

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 131: 140:

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Hope Williams' eyebrows moved slightly, "Thank you; I'll accept it on behalf of Luke and Willow."

After speaking, Hope Williams took out a card from her bag and handed it to Mia Fuller, "I was rushed and didn't have time to prepare a proper gift, but please, take this small token of my gratitude, and I'll trouble you to look after Willow."

Mia Fuller's expression changed in an instant, and she repeatedly declined, "Sister Hope, what are you doing? I can't accept this. Brother Waylon and I are close, and naturally, I treat his children as if they were my own. By doing this, you are making it too formal."

Hope Williams raised an eyebrow, with a crisp, light smile, "It's different; even actual brothers settle their accounts. Miss Fuller, your consultation fee isn't low, and how could Waylon and I be the exception? Please accept it; otherwise, I wouldn't feel at ease."

"Just take it, she's always disliked owing others," Waylon Lewis said, standing beside Hope Williams.

Upon hearing this, Mia Fuller stopped refusing and accepted it generously, softly smiling, "Sister Hope, Brother Waylon, don't worry."

...

"Mmm, it's been tough traveling; there are refreshments inside."

Mia Fuller immediately picked up a piece of pastry and elegantly took a bite, her face lighting up with joy, "Brother Waylon really knows me, aware that I love the osmanthus cakes from the Cloud Family Estate."

"It was prepared by the servants."

Mia Fuller's smile didn't falter at Waylon's icy words; instead, it became even more charming, "Brother Waylon, you're still as cold as before. Be careful, or you might not find a wife. But not to worry, I am always here."

Listening to Mia Fuller's words, Hope Williams raised her delicate brow.

She must have been aware of the matters between Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis. To say such things overtly in her presence, beyond the surface meaning, carried a few deeper layers.

Sensing the change in the air around Hope Williams, Old Master Lewis's brow sunk slightly and said with a smile, "You, girl, are still such a joker."

Mia Fuller glanced at Hope Williams and playfully stuck out her tongue toward Old Master Lewis.

"Alright, it's time to eat; let's all take our seats," Alitzel Williams came over, her face beaming with a smile as she took Mia Fuller's hand, "Mia, you've become even more beautiful after all these years. Let your aunt take a good look at you, ah, but you're too thin."

"Auntie, I've been missing the drunken shrimp you make while I was abroad," Mia Fuller said affectionately, linking arms with Alitzel Williams.

"I know you love them, I personally made plenty. Let's all take our seats."

"Everyone, please take your seats," Old Master Lewis said, his voice carrying a laugh.

Old Master Lewis took the main seat with the two little treasures beside him. Waylon Lewis pulled out a chair for Hope Williams, and after she sat down, he took the seat next to her, smiling warmly and whispering something to her.

Seeing this, Mia Fuller's smile dimmed slightly, a trace of gloom flickering through her eyes.

At that moment, Hope Williams happened to look up, her gaze falling on Mia Fuller's face, catching that brief flicker before Mia's expression returned to normal.

Hope Williams quietly retracted her gaze but had seen everything clearly.

Wyatt Lewis flopped down next to Waylon Lewis, and seeing this, Mia Fuller, appearing as close as sisters, took Alitzel Williams' hand and sat down together with her, one after another.

After Old Master Lewis started eating, everyone began to eat as well.

“The drunken shrimp Auntie made are truly exceptional,” Mia Fuller said with a smile.

“If they’re so good, come and eat here every day,” Alitzel replied.

Mia Fuller laughed, “Then I’ll take you up on that offer without being polite.”

“Why be polite with your aunt? She certainly thinks of you as her own daughter.”

The food was clearly to the liking of Luke and Willow too; Alitzel Williams and Old Master Lewis helped feed the two little ones, who ate bite by bite with impeccable manners.

Old Master Lewis watched the little ones with growing fondness, his joy evident.

After dinner, Mia Fuller suggested doing a psychological test for Willow.

“Thank you for your trouble,” Hope Williams said politely.

“No trouble at all,” Mia Fuller responded, raising her hand to take Willow from Hope Williams, but as soon as she touched her, Willow clung to Hope, her little face full of resistance.

“Willow, do you want to go play a little game with Auntie? If you stay in Mommy’s arms, you won’t be able to play,” Mia Fuller said warmly, waving her hand in front of Willow, “Look, Willow.”

Mia Fuller opened her hand, and a lollipop suddenly appeared in her palm, catching Willow’s attention, who looked at her as if asking how she did that.

“If Willow wants to learn, Auntie will teach you.”

Willow looked at Hope Williams, who nodded, “Mmm, go ahead, Willow. Go with Auntie, and she’ll teach you.”

Hope Williams and Mia Fuller spent a long time persuading Willow, and only then did she follow Mia Fuller, but she still kept turning back to look at Hope Williams every few steps.

Hope Williams was acutely aware that Willow’s fear was a psychological shadow left by the kidnapping. She felt that if she was far from her, far from Waylon Lewis, she would encounter danger and feel afraid.

Hope couldn’t help but feel a sour sensation in her eyes.

Due to the necessity of absolute silence for psychological treatment, Mia Fuller took Willow into the room, leaving Hope waiting outside.

“Still worried?” Waylon Lewis gently drew Hope into his embrace.

“Yes, Willow’s personality has changed a lot from before. She used to enjoy socializing the most, was very enthusiastic, like a little sun, and was never shy.”

Now, without her, without Waylon Lewis, Willow felt insecure, which really worried and pained Hope.

Physical wounds may heal, but psychological ones were not so easily recovered.

“Trust that Mia will heal Willow,” Waylon Lewis tightened his embrace and kissed her forehead.

“Mhm.”

Hope didn’t know much about Mia Fuller, but in their first meeting, Hope clearly felt her hostility.

From the moment she entered and saw Elder Lewis, to seeing Waylon Lewis and Alitzel Williams, Mia used everyone’s attitude toward her to assert her place in the family.

She unabashedly revealed her affection to Waylon Lewis in front of her, declaring her authority without any reservation.

Mia Fuller was subtly trying to intimidate Hope.

Still, Hope was cautious in entrusting Willow to her care.

Mia had been treating Willow for half an hour when Hope heard crying from inside the room, causing her heart to jump.

She saw the door open, Willow running out, and Mia chasing after her, “Willow…”

Hope immediately bent down to embrace Willow, “Don’t cry, Willow, don’t be afraid, Mommy is here.”

“What happened?” Waylon Lewis’s expression darkened.

Mia explained helplessly, “Willow is too young and her psychological capacity is limited. During hypnosis, she recalled being kidnapped, got scared, and woke up.”

“But this is her first treatment session; these things are inevitable.”

Waylon Lewis saw Willow crying so hard she was gasping for breath, and his look grew darker, “That will be enough for today. You’re tired too. I’ll have the driver take you home.”

“Brother Waylon, Willow needs to continue her psychological treatment. I’ll go back and devise a treatment plan,” Mia Fuller said, looking at Willow with concern in her soft voice.

“Thank you for your efforts.”

“I’ll head back now and come again tomorrow,” Mia said, glancing at Hope.

Hope’s entire focus was on consoling Willow.

She held Willow in her arms until the little girl cried herself to sleep.

“It’s late tonight, I have prepared rooms for you. Stay at the Lewis Family home tonight and we will send you back in the morning, okay?” Waylon Lewis asked in a soft voice.

Hope looked at Willow in her arms and Luke by her side.

“Yes, Hope, stay with Grandpa tonight. Willow has fallen asleep, and Luke is also tired,” Old Master Lewis spoke up.

Hope nodded, “Alright then.”

Waylon Lewis carefully took Willow from Hope’s arms as she relaxed them.

Waylon Lewis placed Willow in a room that seemed to have been specially prepared—it was a children’s room with two small beds, one side with thick plush carpeting and a light pink tent filled with cute plush toys.

On the other side was a massive model toy car, a row of light blue cabinets adorned with various mechanical toys, hundreds of them, quite impressive.

The room was spacious even with so many items and was decorated in a fairy tale and cozy way.

Waylon Lewis laid Willow on a pink bed, and Hope, surprised, asked, “When was all this prepared?”

“Since I learned that you gave birth to two children for me.”

That was several months ago; he had started preparing then, but at that time, she was vehemently opposed to him meeting Luke and Willow. Wasn’t he afraid that all his preparations would go to waste?

“Mommy, bad Daddy.” Luke popped out, holding a mechanical toy in his hand and smiling as he ran towards Hope Williams.

“Luke, what were you doing hiding back there?” Hope hadn’t even noticed the little guy was behind her.

No wonder she couldn’t find him for so long.

“Are all these mechanics really so sophisticated? There are some parts Luke has never seen before. I really like it here. Are all these really for Luke?” he asked.

“Yeah, of course, are these enough? If not, I can have someone bring more,” Waylon replied.

“It’s enough, it’s enough. All of these are plenty!”

...

Hope massaged her forehead, “Alright, Luke, it’s too late now. Go wash up and sleep. Look, your sister has already fallen asleep.”

“Okay, Luke will go to sleep now. Mommy, you should rest soon too.”

Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams went out and gently closed the door.

Waylon Lewis walked Hope Williams to the bedroom, the room they had stayed in when they got married.

Waylon Lewis pushed the door open, “You’ve stayed in this room before, you’re familiar with it. Everything inside is new, you can use it directly.”

If Hope remembered correctly, this was originally Waylon Lewis’s room. The room’s decor was very familiar, decorated in the style she liked before.

She was sleeping here tonight, but where would Waylon Lewis sleep? Hope turned back to look at him, “And you?”

Waylon straightened up, a smile in his eyes, “If you want me to sleep with you, I can do that.”

Hope’s gaze trembled slightly, her cheeks reddening under his ambiguous and intense stare, “No need, no need.”

Seeing Hope’s blush, Waylon’s smile grew deeper, “Have a good rest. I’ll be next door, call me if you need anything.”

“Okay.”

Hope sighed softly, walked into the bathroom to run the water, then came out to fetch a bathrobe.

Hope immersed her whole body into the large bathtub, with the warm water soaking her all over, dissipating much of the chill from her body. She sighed lightly and leaned tiredly against the bathtub wall.

It had been quite a while since she had relaxed like this.

She didn't know how much time had passed...

She felt ice-cold water sweeping over her, drowning in the tide, a suffocating danger. She kept sinking.

Suddenly, a hand tightly grasped her arm and lifted her up.

Hope abruptly opened her eyes and burst out of the water, tightly gripping the edge of the tub with one hand and clutching her chest with the other, “Sputter, cough, cough, cough...”

The movement was so abrupt that a lot of water splashed out, some even onto the man.

The man had dark, frowning brows, his cold voice filled with urgency, “What are you doing?”

Seeing Waylon Lewis there, she quickly grabbed the nearby bathrobe to shield her front.

“Cough, cough...” Hope choked on a lot of water, coughing violently.

Seeing her in this state, a touch of distress flashed through Waylon's eyes.

Hope had accidentally fallen asleep in the tub, her body slid down and her nose dipped under the water, choking on several mouthfuls.

Hope felt a weight on her shoulder, a clean bathrobe draped over her, and then the man bent down, his arms reaching under her lower back and knees, lifting her up.

Hope was startled, “Hey, you...”

Waylon's brows were furrowed, “If you want to sleep, lie in bed. Sleeping in the tub, do you want to drown yourself?”

Hope's voice softened, “I fell asleep by accident.”

Fresh from the bath, Hope had a pleasant milky scent on her, which invaded Waylon's nostrils, tickling his nerves. He felt an inexplicable heat surging within him.

The man's sexy Adam's apple bobbed as he placed her on the bed and was about to rise, but his foot slipping on the slippers at the edge of the bed sent him tumbling towards Hope.

Hope was startled, "You!"

Waylon immediately braced his hands against the edge of the bed to steady himself.

Suddenly, their eyes met, and Hope's widened as the handsome face before her loomed large. Their faces were so close they could almost hear each other's breathing.

Waylon's gaze trailed down her slender neck, raising an eyebrow.

Hope then realized that the bathrobe she hadn't fastened properly had come undone at some point, slipping down to her shoulders, inadvertently revealing more than intended. Her cheeks flushed with deepening crimson as she quickly reached to pull it together.

Seeing her reaction elicited a very soft chuckle from Waylon, "You don't have to be shy. We already have Luke and Willow, there's nothing about you I haven't seen."

"You!" Hope bit her lip, "You're a rogue."

"Only towards you."

"And you're proud of it?"

"Tsk... It's a man's nature to be rogue towards the woman he loves. Besides, you are mine."

"Who's yours? Who agreed to that?"

Hope Williams's cheeks turned a fervent red under his intense gaze; Waylon Lewis really had a face so handsome it was irresistible, the maturity and elegance that came with him wearing a white shirt only added to his charm, and the hormonal scent emitting from his body was utterly captivating.

Especially when desire churned in those black-as-ink eyes of his, it was just too hard to resist.

Hope hadn't realized that she had actually been enchanted by Waylon's face, staring at her for several seconds.

When those watery eyes fixated on someone unwaveringly, she didn't know how tempting she was.

Waylon's sexy Adam's apple moved up and down. He kissed her lips forcefully, pulling her soft, water-like figure into his embrace, hooking her tongue and gradually breaching her defenses.

"Waylon you... um..."

Before Hope could finish her sentence, she was pressed underneath him on the bed, her crimson lips sealed once again.

His hand lifted her leg to rest on his waist; it found the belt of her bathrobe and undid it, his hand slipping inside the gown to touch her delicate skin.

Both trembled.

Hope even more so as his kisses landed on her collarbone.

Her robe was now a mess, pushed aside haphazardly.

Hope urgently gasped for breath, "Waylon..."

Waylon paused, his black eyes fixed on her, "Shall we get remarried? I'll give you everything, absolutely everything."

Kissed into confusion, Hope pressed her hands on Waylon's shoulders, "Waylon, calm down."

"I can't calm down."

Waylon's hand tightened, he hoisted her up, pressing her close to himself, and even through his shirt, Hope could feel the heat radiating from his body.

His lips trailed down her neck, slowly moving downwards.

Hope's starry eyes were muddled, her heart almost pounding out of her chest violently, though her body instinctively followed Waylon's rhythm.

Their skin against skin...

They were really going to...

"Waylon... I think I can say something, let's talk... please?"

"No talking, no time."

“ ... ”

Hope bit her lip hard, “Mm...” unable to resist Waylon’s enticement, and she let out a light moan.

“Mommy, what are you and bad Daddy doing?”

A milky voice suddenly appeared.

Waylon jolted upright, snatching up the blanket to wrap Hope completely.

Hope hid under the blanket, wrapping herself tightly, wishing she could vanish on the spot.

She and Waylon were about to... were just about to...

Waylon gritted his teeth, straightened his disheveled clothes, put on a stern face as he got off the bed, and glared at the two little tots at the door, fiercely blinking.

Luke and Willow were somewhat at a loss under Waylon’s somber expression.

Waylon bit down hard, “What are you... doing here?”

“Can’t sleep, looking for Mommy.”

Waylon, “...Were you not just sleeping soundly, and now you can’t sleep?”

“Willow woke up and wanted Mommy; I can’t sleep, need Mommy.”

“Your mommy is asleep; she needs rest. If you can’t sleep, go play with Wyatt for a while.” Waylon lifted one child in each hand and carried both little ones out of the room.

Luke and Willow struggled in mid-air, flailing their arms and legs, soon realizing it was futile and deflated as Waylon carried them.

Luke huffed twice, “Bad Daddy, what were you just doing with Mommy?”

Waylon frowned, tossed the two soft little ones out, and responded, “Making you a little brother.”

Hidden under the covers and blushing furiously, Hope heard what Waylon said, her face turning even redder.

What kind of way was that to educate kids?

What was he even telling them?

Before she could react, the blanket was pulled away and Waylon embraced Hope, insistent, "Let's continue."

Hope lowered her hand to Waylon's shoulder, pointing toward the door, "You get out."

"..."

"Did you hear me? Get out. You make them a brother by yourself."

Hope brutally and mercilessly drew the blanket over her, muttering indignantly from within her cozy cocoon, "A father with no sense of being a father, teaching all sorts of nonsense to the kids every day."

Chapter 133: Chapter 133 Are You Still Shameless?

Hope Williams decisively and mercilessly pulled up the blanket, cursing softly within the cocoon of bedding, "A father with no sense of fatherhood, teaching them all sorts of nonsense every single day."

Waylon Lewis sat helplessly on the bed, looking at the small lump under the covers and then at the doorway, feeling utterly frustrated in his heart.

The next day, Luke and Willow got up bright and early. Alitzel Williams, who was accustomed to rising at dawn, instantly felt her mood lift upon seeing the two children come downstairs.

It was like suddenly gaining a pair of dragon-and-phoenix twins for grandchildren. She had been worried about her son's lineage, not expecting the issue had already been resolved.

Looking at the two rosy-cheeked babies, Alitzel found them more lovable the more she looked.

"Luke, Willow, grandma's little treasures," Alitzel said with a beaming smile as she pulled the children close. "Luke, Willow, where is your mommy? How come it's only you two coming down?"

...

Luke pursed his little lips, "Last night, mommy and bad daddy were fighting on the bed; bad daddy said mommy was tired."

"Fighting?"

"Yeah," Luke nodded, "then bad daddy kicked us out, he said he was going to make us a little brother."

"Pfft..." passing by, Wyatt Lewis spat out a mouthful of water.

Alitzel blinked, instantly understanding, "What is Waylon Lewis up to, telling the children all this?"

"Wyatt Lewis, come here," Alitzel called out with a stern face.

"Here I am," Wyatt answered with a bounce and a smile.

"Go, and call your brother down. Day in and day out he's teaching the kids all kinds of nonsense. So shameless, really, does he have no face left?"

Wyatt said with an amused smile, "Mom, if men and women cared about face, how would we ensure the continuation of the family line?"

Alitzel retorted, "Still, you shouldn't say such things in front of the kids. Call him down."

"Mom, Luke already said it, they're busy making babies, probably tired, need rest."

Alitzel frowned and tried to speak, but found herself unable to utter a word after struggling for some time.

Finally, she reluctantly called out, "Aunt Johnson."

"What orders do you have, madam?"

"Go stew some tonic. After a whole night of exertion, we don't want Hope to be worn out."

If Hope could hear this, she might regret not having dug a hole to crawl into the night before.

Hope emerged from her room, bumping into Waylon Lewis who had just come out of the neighboring room.

Hope's expression darkened, she swiftly turned and walked away, but the man caught up in two steps.

"Running from what? Hm?"

Scenes from the chaotic night before flashed unbidden in Hope's mind; she fought hard not to remember.

But the brain is such that the very things you don't want to think of are the ones that demand recognition.

Since hiding was futile, she braced herself to confront it.

Hope turned around, forcing a smile, "Good morning, President Lewis."

Waylon Lewis leaned down and planted a kiss on the woman's upturned lips, "Morning."

"Ow, hey!" A nearby servant, bombarded with PDA, quickly turned away, "Young master, Young Madam, I didn't see anything."

Hope gritted her teeth and fled downstairs, repeating to herself, if I'm not embarrassed, then others are.

"Mommy!" Seeing Hope, Luke and Willow rushed into their mommy's arms without a care.

"You two got up so early," Hope remarked.

"Yeah, yeah, to welcome the little brother."

Hope was bewildered, "What?"

"Didn't you and bad daddy go to make a little brother last night? Let the little brother come out quickly," Luke looked up at Hope with eager anticipation.

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha..." Wyatt Lewis couldn't stop laughing, slapping his thigh.

Hope's eyelids twitched nervously; surrounded by amused glances, she suddenly realized... she was done for!

"Where's the little brother? Where's the little brother?"

Biting her teeth together, Hope asked in as neutral a tone as she could manage, "Luke, Willow, who promised you a little brother?"

"Bad daddy," Luke shouted, with Willow nodding along in agreement.

"Right," Hope said pleasantly, "then go ask him for it, he's the one who promised you."

Hope's argument was sound.

Just then, Waylon Lewis came downstairs. Luke and Willow each latched onto one of his pant legs, looking up with eyes brighter than black gems, filled with expectation.

Waylon Lewis looked at the little ones clinging to his legs, his brow twitching, "What's this about?"

"We want a brother, a little brother," Luke said happily, "Where's the little brother bad daddy mentioned last night? Is he too shy to come out?"

"..." Waylon Lewis felt a sudden throb between his eyebrows.

"You two are really too... too much," Alitzel was too embarrassed to continue, "Whatever you two are doing, close the door, right? The kids... the kids saw it... The main thing is you, you even told the kids, said you were... making a little brother, so shameless."

"Cough..." Hope, scared by Alitzel's words, blushed to her ears in an instant.

Waylon Lewis, his face still cold from being interrupted the night before, walked over to Hope, raised his hand, and gently patted her back as he said coolly, "Understood, we'll lock the door next time."

"Cough cough..." Hope Williams hung her head, her cough getting worse.

"Alright, Little Hope, I made some soup for you. Go and have some. The two of you have been fussing around late at night, must have been tough, don't wear yourselves out."

Hope Williams, "..." Save me!

Wyatt Lewis held back a laugh, "Brother, sister-in-law, Grandfather is calling you over."

Hope Williams, as if finding an escape from the awkwardness, promptly responded, "I'll be right there."

Thank goodness, Grandfather saved her last shred of dignity...

Hope Williams almost burst into tears with gratitude!

"Grandfather, you were looking for us?"

"Uh... Waylon, Hope, you're here. Take a seat. There's something I want to talk to you about." The old man chuckled dryly, gesturing to the butler to go out and close the door as he spoke.

Seeing how serious the old man was, Hope Williams tensed up, fearing some major issue, and watched him intently, listening carefully.

"Go ahead, Grandfather."

The old man took a sip of water and coughed lightly to clear his throat, "Cough... so, Waylon, Hope, about today's matter... of course, I don't oppose you young people having a bit of fun. But the kid is still young, right? Next time, remember to lock the door."

"..."

Hope Williams hung her head, probably looking for some hole in the ground to crawl into.

"Right, Grandfather makes a good point, we'll be more careful next time," Waylon Lewis readily agreed.

Hope Williams lifted her hand to cover her face.

She really didn't understand how he could have such thick skin.

"Luke and Willow are also still young, no need to rush for a second child, haha. When you have time, go to the Civil Affairs Bureau and remarry. I'll definitely give you the grandest wedding to welcome Hope back to the Lewis Family."

At this moment, Hope Williams' face was so red it was about to take flight, hearing the old man's words directed at her. She hurriedly responded, "I understand."

Understood, truly taken to heart!

I really took it to heart!

Grandfather, can you please leave me some dignity? Can you?

Waylon Lewis's eyes briefly flashed with surprise, a sly glint flickering as he looked at the little woman next to him and gently wrapped her in his arms, pleasantly saying, "Don't worry, Grandfather, we'll go and get remarried right away."

"Let's go, let's go," Hope Williams wasn't listening to what they were saying, hiding in Waylon's embrace and tugging at his clothes, wanting to escape quickly.

Waylon went along with her, taking Hope out of the old man's study.

"Waylon Lewis, it's all your fault; now everyone in the old house knows we did... did..."

As she was saying this, Hope pushed Waylon away condemnatory.

"Did what?" Waylon Lewis teased her with a light loft of his brow.

"Did that without locking the door, and Luke and Willow caught us."

Now everyone knew.

Hope Williams felt she could die of shame.

Waylon Lewis sighed softly, disagreeing, "We didn't do it; maybe we should continue."

"Get out."

"Ah..." Hope Williams let out a low cry, abruptly scooped up by the waist, "What are you doing?"

"What did you just promise Grandfather?" his eyes intently fixed on her.

Hope Williams paused, her mind already recollecting.

"Luke and Willow are still young, no need to rush for a second child, haha. When you have time, go to the Civil Affairs Bureau and remarry. I'll undoubtedly throw you the grandest wedding to welcome Hope back to the Lewis Family."

"I understand."

"Don't worry, Grandfather, we'll go and get remarried right away."

"..."

At that time, Hope Williams was so fixated on finding some hole in the floor, she hadn't thought it through and just agreed.

"Hold on," Hope Williams desperately clung to the door frame.

Waylon Lewis stopped and looked at her, "You're having second thoughts?"

Hope Williams, full of despair, "Who agreed to remarry you."

Waylon Lewis's brow furrowed with a woeful expression, "You're taking it back!"

Hope Williams half-sobbed, half-laughed, "I didn't hear it clearly just now."

"Nice excuse, but it won't work."

Waylon Lewis wouldn't pass up such a good opportunity after waiting for her to slip up.

"...I won't go."

"You must."

Chapter 134: Chapter 134 Remarriage

"This thing still needs to be attended to."

Hope Williams was adamant.

Waylon Lewis frowned darkly as he and Hope stood stiffly in the doorway.

"Thomas Hughes." Waylon spoke in a low voice.

The arriving Thomas Hughes witnessed this bizarre scene. Could it be that the Boss and his former wife were playing some kind of... kinky game?

"...Boss."

...

"Take down the door frame."

Hope Williams, "..."

Thomas Hughes, "..."

Waylon Lewis was not joking at all, and clearly the marriage was definitively back on track today.

Hope Williams said, "This is a serious matter, let's discuss it properly so that we are both clear and prevent any future regrets."

Waylon Lewis, unhesitatingly, "I will never regret it."

He had already stated that he saw her as the one to be by his side for life.

Lately, he had discovered that this woman's impact on him was beyond his imagination.

What else was there to consider?

She was his, had to be his, consideration was unnecessary.

"Don't be too absolute. Let's both step back and give each other some time. Let's try."

"How should we try?"

"Cough... Dating or something." Basically, all couples need to date before walking down the aisle to observe each other.

Previously, Hope Williams had married Waylon Lewis only because she liked him, he needed a wife, and his grandfather doted on her, allocating her to Waylon according to her wishes.

There was no process.

Obviously, a marriage without emotional foundation shattered even faster than imagined.

Now, to let Hope marry him again, whether it was appropriate, whether there was love, and whether they could endure it, these factors all needed consideration.

Hope Williams could not deny that Waylon Lewis's recent dominating behavior had shaken her inner defenses.

So she wanted to give him a chance and herself a chance, as Luke and Willow also needed a father.

The Lewis family, aware of Luke and Willow's existence and following a kidnapping incident, would definitely not let her take the children away on her own again.

Waylon Lewis slightly furrowed his brows, "Dating?"

Clearly, this was a process that Waylon Lewis had never considered before.

He loved her and had determined that she was the one.

He wanted her, and she had to be his.

"I've already made concessions."

If he still didn't agree, Hope Williams wouldn't back down any further.

"Alright, let's date, how do you want to proceed."

Hope Williams struggled briefly, freed herself from Waylon Lewis's arms, lifted her chin and looked at him, her tone light, "You figure it out."

Waylon Lewis stood thinking hard as Hope Williams turned around, the corners of her mouth curving upward into a beautiful arc.

Luke and Willow were supposed to go to school today; after missing so many days, it was time.

Just as Hope Williams descended the stairs, she heard laughter. Mia Fuller was sitting on the sofa chatting with Alitzel Williams, and Mia also occasionally spoke tenderly with Luke and Willow.

Luke occasionally replied politely, while Willow was completely absorbed in her own world, nestled beside Luke, ignoring everyone else.

Hope Williams slightly furrowed her brows. The moment Luke and Willow saw Hope, they smiled, "Mommy."

"Sister Hope." A trace of darkness flickered imperceptibly across Mia Fuller's serenely smiling face.

"Mhm." Hope Williams nodded politely at her.

Although she didn't know her well and didn't dislike her, Hope Williams simply couldn't bring herself to like this woman from the bottom of her heart.

This woman, though always smiling, had a hidden sharpness to her.

"Luke and Willow are off, we're heading to school," Hope Williams called to the twins.

Upon seeing this, Mia Fuller stood up to stop them, "Sister Hope, Willow is still in a period of psychological recovery, I've devised the latest treatment plan for her, and it would be best if she doesn't go to school for now."

Willow understood what Mia Fuller said, immediately scrunched up her little face in resistance, and raised her hand, gesturing for Hope Williams to carry her.

Hope Williams was very affectionate to her daughter and lifted Willow up. Willow tightly hugged Hope Williams' neck, her little head nestled in the crook of her neck.

Seeing Willow's resistance, how could Hope Williams bear to hand her back to Mia Fuller?

Mia Fuller's expression stiffened, clearly embarrassed.

"Willow, shall we let Aunt Mia check? Aunt Mia is a skilled doctor and can cure your illness," Alitzel Williams said worriedly, seeing Willow reluctant to undergo treatment.

But Willow was adamant, not even peeking her little face out, firmly resisting.

"Mommy, if sis doesn't want to see the doctor, can we just not?" Luke really didn't like to see anyone forcing Willow.

Hope Williams was torn. On one hand, she wanted Willow to recover quickly; on the other, she didn't want to force her child.

"If Willow doesn't want to, then forget it," Waylon Lewis's voice came from behind Hope Williams.

"Brother Waylon, this..." Mia Fuller furrowed her brows.

Alitzel Williams also felt that it wasn't right to avoid necessary medical care.

Willow was the little princess of the whole family, and although everyone spoiled her, they couldn't always indulge her in everything, always bending to her emotions.

"Well, Miss Fuller, sorry, but since Willow doesn't want treatment right now, let's let her rest for a while."

Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams obviously didn't want to pressure the child, and their stance was clear.

Mia Fuller sighed despondently, her head drooping in resignation, "Brother Waylon, Sister Hope, if you insist, then let's rest for a while."

Mia Fuller initially wanted to persuade Willow, but she didn't expect the girl to be so stubborn; Mia Fuller could only look for another way for now.

"Brother Waylon, tonight grandpa is hosting a welcome banquet for me. Bring sister-in-law, Luke, and Willow along. A lively atmosphere might also benefit Willow's condition."

Waylon Lewis didn't respond immediately but instead turned his head, his gaze seeking Hope Williams'.

Clearly, he was seeking Hope Williams' opinion.

Hope Williams blinked, thinking, 'He's asking you, and you look at me? It would be rude not to go after such an invitation.'

She had no objections and nodded.

Only then did Waylon Lewis nod, "Okay."

"It's time to go to school, let's go, or we'll be late."

As always, Waylon Lewis lifted the little one from Hope Williams' arms to his own.

Mommy's gentle embrace missed as Waylon Lewis carried her very stubbornly, kicking feebly twice before being cradled and held against Waylon Lewis's chest.

Although bad daddy's embrace provided more security, it wasn't as soft as mommy's, and Willow, annoyed, scowled at Waylon Lewis, leaning towards Hope Williams.

Waylon Lewis said, "Your mommy can't hold you."

That meant she was too heavy!

Humph!

Bad daddy!

"Do you want to make her struggle?"

Of course, he couldn't bear to tire mommy, well then, he reluctantly agreed to let bad daddy hold her for a bit.

Hope Williams, leading Luke, and the four of them walked out, "Waylon Lewis, next time don't just mention lifting Willow, can't you hold her with both hands?"

"I'll listen to you."

"Willow is a girl, be more gentle with her."

"Okay."

Watching their figures get smaller in the distance, the man carrying his daughter, walking next to the woman, and the warmth between them was undeniable. The woman, leading her son, the four of them chatting and laughing, seemed like no one else could fit into their world, appearing incredibly harmonious and endearing.

Mia Fuller clenched her teeth, her face almost unable to hold back her frustration.

She had originally thought Waylon Lewis's affection for Hope Williams was only because of the children, but the events of yesterday and today showed her otherwise.

She had never seen Waylon Lewis so compliant and indulgent with anyone else.

Joy Ward and Hope Williams' affair was well-known to her, she had been paying attention from abroad, the typical drama of women fighting over a man, so she never took either of them seriously.

Waylon Lewis was someone lofty in Emperor Capital, how could he fall for these women who weren't even fit to show their faces in public.

She coldly watched, letting them fight it out, hoping they'd end up in utter disgrace, fighting a deadly battle, while she would make a high-profile return to the country and knock them both down into the dust.

But she was wrong, these past few days made her realize, Joy Ward was useless, she wasn't fighting with Hope Williams, but was being unilaterally destroyed by her. Joy Ward, who had good cards in hand, ended up with nothing left.

And Hope Williams was not an easy opponent; returning after five years, she had won back the trust of the entire Lewis Family in such a short time. This woman should not be underestimated no matter what.

Mia Fuller clenched her fists tightly.

Chapter 135: Chapter 135 Mia Fuller's Welcome Party

"Mia, don't mind them, they just can't bear to pressure the children, they came to keep Auntie company," she said.

Mia Fuller turned her head, her pretty face now donned with a gentle and touching expression, and she took Alitzel Williams by the hand to sit down. "Auntie, I understand."

"Yes, Mia, you're always so understanding," she continued, "by the way, is your marriage with the young master of the Knox Family about to be settled? I'm looking forward to celebrating your wedding."

Mia Fuller was taken aback, bit her lip, and hung her head low, adopting a look of grievance and helplessness that immediately drew Alitzel Williams's concern.

"What happened?"

"Auntie, Alexander and I are preparing to call off the engagement?"

...

"Call off the engagement? You two?" Alitzel Williams furrowed her brows, "Did something happen?"

"Yes, Alexander, well, he..." Mia Fuller looked sorrowful, "he cheated on me before our wedding."

...

Waylon Lewis got out of the car to open the door for Hope Williams. As Hope got out of the car, she looked worried at Luke and Willow and instructed, "Luke, Mommy isn't around, can you take good care of your sister?"

Luke took Willow's hand, and the two 'Babies,' carrying their backpacks, obediently listened to Hope Williams' instruction. Luke nodded, "Mommy, don't worry, I will take good care of sister."

The two 'Babies' hand in hand entered the school.

Still uneasy, Hope got back into the car and called the teacher, explained Willow's situation, and asked the teacher to look after her more.

Source: , updated on NovG0.co

Only after doing all this could Hope finally breathe a sigh of relief.

"If you're worried, why not hire a home tutor for Willow?" Waylon Lewis understood Hope's concerns.

In a crowd of children, if Willow doesn't talk, she could be isolated and neglected, as no one likes to play with children who don't talk.

"Luke and Willow like school," the school was busy and bustling, and both Luke and Willow were cheerful and outgoing by nature, keeping them at home with a tutor would bore them.

Hope wanted to give them the same childhood as other children.

"I'll pick you up after work tonight," Waylon suggested.

"Okay." Since she was going to attend Mia Fuller's banquet, Hope didn't refuse.

Hope pushed open the car door to get out.

"Wait." Waylon Lewis suddenly spoke up, stopping her.

Hope turned around, "What..."

Her neck was embraced by a large hand, and cool lips landed a kiss on hers.

"Waylon Lewis, you..."

"We are not dating? Then what's the problem with me kissing my girlfriend?" he asked as if it were the most natural thing.

Hope's brow twitched, indeed there was no problem.

But he was too blatant about it, right at the hospital entrance, where it was crowded, and his car blatantly bore the words "I'm expensive," blatantly attracting people's attention.

Seeing Hope staring at him in a daze, Waylon Lewis's lips curved up in a teasing smile.

Even her dazed look was to his liking.

"Hope..."

Hope raised her hand to block the lips that were coming towards her again, "I have to go now." Hope fled from the car like she was escaping.

Waylon Lewis watched Hope's playful figure, his lips curling up joyfully, and chuckled softly.

The scene inside the car had just been caught by a malicious pair of eyes not far away.

Joy Ward glared at Hope Williams's departing figure, grinding her teeth.

Her mom died, the Ward Family house was burnt, her dad fainted from anger, and the Ward family was in total disarray, all because of Hope Williams.

Her daughter actually hadn't died, she had paid such a heavy price, yet that bitch's daughter was still alive.

Joy Ward just couldn't swallow this pride.

She had to make Hope Williams pay.

As Joy was walking towards the hospital, her phone rang, "Hello, Sister Mia."

Mia Fuller's gentle voice came through, "Joy, it's been a long time since we last met. Grandpa is hosting a welcoming banquet for me tonight, why don't you join us?"

Joy suppressed the anger on her face and replied with a calm smile, "Sure."

"Oh yes, Sister Hope works at your hospital, right? I've invited her too. Since you're both in the same hospital and the same department, you must have a lot to talk about."

Hope will also be attending, huh, that's just perfect.

A sinister smile hooked on Joy's lips, "Okay, Sister Mia, I will definitely be there."

After hanging up, Mia threw her phone aside, picked up a glass of red wine from the table, and elegantly stood up. Her seductive figure walked to the floor-to-ceiling window, looking down at everything below, her lips kept curling upwards.

The Fuller Family is famously prominent in Emperor Capital, so it was natural that the welcoming banquet for the old master's beloved granddaughter was a gathering of elites and grand in scale.

As night gradually fell, the Fuller's mansion was bustling.

Inside the car, Hope Williams looked indifferently at the scene while Thomas Hughes respectfully said from the driver's seat, "Miss Williams, there has been a slight issue at the company. The Boss is handling it urgently and might be late. He said you should go in first, no need to wait for him."

With a light sigh, Hope simply responded, and then the car door opened.

Hope wasn't one for crowded places, and she held some resistance towards such lavish parties internally, but she had already agreed to attend.

As Hope got out of the car, Thomas couldn't help but be dazzled.

Normally fond of wearing light-colored dresses, Hope was dressed in a white form-fitting gown that evening, fitting her delicate figure perfectly. The bold V-neck design revealed her beautifully sexy clavicles, her soft hair pinned up, holding a small silver purse that perfectly complemented her outfit.

Her exquisite facial features slightly touched by makeup looked noble and cold, her temperament exceptional, stunningly beautiful. She slightly lifted her chin and glanced at the magnificent and luxurious Fuller mansion, then retracted her gaze indifferently.

She lifted her skirt slightly and stepped onto the stairs, immediately radiating a commanding presence.

Inside, Mia stood by the door talking and laughing easily with the arriving guests.

She was dressed in a golden gown, its off-shoulder design beautifully exposing her fair skin. Under the bright crystal lights, the golden dress made her look radiant and splendidly graceful.

Seeing Hope approaching slowly, Mia was caught off guard by her stunning presence, her eyes flinching with a trace of strong dislike.

She couldn't deny this woman's beauty was enough to overshadow all others.

However, seeing Hope arrive alone, Mia's lips curled up in a mocking sneer.

How could Brother Waylon's woman matter without a family background? She's just a woman unfit for social platforms. At a gathering of such a level, Brother Waylon would never appear with her.

Hope's arrival immediately captured everyone's attention.

Mia approached her, her beautiful face wearing a benign smile, "Sister Hope, you look really beautiful tonight." Mia glanced behind Hope and then purposely asked, "Why, didn't Brother Waylon come with you?"

"He's dealing with something at the company, he'll be here later," Hope responded in a clear, light voice, looking at her.

"I see," Mia smiled coyly, "No problem, Sister Hope, please, come inside."

Politely nodding her head, Hope walked inside, with Thomas maintaining a respectful distance behind her.

Given his Boss's interest in Miss. Williams, Thomas already regarded Hope as the future lady of the house.

Dressed as she was tonight, Hope was indeed the most outstanding flower amidst the crowd; Thomas had already shielded her from numerous wealthy young men trying to approach her.

Bored, Hope found a place to sit and quietly enjoyed the snacks in front of her.

Seeing Thomas so tense, wishing to clear out every gentleman within ten meters of her, Hope couldn't help but smile, feeling much more relaxed with him around.

Hope slightly turned her head, her gaze coldly sweeping in one direction. She wasn't sure if it was just her imagination, but she felt like someone had been staring at her since she came in.

"Young Master Morris, our Miss doesn't drink, sorry..." Thomas's large frame was blocking the man in front of him.

The man, holding a drink, grinned cheekily, "Oh, isn't this Brother Waylon's Assistant Hughes? Since when did the Lewis family have such a beautiful young lady?"

Chapter 136: Chapter 136 Drowning

The man, holding his drink, grinned cheekily, "Hey, isn't this Assistant Hughes from Brother Waylon's side? Since when did the Lewis family have such a gorgeous lady?"

Andrew Morris thought that anyone who could have Waylon Lewis's personal assistant shadowing them must be some favored young lady of the Lewis family. Despite having been around the block, he couldn't recall ever having seen this beauty. Maybe she just came back from studying abroad.

He readily accepted this explanation.

Andrew Morris was entangling himself with Thomas Hughes, "I just want to talk to the lady for a bit, I promise I won't let her drink, relax, relax."

"No, I'm very sorry, Young Master Morris..."

"What's with you, so stubbornly honest? I just want to have a chat, exchange some feelings."

...

Thomas Hughes's face turned cold, thinking, you want to 'exchange feelings' with Waylon Lewis's wife? Are you crazy?

Thomas Hughes, "What do you want to chat about? I'll chat with you."

Andrew Morris was dumbfounded, "Am I crazy? What could I possibly have to talk about with a big guy like you? Are you a freak?"

Thomas Hughes, "..."

Hope Williams, "..."

"Don't block my way, geez, you really are something." Thomas Hughes and Andrew Morris got all tangled up.

Hope Williams couldn't bear to watch their doggedness any longer and said with a light smile, "Is there something you need, Young Master Morris?"

Source: , updated on NovG0.co

"See, your Miss is talking to me. Back off, back off." Andrew Morris took advantage of Thomas Hughes's momentary stupor and swiftly darted in front of Hope Williams.

He ran a hand through his hair stylishly, his handsome face bearing a mischievous, rakish smile, "Ahem... Miss, let me introduce myself. My last name is Morris, first name Andrew. And how might I address you?"

Hope Williams returned a gentle smile, "Hello, Hope Williams."

Surname Williams—he remembered correctly that Mrs. Lewis also carried the surname Williams; she really must be a young lady related by marriage.

A glint passed through Andrew Morris's eyes, all the better then. He decided he would claim this related-by-marriage young lady and propose the very next day.

Seeing Andrew Morris smiling to himself, Hope Williams wondered if she had reason to think this kid's mind wasn't quite right.

"Miss Williams, how about we exchange contact information to get to know each other better? When you're free, I'll take you out for some fun."

Hope Williams rejected outright, "No, thanks."

"Hey, don't be so quick to refuse. There's no one in this region that Young Master Morris doesn't know. I've got your back from now on; you can walk sideways here..."

Hope Williams's gaze slowly drifted up from Andrew Morris, tugging the corners of her mouth ever so slightly.

"Cough..."

"Is something wrong, Miss Williams? Not feeling well? Is it a bit cold? To be honest, I suddenly feel a chill too... Ah... Hey... What the fuck..."

Andrew Morris's collar was suddenly grabbed from behind, and he was irritated. How dare someone grab him by the collar? Was this person looking for death?

As he turned to curse, he was met with an extremely handsome face. The eyebrows above that face were tightly furrowed, the dark eyes filled with an ominous glint, and the thin lips pressed into a firm line. The man exuded a chilling aura.

This person was... Waylon Lewis!

Andrew Morris still didn't realize the gravity of the situation and grinned sheepishly at Waylon, "Brother Waylon, long time no see."

Waylon Lewis kept a stern face while Hope Williams picked up her glass without a word and slowly took a sip.

"What are you doing?"

"Brother Waylon, I was chatting with your cousin," Andrew said.

"Cousin?" Wyatt Lewis, who stood behind Waylon Lewis with one hand casually in his pocket, couldn't help but laugh.

Hope Williams's brows twitched uncontrollably.

"Sister-in-law, since when did you become my brother's cousin?"

Hope Williams shrugged slightly, "I have no idea."

"Sister-in-law?" Andrew Morris's face froze, unable to react in time.

Waylon Lewis had already walked up to Hope Williams and casually wrapped his arm around her waist, drawing her into his embrace.

Hope Williams naturally didn't resist, looking up slightly, "Why did you just get here? Was there trouble at the company?"

Waylon Lewis's demeanor was entirely different when facing the woman in his arms, his gaze tender as he reached up to gently arrange some loose strands of Hope Williams's hair, "It was nothing serious, don't worry."

"Mm."

"Bored already?"

Hope Williams bit her lip slightly, "A little."

"I'll go greet Grandpa Fuller, and then we can leave."

"Alright, then I'll wait outside for you."

Andrew Morris stood there stiff, his eyes filled with nothing but astonishment. His mind was overrun with countless curses.

What had he just done? What on earth had he done?

He had just been flirting with Waylon Lewis's wife!

He slowly turned his head toward Thomas Hughes, who had just desperately stopped him. "Is it too late to go die now?"

Thomas shrugged his shoulders.

The shock wasn't just for Andrew Morris; everyone around was agape.

Waylon Lewis naturally attracted everyone's attention. They watched as Waylon walked in that direction. Initially, they thought he was going to find Young Master Morris, but his gaze stayed on the woman in front of Andrew Morris.

Then he directly wrapped his arm around the woman's waist, and Young Master Lewis openly referred to the woman as—his sister-in-law!

That woman was actually Waylon Lewis's wife!

Good heavens!

Many young noblemen cast grateful glances toward Thomas Hughes, who had just stopped them from approaching her.

Their eyes were as if they were looking at their own reborn parents.

Mia Fuller stood aside, taking in the scene before her eyes.

She had just been standing at the doorway, planning to greet Waylon Lewis, but his gaze went around the banquet hall and finally settled on a corner, unwavering, and he walked straight toward it.

He perfectly ignored her.

And in his eyes, there was only Hope Williams.

A crack finally appeared on Mia Fuller's perfect composure, her hand clutching tightly, and she watched a silhouette closely following Hope Williams, a cold smile curling at her lips.

The Fuller family's estate was about the same size as the Lewis family's old house, with beautifully carved beams and paintings, winding corridors, and scenery every three steps, a person every five steps.

Hope Williams walked out calmly.

"Hope Williams."

A cold voice came from behind her.

Hope stopped in her tracks, turned around, her brows moved slightly, and saw Joy Ward standing behind her.

Encountering Joy here, Hope wasn't too surprised.

Her expression was serene and unaffected, with very little emotion in her cool eyes.

"Are you satisfied after making me suffer so much?" Joy approached step by step, her gaze sweeping past the nearby swimming pool, then moving back to Hope.

Hope furrowed her brows, her gaze growing colder, "It's your own doing."

"No, it's your fault." Joy roared, "My mother died because of you, our entire family is in chaos now."

Hope's eyes were clear and cold, her voice calm and measured, "Your mother died because of you. Don't you have a clue? Isn't this a mess of your own making?"

"Hope Williams, I want you to pay for my mother's life..." As Joy finished her sentence, she fiercely grabbed Hope's arm and yanked her into the swimming pool with her.

"Splash" were heard twice.

Hope felt a tightness in her chest. She couldn't swim, and Joy clung fiercely to her arm, pulling her downward with a vengeance, intent on drowning her.

"Get off."

Hope desperately struggled to break free from Joy's grasp.

During the struggle, her body sank even further.

Joy looked crazed, "How comfortable does it feel, Hope Williams? You despicable woman, you deserve to die. The pain I've suffered, I'll make you experience it all. Go die."

Hope flailed in the water, unable to touch the bottom, choking on who knows how much water.

Joy laughed madly. As people approached, she screamed at the top of her lungs, "Help... help me, help..."

Suddenly there was a "splash" as someone jumped in.

Then another "splash" followed.

Two men swam quickly toward Hope.

Hope didn't know how much water she'd inhaled. All she felt was her body continuously sinking.

Then a strong arm grabbed her hand, pulling her close, wrapping around her waist to keep her nose and mouth above the water.

Alexander Knox's expression was dark, "Hang in there a little longer, I'm bringing you up now."

“Waylon, save me, save me!” Joy screamed out.

Waylon Lewis’s gaze, however, didn’t stray from Hope for a second. He pushed Alexander away and quickly pulled the woman into his arms. Hope’s hands instinctively rested on his shoulders.

Alexander watched the person being forcefully taken away by Waylon, his look becoming even colder.

Waylon Lewis rescued Hope onto the shore as quickly as possible, and fortunately, it was timely—she had only choked on a few mouthfuls of water, and she coughed violently a few times on the shore.

Waylon’s face darkened, he kept patting Hope’s back lightly to help her catch her breath, “Are you okay?”

Hope, holding her chest, nodded her head.

Wyatt Lewis followed close behind, seeing Waylon and Hope both soaked, his face darkened, and he couldn’t help but quicken his steps, “Brother, what happened to sister-in-law?”

Chapter 137: Chapter 137: Kick Her into the Water

Wyatt Lewis quickly followed behind and, seeing Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams both soaked through, his face darkened and he couldn’t help but hasten his steps over. “Brother, sister-in-law, what happened?”

Hope Williams was soaked through, her originally form-fitting dress clinging to her body, accentuating her perfect figure even more provocatively. Waylon Lewis, towering in stature, half-enveloped Hope, shielding her from all prying eyes.

“Clothes.” Waylon Lewis said coldly.

Wyatt glanced at himself, “... Brother, I only have one on!”

Waylon Lewis’s expression darkened.

Wyatt reacted quickly, immediately turned and patted Thomas Hughes, who understood instantly and took off his suit jacket, handing it to Waylon Lewis.

...

Waylon Lewis draped it over Hope Williams and bent down to pick her up.

Just then, Mia Fuller, hearing the commotion, also came out with others and, seeing the scene before her, her eyes darkened, her expression quickly turning to worry.

“Brother Waylon, Sister Hope, what happened?” Mia Fuller asked, casting a glance at Joy Ward who was splashing in the pool.

Waylon Lewis’s face was terribly grim as he held Hope Williams and began to walk away without answering.

Mia Fuller’s eyes shifted, she bit her lip and hurriedly followed, saying, “Brother Waylon, you and Sister Hope are both wet, going out now you’ll catch a cold, better change clothes before you leave.”

Waylon Lewis looked down at the person in his arms, not bearing to let her catch a cold, and then slowly turned his gaze towards Mia Fuller and said gravely, “Thanks for the trouble.”

“It’s no trouble, come to my room. Sister Hope and I are about the same size, I have new clothes in my room, Sister Hope can make do with them.”

Source: , updated on NovGo.co

Hope Williams softly said, “Thank you.”

Mia Fuller led them to her room, her gaze drifting to the side, she noticed Alexander Knox also drenched.

Her brows slightly furrowed, obviously, Waylon Lewis wasn’t the only one who had jumped down to save someone.

Well, Alexander Knox as well.

What was Alexander Knox’s relation to Hope Williams? He never interfered in other people’s affairs, let alone diving in without hesitation to save someone, getting himself in such a mess.

Mia Fuller withdrew her gaze with this slight doubt.

Joy Ward, struggling alone, had finally managed to climb up, her gown heavy with water. She hadn’t even caught her breath when a strong kick to her back sent her tumbling back down.

“Plunge.” A splash.

“Ah!”

Caught off guard, Joy Ward was kicked into the water, violently swallowing several mouthfuls in her frantic struggle in the pool.

“Help... help...”

Everyone stared agape in disbelief at Wyatt Lewis.

Wyatt Lewis tugged at his lip, scoffing twice.

He turned around to meet everyone’s astonished gazes.

He sneered, “What are you looking at? It wasn’t on purpose.”

The crowd was left speechless.

Not on purpose?

You directly kicked someone into the water!

How can you say it wasn’t intentional?

After giving Hope Williams the clothes, Mia Fuller left the room where Waylon Lewis was standing at the doorway.

Noticing his worried look, Mia Fuller’s brow furrowed deeply but then relaxed, she approached and caringly said, “Brother Waylon, you should change as well, there are clothes in my brother’s room, I’ll get you a set.”

Waylon Lewis didn’t refuse, “Thanks a lot.”

Mia Fuller walked a few steps forward, then turned back with a gentle smile, “Brother Waylon, no need to be so formal with me.”

Indeed, Mia Fuller’s figure was quite similar to Hope Williams. The clothes she brought for Hope were a body-hugging long suit dress. Once dressed and with her handbag from the table, Hope went out.

Mia Fuller was standing at the doorstep as the door opened she turned around, her gaze falling on Hope Williams, her molars clenched tight.

Why, even the most ordinary dress she picked looked so classy on her?

A sinister glint flashed in the depths of Mia Fuller’s eyes, but as she met Hope Williams’ gaze, her smile was innocently full, “Sister Hope, Brother Waylon is changing clothes, he asked you to wait downstairs for him.”

“Alright.” Hope Williams nodded, “How much is this outfit? I’ll transfer the money to you.”

Hope Williams wouldn’t just take something for nothing.

Mia Fuller hurriedly said, “It wasn’t much, Sister Hope, you really don’t have to be so formal, it’s just a piece of clothing to me.”

Hope Williams pretended to open her handbag, and fortunately, the texture of the handbag was waterproof, so her cellphone inside wasn’t wet.

Mia Fuller panicked and quickly said, “Sister Hope, really, there’s no need, really no need.”

A flicker of suspicion passed through Hope Williams’s eyes; she lowered her gaze discreetly and glanced inside the handbag.

Her beautiful eyes narrowed slightly, and then, closing the handbag, she smiled, “Then I won’t stand on ceremony.”

Mia Fuller regained her innocent smile.

Hope Williams took two steps forward, leaned in closer to Mia Fuller with a bright and charming smile, and said softly, “Thank you.”

Mia Fuller returned with a proper smile, “You’re welcome.”

Hope Williams slowly went downstairs.

Mia Fuller watched Hope Williams’s departing figure, and the smile on her face gradually faded; for some reason, Hope Williams’s smile earlier felt particularly strange.

Mia Fuller didn’t dwell on it and proceeded as planned.

Hope Williams descended the stairs unhurriedly and waited in the banquet hall downstairs for Waylon Lewis.

At that moment, a calling voice came from behind, “Wait, Sister Hope.”

Hope Williams’s lips curved up—she knew it was coming.

“What is it?” Hope Williams asked.

Mia Fuller, running hurriedly and slightly out of breath, asked, “Sister Hope, did you accidentally take something from my room just now?”

Hope Williams’s brow twitched slightly; she looked at her calmly, “What?”

“There was a sapphire necklace in my room that’s now missing; Sister Hope, did you see it when you were in my room?”

Hope Williams’s expression was indifferent.

“No.”

Mia Fuller’s delicate eyebrows furrowed tightly, and her face filled with worry; her fingers trembled with urgency, “What should I do? That necklace was left to me by my mother, it is my most precious possession.”

She turned to a maid nearby, anxiously asking, “Think carefully, where did you put it?”

The maid, terrified, immediately knelt down, “Miss, I really put it in your room’s cabinet, I really don’t know how it’s gone.”

The maid’s act of kneeling and her cries drew the attention of others, who involuntarily gathered around, asking with concern, “What’s happened, Miss Fuller?”

“What is going on?”

“My sapphire necklace is missing, it’s the only thing my mother left me, it’s very precious, if it’s lost, I really don’t know what I’d do.” Mia Fuller lowered her head, tears almost in her eyes, looking pitiful, which immediately drew the sympathy of those around.

“The sapphire necklace, is it called Blue Netherworld?”

“That’s the one.”

“Oh my, that is the Fuller Family’s heirloom passed down from generation to generation, the whole necklace is made up of eighteen top-tier sapphires, I was fortunate enough to see it once—it’s stunning, flawlessly perfect, such a valuable item, who would dare to steal it?”

“Could it be this maid being greedy and stealing it?” someone suggested.

The maid cried even louder, immediately saying, “Miss, I really didn’t take it, even if you loaned me a hundred guts, I wouldn’t dare take your things, especially such a precious gem necklace.”

Mia Fuller furrowed her brows, bent down, and helped up the maid from the floor, then addressing everyone said, “Aunt Snow has been with our family for over a decade; if she was going to steal, she would have done so a long time ago, it couldn’t have been her.”

Hearing Mia Fuller say this herself, everyone's gaze shifted away from the maid.

"Who could have stolen it then? Miss Fuller, think carefully, who else has been in your room?"

Mia Fuller furrowed her brows tightly and slowly lifted her head; her troubled gaze involuntarily fell on Hope Williams.

"Right, Miss, after that, only Miss Williams entered your room, no one else did," the maid quickly said.

Mia Fuller, "This..."

Followed by Mia Fuller's gaze, all eyes turned to Hope Williams quietly standing aside.

The woman had changed into a simple business dress and removed her makeup; her neatly groomed long hair had also fallen down, yet her beauty remained unmatched.

"Are you suspecting it's me?" Hope Williams's gaze fixed unwaveringly on Mia Fuller.

Mia Fuller pursed her lips, looking somewhat conflicted, and lowered her head, but she said nothing.

Her silence was akin to tacit consent.

Observers, witnessing this scene, immediately on catching Hope Williams's eyes, changed their expressions.

"Miss, you better return the necklace soon; that's the Fuller family's heirloom, no ordinary item."

Chapter 138: Chapter 138: Dreaming of Getting Away Unscathed

"Miss, you should really take out the necklace. It is the Fuller Family heirloom, not just any ordinary item."

Hope Williams stood her ground calmly, looking directly at the person who had just spoken, "I've said it already, I didn't take anything. What are you asking me to take out?"

Seeing that Hope Williams wouldn't admit to it, Mia Fuller's frown deepened, and sadness filled her eyes.

That trace of sadness entered the eyes of the onlookers, further escalating their sympathy for Mia Fuller.

“The only one who entered Miss Fuller’s room was you. Now the necklace is lost. Who else could have taken it if not you?”

“That’s right. Miss Fuller kindly let you use her room to change your clothes, and you stole her necklace. What kind of upbringing is that?”

...

Mia Fuller weakly raised her head, looking at Hope Williams with tear-filled eyes.

“Sister Hope, if you really took the necklace, could you please just return it? That necklace is very precious to me. If you like the necklace, I can give you all my other necklaces. I just want that one back. Can you do that?”

Mia Fuller pleaded desperately.

The bystanders grew even more indignant.

“Miss, Miss Fuller has pleaded so earnestly with you. Won’t you take out the necklace?”

“If you want to prove your innocence, why not let us search you?”

Hope Williams’s eyes were cold, “Search me? Why should you? Did you see me steal her necklace?”

“This...”

“If not, why are you unfairly declaring me guilty without any evidence?” Hope Williams’s voice was icy as her gaze slowly swept over the crowd, utterly indifferent.

Hope Williams’s cool, compelling voice unintentionally subdued the others.

“But only you had entered Miss Fuller’s room.”

Hope Williams’s eyes flickered toward the servant, “When did you put the necklace in the room?”

The servant, suddenly being questioned, unconsciously glanced at Mia Fuller.

Hope Williams, “Please answer my question.”

“Probably... before the party started.”

“Heh.”

Hope Williams sneered, “That’s ridiculous. During such a long period, with so many people, you all didn’t check the surveillance; how did you determine I was the only one who went in?”

The crowd looked at each other, realizing that Hope Williams made sense. With such a large event and many people present, and the room not being locked, if someone intended to steal, stealing a necklace would be easy.

“Is there a surveillance camera in the room?” Hope Williams asked again.

“Of course not...”

Who installs surveillance cameras in their rooms.

Hope Williams smirked, “Then it’s even more ridiculous; how could you be sure that I stole the necklace from the room?”

Hope Williams’s few questions turned the situation around.

Mia Fuller’s pupils trembled within her tearful eyes, speaking weakly and tiredly, “Sister Hope, we didn’t say for certain that you took the necklace...”

“You just did,” Hope Williams’s chilly gaze swept toward her.

“Sister Hope, I think there’s a misunderstanding. That’s not what we meant. The necklace is very important to me, so I can’t overlook any possibility. I’ll check the corridor surveillance later, but right now you are also a suspect.

Could you please cooperate with us and let us look in your handbag? It would also help to prove your innocence. If it’s really not there, I will definitely apologize to you.”

Mia Fuller spoke with sincerity written all over her delicate, tender face.

“Yeah, the most straightforward way to prove your innocence now is to open your bag in front of us. If the necklace isn’t inside, then we’ve misunderstood you,” the surrounding people chimed in.

“What’s going on?”

A deep voice interrupted, and everyone turned to see a tall, imposing figure walking over, making way for him.

Waylon Lewis naturally walked to Hope Williams’s side and asked in a low voice, “What happened?”

“Miss Fuller’s necklace is lost, and they’re saying I stole it,” Hope Williams replied with a smile, openly confessing to Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis’s gaze turned frosty as he glanced at Mia Fuller, whose eyes were reddened.

Mia Fuller hurriedly explained, “Brother Waylon, sorry, it was just a hasty statement because the necklace is so important to me, and it was lost after Sister Hope went in, so I spoke harshly.”

Mia Fuller bowed her head in apology, her tone exceedingly sincere.

“Actually, I’m also willing to believe in Sister Hope, but there’s no choice. To prove that Sister Hope really didn’t take the necklace, the most straightforward way is to trouble Sister Hope to let us see her bag, and that could prove her innocence.”

Mia Fuller’s delicate eyebrows tightened, appearing genuinely concerned for Hope Williams, which made Hope Williams laugh.

“Just like this, I can prove that I didn’t take the necklace, right?”

Hope Williams revealed a smile that seemed both ironic and not.

Mia Fuller looked at Hope, her smile was ostensibly normal, yet it inexplicably sent chills down one’s spine.

But even so, what of it? She had personally put the necklace into Hope’s purse, so the necklace must be inside it. This time, she was sure Hope couldn’t escape.

Waylon Lewis regarded Hope so highly, which naturally irritated her. This time, it was just about teaching her a lesson, letting everyone know what kind of character this woman had, and how she couldn’t hold a candle to others.

Such a woman, caught as a thief—how could the Lewis Family possibly want her?

“Yes, just by letting us see your handbag, we can prove it.”

Hope raised an eyebrow, “It seems as though Miss Fuller is certain the necklace must be in my bag.”

“Because if you really took it, the only place you could hide it would be the handbag.” Mia Fuller didn’t dare slack off, this woman could easily twist her words.

“Okay.” Hope instantly agreed, lifting her hand unhesitatingly to hand over her handbag to Mia.

“Since Miss Fuller is so sure, then let Miss Fuller search it herself.”

A subtle, triumphant smile flickered unnoticed across Mia’s eyes as she frowned, reflecting on Hope’s stern expression, “Sister Hope, I really do trust you.”

“Hmm, then I thank Miss Fuller for your trust.” Hope said with a smirk.

Mia handed her own handbag to a servant beside her, and under everyone’s intense gaze, she received and opened Hope’s.

Everyone craned their necks.

Mia Fuller carefully took out each item from Hope’s handbag and placed it on the table.

There wasn’t much in Hope’s bag—a lipstick for touch-ups, some cosmetics, a cell phone, a small packet of tissues... and that was it.

Mia’s face tensed harshly.

“There really is nothing.”

“There truly is nothing.”

“Could it be hidden on her person?”

Hope sneered, “Miss, Miss Fuller already said there’s no other place for me to hide anything except the handbag. Why don’t you believe it? Do you want to give me a body search?”

As soon as Hope finished speaking, a piercing gaze swept towards the speaker.

That person, in that instant, felt their legs soften and swiftly bowed their head, “I dare not.”

Mia Fuller clenched her teeth tightly, staring persistently at the handbag.

Hope laughed, “Miss Fuller wouldn’t still think there’s a secret compartment in my bag, would you?”

Hope’s voice abruptly startled Mia, freezing her expression solid as she desperately squeezed out a smile, “No... no...”

“Since there isn’t, can this prove my innocence?” Hope asked very calmly.

“Of course... it can,” Mia gnashed her teeth.

“That’s good, could Miss Fuller please return my handbag to me then?”

Mia felt mockingly scrutinizing eyes cast towards her.

Especially from Waylon Lewis, whose gaze was bursting with dark and angry air—a look she had never seen him direct at herself in all the years she had known him.

And this look was all because of another woman.

Mia clenched her teeth tightly, bowing her head, unable to comprehend why there was nothing.

But now, with everyone watching her, she couldn’t show any anomaly, only taking out and tactfully placing back everything from the handbag back into it, returning it to Hope, “Sister Hope, I’m truly sorry. I misunderstood you, and I am really sorry.”

Hope lifted her hand to take her handbag back, looking at Mia with a faint smile.

That smile, when caught in Mia’s eyes, was full of mockery.

Hope smiled, another woman just like Joy Ward yet far more adept—she understood the situation and knew when to advance or retreat.

Seeing she was on the losing side, she promptly apologized, admitted her mistakes, and ceased her excuses, minimizing her losses.

Today was her welcome reception, a misunderstanding wouldn’t strip her of face.

“Since it’s all a misunderstanding, let’s all disperse now,” Mia knew she couldn’t win now, and couldn’t let this situation escalate further, it wouldn’t be beneficial to her.

“Wait,” Hope spoke up.

“Miss Fuller’s necklace hasn’t been found yet, how could this matter simply end like that? After all, it’s a family heirloom of Miss Fuller’s and now that I’m involved, I naturally can’t just stand by idly.”

Mia wanted to slander her, and now she wanted to escape unscathed, she thought bitterly.

No data found.

Chapter 139: Chapter 139: Turning Defeat into Victory

Miss Hope Williams was no Holy Mother. She plotted to slander her and now hoped to escape unscathed. As if that would happen.

Mia Fuller was taken aback, clearly not expecting Hope Williams to be so incessantly nagging.

Mia Fuller forced a smile, her complexion souring, “That won’t be necessary, perhaps it’s in the room. I’ll go back and look for it, no need to bother Sister Hope. Weren’t you all preparing to leave? Let me see you out.”

Hope Williams smiled coyly, turning her head to look at Waylon Lewis, whose expression was unfriendly. “Are we in a hurry to leave?”

Waylon Lewis looked down at her, “Not in a hurry.”

“Listen, your Brother Waylon isn’t in a hurry, so naturally, I’m not either. I should help to the end, and of course, I want to help you find it.”

...

Mia Fuller knew all too well just how “kindhearted” Hope Williams was.

She always felt an uneasy restlessness within her, and her reason told her she should stop looking and put an end to this matter.

“It’s really not necessary. The Fuller house is so large; looking for a necklace is like finding a needle in a haystack. It’s too much trouble for you,” Mia Fuller said while standing in place. “I’m feeling a bit unwell, so I’ll go rest for a bit.”

After speaking, Mia Fuller reached out to take her purse back from the hands of the servant.

“Miss Fuller,” Hope Williams called out, stopping Mia Fuller.

Mia Fuller’s hand trembled, and her purse fell straight to the ground.

Hope Williams saw that Mia Fuller was startled and smiled apologetically, “I’m sorry, Miss Fuller, for frightening you.”

As she spoke, Hope Williams personally crouched to pick up Mia Fuller’s purse.

Mia Fuller’s purse had no zipper, and quite a few things fell out—lipsticks, cosmetics, a phone, and there, half hanging out, was... a sapphire necklace!

Mia Fuller’s hand trembled violently, her complexion turned deathly pale.

“Isn’t that the sapphire necklace? How is it in Miss Fuller’s purse?”

“My God, what’s going on here?”

“Right, wasn’t it missing? How did it end up in her own bag?”

The necklace was in Mia Fuller's purse.

Hope Williams picked up the necklace and calmly stood up, looking at Mia Fuller and asked, "Miss Fuller, is this the necklace you lost?"

Mia Fuller's complexion went from pale to paler. What was going on, how could it possibly be in her own purse? She was certain she had put it into Hope Williams's purse, how could it have ended up in hers?

What exactly was happening?

Mia Fuller's face was a picture of disbelief.

"Miss Fuller?"

"To think after all this time, it was in her own purse. What is this, some kind of joke?"

"Yes, Miss Fuller, isn't this going too far? In your own purse, yet you insisted it was in Miss Williams's purse."

"Miss Williams has been wronged too cruelly this time."

"Miss Fuller, you should apologize to Miss Williams; you've gravely misconstrued this."

Mia Fuller's fingers trembled. She looked up at Hope Williams, whose lips still held a trace of a smile.

From the start, she was calm and collected as if she was controlling everything. So she knew all along there was no necklace in her own purse.

Then when did she put the necklace into her purse? Mia Fuller thought carefully, it could only have been when Hope Williams had approached her at the doorway.

So she had seen through everything all along and was just playing along!

That despicable woman, she had truly been careless.

Mia Fuller was stunned for a few seconds before saying, "I... I might have put it in the purse and forgot about it."

"Is that so?" Hope Williams looked at her and spoke lightly, "If I remember correctly, a moment ago your family's servant said she had put the necklace back in the room before the banquet began."

Miss Fuller had been entertaining guests in the banquet hall since the beginning of the banquet, right? If I'm not mistaken, you only went back to the

room with me once, just that one time. That was your chance to put the necklace in my bag, wasn't it?

I left the room with you half an hour ago. Not counting the time we just spent arguing, let's say it took the time you put the necklace in my bag, plus the time it took for me to change my clothes and come downstairs, then the time you stopped me—that's less than ten minutes. How come? You forgot all about putting the necklace in your own bag in just ten short minutes?

Hope Williams sneered, "Then, as a doctor, I sincerely suggest Miss Fuller visit a neurologist to see if she's developed amnesia?"

Everyone turned their gaze toward Mia Fuller.

Mia Fuller's face turned pale, looking extremely unsightly; she took a step back.

If you think about it carefully, the motives here become clear.

Mia Fuller accompanied Hope Williams back to her room and placed her own necklace in her own bag. She couldn't have forgotten such a recent event, so she was framing Hope Williams for theft.

Why would she falsely accuse Hope Williams?

Hope Williams had done nothing to her, had she?

No, Hope Williams was the woman by President Lewis's side, and everyone knew Mia Fuller had a crush on Waylon Lewis.

So Mia Fuller framed Hope Williams because of Waylon Lewis.

I see.

"Enough already, it's a real case of a thief shouting 'catch the thief.' Miss Fuller really knows how to play."

"Who could have thought, huh? Treating us all like fools, and in the end, she's the one who's embarrassed."

Mia Fuller raised her eyes to look at Hope Williams, feeling a chill throughout her body. The mocking voices around her made her feel utterly ashamed.

Hope Williams looked at her with a raised eyebrow and a faintly mocking smile, not saying anything else, as if she had really just wanted to help her find the necklace.

Hope Williams turned to Waylon Lewis, "Now that Miss Fuller's issue is resolved, let's go home. Luke and Willow might start worrying if they can't see us."

“Okay.”

Waylon Lewis didn't spare anyone else a glance, naturally wrapping his arm around Hope Williams as they left the banquet hall.

Wyatt Lewis, having clearly seen through the situation, cast a glance at Mia Fuller, chuckled disdainfully, and followed Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams out.

Mia Fuller clenched her hands tightly, the whispers and stares from those around her making her feel utterly ashamed.

The elevator doors slowly opened, and Waylon Lewis pulled Hope Williams inside. Wyatt Lewis, seeing the doors about to close, hurried over, “Hey, brother, I haven't gotten on the elevator yet.”

Waylon Lewis had no intention of waiting for Wyatt Lewis.

Wyatt Lewis watched the doors close decisively and pitilessly, and muttered an expletive under his breath.

“Why didn't you wait for Wyatt? Is that how you act as a brother?”

Hope Williams hadn't missed Wyatt's speechless and pitiable expression.

Waylon Lewis's deep eyes focused on her face, and in a low and faint voice, he said, “He's in the way.”

“In the way? In the way of what?” Hope Williams asked, blinking at him.

Waylon's long fingers lightly traced her fair face, staring at her lips, he smiled, “What do you think?”

Hope Williams suddenly understood his meaning, her eyes flickered and she quickly tried to move away.

But it was too late; the man's lips had already sealed hers.

Hope Williams's body trembled violently, wanting to push Waylon Lewis away, but they were now in a boyfriend-girlfriend relationship, and this kind of kissing and hugging was completely normal.

However, Hope Williams became tense, her heart fluttering uncontrollably.

“Open your mouth, hmm?”

The someone who hadn't been rejected became even more confident, his voice tinged with laughter.

A strong arm wrapped around her waist, he leaned in again, deepening the kiss, his tongue unapologetically prying open her mouth, entwining with her tongue, the embrace becoming intensely passionate.

Chapter 140: Chapter 140: The Smart Woman

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Hope Williams was in a daze, only able to tilt her head back and endure his domineering kiss.

Hope finally understood why Wyatt couldn't take the elevator; it was because it hindered his own mischief.

This person would even abandon his own younger brother for his mischief.

It wasn't until the elevator reached the parking garage, that Waylon Lewis slowly let her go.

Hope tightly grasped his clothes, shyly lowering her head. Her heart beat wildly, yet the man continued to hold her in his embrace.

...

“Do you know how long I've been holding back this kiss?”

“Hmm?”

“Every bit of you is so enticing. I'm truly afraid that if I let go of your hand, someone will take you away.”

One Benjamin Myers.

One Alexander Knox.

And tonight, another Andrew Morris!

One after another, how could others be so drawn to his woman?

But it doesn't matter; this woman belongs to him, must be his, no one can take her away.

Waylon Lewis carried Hope Williams into the car and asked, “Did you know Mia Fuller was planning to frame you tonight?”

“I didn't, but since she likes you, I stayed vigilant.”

“Hmm?”

Hope slowly explained, “When a woman adores a man and there is another woman by his side, that woman becomes a thorn in her side. How could she miss any chance to stamp her out?”

Having seen so many of these women's jealous rivalries, you come to understand."

Waylon Lewis curled up his lips, "You're very smart."

Hope smiled slightly, "Thank you for the compliment."

"Shall we head back to the Lewis Family estate?"

Hope shook her head, "No, back to my own home."

"The Lewis estate is your home too, Luke and Willow are still with Grandpa." Waylon Lewis looked at Hope seriously.

"I feel like Grandpa has been revolving around Luke and Willow lately." Hope said, slightly helpless yet amused.

"Yeah, Old Master Lewis adores the two kids, wanting to have them with him every day."

The elder naturally loves kids, and having great-grandchildren suddenly makes him even more unwilling to part with them.

Recently, because of Hope and Luke and Willow, Old Master Lewis has been looking at him more favorably.

"Oh my, come on." Wyatt Lewis jogged over, out of breath, opened the car door himself, and unceremoniously sat in the back seat, protesting.

"Brother, you're really heartless! With me in the elevator, it wouldn't be overloaded, yet you just left me behind. Can we still play nicely together?"

Waylon Lewis glanced at him coldly through the rearview mirror, "Drive yourself back."

Wyatt Lewis wore a pained expression, "Brother, I came with your car. It's only kind to help others to the end, how about you take me back, right, sister-in-law?"

Hope was truly amused by the two brothers. In wealthy families, brothers usually fight bitterly over inheritance, yet these two don't compete for anything and have an exceptionally good relationship.

A brother is just there to be beaten, and the one beaten is not afraid and next time will still approach with a smile.

Hope smiled helplessly, a bit sympathetic to Wyatt Lewis who could be abandoned by his brother at any moment, "Let's go back together, anyway, it's on the way."

Upon hearing sister-in-law speak up, Wyatt Lewis was instantly emboldened, brimming with energy, "Brother, did you hear that? Sister-in-law is still good to me."

So moved.

Waylon Lewis started the car with a solemn face, driving back to the Lewis Family's old estate.

Once home, Hope saw Luke playing chess with Old Master Lewis, Willow being held by Alitzel Williams watching TV, Christopher Lewis sitting nearby reading the newspaper, occasionally letting out hearty laughter, a scene of harmony.

After all, all are related, and Luke and Willow are not opposed.

Hope's face bloomed a gentle smile seeing this scene.

"Mommy." Luke and Willow immediately rushed into Hope's embrace.

"You're back; did the banquet go smoothly?" Old Master Lewis asked.

Hope nodded, omitting the small incident, "Smoothly."

Hope took Luke and Willow's little hands, "Luke and Willow, we're going home."

"Mommy, can we wait until Luke finishes this chess game with Great-Grandpa first?"

"Of course you can, go ahead."

Luke sat back in his chair, talking to the old master, "Great-Grandpa, let's continue."

The old master joyfully replied, "Alright."

These two kids are truly clever, especially Luke. After only explaining chess once, he grasped the basics, and after a few games, could compete with him.

"Little Hope, don't go tonight, stay at the Lewis Family estate, it's too late, it's unsafe to go back." Alitzel Williams said.

"Yes, Little Hope, stay at the Lewis Family estate; going back is too troublesome." The old master chimed in, "Stay at Grandpa's place, Grandpa is happy seeing you."

"Yes indeed, sister-in-law, Grandpa doesn't get happy seeing my brother and me." Wyatt Lewis reclined on the sofa.

The old master huffed, "You two should go where it's cool."

“Look, just look at the preferential treatment.”

In the end, Hope stayed at the Lewis Family estate overnight.

Waylon Lewis returned to the study, Hope couldn't sleep, so she sat beside him reading.

Waylon Lewis sat seriously and busily in front of the computer.

At this moment, Thomas Hughes knocked and entered.

“Boss, the matter has been investigated.” Thomas glanced at Hope on the sofa.

Hope was someone who noticed atmospheres; they were about to discuss serious matters, so she got up intending to leave.

Waylon's gaze shifted from the computer, speaking to Hope, “You don't need to leave.” Then he glanced at Thomas, “Speak.”

“The person who burned the Ward Family's villa has been found, belonging to a mysterious organization led by Liam Cloud, the one who sent people to kill the third young master eight years ago.”

As soon as Thomas's words fell, the book Hope held dropped to the ground with a “thud.”

Hope was stunned, her gaze straight into the man's deep dark eyes.

Waylon raised his hand, signaling Thomas to pause. He got up, came to Hope's side, leaned down, and gently rubbed her hair, “Tired?”

Hope stiffly nodded, “Yeah, I'm tired, I'll go to bed first, don't stay up too late.”

Waylon kissed her on the forehead, “Alright, go ahead.”

Hope picked up her book and left, her steps quickening, Waylon didn't miss the fleeting panic in her eyes.

He furrowed his brows.

Returning to her room, Hope felt her mind in chaos. She knew the Lewis Family originally had three sons, and the third young master died young in a turmoil.

But what does this have to do with Liam Cloud?

He had someone set the Ward Family villa on fire, eight years ago sent someone to kill the third young master of the Lewis Family!

What on earth is going on!

Hope's mind was full of chaos.

Waylon Lewis returned to his chair, Thomas continued, "Boss, how should we handle it?"

The key is this person is powerful, stationed in Y Country. Their influence in Y Country is limited, and if a full-scale conflict arises, they wouldn't stand a chance.

Waylon's long fingers rhythmically tapped the table, deep in thought.

"Teach him a lesson."

Having spent years at Waylon's side, Thomas naturally understood what this lesson meant, "Yes, also about Miss Williams's drowning incident, it was Joy Ward who dragged Miss Williams into the water."

Waylon's eyes went cold, "Where is she now?"

"She was rescued by Weston Morris. Should we retrieve her?"

Waylon raised his hand, "No need, in the hands of a lunatic, how well can she be? Don't bother with her."

"From today on, you keep people protecting Hope around the clock. Remember, keep a distance, don't let her notice, she doesn't like it."

Thomas immediately responded, "Yes."

...

Joy Ward awoke to see the man before her. Though handsome, the deep knife scar on his left brow, coupled with his murderous gaze, added a menacing aura.

Joy was frightened, trembling, "Who are you?"