive care unit smelt of disinfectant, with Hope Williams sitting beside the bed, looking at Willow's face so pale and devoid of life.

The silence in the ward was only broken by the dripping sound of the machines, terrifyingly quiet.

The little one lying there with various tubes and devices attached, her delicate little arms covered with conspicuous needle marks surrounded by purplish-red bruises and dried traces of medication.

Hope's eyes watered and dried, again and again, as she held that icy, cold small hand.

Hope had been there for two days and a night, her eyes bloodshot, unwilling to leave, her face gaunt like never before as she continued to watch Willow, rubbing her small hands, caressing her face, and whispering stories to her, just like she normally would to put her to sleep.

Because she had sat without moving for so long, her joints were briefly stiff, but even so, she didn't want to leave; she was afraid that Willow would be scared and cry if she woke up and didn't see her.

Waylon Lewis stood unmoving outside.

"Mommy..." Luke called Hope Williams in a very soft voice, "Sister will wake up, right? She's just sleeping, right?"

Hope's body moved slightly, not taking her gaze off Willow for a moment, "Yes, sister is just sleeping, she will wake up, Luke, will you stay with mommy and wait for her to wake up?"

"Yes, we will wait together for sister to wake up, Luke will also take sister out to play."

Hope bit her teeth hard, hugging Luke tightly.

"Beep..."

The cold alarm of the machine blared piercingly.

In an instant, Hope's heart clenched tightly, despairingly watching Willow's little body covered with machines.

A large team of doctors rushed in, Willow started her third resuscitation.

After another round of resuscitation, the doctor shook his head helplessly, "Miss Williams, the child's condition is not good, whether she can wake up now, we can only wait for a miracle."

Waylon Lewis took big strides over to Hope, pulling her into his embrace.

Hope bit her lip hard, her strength drained as if siphoned away, unable to utter a word.

She leaned against the man's strong chest but couldn't feel a trace of warmth.

Hope gasped for breath, and Waylon only felt the woman in his arms trembling, but soon, her body weighed down; she had lost consciousness.

"Hope Williams!" Waylon hurriedly picked up Hope, after examination, it was found she was overwhelmed with shock, hadn't eaten for ages, and her body had collapsed from overexertion.

Waylon Lewis ran back and forth between the hospital rooms for Hope and her daughter.

Hope lay on the hospital bed, eyes closed but sweating profusely, her expression was one of extreme agony, as if she was in the midst of a deeply distressing nightmare.

In the dream, Hope saw Willow moving further and further away from herself, and no matter how she reached out, she couldn't touch Willow's little hand.

"Mommy, Willow is going now, you have to take care of yourself."

Willow moved away further and further, Hope desperately chasing, but her speed was nowhere near that of Willow moving away.

"Don't go, Willow, Willow!"

Willow waved at her, "Mommy, I'm sorry, Willow is really tired and in pain, I just regret, I can't go to the amusement park with mommy and brother. Mommy, Willow is leaving, don't be sad, live well, Willow will always be mommy's baby."

Chapter 125: Chapter 125 The Ward Family Villa Burned Down

"Ah... Willow!" Hope Williams suddenly sat up in the hospital bed.

She gasped for air, her chest oppressive, tears at the corners of her eyes, everything in her dream was so real, so real it nearly brought the awakened Hope to the brink of collapse.

"Sister-in-law."

"Hope."

"Little Hope."

Seeing her awake, everyone around her bed immediately gathered, and Hope's gaze swept over them as she asked, "Willow, where's Willow?"

...

"Willow is still in the ICU, Waylon Lewis and Luke just went to be with her," Aria Richardson said with tenderness in her eyes, already red and swollen from crying countless times.

Hope fiercely threw off her blanket, completely disregarding the IV in her hand, ripped it off, and bolted towards the door.

"Hope, calm down a bit, your body is still very weak, you..."

"Let me go, let me go!" Hope roared, "I have to go back to be with Willow."

"Sister-in-law, Willow, my brother is with her, everything will be okay, you should finish your IV drip first," Wyatt Lewis pleaded with red-rimmed eyes.

Hope wouldn't listen. Benjamin Myers solemnly raised his hand to stop Aria and Wyatt, watching Hope's retreating back with eyes full of sorrow and sadness, "Let her go. Holding her back will only make her more distressed."

Keeping emotions bottled up can drive a person crazy.

Hope stumbled to the entrance of the ICU where Elder Lewis, Christopher Lewis, and Alitzel Williams were all present.

Elder Lewis sat in his wheelchair with his head bowed low, his aged figure overwhelmed with grief. Alitzel Williams was sobbing uncontrollably, and Christopher Lewis frowned deeply, saying nothing.

Upon seeing Hope, Alitzel rushed forward, "Are you satisfied now? This is the consequence of you stealing the child, she's going to be killed by you."

"Alitzel Williams, have you had enough?" Elder Lewis shouted hoarsely, "Little Hope is the child's mother, and her grief is not a bit less than yours."

"If it weren't for her hiding the child, it wouldn't have come to this. Now look at what you've done, Hope, are you satisfied? Look, look inside, it's all your fault, I'm asking you, are you satisfied?" Alitzel's voice was roaring and trembling with uncontrollable emotion.

That's her own granddaughter, whom she hadn't even had the chance to love properly, and now the child was in such a state – how could Alitzel not lose her mind.

Regardless of how Alitzel Williams cursed and struck her, Hope stood quietly at the window, gazing at the robust figure of the man inside, his long, gentle hands moistening a cotton swab with water to feed Willow.

Hope pushed the door open and went inside. Hearing the noise, Waylon turned his head, Hope looked at him to see his bloodshot eyes; he hadn't rested in days, running between the hospital and the company, his eyes red and the area beneath them dark with fatigue.

"Feeling any better?" Waylon pulled Hope's hand, guiding her to sit on the chair beside him.

"Waylon Lewis..." Hope's voice carried a hint of a choke.

Waylon raised his hand, gently and tenderly stroking her soft hair, "What's wrong?"

"Is it all my fault? If I had left Luke and Willow with the Lewis family, no one would dare to touch them, right?"

Waylon held her hand, "It's not your fault. You did what's right. You've protected the children well. It's me who's in the wrong. I haven't fulfilled my fatherly responsibilities. Once Willow gets better, let's take care of Luke and Willow together, okay?"

Hope looked at Waylon with a dim gaze, slowly nodded her head, her lips trembling as she uttered weakly, "You go back and rest; I'll stay here. Don't argue with me, you can take over tomorrow. And also for Luke, if your parents want to take him to the Lewis residence, then don't stop them. He needs someone to take care of him now."

Hope had thought it through; Luke and Willow were Waylon's children and everyone knew it. Many were waiting to take their shot at them; Luke needed the protection of the Lewis family.

Waylon knew she was persuading him to rest. He deeply kissed Hope's forehead, "Alright."

Waylon Lewis had kept Hope Williams company for a while longer before he finally got up to leave. As he walked out, he saw Old Master Lewis, Christopher Lewis, and Alitzel Williams waiting at the door.

Everyone quickly went up to greet him.

"How is Willow's condition now?" Alitzel Williams asked first.

Waylon's handsome face was gloomy and tired. He said nothing and walked straight away.

Unacknowledged, Alitzel Williams looked at Christopher and then at Elder Lewis.

Elder Lewis sighed helplessly and said, "Waylon values Hope so much. With Willow's incident, the most heartbroken have to be him and Hope. You've repeatedly made things difficult and blamed Hope. It's no wonder he's unhappy with you."

Alitzel Williams was also anxious about the child and felt somewhat wronged. "But I'm just stating the facts."

If Hope had given the child to the Lewis family, such a terrible thing wouldn't have happened.

Elder Lewis sighed deeply and said with a heavy heart, "You don't understand everything. The affair between Hope and Waylon back then wasn't so simple. There's no absolute right or wrong. It was wrong for Hope to leave without a word, but as far as I know, it was Waylon who wanted her to have an abortion, forcing Hope to flee. Doesn't Waylon bear any responsibility for Hope's departure?"

"This..." Alitzel Williams was speechless.

Elder Lewis turned his head to look at the intensive care unit and continued in an aged voice, "Hope gave birth to Luke and Willow. You want her to return the children to the Lewis family for upbringing. Does she not have a heart? To hand over children she raised by hand to someone else, wouldn't her heart ache?"

"It was you who didn't want her children initially. Now that she's raised them well, you want them back. What right do you have to enjoy all the benefits?"

"You keep accusing her endlessly. Have you ever thought about her for a moment? If it were your children, would you be willing to hand them over to someone else?"

Elder Lewis's eyes were frosty and profound. "In terms of right and wrong, you also made mistakes back then, driving a woman to such despair. I'm also to blame, always saying I protect her, yet ultimately letting her bear everything alone. We all should introspect and examine ourselves. After all, it's our Lewis family that wronged her."

The more Elder Lewis spoke, the more Alitzel Williams and Christopher bowed their heads.

Waylon got into the car, tiredly furrowing his brow.

Thomas Hughes, in the driver's seat, looked at his boss through the rearview mirror.

His gravelly voice slowly said, "Speak up."

Thomas Hughes immediately averted his gaze and said, "Boss, the Ward family's villa... it was burned down."

Waylon's brows twitched, but his eyes remained closed as he asked coldly, "Who did it?"

"We're still investigating. This group attacked the Ward family right after we left. Kaeli Thompson from the Ward family was shot five times and died on the spot. Joy Ward and Christopher Ward weren't hurt, but they were extremely shocked. By the time they were taken to the hospital, they were somewhat delirious. But that's secondary. After doing all that, these people set fire to the Ward family's villa. It looks like a vendetta."

The actions of that group were outrageously brazen.

Waylon opened his eyes, his handsome face tense, and frost gathered between his brows. His thin lips emitted two cold words, "Continue."

Thomas spoke fluidly, "They are well-trained and armed, each of them appearing to have had professional training. Among them, we even identified one person."

Thomas handed over the intercepted image to Waylon, "This person is Wesley Ruiz, the one we've been looking for who murdered... murdered the Third Young Master eight years ago."

Waylon's expression changed immediately, and his long, narrow eyebrows fiercely knitted together. Holding the photo, a coldness swirled between his brows.

Thomas suddenly found it hard to breathe, and every inch of his skin screamed in fear.

Waylon lifted his dark eyes, and Thomas was so scared that he bowed his head even deeper.

Chapter 126: Chapter 126: You Should Die with Your Daughter

Waylon Lewis lifted his ink-black eyes, and Thomas Hughes was even more frightened, deeply bowing his head.

After a moment, Waylon Lewis said, "Continue."

The not-so-small space inside the car could no longer contain the coldness that filled the air; his voice was like a howl emerging from a snowcapped mountain enveloped in ice, chilling to the bone.

Thomas Hughes didn't know how he managed to continue speaking with such resilience, "He... The silver-haired man up front seems to be their leader. We didn't capture his face, and we're currently verifying his identity."

"These people have always acted arrogantly, leaving no room for mercy. We kept tracking the clues until we hit a dead end. What we're curious about is, they have no connection with the Ward Family, and yet they suddenly attacked the Wards—more specifically, it seems they were avenging someone on behalf of another."

This was all the information Thomas Hughes had uncovered, and he reported it completely and in detail.

...

Waylon Lewis narrowed his eyes.

Avenging someone!

"Keep looking; find this person for me."

Eight years ago, the Lewis Family suffered a devastating attack. At the time, Waylon Lewis was only twenty, and he witnessed his fourteen-year-old brother being murdered.

It was a scene he could never forget, a lifelong pain. He swore he would find the person who killed Jayden Lewis and avenge him.

Similarly, this was the Lewis Family's secret, and even more, a taboo.

Now that this man had appeared, Waylon Lewis would not let him off.

"Boss, what should we do now?"

"Back to the company."

"But, Boss, you haven't rested for several days."

Even someone made of iron couldn't stand this.

Waylon Lewis raised his hand to rub the throbbing at his brow, "It's nothing."

He had the entire Lewis Clan Group on his shoulders; rest was a luxury to him.

Thomas Hughes clenched his teeth; he couldn't defy the Boss's orders and had no choice but to drive to the company.

...

Hope Williams sat in the intensive care unit, hearing faint footsteps behind her, thinking a doctor had arrived. As Hope turned around, a “smack” sound rang out, an unexpected slap struck her face hard.

Hope staggered two steps, her back hitting the corner of a table with a “thud,” sending a numb pain throughout her body.

Hope’s eyes darkened from the pain, and then the woman in front of her, seemingly crazed, grabbed her collar directly.

“Hope Williams, you owe me my mother’s life!” Joy Ward screamed at Hope, “My mother is dead, she’s dead. You sent someone to kill her and burn down our villa. You’re ruthless, so ruthless. I’ve already called the police; you’re finished.”

Hope’s brow furrowed tightly, the chill on her body dispersing instantly, and she pushed Joy Ward away with the pain.

Joy Ward’s eyes were wide, filled with red veins, relentlessly pointing at Hope, “You whore, you deserve to die, you should die along with your dead daughter. No, that’s not enough, ha ha ha ha, Hope Williams, you’re going to watch your daughter slowly die, that will be the most painful ha ha ha ha.”

Hope grit her teeth, her icy gaze sweeping over the snarling face of Joy Ward, almost driven to madness.

“The sins you’ve committed, Hope Williams, will all be recompensed upon your daughter, just you wait, ha ha ha ha, your daughter is bound to die this time.”

Doctors from outside rushed in to restrain Joy Ward.

“This is the intensive care unit, unrelated personnel, please leave.”

“Don’t push me; I’m not done talking. This dead woman killed my mother and burned down our house, I want to stay here and watch, watch her daughter slowly die, watch her suffer as I am,” Joy Ward yelled, ignoring the obstruction.

“How can you say such cruel things? Please leave,” the doctors couldn’t bear to listen.

“I’m cruel? How am I as cruel as Miss Williams over there? She! She hired someone to kill my mother; my mother died from five gunshot wounds, her daughter, why hasn’t she...”

With a sharp “smack” sound.

Joy Ward only felt numbness on her left cheek, followed by waves of burning pain spreading out.

Her body swerved violently, finding support on the wall to avoid falling.

The doctor standing by was simply flabbergasted.

Joy Ward was likewise stunned for a long while.

At this moment, she felt no sensation in her right cheek at all, and even her ears were buzzing.

After a while, she lifted her head, her face twisted with utter fury.

Hope Williams stood in place, her cold gaze devoid of any warmth.

“You dare hit me? Hope Williams, you slut, you shameless thing actually dare hit me.”

Joy Ward clutched her face, feeling like she was going to explode with rage. She had not anticipated Hope Williams would actually dare to strike her.

Why did this slut have any right to hit her?

She bit down hard on her teeth, like a madwoman she lunged at Hope Williams; she had to tear this slut apart tonight.

Hope Williams just stood there unmoving, her gaze frosty beyond measure.

Just as Joy Ward’s hand was about to strike, Hope Williams lifted her hand, but another large hand quickly caught Joy Ward’s, flinging it aside.

A strong arm wrapped around Hope Williams’s slender body, as dark eyes glared at Joy Ward.

Waylon Lewis hadn’t been gentle, and Joy Ward’s body twisted awkwardly as she fell to the ground, wailing bitterly.

Waylon’s dark brows knitted together, the woman in his arms trembling slightly.

“Are you all right?” he asked anxiously.

Hope Williams didn’t respond, staring blankly at Joy Ward with eyes brimming with fury.

In the bright light overhead, Waylon clearly saw a distinct handprint on the woman’s pale cheek.

It was vivid and glaring.

Waylon clenched his fists tightly, his handsome face suddenly clouded with anger.

“You rest, I’ll handle this.”

Hope Williams pushed Waylon Lewis away and advanced a few steps, grabbing Joy Ward’s hair and dragging her outside. As the door closed behind them, Waylon hurriedly followed.

Hope Williams smashed Joy Ward’s head against the wall with a yank of her hair, “Who gave you the right to curse my daughter, hasn’t she suffered enough because of you?”

“Ah... Hope Williams...”

“Why did your mother die, who was the real person who hired the killer, and for whom did she die? Don’t you have any idea? She shouldn’t have died because it should have been you, she died in your stead.”

Hope Williams let go of Joy Ward’s hair and gave her a kick in the stomach, sending Joy flying and crashing into the wall.

Hope Williams looked down on Joy Ward like a demon from on high.

Joy Ward, clutching her stomach, collapsed to the ground with continuous screams.

People passing by were shocked at the scene.

Hope Williams’s lips trembled uncontrollably—only she knew how suffocating it felt inside. Joy Ward’s provocation was like a fuse about to burn out, set ablaze by the final spark, and Hope Williams exploded.

She hurt others, and herself was left battered and bruised.

Waylon Lewis’s chest felt like it was ripping open with pain; he strode forward and wrapped his arm around the trembling person, feeling through his clothes how violently the woman in his arms was shaking. His mighty arms tightened unconsciously as he whispered reassuringly in her ear, “It’s okay, it’s okay, don’t cry. Our daughter will get better, I won’t go anywhere, I’ll stay with you, wait with you until our daughter wakes up.”

Christopher Ward ran over and saw his daughter lying on the ground, barely conscious, his heart pierced with pain, and anger surged within him.

This was too much to bear, far too much.

His wife had been murdered, the Ward Family burned, and still, they couldn’t leave his daughter alone?

“Joy, Joy,” Christopher Ward scooped Joy Ward into his arms.

“Dad, that bitch Hope Williams killed mom, she hired people to burn down the Ward Family, dad... I’m so full of hate, it hurts so much!” Joy Ward spewed a mouthful of blood, the scarlet fluid tormenting Christopher.

“This is too much, far too much! The person who did wrong was Kaeli, you sent people to stab her ten times, leaving her worse than dead, and that wasn’t enough? You had to kill her? What did we do wrong, why did you send people to burn down the Ward Family, and now why have you beaten my daughter to this state?” Christopher Ward’s voice was shaking.

Chapter 127: Chapter 127: Severe Psychological Trauma

Everything was beyond expectation; the Ward Family had suffered a devastating loss.

And all of this, all of these consequences were because of that woman—it was this woman who had doomed his entire family.

Christopher Ward was seething with anger.

His furious voice attracted a crowd of onlookers.

It seemed as if he had anticipated the crowd, and knowing the Lewis Family wouldn’t dare to do anything with so many witnesses around, he spoke with even more audacity.

“All of this is your fault, Hope Williams, for bringing such disaster upon our family. It’s all your fault. You only lost a daughter, but look at what we’ve lost, what we’ve sacrificed—it’s enough to compensate for your daughter’s life!” Christopher Ward bellowed.

...

Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams almost simultaneously glanced up, their cold, forbidding eyes sweeping toward Christopher Ward.

Christopher didn’t notice the icy stares and kept ranting.

“How dare you!”

There was an authoritative roar.

Old Master Lewis sat in his wheelchair, his face dark with anger. No one had noticed his arrival, “Ruining the offspring of the Lewis Family, your entire family wouldn’t be enough compensation. And yet you dare to be arrogant here. Wyatt, have someone throw them out.”

Wyatt Lewis clenched his fists, “As you command, Grandfather.”

Christopher panicked, “Old Master Lewis, you can’t be so heartless! It was this woman who caused the ruin and death of my family. Am I not even allowed to seek justice?”

“Justice?” Old Master Lewis sneered with a domineering aura suddenly radiating from him, “My great-granddaughter is still lying on the hospital bed, barely clinging to life. Who will give her justice? Who has she offended? Why should she suffer because of you? If you want to settle accounts, the Lewis Family will be with you to the very end.”

Christopher was immediately rendered speechless by the old man’s oppressive presence.

Then, suddenly, there was an exclamation of shock from the doctors inside the hospital room.

“Miss Williams, Willow is awake!”

Hope Williams was jolted with surprise, so was everyone else—their gaze shifting towards the hospital room.

Hope was the first to rush inside, “Willow!”

The little one on the hospital bed was half-opening her eyes, blinking, her eyeballs moving in their sockets and settling on Hope Williams.

Hope’s eyes instantly lit up with bright lights as tears poured out, “Willow, Willow, it’s Mommy.”

Hope was both shocked and overjoyed as she swiftly checked the indicators on the machines.

Hope didn’t know how to describe what she was feeling at that moment.

“President Lewis, Miss Williams, Willow has passed the critical phase,” the doctor was equally ecstatic.

Waylon Lewis hugged Hope tightly, feeling a wave of relief as if the heaviness in his chest had eased, “That’s great, that’s wonderful, our daughter is safe now.”

Hope, clinging just as tightly to Waylon, cried and said, “Yes, Willow is okay now; she is alright now.”

Outside the hospital room, Joy Ward’s eyes widened as her shoulders slumped helplessly.

The Ward Family had paid such a heavy price.

And not a single one had been killed.

Was her mother's death all in vain? Was the burning of the Ward Family villa for nothing?

In the following days, just as before, Hope Williams stayed in the hospital room keeping company with Willow. After a week, Willow's observation period was over, and she could be moved to a regular room; even the oxygen mask on her face could be removed.

Everyone was gathered around Willow; her large, sparkling eyes darted back and forth as she looked at everyone around her.

"Willow, I'm your uncle, you know."

"Willow, I'm your grandma."

"Willow..."

"Willow..."

Willow just looked straight at them, not saying a word, her gaze unfamiliar.

"Willow, would you like some water?" Hope Williams asked softly.

Willow's eyes shifted to Hope and nodded.

Hope brought her some warm water. Willow took a few sips, then shook her head, indicating she didn't want anymore.

"Willow, would you like your brother to tell you a story?" Luke leaned over the side of Willow's hospital bed.

Willow blinked slowly and nodded her head.

Anxiously, Hope Williams watched over Willow and took the opportunity when everyone was with her to go and find Willow's primary doctor.

"Willow has woken up but hasn't said a word. Why is that?"

The attending physician adjusted his glasses on the bridge of his nose and sighed lightly. "It's hard to say, the child might have been extremely frightened when she was kidnapped, and she sustained such serious injuries. For such a young child, this is a great psychological harm, which is why she doesn't want to talk."

“Is this just temporary?” Hope Williams frowned deeply.

“It’s hard to say, we need to observe her for a period of time. You parents also need to spend more time with her, this helps with the child’s physical and mental recovery.”

“I understand, thank you, doctor.” Hope Williams nodded.

Just as she walked out of the doctor’s office, she saw Wyatt Lewis rushing out to find her, and Hope Williams quickly approached. “What’s happened?”

“Sister-in-law, Willow won’t stop crying because she can’t see you, please go back quickly.” Hope Williams hurried back.

The little one was surrounded and cooed over by a group of people, but her voice had become hoarse from crying, and her little face was cried red; with wet eyes, she looked extremely pitiable. Hope Williams felt a sudden tightness in her heart and hurriedly embraced Willow to comfort her, “Willow, don’t cry. Don’t be afraid, Mommy is here.”

Seeing Hope Williams return, Willow ceased her crying and clung tightly to Hope Williams, as if she would never want to let go.

Hope Williams felt a deep sense of heartache and tentatively asked, “What’s wrong, Willow? Can you try to talk to Mommy?”

Willow burrowed into Hope Williams’ arms, not willing to speak at all.

Hope Williams looked at the people full of doubts, her face also clouded with worry.

After coaxing Willow to sleep, Hope Williams placed her back on the bed, and Alitzel Williams gestured for Hope Williams to follow her out.

Hope Williams followed Alitzel Williams.

Alitzel Williams’ anger toward Hope Williams had dissipated, and she asked in a calm tone, “What happened to Willow? She hasn’t spoken since she woke up.”

It was clear that everyone had noticed Willow’s condition. Hope Williams exhaled a murky breath, “The doctor said Willow was frightened and struck by something traumatic, and now she doesn’t want to talk. She can only recover slowly.”

Alitzel Williams frowned with concern. Just as Hope Williams thought Alitzel would blame her, she heard Alitzel sigh, “Poor child, that damnable Kaeli Thompson, I really misjudged her, daring to harm a child from the Lewis family.”

Hope Williams remained silent.

"These days have been hard on you as well. Now that Willow is sleeping, I'll watch over her here. You go back and rest for a bit. You're only human, you can't withstand this much either."

The rare tone of concern surprised Hope Williams.

Seeing Hope Williams looking at her, Alitzel Williams felt a bit embarrassed and averted her gaze, "I'm not concerned about you, you know. I'm concerned about whether you'll have the energy to take care of the children later. Now stop standing there and go rest."

"Okay, thank you."

"Don't thank me. I was too hasty earlier and spoke harshly. It was my mistake to blame you. I should thank you instead, for raising Luke and Willow for our Lewis family..."

"Mom!" Suddenly, a stern voice called out.

Both turned to see Waylon Lewis walking over quickly. He wrapped his arm around Hope Williams, looking at Alitzel Williams with caution, "What are you doing?"

Alitzel Williams was almost amused by her son's expression, "Waylon Lewis! As if I could eat her."

"Can't be too sure," Waylon Lewis said with a cold expression.

It was said that some people forget their mothers once they find love, and it seemed to be true in his case.

Hmph!

Alitzel Williams huffed in exasperation.

Waylon Lewis looked down at Hope Williams, his eyes asking a question.

Seeing this, Hope Williams quickly said, "Mrs. Lewis didn't do anything. She was concerned about me and wanted me to rest. You don't need to be nervous."

Hearing what Hope Williams said, Waylon Lewis finally relaxed.

"You hear that? Don't always think I'm out to get her," Alitzel Williams insisted, "Come on, don't just stand there. Take her back to rest. I'm worried Willow will wake up and faint again."

Alitzel Williams turned and entered the hospital room, intentionally leaving space for the two of them.

Waylon Lewis agreed with what Alitzel had said. "I'll take you back to rest."

Hope Williams glanced at the hospital room. Willow won't wake up for a while, so she nodded her head.

Waylon Lewis took Hope Williams back to the apartment. He seemed to have business at the company as he was continuously on the phone in the car.

Hope Williams noticed Waylon Lewis often rubbing his brow, the skin beneath his eyes had darkened with fatigue, obviously a sign of lack of rest.

These days, Waylon Lewis had been running between hospital and company and comforting her, naturally having little time to rest.

Waylon Lewis tucked Hope Williams in with a gentle voice, "Sleep for a bit. I've still got things to handle, so I'll be off. If you're heading to the hospital, don't go alone; call me or have Wyatt come pick you up."

"Waylon Lewis."

Hope Williams spoke drowsily, calling out to Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis turned to look at her, "What is it?"

"You... Do you want to sleep for a bit too?"

Chapter 128: Chapter 128: No Sleep, Do Something Else

"Would... would you like to sleep together for a bit?"

Waylon Lewis' figure visibly stiffened for a moment as he looked down at her, his brows twitched as he glanced at her and then at the bed, "You want me to sleep with you?"

"..."

Hope Williams originally intended for him to rest a bit, but the way he phrased it sounded a bit odd when it came from his mouth.

It seemed as if she was extending an invitation of a romantic nature to him. At this moment, she was holding his hand, her voice soft, and their eyes met, a faint but tangible ambiguity spreading through the dim room.

Hope Williams' face instantly blushed.

...

Waylon Lewis chuckled softly.

Hope Williams bit her lip, "If you don't want to rest..." she could leave.

That was what she wanted to say, but before she could get the words out, Waylon Lewis bent down, his exquisite facial features unexpectedly pressing close in front of her eyes.

A large palm grasped the back of her neck, and his cool, thin lips landed precisely on her soft lips.

Hope Williams's pupils constricted, and the man's intense scent enveloped her entirely, the kiss on her lips tender and affectionate.

Hope Williams's heartbeat sped up unknowingly. Waylon Lewis released Hope Williams, but his gaze did not leave her face, his fingers caressing her slightly flushed cheeks.

With their proximity so close, no emotion could escape the scrutiny of the other's eyes.

"Do you feel for me?" Waylon Lewis asked in a low voice, his deep, ink-dark eyes revealing a hint of a gentle smile.

Hope Williams gazed at the face so close to hers and felt slightly dazzled.

"Hmm?" Waylon Lewis lightly raised an eyebrow, his magnetic, deep voice carrying a fatal seduction, with a hint of a smile in its trailing tones.

Hope Williams was momentarily stunned, her gaze dodging slightly.

Waylon Lewis smiled, and just when he thought he wouldn't get a response from her, Hope Williams softly uttered, "Hmm."

Waylon Lewis was momentarily surprised, but the woman in front of him had quickly pulled up the quilt and lay down inside it.

Waylon Lewis chuckled delightedly, squeezing into her quilt, a cool fragrance approaching, as he gently enveloped the person in his arms.

Hope Williams shifted slightly, making room for him and did not reject his embrace.

The two were very close. Hope Williams leaned against his chest, able to hear his strong heartbeat.

Hope Williams looked up slightly, closely observing the man's distinct facial features and flawlessly unblemished skin. At this moment, his eyes were closed, lips lightly pursed, and two buttons of his white shirt undone, revealing a firm chest and healthy wheat-colored skin.

While Hope Williams was watching him, suddenly...

"If you don't want to sleep, we can do something else." Someone closed his eyes, yet noticed she was peeking at him.

Caught spying, Hope Williams quickly shut her eyes, her cheeks flushing.

Waylon Lewis slowly opened his eyes, his gaze carrying a trace of a smile as he looked at the person in his arms.

Under the soft warm lamp, the girl was like a startled kitten, eyes tightly closed, curled up in his arms.

His previously empty heart felt as if it was being filled, a warmth flowing through it.

His arms tightened slightly, holding her and not wanting to let go.

Waylon Lewis closed his eyes, embracing Hope Williams as they slowly fell asleep.

Night gradually fell.

Thomas Hughes had been sitting in the car for nearly five hours, unknowingly dozing off as well.

The sound of a door opening startled him awake.

He turned his head to see that Waylon Lewis had already returned to the car, "Boss."

Waylon Lewis propped his head with his hand, his strikingly handsome face returning to its usual cold composure.

"How is the investigation going?"

Thomas Hughes found it somewhat difficult to explain, "Those people are too secretive and crafty. Our people have tracked them several times, but they got away. We can confirm, however, that they are still in Emperor Capital."

"Continue following them."

"Yes."

“Let’s go back to the office.”

...

When Hope Williams woke up, the space beside her was empty, indicating that Waylon had already left. After freshening up, she heard a knock on the door.

As Hope walked over to open it, she saw Wyatt Lewis standing at the doorway.

“Why did you come?” Hope asked.

Wyatt replied, “Sister-in-law, my brother asked me to take you to the hospital after you woke up.”

Hope’s eyes flickered as she had just finished preparing herself. “Well, let’s go then.”

The two of them went downstairs. Wyatt opened the car door for Hope, Hope got in, Wyatt walked around to the other side, got into the car, and started driving towards the hospital.

“Your brother seems very busy recently.”

Waylon really appeared as if he hadn’t slept for several days.

“Yes, there’s been some trouble at the company, and my brother is handling it.”

It wasn’t just a small issue. The company’s system had been under attack repeatedly in the past three days, leading to some leaks of business secrets. Fortunately, his brother was there to minimize the damage.

However, the adversary was cunning, and they had not yet been caught.

Out of concern for Hope’s worries, Wyatt chose not to elaborate.

“By the way, Sister-in-law, about Willow not wanting to speak now, Grandpa and Dad plan to hire a psychologist for her. Grandpa asked me to seek your opinion,” Wyatt said.

“A psychologist?”

“Yes, her name is Mia Fuller. The Fuller Family has been close friends with ours. Mia is the youngest granddaughter of Grandpa Fuller and is very skilled in psychology. She has been studying abroad and just happened to be back. Dad and Grandpa are preparing to ask her to provide psychological counseling for Willow.”

Willow was psychologically traumatized by her kidnapping experience, so seeing a psychologist would be beneficial. Hope naturally wouldn’t refuse. “Alright.”

The two arrived at the hospital.

“Doctor Williams.” As Hope was about to enter the elevator, someone called her name. She turned around and saw an elderly woman in a wheelchair being slowly pushed towards her.

Hope paused briefly. She recognized the elderly woman and greeted her kindly, “Grandma Knox, can you be discharged today?”

Old Lady Mrs. Knox looked at her affectionately, “Yes, my health has improved quite a bit. I came to thank you, but you weren’t in the office.”

Hope replied, “Yes, I’m not working today. Grandma Knox, make sure to watch your diet after discharge. You still have high blood pressure, so you must come back for regular check-ups.”

Upon seeing her patient, Hope reflexively offered some professional advice.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox nodded. “I will remember, thank you, Doctor Williams. If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have this chance to talk to you properly here.”

Old Lady Mrs. Knox extended her hand to grasp Hope’s, and Hope leaned forward slightly in response, “Grandma Knox, there’s no need to thank me, it’s my duty as a doctor.”

“What a good child.” Mrs. Knox looked at Hope with affectionate eyes, growing more fond of the girl the more she saw her.

Beautiful and with excellent demeanor, and importantly kind and capable, Mrs. Knox wondered if Alexander from their family could be so fortunate to marry this girl.

With a shrewd glint in her eye, Mrs. Knox asked, “Doctor Williams, may I call you Hope?”

Hope smiled slightly, “Of course.”

“Hope, are you engaged?”

Such a good girl must be highly sought after, Mrs. Knox looked at Hope expectantly.

“Engaged?” Hope hadn’t expected the otherwise pleasant Mrs. Knox to suddenly ask about marriage.

Her expectant and sincere eyes nearly spelled out her next words, “I have a grandson who would be perfect for you.”

Wyatt, who had been quietly waiting behind, could no longer remain calm upon hearing this.

This Mrs. Knox wanted to steal his brother's love interest. As a good brother, how could he sit back and do nothing?

"Sister-in-law, let's go upstairs. If Willow wakes up and doesn't see you, she will start to cry again," Wyatt deliberately stepped forward and said, his intention clearly evident in his calling her 'sister-in-law.'

"Sister-in-law? Young Master Lewis, if I'm not mistaken, Young Master Lewis does not have a wife yet, so where does this 'sister-in-law' come from?" Mrs. Knox, a sharp woman, easily understood Wyatt's intent.

"Grandma Knox, you might not be aware, but my brother and my sister-in-law are planning to get engaged, so this 'sister-in-law' is bound to happen eventually," Wyatt responded smoothly.

"Planning to get engaged means not yet engaged, right? Before a wedding, anything is possible, don't you think so, Young Master Lewis?"

Chapter 129: Chapter 129: Waylon Lewis Will Arrive at the Battlefield in Five Seconds

"Getting ready to be engaged, huh? But they aren't engaged yet, and anything's possible before marriage, right, Young Master Lewis?"

The implication was clear—unwavering intent to pry into the corner. Oh, how truly relentless the old lady was.

Meanwhile, Hope Williams felt her brows twitching nervously.

Just as Hope was about to speak up, Old Lady Mrs. Knox's voice rang out again, "Hope, dear, let me tell you, I have a grandson who is a perfect match for you." Old Lady Mrs. Knox turned her head towards Hope, pulling on her hand with utmost affection.

As she said this, the grandson Old Lady Mrs. Knox deemed a perfect match made his appearance.

Alexander Knox approached, dressed in a refined, dark-colored suit.

...

His handsome face carried a smile like a breath of spring, and his whole demeanor was gentle and modest—every bit the gentleman.

But the aura of long-held authority emanated an almost imperceptible pressure. In Hope's mind, the image of Waylon Lewis briefly asserted itself.

Both men were accustomed to power, yet their auras were entirely distinct.

When the man reached his grandmother's side, he greeted her with a warm, respectful smile, "Grandma."

Old Lady Mrs. Knox looked at her grandson with satisfaction and proceeded to introduce him to Hope, "Doctor Williams, this is my grandson Alexander Knox. Alexander, this is Doctor Williams. You've met before."

Alexander's dark, deep-set eyes fell on Hope's face as he extended his hand politely, "Doctor Williams, it's good to see you again."

Hope gently lifted her hand, and their handshake was light, "Mr. Knox, hello."

The boneless touch in the palm of his hand caused Alexander to stiffen slightly, with an almost imperceptible tenderness flashing through his expression.

A brief handshake, a light release, and they maintained the most professional distance, politeness embodied.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox's smile deepened even further.

"Now that Grandma is being discharged today, why don't we all have a meal together? I would very much like to thank you."

Damn it!

Wyatt Lewis's eyes bulged as someone dared to invite his sister-in-law to dinner right in front of him.

This was beyond endurance. Beginning his rescue mission, Wyatt pulled out his phone to inform Waylon Lewis.

The old lady patted Hope's hand gently, "Right, Hope? Since Alexander saw you last time, he's been mentioning you rather frequently around me."

Looking at her grandson's sparkling gaze, Old Lady Mrs. Knox felt certain of the answer she wanted and nodded in contentment.

“Ah? No need, no need, Grandma Knox. I have other things to tend to today,” Hope hurriedly declined.

“Busy today, huh? No worries, no worries, we could do it tomorrow.” It was as though Grandma Knox anticipated Hope’s refusal, adding before Hope could speak further, “The day after tomorrow works as well, and the day after that is no problem.”

“Right, Alexander?” Old Lady Mrs. Knox tugged at her grandson’s sleeve.

Alexander, certainly able to read his grandmother’s none-too-subtle intentions—at this point, anything more obvious and he might as well carry Hope off in his arms—looked at the old lady with a touch of helplessness but hummed an assent, “I’m available.”

Hope stared at Alexander disbelievingly.

Can’t you see your grandmother’s obvious intentions?

And you just “hum”!

Hope felt beyond exasperated, “Grandma Knox, Mr. Knox, I really do have matters to attend to. We can discuss dinner another time.” Her face showed unease, clearly a bit overwhelmed by the old lady’s enthusiasm.

Catching on to this, Alexander did not insist further. Taking a slight step forward, he said, “Would it be alright if I added you as a contact? It would be easier for future appointments when Grandma comes in for check-ups.”

His reasoning was sound and made it difficult for Hope to refuse.

“...Okay.”

Alexander took out his phone, and Hope relayed her cell number to him.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox’s eyes twinkled even more with amusement, finding Hope more than satisfactory as she watched.

Wyatt Lewis, clutching his phone, inwardly roared, ‘Hurry, brother, someone’s trying to steal your wife!’

As Hope gave her number to Alexander, she suddenly felt the air around her turn colder.

Not far off, Waylon Lewis approached briskly, his surrounding chill creeping outward.

Thomas Hughes, following behind him, was sweating bullets. The boss’s moods had been terrible of late, with his temper only softening in his wife’s presence.

And now, the boss's one true tenderness was jovially exchanging contact information with another man.

No! It was more than just an overturned jar of jealousy for the boss—it was an entire vat.

Thomas Hughes was trembling with trepidation as a look of wanting to cry but having no tears crossed his face.

“Fuck, bro, you must’ve flown here.”

“Hello...”

Hope Williams was startled by the hand that suddenly embraced her from the waist, and when she turned back, she saw a dark-faced Waylon Lewis.

Hope’s phone nearly fell from her hand as her expression froze on her face.

“How did you get here? Aren’t you very busy?”

Thomas was internally chattering: Your wife’s almost been taken, Boss; even if the company was on the verge of collapse, you’d still have to hurry over.

“Yep, very busy, but I still came.”

Old Lady Mrs. Knox was taken aback as she laid eyes on Waylon Lewis, “Young Master Lewis?”

“Old Lady Mrs. Knox.” Since Old Lady Mrs. Knox was an elder after all, Waylon Lewis coldly but ‘reasonably’ respected her, “My wife and I have matters to attend to, please excuse us.”

Wife?

Hope blinked.

When did she become... hey... Hope was abruptly dragged away by the man.

Hope hastily revealed an awkward yet polite smile towards Old Lady Mrs. Knox and Alexander Knox, saying, “Excuse me, I must leave.”

Right after she said that, a gaze sharp as a knife swept over her from someone.

A touch of shrewdness flashed through Old Lady Mrs. Knox’s eyes as she said nonchalantly, “Hope, stop by the Knox’s house when you have time. Grandma is waiting

at home for you. Keep in touch with Alexander when you can, you young people should communicate and build relationships.”

Hope, “...”

Hope felt like spitting blood.

This old lady really didn't mind stirring the pot.

The Great Demon King behind her seemed ready to explode with fury.

Alexander Knox eyed Hope's slight and stubborn figure and smirked, “Grandma, invite her to the Knox Clan's annual banquet next month.”

Old Lady Mrs. Knox understood her grandson's intent and smiled contentedly, “Rest assured, I've got it covered. But this Young Master Lewis...”

“No worries, they are divorced now, and their relationship is maintained through their children.”

To be blunt, there was no affection.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox nodded with a meaningful look, “I've heard Mia Fuller is coming back.”

Alexander's eyes dimmed for a moment, “Hmm.”

Old Lady Mrs. Knox sighed heavily with heartfelt concern, “If you two truly don't have each other in your hearts, then call off the marriage. Don't drag each other down. That girl is too calculating; Grandma doesn't like it.”

“I understand, Grandma. I will handle this matter.”

...

“Hey, Waylon Lewis, you're pulling me too hard,” complained Hope Williams, utterly exasperated. “Are you insane?”

Suddenly, the man turned around and pressed the person behind him against the wall.

The peacemaker Wyatt Lewis followed behind, chiding, “Bro, a little quarrel keeps things spicy, a big fight hurts the body. If we can talk it out, let's not get physical.”

Hope was pinned against the wall, eyeing Waylon Lewis with both dread and anger.

Waylon gritted his teeth.

Wyatt Lewis and Thomas trailed behind, literally shaking with fear.

Just when it seemed like Waylon Lewis was about to blow up, he ferociously shut his eyes, “I am fucking insane.”

Wyatt, “...”

Thomas, “...”

Hope, “...”

“Can we go or not?” Waylon Lewis asked coldly with a somber face, “I’m about to go mad because of you. I can’t stand not having you by my side for a minute before someone tries to take you away from me. Alexander Knox wants to court you, his grandma wants to pair you up. Don’t you see that?”

“I’m not blind, but I refused, didn’t I?” Hope said, frustrated at being yelled at and feeling utterly aggrieved.

No data found.

Chapter 130: Chapter 130 You’re the Best

“I’m not blind, but I refused,” Hope Williams snapped, choked with frustration as he often yelled at her.

“Refused? Then why did you give him your contact details?”

Hope gritted her teeth in annoyance, “His grandmother is my patient. If she needs a follow-up, wouldn’t she need to contact her attending physician? What’s wrong with adding my contact info? Without it, how would they find me, their physician? Should messages be sent through thousand-mile transmissions? Or by carrier birds?”

“You’re always right; you win,” Waylon Lewis snapped back.

“You’re even more correct, you’re the greatest, happy now?” Hope retorted sharply, for once speaking out.

Waylon Lewis, “...”

...

Wyatt Lewis, “...”

Thomas Hughes, “...”

Hope pushed Waylon away and walked forward on her own, ignoring him.

Waylon clenched his jaw and took several deep breaths, admitting internally that he had no way to handle this woman.

“...I’m sorry.”

“I don’t accept.”

“It’s my fault.”

Hope crossed her arms and turned her head, “Oh right, like you, President Lewis, would care. You just yell without any reason, and when I talk back, suddenly I’m right.”

Waylon Lewis, “...”

Hope couldn’t be bothered with him and walked straight ahead.

Waylon quickly followed her, without his earlier swagger, and with a bit of carefulness approached and grabbed her arm, “How about you hit me to vent, as long as you’re not angry.”

Hope didn’t expect this usually commanding man to say something like that. His humble and cautious tone unexpectedly softened her heart.

Instantly, the frustration that choked her heart eased significantly. Without saying anything, she let him lead her forward.

Hope entered Willow’s hospital room where Willow was still asleep, clutching her favorite doll, and Alitzel Williams sat beside, supporting her head, her eyelids trembling with fatigue, yet she dared not close them.

Hope’s heart softened, and she quietly approached, gently tapping Alitzel’s shoulder and whispered softly, “You should go back and rest, I’m here now.”

Alitzel slightly shifted her weary body, not resisting Hope and again looked back at Waylon, sighing softly, “I’m going back now. Take good care of them; don’t worry about Luke, the old man is with him.”

Waylon Lewis nodded, “I understand.”

Hope sat down beside the bed and gently touched Willow’s little face.

Willow’s injuries had recovered well these past few days, and she would be able to leave the hospital in a few days. But the psychological scars worried Hope deeply.

Feeling both guilt and heartache, Willow was so young to go through such a terrifying ordeal—a massive blow to her tender mind and body.

It was all her fault for not protecting her.

Waylon, sensing Hope's low spirits, slightly tightened his hand on her shoulder, "Don't worry. Willow's condition is temporary. With proactive psychological treatment, she will recover soon."

Hope knew this, but she was still afraid. Psychological problems aren't solved overnight even for adults, let alone a child.

"The grandfather has arranged for a psychologist for Willow."

Hope nodded slightly, "Yes, I know, I heard her name is Mia Fuller. I hope she can heal Willow."

Willow was discharged five days later.

The early autumn sun laid warm upon her skin, no longer intensely hot, casting a golden glow that heralded a rare good weather day.

Having stayed in the hospital for over ten days, Willow was clearly tired of hospital life. She was delighted on the day of her discharge, her pretty little face blooming with a long-missed smile.

"Mommy, Willow," Luke happily rushed over and took her hand.

Willow didn't resist, but her expression was mostly unchanged at his touch.

"Mommy, why isn't Willow talking to Luke?"

Hope crouched down and gently ruffled Luke's hair, "Luke, Willow is psychologically hurt and doesn't want to speak. You have to take even better care of your sister, okay?"

"Yes." Luke held Willow's hand solemnly, nodding, "Don't worry, Mommy, we will help Willow recover."

Hope's nose tingled with emotion, "Good."

Leaving the hospital, Waylon Lewis's car pulled up just as he got out. His tall and robust figure stepped out of the car, and he smiled at the mother and children, taking what Hope Williams held in her hand, "Let's go."

"Okay."

Today, Willow was discharged from the hospital, and the Lewis Family wanted Hope Williams to bring Luke and Willow to the old house for dinner, which wasn't unreasonable. Hope Williams did not object.

When they arrived at the old Lewis house.

Willow, clearly new to the place, found everything unfamiliar and curiously gazed around with her bright, large eyes.

Once inside, the elderly grandfather saw Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis returning with Luke and Willow, and his face immediately broke into a kind, loving smile, "You're back."

Waylon Lewis, "Yes."

Hope Williams, "Grandfather."

Luke, "Great-grandfather."

Willow was still unwilling to talk.

The grandfather then took Luke and Willow onto his lap, his face glowing with an undeniable joy. Suddenly having two great-grandchildren naturally brought a smile too big to conceal.

"Bring the gifts I prepared."

At the grandfather's instruction, the butler immediately presented the gifts prepared beforehand.

"Miss Williams, these are small tokens from the grandfather for you, the young master, and the young miss."

Hope Williams, surprised, looked at the share transfer deeds handed to her, "Grandfather, this is too valuable. I can't accept it."

"Just take it, Hope. These are gifts for you and the children. If you refuse, it means you are not giving grandfather face," the old man insisted, leaving no room for refusal.

Hope Williams was troubled—these were not ordinary little gifts.

Five percent shares for Luke, five percent for Willow, and ten percent for her. Holding the transfer deeds felt weighty.

"Just take them. If not, he'll find every possible way to give them to you," Waylon stood by and said.

Hope Williams had no choice but to accept.

"By the way, Hope, I will introduce someone to you soon," the grandfather was saying when a clear and gentle voice called out, "Grandfather."

The grandfather smiled joyously, "See, speak of the devil. Here comes Mia, come here quickly."

Hope Williams looked up, and a tall figure caught her eye.

The woman had tea-colored curly hair, dressed in a Chanel-style dress, with a pretty face lightly made up—not overly glamorous—with a smile that was both

appropriate and polite; every movement she made exuded nobility and grace, mixed with a dash of playful charm. This must be Mia Fuller, the Miss Fuller she had heard about from almost everyone!

“It’s been a long time, Mia,” the grandfather greeted warmly, “Hope, this is Mia, a childhood friend of Waylon’s and also the psychologist treating Willow.”

The grandfather’s introduction carried shades of affection.

It was clear this person was dearly loved by the grandfather.

Hope Williams greeted her with a light smile, “Miss Fuller, hello.”

Mia Fuller’s face wore a warm and polite smile, “You must be Hope Williams; I have often heard grandfather mention you. It’s finally nice to meet you in person—you are indeed beautiful. I’ll call you Sister Hope if you don’t mind, and you can just call me Mia.”

Mia Fuller bent down gently to tousle Luke and Willow’s hair, “You two must be Luke and Willow, aren’t you? So adorable.”

“Hello, auntie,” Luke greeted politely.

“Hello, Luke.”

Willow now disliked strangers touching her; any touch would scrunch up her little face, and tears would start falling, requiring Hope Williams to hold her.

Hope Williams bent down to pick up Willow, but as Willow had grown heavier, she couldn’t hold her for long. Waylon Lewis reached out his arms to take his daughter, “I’ll hold her.”

Willow didn’t resist staying in her dad’s arms.

Seeing this, Mia Fuller didn’t feel awkward and continued with a gentle smile, “Sister Hope, here are some little gifts I prepared for you and the two little gems. Please, don’t dismiss them.”

The servant took the delicate gift box from Mia Fuller’s hands, opening it to reveal a pair of exquisite gold bracelets and a jade safety buckle of full color.

The gold bracelets were finely crafted, with lifelike dragons and phoenixes, and gemstones that sparkled, stunningly beautiful.

The fully colored jade safety buckle was crystal clear and flawless, and its price was substantial.