

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 141: 150

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Chapter 141: Chapter 141: Sleeping Together with Her

Joy Ward was trembling with fear, "Who, who are you?"

The man's lips curled up, and the chill emanating from him deepened, "The one who saved you."

"Why did you save me?" Joy Ward cowered in the corner; her instincts told her this man was no ordinary person, which made her subconsciously fear him all over.

"Ah..."

Joy Ward exclaimed as the man grabbed her by the neck, his face getting close to hers, "Do you hate Waylon Lewis? He only saved Hope Williams, but not you. He only has Hope Williams in his heart; do you hate her?"

The mention of this made Joy Ward's eyes harsh; she clenched her teeth fiercely, "I hate, of course, I hate, it's all that bitch's fault, all her fault."

"Do you want revenge?"

Yes, she certainly did; she dreamed every day of how to kill Hope Williams.

That bitch was always so lucky, always slipping through the cracks.

Everyone was helping her, everyone.

How could she not hate?

"I'll help you..." The man paused, then whispered menacingly in her ear, "What if we kill her?"

Joy Ward's pupils constricted, "You're willing to help me?"

“Yes, the price is to become my woman.” Weston Morris’s fingers traced over Joy Ward’s lips, but his eyes flashed with disgust.

“You... okay, I agree, as long as you can help me kill Hope Williams, I agree to anything.”

Weston Morris curled his lips in a cold smile, “Good girl, then strip.”

Joy Ward bit her lip hard; she had nothing left, and to be able to kill Hope Williams, she could give up everything.

After all, she had seen this man before, the unloved eldest son of the Morris family.

Even though he was unloved, he was still a member of the Morris family. By becoming his, she would be Mrs. Morris in the future, and Hope Williams would only deserve to be stepped under her feet.

With that thought, Joy Ward unhesitatingly stripped off her clothes one by one, standing naked in front of the man. She seductively hooked her hand around the man’s neck, enticingly seducing him as she pressed her lips to his, “Young Master Morris, let me serve you tonight.”

The man blocked her approaching lips with his hand, chuckling while hooking Joy Ward’s chin, “Exactly as saucy as I like.”

“Then, Young Master Morris...”

The man’s voice drowned hers out as he shouted, “Come in.”

Suddenly, several men entered from outside.

Joy Ward was still completely naked; the man actually called other men in. Joy Ward quickly grabbed her clothes to cover herself, frowning at him, “What are you doing?”

“To satisfy you with men, my Mrs. Morris.” The man hooked his finger with a mocking smile, coldly signaling the men behind him to come forward. They immediately pressed her onto the bed, one on each side.

Joy Ward stared in disbelief, “What, what are you going to do?”

Weston Morris stood up, smiling at her like a devil filled with excitement.

“Begin.”

The men by Joy Ward's side immediately pressed down on her, and she suddenly felt something pushing against her below. She desperately struggled and screamed, crawling to Weston Morris's side, "Didn't you say you'd make me your woman?"

"I will give you the status of Mrs. Morris, but what are you to deserve my touch?" Weston Morris flung Joy Ward away, his eyes full of nothing but disdain and mockery.

Joy Ward was dragged back to the bed by several burly men.

"Ah..." Without any foreplay, she was harshly taken.

An endless sense of humiliation engulfed her completely.

The man standing in front of her was hooked with a merciless, cruel smile, watching her disarray.

Joy Ward clenched her teeth fiercely; her body was manipulated at will, and she directed all her hate towards Hope Williams.

She swore not to rest until she killed Hope Williams.

Hope Williams got up early, left her room, and intended to wake Luke and Willow up. However, she discovered that the study door was slightly ajar, and through the gap, she saw a man busily working inside, still in the clothes from last night, clearly having not rested all night.

Hope Williams furrowed her brows and knocked on the door.

Waylon Lewis felt the chill as he was disturbed, his eyes landed on the woman at the door, and the chill instantly dissipated, "Come in."

"Didn't you sleep last night?" Hope Williams walked up to him.

Waylon Lewis smoothly pulled the woman onto his lap, his hand hooking around her slender waist, "Hmm, some work needed to be handled and it took till late."

Hope Williams looked at the redness in Waylon's eyes, feeling a pang of heartache. She gently massaged his temples with her fingers and said seriously, "You can't keep doing this. Don't you know staying up late is harmful to your health?"

Waylon hugged the woman in his arms tighter. Her faint cold fragrance filled his nostrils and he smiled, "I know."

"You know and yet you still do it. Look at you, thinking you're all tough," Hope was a bit annoyed, "Is it finished now?"

“Finished?”

“Then go to sleep,” Hope said, leaving no room for argument.

Waylon quietly gazed at the woman’s face, his eyes growing increasingly warm. He couldn’t resist and kissed her soft lips.

Hope pushed him away, “I’m talking about serious matters here, don’t kiss me. Go to sleep.”

Waylon’s deep velvety voice chuckled helplessly, “Alright, as you wish.”

Waylon easily stood up while holding Hope.

“Hey, what are you doing?”

“Join me for a little sleep.”

“No,” Hope refused, “I still need to send Luke and Willow to school.”

“Let Wyatt handle it,” Waylon said as he carried Hope into the bedroom.

“I have to go to work,” Hope desperately searched for excuses, but the man simply laid her on the bed, pulled up the covers, and squeezed in beside her.

“Just two hours, okay?” Waylon held her tighter, as if that was the only way he could relax enough to sleep.

Hope, feeling helpless yet content, nestled in his arms, “Just two hours, no backing out.”

“Okay,” Waylon had already closed his eyes.

Although Hope woke up almost immediately, Waylon quickly fell asleep. Seeing that he was genuinely tired, Hope didn’t have the heart to disturb him, so she just lay beside him obediently.

Two hours later, Waylon woke up right on time, looking down to see the woman who obviously couldn’t sleep but stayed in his arms nonetheless.

Waylon’s gaze was tender.

Noticing his look, Hope raised her head, “You woke up so soon?”

“Mhm, I slept well.”

“Sleeping well after just two hours?”

“We could sleep a bit longer,” Waylon said smiling, leaning in.

Hope raised her hand to block his kiss, his warm lips landed on the palm of her hand, sending a tingling sensation through her. She quickly withdrew her hand and shook her head, “No, I really have to go to work now.”

Hope pushed herself up from the bed, seeing her hurry, Waylon didn’t make it difficult for her any further.

Hope changed into her clothes, and Waylon also dressed in a suit. They came out of their respective rooms at the same time.

Today, Hope was in a white casual suit, her black hair tied in a low ponytail. Her delicate face was makeup-free but still stunning.

Waylon was in a black, bespoke suit, his tall stature radiating an undeniable aura of nobility.

Arm in arm, a stark contrast between black and white, Waylon led Hope downstairs, the servants all feeling that these two perfectly complemented each other.

“Luke and Willow have been taken to school, right?”

“Wyatt took them, but I heard that Luke and Willow were a bit resistant to going.”

“Resistant to school?”

Hope frowned, “Why would that be? They used to love going to school.”

Luke and Willow liked the lively atmosphere and making friends; it was odd for them to resist school.

“It might be due to Willow’s mental state.”

Hope’s brow furrowed deeper, “I’ll go pick them up in the afternoon and ask their teacher then, see if something happened.”

“Okay.”

“Brother Waylon,” Mia Fuller paused, “Sister Hope, you’re here too?”

Chapter 142: Chapter 142: The Strange Man

“Brother Waylon.” Mia Fuller paused, “Sister Hope, you’re here too?”

Mia Fuller's gaze fell upon the two of them, who looked exceptionally matched and distinguished.

Mia Fuller clenched her fist tightly, burying her emotions deep within, and stepped forward with her pretty face still wearing a gentle smile, "Sister Hope, I specifically came here to apologize for what happened last night. I later found out it was the maid who put it in my bag. I was unaware."

Mia Fuller sighed helplessly, full of self-reproach, "So, Sister Hope, I'm sorry for wrongly accusing you. I came specifically to apologize. Please accept this small token of my apology."

Hope Williams looked indifferent as she glanced at the exquisite gift box presented to her, her eyes showing little emotion, and smiled, "No need, Miss Fuller."

"Sister Hope, won't you forgive me?" Mia Fuller looked distressed.

Alitzel Williams walked over, took Mia Fuller's hand, gently patted it, and said to Hope Williams, "Little Hope, I've heard about the incident. It was just a misunderstanding. Mia was anxious and didn't know the maid had put the necklace in the bag, which led to the wrongful accusation. It's all a misunderstanding. Don't take it to heart."

Clearly, Mia Fuller had preemptively won Alitzel Williams over.

Hope Williams chuckled coldly inside, "Since it's a misunderstanding, I obviously won't dwell on it. Miss Fuller, your gift isn't needed."

"Sister Hope, please accept it. It would ease my mind," Mia Fuller earnestly pleaded.

Hope Williams gently shook her head, "No thanks. I'm afraid if I accept it and something of Miss Fuller's goes missing again, it might be irrationally blamed on me."

Mia Fuller couldn't help but catch the undertone in Hope Williams's words.

She gritted her teeth, furious that Hope Williams remained impenetrable even when she had lowered herself so much, refusing to give her a way out.

"I'm about to be late for work. I must go now." Hope Williams nodded politely and left with Waylon Lewis.

Mia Fuller gripped the gift box tightly, crushing it as if it were Hope Williams's head, venting her frustration.

Hope Williams arrived at the hospital and had just gotten out of Waylon Lewis's car when she bumped into her old enemy.

Joy Ward looked radiant today, transported by a Rolls-Royce, exuding smugness. She sneered arrogantly at Hope Williams before entering the hospital.

Hope Williams slightly raised her eyebrows, sensing something different about Joy Ward that day. Despite the Ward Family's downfall, she still had a Rolls-Royce chauffeur and seemed quite intimate with someone inside.

Hope Williams glanced at the lingering car, wondering if she was imagining it, but she felt a pair of sharp eyes staring at her.

The person behind sent a shiver down her spine.

She withdrew her gaze indifferently and entered the hospital with a hint of suspicion.

Inside the car, the man's lips curled into a smile, "Hope Williams, we'll be meeting very soon."

A lot had accumulated, making today inevitably busy.

"Sister Hope, you're finally here. I've been dying to see you," Aurora Wood said, munching on chocolate while leaning on Hope Williams's desk.

"I missed you too."

"Did you know? Joy Ward came back to the hospital today. She looked so spirited, as if she looked down on everyone. Her eyes were cold, almost murderous, definitely different from before," Aurora Wood took another bite of chocolate.

Hope Williams frowned slightly, "I know, she probably went through some major shock."

"Who cares! Your position as the department head is secure, Hope. No matter what she tries, it won't amount to anything as long as she doesn't bother us," Aurora Wood said.

"Mhm." Hope Williams nodded, "How many surgeries do I have scheduled today?"

"Let me check for you." Aurora Wood glanced at the schedule, "Two coronary bypasses and one major surgery, three in total."

"Right, I need to prepare for surgery now. Don't you have any surgeries today?"

"I do, but not until noon."

Hope Williams, "Then you better get busy too, go do the rounds."

Aurora Wood stretched lazily, "Work, work, work; there's never an end to it."

Hope Williams changed into her surgical attire and entered the surgical corridor. She passed by Joy Ward without a sideways glance.

Joy Ward glared venomously at her, suddenly stepping forward and bumping hard into her shoulder.

Hope Williams moved her eyes to the corner watching her.

"This isn't over, Hope Williams."

"Idiot." Hope Williams walked straight into the operating room.

Two surgeries in the morning and a major one at noon, Valentina River was already busy enough without having to care for anything else.

At lunchtime, Hope Williams and Aurora Wood went to the cafeteria to eat, and Joy Ward kept staring at her as if she harbored endless resentment.

"Has Joy Ward gone mad, staring at you like that?" Aurora Wood couldn't help but feel speechless.

Staring at someone like that was simply impolite.

"Let her stare if she wants to, it's not my fault I'm pretty." Hope Williams calmly continued eating without looking up.

"Sister Hope, she's coming over, be careful." Aurora Wood warned Hope Williams.

Hope Williams looked up to see Joy Ward approaching with her own meal tray in hand.

Suddenly,

the tray tipped over, and the remaining food instantly fell right into the bowl in front of Hope Williams.

Soup and sauce splashed onto Hope Williams's clothes.

Hope Williams's demeanor turned icy in an instant.

Aurora Wood slammed her hand on the table and stood up, "Joy Ward, have you lost your mind?"

"I'm so sorry; it wasn't on purpose," Joy Ward said with a cold, mocking smile while folding her arms.

"It's just a bowl of food, Doctor Williams; just go get another one, and while you're at it, dump this for me, too. I'm sure Doctor Williams won't mind."

With a "slam",

a buzzing noise filled Joy Ward's head as a whole tray of food hit her face.

Her face was covered in food, and she had to cling to a nearby table to keep from falling over completely.

Everyone around inhaled sharply.

Just then, they thought she would tolerate such provocation in silence,

never expecting such a reaction.

Joy Ward was stunned for a long time, her ears and head buzzing, her head greasy and sticky, utterly disgusting.

"Hope Williams, have you gone mad? Joy just accidentally spilled food, and you drenched her with it; isn't that too much?" Valentina River said angrily.

It took a long while for Joy Ward to come back to her senses.

"You sl*t, do you know who I am? How dare you hit me? You b*tch, I'll tear you apart."

Joy Ward charged at Hope Williams in a frenzy, but Hope Williams watched her calmly, her gaze cold.

The moment she lunged, Hope Williams's hand shot out, grabbing her by the clothes at her shoulder, then she kicked her in the knee, causing Joy Ward to crash onto the ground.

It was swift and clean, ensuring she stayed unstained by the mess.

Everyone had thought the two women would stage a dramatic catfight.

They never expected Hope Williams to take care of Joy Ward with just a few moves, leaving her sprawled on the ground.

She looked down at the person on the ground with cold disdain.

"Idiot."

Hope Williams spat out the words and turned to leave.

The major surgery in the afternoon lasted four hours and was finally completed.

After advising the patient's family, Hope Williams found her phone continuously vibrating in her pocket.

"Hello, Teacher Thompson."

"Is this Luke and Willow's mom?"

"Yes, this is she. Is there a problem, Teacher Thompson?"

"Well, it's like this, Luke got into a fight at school with another child, and their parents are already here. Could you please come over?"

Upon hearing this, Hope Williams's brow furrowed instantly, "A fight? I understand, I'll be right there."

Chapter 143: Chapter 143: Get Your Kid Out of School

Hope Williams frowned instantly after listening, "A fight? I'll be there right away."

Hope Williams drove to the school and soon arrived at the homeroom teacher's office. Before entering, she could hear the arrogant voice of the other parent from outside, "Did you hear that? Apologize to my son immediately."

"I did nothing wrong, why should I apologize? He was the one who talked about my sister first." Luke clenched his fists tightly, fiercely protecting Willow behind him.

Willow's cheeks were red with crying, obviously scared.

"You rotten child, if you don't apologize to my son right now, I'll have you expelled from this school."

The other parent arrogantly shoved Luke, who was just a small child and naturally couldn't withstand an adult's push.

They both fell to the ground. Luke's eyes reddened with rage, and Willow cried even louder.

The sound of Willow's crying and Luke's angry voice reached Hope's ears like a roar, and anger surged through her in an instant.

Hope clenched her teeth and calmly walked over, under the watchful eyes of everyone in the office, to help Luke and Willow up.

“So you’re their mother, huh?” The woman in red planted her hands on her hips and glared at Hope.

Hope gently wiped away the children’s tears, “Luke, tell Mommy what happened?”

“Brittany River called Willow a little mute and said we’re fatherless wild children, but Mommy, Willow is not a mute, she can speak, Willow can talk,” Luke said through tears, “Luke and Willow aren’t wild children either.”

Hope felt a sharp sting in her heart.

“Okay, Mommy knows. That’s right, Willow can talk. Luke, Willow, don’t cry. Mommy will go handle some things. Can Luke take Willow outside to wait for Mommy for a bit?”

“Okay.” Luke wiped his tears and took Willow outside.

“As expected, an ill-mannered mother raises ill-mannered children. Are you deaf? I’m talking to you.”

Brittany River’s mother strode over and grabbed Hope’s shoulder.

Hope turned around, her icy gaze landing on Brittany River’s mother.

“How should I address you?”

Brittany River’s mother tilted her chin up, “I’ll shock you with my identity. I’m the wife of the Chairman of River Group, Lillian Woods. Our family is also a major corporation that collaborates with the Lewis Clan. Ever heard of the Lewis Clan, bumpkin? Who are you? Your son dares to hit my son? Even if your son offered his life as compensation, it wouldn’t be enough for the slightest injury to my son.”

A sharp “slap” resounded.

Lillian Woods covered her face in disbelief, looking at the woman before her.

“Are you fucking crazy? You actually hit me. Do you know who I am? You dare hit me? Have you lost your mind?”

Lillian Woods lunged forward, swinging her hand towards Hope’s face.

Hope grabbed Lillian Woods’s hand, “Apologize to my children.”

“Not a chance. Was I wrong? What are you? What is your son? Some child that sprang out of nowhere, one of them even a mute. Two children without a father, if that’s not wild children, then what is? My son said nothing wrong. Just you wait, I will call my husband

and have your children kicked out of here, no, I will have you banished from Emperor Capital.”

Lillian Woods shrieked manically.

Hope coldly let go of Lillian Woods’s hand, sending her stumbling backward, fuming with rage. Holding her phone, she immediately called her influential husband.

Hope stood still, unflustered, watching as Lillian Woods came back from her call, her expression still calm.

“Bitch, just you wait. When my husband gets here, he’ll make you pay dearly, forcing you out of Emperor Capital.”

Hope sneered, “I’m waiting.”

Lillian Woods sneered, “If you kneel down now and lick my feet, apologize, I might find it within myself to sit in front of her with authority, his eyes squeezed into slits by his fat bearing down on her with a glare.

“You’re the woman who bullied my wife and child. You have no idea what you’re in for. Apologize to Lillian right now, or I’ll make sure you regret it.”

“She was asking for it,” Hope Williams said coldly.

“So you refuse to apologize?” Brooks River glowered at Hope.

Hope’s icy gaze briefly swept over Lillian Woods, “She should apologize to my son first.”

Lillian Woods stomped her foot in anger, “Why should I apologize to your child?”

“You pushed them, you cursed at them. I don’t even have the heart to hit or scold my own child, so why should they endure it from you?” Hope’s eyes lacked any trace of warmth, as cold as ice.

“They got what they deserved.” With her husband by her side, Lillian felt even more fearless.

The cold in Hope’s eyes was beyond compounded.

“If you won’t apologize, don’t blame us for being inhospitable,” Brooks River threatened. “Get the principal and expel her two children immediately.”

“Bring in the men, pin her down, and beat her fiercely.”

“Yes, sir.” Two bodyguards immediately stepped forward.

“Who dares?”

A deep, clear voice carried from the doorway.

Hope turned her head, Waylon Lewis was striding toward her.

Waylon Lewis, how did he get here?

Hope felt a warmth in her eyes.

The bodyguards behind her immediately stepped forward, encircling the few people in front of them.

Brooks River’s heart skipped a beat as he watched the noble and cold man before him.

Waylon took his place beside Hope, hooked his arm around her waist, and looked down at her as she looked up at him with slightly reddened eyes. His expression grew even darker, “Are you hurt?”

Hope shook her head as she looked at him, “No.”

“Right, you rest, I’ll handle this.”

“Bitch, who did you hire to put up this show for you?” Brooks River tried to stop the woman in front of him, but it was too late.

“Heh, what a show. You’d think it was real if you didn’t know any better,” Lillian Woods sneered with disdain.

“Shut your mouth.”

Thomas Hughes immediately stepped forward, raising his hand and slapping the woman hard across the face.

“Ah...”

Lillian Woods’ head spun from the blow, the pain on her face spreading intensely. She fell to the ground and couldn’t recover for a long time.

Sheno ordinary person.

Brooks River felt a sense of familiarity looking at Waylon, as if he’d seen him at some function, and his instincts told him this was not a man to provoke.

The very next second, Brooks River received a call, “I’m busy, let’s talk later.”

“Chairman River, there’s a big problem. The Lewis Clan has withdrawn its investment.”

Chapter 144: Chapter 144 President Lewis’s First Time Taking Care of a Child

“Chairman River is in big trouble, the Lewis Clan has withdrawn their investment.”

“What did you say?” Brooks River’s expression was as if he had been struck by thunder, his heart skipped a beat, and he seemed to remember something, his head slowly turning towards the man in front of him.

A name suddenly exploded in his mind—Waylon Lewis!

This man was President Waylon Lewis of the Lewis Clan Group!

What had he just done?

What had he done?

With a thud, Brooks River fell to his knees in fright, “You...are you President Lewis?”

“Did you want my wife and child to be kicked out of Emperor Capital?” Waylon Lewis asked coldly.

“I...no, it was this woman, it was her, she grievously offended your lady, I knew nothing about it.” Brooks River hurriedly pushed Lillian Woods forward as a scapegoat.

The pushed out Lillian Woods stared dumbfounded at Brooks River, then looked towards the man in front, “You, you’re President Lewis?”

Lillian Woods’s face turned deathly pale, “I know I was wrong, I truly realize my mistake, I won’t dare again, I really won’t dare again, I apologize to Mommy Willow and Luke, I’m sorry it’s my fault, I...”

“No need for that, weren’t you supposed to roll out of Emperor Capital? Then roll out.” Hope Williams said and turned to leave.

“Thomas Hughes, you stay to handle this.”

“Yes, Boss.”

Hope Williams walked out of the office, crouched down in front of Luke and Willow, the little ones’ faces still marked with tear stains.

Hope Williams took out a tissue and, while wiping Luke and Willow clean, comforted them, "Baby don't cry anymore, it's alright now, Mommy will take you home."

Standby Waylon Lewis's hand tightened imperceptibly, a dark and profound light streaming through his pitch-black eyes.

Waylon Lewis had intended to take the three of them home, but on the way, Hope Williams found that Willow had a fever, so they went to the hospital for an IV and didn't get back to the apartment until very late.

Waylon Lewis, holding Willow, put her back in her room. Hope Williams sent Luke to bed, and herself went to fetch a thermometer to take Willow's temperature.

Children frequently spike a fever throughout the night, and upon checking the result, Hope Williams saw that Willow still had a slight fever.

Hope Williams sighed softly, fetched a basin of hot water from the bathroom, wrung out the cloth to make it damp, folded it, and laid it on Willow's forehead.

Willow had always been frail since childhood, Hope Williams had always pampered her, fearing that she would hurt herself. Whenever she got sick, it meant a big fuss, and Willow didn't like injections; she would whine and squirm for half an hour each time she took medicine, and Hope Williams truly felt heartache for her child.

Hope Williams, with the now-cold hot water, planned to throw it out, but when she turned around, Waylon Lewis took the basin from her hands.

"Let me do it. You go rest."

Hope Williams's eyebrows relaxed slightly, "Forget it, when Willow gets sick, she likes me to stay by her side. If she wakes up and doesn't see me, I'm afraid she'll cry."

"I'll call you if Willow wakes up." Waylon Lewis forcibly pulled Hope Williams into the room, pressed her down on the bed without allowing for refusal, and commanded, "Sleep."

"But..."

"No buts, I know you're worried about the child, but I'm also worried about you. The child will be looked after, you get some rest, do you understand?"

Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis, a faint ripple stirring in her heart, and murmured dreamily, "Alright, but you must call me if Willow wakes up."

"I know," Waylon Lewis bent down and kissed Hope Williams's eyes, "Sleep now."

In the latter part of the night, Hope Williams got up from the room; she dared not sleep too deeply while Willow had a fever.

She tiptoed towards Luke and Willow's room.

A nightlight was still on in Luke and Willow's room, and Hope Williams could clearly see the man's robust silhouette.

The man sat in a chair, facing the little bed, with a basin of hot water beside him. He rolled up his shirt sleeves, revealing a strong forearm, his long fingers washed and wrung out the towel, and then he gently laid the towel on Willow's forehead, his movements awkward but showing utmost tenderness.

Hope Williams's heart warmed slightly; maybe, without that incident from years ago, Waylon Lewis would have been a good father.

Seeing Waylon Lewis so attentive, Hope Williams felt at ease. She turned to go back to her room when suddenly, not being careful, she bumped into a chair and twisted to the side. Pain shot through her ankle, and as her knee hit a sharp corner, she hissed out a soft sound of pain and quickly covered her mouth.

Obviously, the man had already heard the noise; he turned his head as Hope Williams, holding her knee, also lifted her head to meet his gaze. Their eyes collided unintentionally in the quiet, soundless night.

Hope Williams's body tensed up suddenly.

"Why haven't you slept yet?" Waylon Lewis's face was stern as he came out.

Hope Williams immediately straightened up, her eyes flickering with the awkwardness of someone caught snooping, "I was worried Willow might cry at night, I thought I'd come and check."

"Don't you listen at all?" the man's expression darkened slightly as he looked at her.

"I'm going to sleep now." Hope Williams forced a smile, but the pain in her knees and ankles made it stiff. She felt the need to tend to her injuries first.

Waylon Lewis cast his eyes down at her, his keen senses picking up that something was amiss.

Hope Williams turned and walked away, trying her best to appear natural.

The next second, she was lifted into the air, the man had hoisted her up abruptly, "Hey, what are you doing?"

Waylon Lewis didn't say a word with his face still stern.

He set her down on the couch and asked coldly, "Where's the first-aid kit?"

Hope Williams looked at his face, then pointed to a cabinet.

Waylon Lewis understood, he didn't go over but instead retrieved the first-aid kit, his pale and clean hands sorting through it, eventually pulling out a bottle of medicine for bruises.

"Thanks, I can do it myself." As Hope Williams reached for the medicine in his hand, Waylon Lewis didn't let her take it.

"Lift your foot," he said in a cold voice that seemed to carry a trace of anger.

Hope Williams, facing his icy demeanor, felt like a child who had done something wrong, obediently lifting her injured leg.

Seeing her rare compliance, Waylon Lewis's expression eased slightly. He knelt on one knee and rolled up her pant leg, revealing Willow's pale, bruised knee, which made the bruising there all the more stark and jarring.

The ankle was even more severely swollen.

Waylon Lewis's deep eyes stared at the wound, his handsome face void of any expression.

Without a word, he poured some medicated alcohol into the palm of his hand and warmed it by rubbing it before covering Hope Williams's knee with his palm, gently massaging it.

"Hisss..."

Waylon Lewis's face was tight with beauty, and though there was a chill in his brow, his hands softened even more unconsciously.

"Waylon Lewis?" Hope Williams called his name tentatively, unable to bear the awkward silence and attempting to make conversation, but he ignored her with his head bowed.

Hope Williams bit her lip, feeling a bit at a loss.

Having treated her wounds, Waylon Lewis continued his silent treatment as he carried her back to the room.

Hope Williams wasn't foolish; his whole low-pressure demeanor was telling her he was angry.

Waylon Lewis placed Hope Williams on the bed and as he straightened up, she couldn't restrain herself and suddenly reached out, grabbing his hand to stop him from leaving, "Why won't you talk?"

This man had said barely two sentences to her during the entire process, utterly cold.

Waylon Lewis's brow twitched before he finally raised his eyes to look at her.

Under Waylon Lewis's gaze, Hope Williams again didn't know what to say.

"Can't you see? Blind to the chair? You just had to bump into it?" Waylon Lewis spoke coldly at last.

"It was an accident."

"Right, you hurt yourself and now you're in the right," Waylon Lewis said with a cold, thin smile.

Hope Williams forced a smile, "Well, that's just it. Thank you for taking care of Willow today, and..." Hope Williams glanced at her knee and ankle, touching her forehead helplessly, "Me!"

"Right, so thank me properly..."

"Mmm..." The next moment, Hope Williams's lips were sealed in a kiss, the warm sensation sending a tingling feeling throughout her body.

Caught completely off guard.

Hunter Williams quickly pushed Waylon Lewis away, her little face fierce.

"You really just kiss me whenever you feel like it," Hope Williams huffed, covering her mouth and watching the man in front of her with alert wariness.

After all, there was that incident at the Lewis family mansion; the two of them had nearly had a mishap in bed, and now again in bed, what if...

Waylon Lewis chuckled softly.

"Aren't you supposed to thank me? I'm just claiming my thank-you gift on my own, am I wrong?"

"..." Where did this guy get the nerve? Speaking as if it were all so justified.

"Still playing unfair?" Waylon Lewis caught Hope Williams by the nape of her neck, planting a soft, affectionate, and tender kiss on her lips.

Hope Williams, "..."

This night was destined to be sleepless; Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis took turns caring for Willow, and in the end, Waylon forced Hope onto the bed to sleep while he looked after Willow until dawn—by which time Willow's fever had completely subsided.

Both of them breathed a sigh of relief. Hope had wanted to get up early to make breakfast for the three of them.

But the moment her foot hit the floor, a dull pain surged through her ankle, "snap," and she fell to the ground.

Luckily, she had braced herself with her hands, protecting her face.

Hope felt incredibly awkward at that moment.

Struggling to sit up, the bruises on her knees had faded, but her ankle still hurt terribly; it seemed the injury was quite bad.

"What happened?" Waylon, hearing the noise outside, immediately came in and saw Hope pitifully sitting on the ground, rubbing her leg.

Hope blinked up at him. "It's nothing, I just accidentally tripped."

Waylon didn't wait for her to explain more, he bent down and his gaze fell on her ankle, his brow furrowing deeply, "I'll take you to the hospital."

"No need, I'll just apply some more medicine. How are Luke and Willow?"

"They're awake," Waylon replied succinctly.

"Alright, I plan to let the two of them rest at home today and not send them to school. If grandpa misses Luke and Willow, you can take them to the Lewis family's place."

"Okay, don't worry." Waylon lifted Hope back onto the bed, then fetched some medicine to apply to her injury, taking very good care of her.

Hope watched Waylon, her lips involuntarily curling into a smile.

Waylon was feeding breakfast to the two little ones, and both kids were gulping down their porridge.

Suddenly, there was a "clatter."

Willow, perhaps too focused on eating, didn't notice the bowl had reached the edge of the table and accidentally overturned it, spilling it onto her clothes.

Luke, seeing what happened, immediately tried to help Willow, but then—"smack"—his hand landed in the bowl in front of him, flipping it onto his pants.

"Oh no," Luke and Willow both looked up helplessly at Waylon, their eyes glistening and spinning with uncertainty.

Waylon's brow twitched, and darkness filled his eyes. He put down what he was doing, stood up with his tall figure, and reached behind the two little ones, lifting them up by the backs of their clothing.

So as not to choke the children, he lifted them by the backs of their clothes.

Luke and Willow dangled their small arms and legs in the air a couple of times, unable to get down, and resigned themselves to being lifted by Waylon.

Waylon began walking towards the bathroom.

Hearing the commotion, Hope came out of the room to see an extremely surreal scene.

She paused, watching Waylon in bewilderment.

Waylon was holding one Willow in his left hand and one Luke in his right... lifting them!

Yes!

Holding them by the back of their clothes, suspended in mid-air, like carrying little chicks.

Hope's brows twitched fiercely, "Waylon Lewis, what are you doing?"

Hope quickly "rescued" the two little ones and held them in her arms, looking at Waylon with trepidation.

Waylon's expression paused slightly.

Luke and Willow seemed quite happy to have been lifted, giggling away.

"What are you guys up to?" Hope frowned.

Luke pointed at the table, "Porridge, spilled, got on us, bad daddy's taking us to wash up."

So that was it.

Only then did Hope notice the front of the kids' clothes were wet and sticky, covered in rice grains.

“Willow, who combed your hair?”

Willow grinned and pointed at Waylon.

Hope’s mouth twitched, she looked up at Waylon, then at the solitary tuft of hair on top of Willow’s head, with strands falling down at the back, and the cute, delicate bangs she had left at the front had been tied up lopsidedly.

Luke’s face was also a mess, with cream from bread sticking to it, and rice grains in his hair.

The breakfast had ended up on his head.

Hope couldn’t help but laugh helplessly.

So it’s true what they say: as long as dad keeps the kids alive, it’s all good!

Hope now wholeheartedly agreed with this sentiment.

Hope’s gaze landed on Waylon; he wasn’t much better off. The normally impeccable man, now with just a white shirt on his upper body, cuffs rolled up, revealing a firm forearm, a wet patch on his white shirt, his handsome face dark and grim, looking somewhat disheveled at the moment.

“Alright, you lot stop messing around, Luke, Willow, go change,” Hope directed.

Watching Waylon like that, Hope couldn’t restrain herself, and laughed out loud.

Seeing the little woman laugh at him, Waylon’s face darkened even more.

Hope looked up at him, even more amused.

Waylon took a deep breath, stepped forward, and pressed the woman onto the couch, “What’s so funny?”

“How does President Lewis feel about taking care of the kids for the first time?”

Waylon sighed, a mix of annoyance that couldn’t be expressed—you can’t hit them, you can’t scold them, and you always have to be careful not to bump or scratch them. Those two little ones might seem well-behaved, but they are actually quite good at causing him trouble.

Tripping on flat ground.

Spilling bowls while eating.

Everyone says it's hard to take care of kids; today, Waylon had truly put that to the test.

"I won't tease you anymore. I have something important to tell you. I plan to let Willow stay at home for now; she's been unwilling to speak, and I've thought it over and it's just not convenient for her to be at school."

Hope was afraid of another bad incident happening, which would hurt Willow's young mind. Hope worried that Willow would become self-conscious.

"Okay, I'll listen to you."

Waylon lowered his head to kiss Hope, but she pushed his face away and continued.

"As for Luke, I'll ask him what he wants. If he wants to continue going to school, he can, otherwise, he might as well wait until he starts elementary school."

"Okay, I'll listen to you."

Waylon's warm lips landed on hers, and Hope felt both embarrassed and annoyed.

"...Waylon Lewis, I'm asking for your opinion—don't be so improper. Luke and Willow are coming out soon, and you... ah..."

Hope was swept up in his arms, "Let's go back to the room."

"In broad daylight, have you no shame?"

"Having you is enough, who needs shame."

The door slammed shut.

Source: , updated on .co

Chapter 145: Chapter 145 President Lewis's Moment is Disturbed Again

The door slammed shut.

Luke and Willow came out but didn't see Daddy and Mommy, they searched around the house, and then the doorbell rang.

Luke glanced at the front door monitor, saw Aria Richardson, and hurriedly opened the door to let her in.

"Godmother," Luke called out cheerfully.

“My little babies, godmother missed you so much.” Aria hugged the two little ones, planting a fierce kiss on each of their faces.

Then, she looked around the house and didn’t find Hope Williams, so she asked, “Where’s Mommy?”

Luke indicated that he didn’t know by shaking his head.

Aria’s gaze fell on the tightly closed bedroom door.

Outside, the sunshine was bright, streaming through the windows and illuminating the room.

In the quiet room, the rustling sound of clothes being rubbed could be heard.

Hope Williams was utterly mesmerized by Waylon Lewis; her open-buttoned nightgown was removed, and she was held in his arms, unconsciously moving to his rhythm.

Step by step, she surrendered.

His kisses endlessly landed on her body, and he kissed Hope’s forehead and, with a hoarse voice and fiery gaze on her face, asked, “May I?”

Hope bit her lower lip, her eyes trembling, and placed both hands on his shoulders.

In a moment of consideration, she leaned over and actively kissed Waylon’s lips.

Waylon’s dark eyes widened, swept by a wave of ecstasy a moment later.

She motioned toward him, indicating it was okay.

He kissed her lips even more forcefully, wishing he could meld her into his bones.

Their clothes were all removed.

Waylon embraced her deeply, and Hope clung to him, letting him have his way.

Hope had no escape...

“Hope, are you in the room?”

Hope suddenly opened her eyes, about to push Waylon away.

But it was too late.

“Click.”

“Holy shit!” Aria slammed the door shut with a snap, standing there, completely taken aback.

Oh my god oh my god oh my god...

What had she just seen?

There were two people under the covers, one was her best friend—Hope.

And another man!

Who was it!

Whoever it was!

What had she just done!

She had barged right in!

And then...

“Oh my god, Hope, I really didn’t mean to do it.”

Having interrupted her best friend’s intimate moment, Aria felt extremely guilty.

Hope pushed Waylon off her, pulling the blanket up to her neck.

What had she done!

She had almost just... indeed, it’s easy to get into a mishap when playing with fire.

Waylon said, “I...”

“Don’t talk!” The muffled sound came from under the blanket.

More than anyone, Waylon was furious, interrupted once again! Once again! Once again!

Hope, completely out of sorts now, wrapped herself in a blanket and dashed for the bathroom to change her clothes.

Waylon had dressed, but even the warm sunshine couldn’t thaw the ice on his face.

Seeing Waylon’s resentful face, Hope felt extremely helpless.

“Can’t you get rid of this friend?” Waylon asked in a deep voice.

“ ... ”

Aria, who just offended someone very powerful, sat trembling in the living room.

With Aria outside, Hope couldn't stay in the room forever.

Hope didn't know how to calm his raging anger.

Embarrassed, Hope walked out of the room, Waylon following closely behind.

Curled up in the corner of the sofa, Aria, trembling, used the two little ones as shields, while a cartoon played on the large TV screen in front of her.

Laughter from the TV felt like it was mocking her impending sadness.

A chilling aura mysteriously spread through the air.

She knew the terrifying look on the face of the Great Demon King without even looking.

The piercing coldness kept seeping into her skin, making it feel like a frigid winter.

“Aria?” Hope called out softly.

Aria held her face with both hands, peering through her fingers at Hope, but she didn't know what to say, so she blurted out, “You guys were almost done, eh?”

After saying that, Aria really wanted to donate her mouth away.

A bone-chilling gaze had already swept over her.

Nervous, Aria said, “This... President Lewis, I'm not saying you are quick...”

Forget it, might as well donate her head to a hotpot restaurant!

“Hope your next time in bed with your boyfriend gets interrupted just as suddenly,” Waylon said bitterly.

Was he really that spiteful?

Embarrassed, Hope laughed it off, “Isn't it lunchtime now? I... I'll go get groceries...”

Nanny Bailey poked her head out from the kitchen, “Miss, I already...”

A glance from Hope sent her message.

Nanny Bailey thought it was wise to shut up.

“Waylon Lewis, aren’t you going back to your company? Go ahead, I won’t keep you for lunch.”

“You’re not keeping me, but her?”

Waylon’s look at Aria was as if she were a sworn enemy from a past life.

Suddenly mentioned, Aria, startled, stood up quickly, “I’ll go, I’ll go!”

Aria grabbed her bag and ran off, “Hope, I’ll come to see you later.”

Hope, feeling extremely helpless, rubbed her forehead and looked at Waylon, “Maybe you should go first, too.”

Hope always felt it was incredibly awkward for them to stay together under such circumstances.

Everyone needed some time to cool down.

President Lewis, being sent out of the house, returned to his company, where the atmosphere was bleak and full of complaints.

Hope thought for a moment and then called Aria back.

Aria peeked out from the doorway, “Has the Great Demon King left?”

Hope nodded, “He’s gone.”

Aria then dared to straighten up and walked out, hugging Hope, “Hope, I really knew it was wrong, I didn’t mean to interrupt you guys making love.”

Hope closed her eyes tightly, “Maybe you should just leave.”

Aria zipped her lips shut and mimed pulling a zipper closed across her mouth.

“Hope, can you tell me what’s the deal between you and Waylon Lewis right now?” Aria asked curiously, blinking at Hope Williams, “Have you two made up?”

Seeing Waylon Lewis, the only thoughts she had were fear and the worry that her best friend might have fallen for him again.

“I guess so.”

“Are you two remarried?”

“No, just boyfriend and girlfriend,” Hope replied as she popped a piece of apple into her mouth.

“Boyfriend and girlfriend? You two were like an old married couple eight years ago, and now you’re doing the young love thing?” Aria was utterly shocked.

Hope stuffed a strawberry into Aria’s astonished mouth.

“Not okay with it?”

“Totally fine, as long as you two are happy. President Lewis has really changed,” Aria noted, having seen Waylon’s transformation during the incidents involving both Hope and Willow.

The love in his eyes couldn’t be faked.

Aria also knew they had two children together, and those children needed a happy family.

She wished for Hope’s happiness.

So, if Hope and Waylon were really heading towards remarriage, Aria was all for it.

After finishing their meal, the four of them prepared to go out shopping as staying at home was too boring.

They headed to a clothing store on the second floor, specifically to the children’s section, as Hope mainly wanted to buy clothes for Luke and Willow.

Looking at the tiny garments, Hope thought each piece would be perfect for her darlings.

Especially since Luke was so handsome and Willow so pretty—with their chubby-cheeked smiles, they even charmed the store staff.

Hope selected plenty for them, exiting the shop heavily laden with big and small bags, and eventually had to leave them at the shop for convenience, planning to pick them up later.

After buying the children’s clothes, the group moved toward the jewelry section.

Shopping was definitely a favorite activity for every girl.

Speaking of coincidences, as Hope and Aria were picking out jewelry, a hand reached out and snatched the necklace from Hope’s hands.

Frowning, Hope looked up to see Joy Ward standing beside her, with Valentina River accompanying her, along with four bodyguards carrying her shopping.

The group was quite a spectacle.

A flicker of intrigue passed through Hope's eyes; even at its peak, the Ward Family had never flaunted such grandeur as Joy was now.

"This necklace is really beautiful," Joy commented as she held the necklace against her neck.

"Yes, Joy, it looks stunning on you," Valentina flattered.

Joy nodded with satisfaction, "I'll take it, wrap it up."

Aria rolled her eyes and spoke languidly, "Joy, Hope was looking at that necklace first. Ever hear of first come, first served?"

Joy turned her head to Hope, raising her eyebrows provocatively, "What do you mean she saw it first? But now it's in my hands, so it's mine."

Hope's delicate eyebrows knit together briefly, and she promptly snatched the necklace back from Joy, handing it to the sales associate, "Wrap this up."

The sales associate, caught between the two ladies fighting over a necklace, was in a tough spot.

Luke spoke up, "Auntie, my Mommy saw that necklace first."

The sales associate then realized, nodding, "Alright, just a moment."

"Think carefully—standing in front of you is Mrs. Morris. Are you sure you want to offend the Morris Family for this woman?" Valentina spoke sharply.

The sales associate hesitated.

Naturally, she was aware of the Morris Family's eminent status, and offending Mrs. Morris was something she dared not do.

She turned to Hope and suggested, "Miss, perhaps you could look at another style?"

Joy smirked triumphantly at Hope.

Hope's brows drew together slightly, "I want this one, please wrap it up."

The sales associate was clearly distressed, but offending Mrs. Morris of the Morris Family was something she absolutely did not dare do.

The lady in front of them was dressed decently, but she seemed to be from a modest household, definitely no match for Mrs. Morris.

Her voice turned harsher, "Miss, I'm sorry but Mrs. Morris has taken an interest in this necklace."

"Are you looking down on people with your dog eyes?" Aria Richardson sneered coldly.

"What are you doing? Joy saw it first," Valentina River said sharply.

"What happened to Joy?" Mia Fuller walked over from the other side upon hearing the commotion and smiled upon seeing Hope Williams, "Sister Hope, you're here too."

"Sister Mia, do you think this necklace looks good on my neck?" Joy Ward smiled brightly.

Mia Fuller frowned slightly and glanced at Joy Ward's necklace before discreetly shifting her gaze to Hope Williams, her eyes clearing as she smiled, "It looks nice."

"It's hideous."

Luke suddenly blurted out from the side.

"Hahaha, Luke is right," Aria laughed.

Joy Ward gritted her teeth in anger and threw the necklace at the sales associate, "Just wrap it up for me. What I like is mine. You like it? Can you even afford it? This one is over a hundred thousand. You?"

Hope Williams was just a doctor at the hospital and had to support two children. Where did she get the confidence to buy a necklace worth hundreds of thousands in one go?

Luke tapped Aria Richardson on the side to get her attention, and after hearing what Luke had to say, Aria gasped, "My dear Baby, you're really giving me a chance to make amends."

Aria immediately took out her phone, entered the mobile number Luke gave her into her phone, and then labeled it ("This is Aria Richardson, making amends regarding Sister Hope").

The next second, it went through.

Aria...

She quickly typed a few words, "President Lewis, I'm turning on the video for you to see Sister Hope, stay quiet."

The other side responded with "Hmm."

As expected, very much in line with Waylon Lewis's character, it seemed as if even speaking one more word to her was too generous.

Aria turned her phone's volume down to the lowest and then video-called Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis answered immediately, and Aria aimed the camera at Hope Williams.

Valentina River sneered coldly, "Can't afford it and still putting on airs here, what a joke."

"Don't say that, Joy. Since Sister Hope saw it first, let her have it. It's just a necklace, no need for this," Mia Fuller advised with furrowed brows.

Hope Williams's cold gaze swept over her with a raised eyebrow.

"Alright, if she can afford it, I'll generously let her have this necklace," Joy Ward scoffed disdainfully at Hope Williams.

The sales associate took in everything the young ladies discussed and knew that this Miss did not have any money; thus, she couldn't afford it, delaying her business, and such people were most abhorrent.

The sales associate didn't prepare the package but instead asked Hope Williams, "Miss, this necklace is valued at 89999, and our store does not accept credit. If you want it, you must pay in full. Can you afford this amount?"

Hope Williams detected the irony in the sales associate's words.

Joy Ward chuckled and covered her mouth delicately, "Miss Williams, even if you sold yourself right now, you wouldn't get that much money, would you? Hilarious. Miss Williams, you might as well leave, I wouldn't shop for luxury brands anymore if I were you, because you can't afford it. It's embarrassing."

"Hahaha, Joy, I think she's never shopped at luxury brands, so she doesn't know the prices, which is why she's making a fool of herself here. Such a country bumpkin," Valentina River joined in with a laugh.

The sales associate immediately said, "I'm sorry, Miss, we won't be selling you this necklace. Please do not continue to disrupt our business here."

She wouldn't risk offending Mrs. Morris and her friends for such a penny-pincher.

Aria Richardson and Luke Willow were furious, but Hope Williams calmly gave them a look and stopped them.

Mia Fuller stood quietly on the side, her lips curling up into a cold smile as she listened, “Joy, don’t say that, what if Sister Hope really can afford it?”

“Sister Mia just got back, she doesn’t understand this woman. How could she possibly afford these luxury goods? Ridiculous,” Joy Ward continued to laugh.

Ice coldness filled Hope Williams’s eyes.

“Who are you to decide that I can’t afford it?” her gaze swept toward the sales associate.

“People like you who browse without buying, I see too many each day. I can tell right away, so there’s no need for you to continue bothering us. We won’t sell it to you, just that we won’t.”

The sales associate’s words pleased Joy Ward, who smirked, “Since you can’t afford it, the necklace is mine. Wrap it up for me and help me choose some other jewelry.”

The sales associate immediately went to package it, respectfully handing it to Joy Ward, “Mrs. Morris, your package is ready.”

Hope Williams snatched the packaged necklace from the table, her face devoid of a smile, “Go call your store manager over.”

Source: , updated on .co

Chapter 146: Chapter 146 Everyone Was Stunned

Hope Williams snatched the packaged necklace, slammed it on the table and, displaying not a hint of a smile, said, “Go get your manager.”

The sales assistant immediately showed impatience. “Miss, don’t be too unreasonable. If you continue like this, we will have to call security.”

“I said get your manager. Can’t you understand?”

“You’ve really gone too far, miss. I am the manager of this store, and I am asking you to leave now.”

“Manager? Great, so this is the service attitude of a manager at a famous domestic luxury brand store? It’s an eye-opener,” said Hope Williams, her eyes full of coldness.

“Sister Hope, if you really can’t afford it, maybe don’t make it difficult for other store managers, okay?” Mia Fuller came forward, frowning in what appeared to be genuine advice.

“Does this concern Miss Fuller in any way?” Hope Williams asked coldly.

Mia Fuller’s expression stiffened, and she instantly showed a sorrowful look, sighing helplessly. “I just don’t want to see you embarrass yourself, Sister Hope.”

“Heh, so you all have decided that I can’t afford it, right?”

Mia Fuller smiled helplessly, “It seems so for now.”

“Alright, I understand,” Hope Williams nodded, “I don’t want the necklace anymore.”

Hearing her say this, Joy Ward immediately laughed, “You finally show some sense, knowing you don’t have money and giving up. Otherwise, it would be really bad for you not having a way to back down...”

“Things you’ve touched are dirty,” Hope Williams played with her slender fingers and coldly asked, looking down, “Is there anything else you want? Pick everything at once.”

“What do you mean?” Joy Ward looked at her, confused.

“Don’t you understand human language?” Hope Williams looked at her indifferently, “I told you to continue picking. Isn’t Mrs. Morris wealthy enough to pick more?”

Joy Ward’s face darkened, this pauper dared to provoke her. Of course, she would pick, she wanted Hope Williams to watch her buy item after item that she couldn’t afford.

With the store manager’s adulation, Joy Ward triumphantly bought one set of the Blue Gem Three-Piece Set for eight million six hundred thousand, one set of Gemstone Ring for five million, one pair of Gold Bracelet for one million nine hundred thousand, along with the necklace for eight hundred ninety thousand.

A total of fifteen million three hundred ninety thousand.

Joy Ward handed over her gold card without hesitation, “Let’s settle the bill.”

The store manager almost looked at Joy Ward as if she were an esteemed ancestor.

He nodded and bowed respectfully, “Right away.”

Joy Ward had a total of twenty million in that card, given to her by that man as a compensation for last night’s “performance.”

Using this money to slap Hope Williams felt incredibly satisfying.

Following that, Mia Fuller also selected twenty million worth of jewelry, the Fuller family's precious daughter naturally had money to spare.

Valentina River picked over one million, all of them looking at Hope Williams with triumphant eyes.

The three women chose items totaling over thirty-six million in total.

The manager was utterly bewildered.

The three looked triumphantly at Hope Williams, Joy Ward snickered, "Hope Williams, do you see this? This is the difference between us. We casually spend millions, while you can't even bring out a few hundred thousand."

"Exactly, I'm about to die laughing," Valentina River chimed in.

"It's okay, Sister Hope, I just bought a lot, if you like, pick a set, it's not worth much to me," Mia Fuller said, smiling, but her eyes revealed nothing but disdain and contempt.

Hope Williams sat quietly, unflustered.

Only when they spoke to her did Hope Williams turn her gaze towards them and asked calmly, "Are you all done picking?"

Mia Fuller smiled gently, "Yes, we've all picked."

"That's good," Hope Williams nodded, glanced at the jewelry in the showcase, "Apart from what they've chosen, bring me one set of everything else."

The moment her words fell, the surroundings went silent for an instant, followed by a burst of uproarious laughter.

Joy Ward laughed uncontrollably, "Hope Williams, there's a limit to pretending to be rich; you couldn't even afford a nine hundred thousand piece, yet you want to buy everything in the store? Are you mad, or is your brain not working well?"

"Joy, I think she's just jealous of us, seeing us buy things she could never afford, so she's gotten so angry she's lost her mind."

Several onlookers were watching the drama unfold, all of them sneering audibly, "Has this woman lost her mind? Who does she think she is, trying to buy everything in the store? She must be an idiot."

“Just watch, she’s all talk. When it’s time to pay up, she won’t have a penny to her name.”

The crowd burst into laughter.

Mia Fuller also slightly curled her lips and said, “Sister Hope, you really don’t need to do this; you’re just embarrassing yourself.”

The store manager stood by disdainfully, smirking. She didn’t take Hope Williams’s words seriously and showed no intention of packing anything. “Miss, please stop joking around here, I’m going to have to ask you to leave immediately.”

“Are you the owner of this store?”

“Of course not.”

Hope Williams’s expression turned ice-cold as she glared at her and scoffed.

“Then what gives you the right to interfere with your boss’s business, to stop this brand from selling its products? I ask you, what right do you have? Just because you’re the store manager?”

“I...” The store manager opened her mouth but couldn’t find any words to retort; the woman’s aggressive aura was indeed overwhelming.

“Pack everything up, or can’t you understand human speech?”

The manager was so frightened that her complexion turned pale.

She had sensed when this woman walked in that she was no ordinary woman.

Her cold, indifferent eyes, her detached demeanor, her complete confidence.

But when the rich young ladies were talking, she internally dismissed her as a pauper who browsed but couldn’t afford.

Now, she was seriously doubting whether this woman truly lacked money.

If she actually was rich, then she had just offended a major client.

Considering this, the manager looked up at the wealthy young ladies.

Seeing their scornful eyes still unchanged, she regained some courage.

Think about it.

Buying the entire store's jewelry; did she know how much that would amount to? It would be an astronomical figure.

The manager concluded that even if this woman had some money, she couldn't possibly afford everything, so ultimately, she would be the one embarrassed.

With renewed confidence, the manager thought to herself.

"Mia, since Sister Hope insists, just go ahead and pack it forth. Maybe she really is wealthy," Mia Fuller gave the manager a meaningful glance.

The manager immediately got the hint.

Mia Fuller felt that coming out today had been the right choice after all; seeing Hope Williams lose face was incredibly satisfying.

Because packing up all the store's jewelry was time-consuming and labor-intensive, if she could not pay for it, they would have to put it all back themselves.

Eventually, tiredness would fall on them, so they first packed a portion and proceeded to checkout.

"Miss, we've already packed a part for you," the manager said disdainfully. "This part totals sixty million. Please pay for these first to avoid the hassle of packing and then unpacking everything."

Hope Williams's lips curled up, "You still look down on me, don't you?"

"Miss, your spending does not warrant our respect," the manager retorted, seeing that she was not pulling out a card.

"Interesting. Are you insinuating that those who enter your store and do not spend do not deserve your respect? Is that it?"

The manager rolled her eyes, speechless, "Miss, please don't delay any further here."

"You haven't answered my question. Is it yes or no?" Hope Williams pressed on.

The manager was getting very impatient, "Yes, if you're not spending, then you're just wasting our time."

"So your point is one must spend upon entering your store, correct?"

Hope Williams's ice-like glare fell upon the store manager, causing her to stutter.

"I... didn't say that."

She didn't know why, but whenever Valentina River's gaze fell on her, she felt as if a knife was tracing her face.

"You mean just that, I've noted down everything you said, and I will file a complaint," Hope Williams said as she threw her card down, "Swipe it."

The store manager chuckled disdainfully, pinching Hope Williams's card between two fingers, clearly unimpressed.

Everyone watched, and Joy Ward was particularly thrilled, craning her neck just to get a clearer view of Hope Williams's moment of downfall.

It was simply too satisfying.

"Beep."

The card machine made a rustling noise, and the receipt slowly emerged...

What?

What does this mean?

Everyone took a long time to come back to their senses.

Even the store manager's hand paused under her eyes, her eyes widened as she stared at the text on the card machine.

It read starkly—Transaction Successful.

Boom!

Everyone's minds felt like they had taken a series of heavy blows.

How could this be?

Sixty million, sixty million.

Even the most favored Miss of the Fuller family couldn't manage that.

And just this once, because she bought more than twice as much as Mia Fuller, Joy Ward, and Valentina River combined.

As the clerk, in batches, brought up all the packaged goods for checkout under the stunned gazes of everyone.

Seventy million!

Sixty million!

Eighty million!

Sixty million!

Ninety million!

...

All items in the store were purchased in ten transactions, totaling over millions...

Silence...

Utter silence...

Mia Fuller looked on in disbelief, as if she was dreaming, staring at Hope Williams.

What was she seeing?

This woman's card seemed to have an endless amount of money.

Impossible!

Impossible!

Mia Fuller couldn't believe it.

Joy Ward shook her head frantically, as though she had gone mad, staring at Hope Williams, "It's impossible, it must be fake."

The store manager collapsed on the ground, watching the continuous stream of receipts spewing from the card machine, feeling like her job was about to be over.

My God.

What kind of monster had she offended?

What had she done...

"My God, she actually bought the entire store's jewelry."

"Who exactly is she?"

"It's unbelievable, these women were just mocking her for not being able to afford it, what a joke."

“Yeah, right, her first swipe alone was more than the total of those three, and they had the nerve to mock someone else for being poor.”

“Exactly, were those three joking? How could they have the nerve to call someone else a penniless fool?”

“If this Miss is a penniless fool, then what are they?”

“They on the street.”

“Hahaha, I think you’re spot on.”

“And that store manager, the disdainful look she gave earlier, and now the way she sits stupefied on the ground is just so amusing.”

“Today, we really met a true tycoon.”

Just then, a group of people entered the door, around fifty or so people, each pair carrying large boxes.

The man leading them, dressed in a business suit, glanced around the store as though looking for someone, then fixed his gaze firmly on Hope Williams and her group.

This man was none other than the general manager responsible for overseeing the entire mall.

A person considered unreachable by them seldom appeared here.

At this moment, the big shot approached Hope Williams respectfully and with a smile said, “Miss Williams, these are your purchases from various stores, and for your convenience, we’ve had people carry them over for you.”

Hope Williams slightly raised her eyebrow, her gaze shifting behind the general manager.

And everyone else watched dumbfounded.

Fifty large boxes were continuously carried in through the door, placed from the cash register to the doorway.

With a wave of him immediately opened the boxes.

Exactly fifty boxes, each neatly packed with jewelry.

The scene was nothing short of breathtaking.

Did you hear what the general manager just said? He said all these were purchased by this woman today from various luxury brand stores.

What's going on?

So many, fifty boxes, all the purchases made in one day, all expensive jewelry.

It just means that ever visiting a store, would take over and pack up everything.

Joy Ward's eyes widened, and she dared not even blink as she watched the scene.

Fifty boxes, all filled with jewelry.

Exactly fifty boxes.

Mia Fuller's body trembled uncontrollably, and she stepped back several steps, stabilizing herself against a wall to prevent falling.

Insanity, pure insanity.

How on earth did Hope Williams manage this?

It's impossible.

Hope Williams didn't understand either until Luke whispered a few words in her ear, then she understood who was behind it all.

Aria Richardson was the wealthiest man, who had just cleared out the entire mall's jewelry supply for her.

It was simply mind-blowing.

The store manager, never in her wildest dreams, could have imagined whom she had offended, and just as she was left startled, the general manager had already approached her.

Source: , updated on .co

Chapter 147: Chapter 147 Slapping the Face, Extremely Satisfying

The store manager, who would never have imagined who she had actually offended, was lost in thought when the general manager had already approached her.

The general manager said coldly, "Pack up your things now, you're fired, and moreover, you will never be employed in the entire sales industry again."

“No... please no... I know I was wrong, I really do. I was blind to people’s worth, I couldn’t recognize a great person even when they were right in front of me...”

“Miss Williams has given you chance after chance, yet you’ve cherished none of them. Someone like you should have been kicked out a long time ago.”

The store manager came crawling and pleading to Hope Williams, “Miss Williams, I know I was wrong, I really do. I’m sorry, so sorry, I apologize to you. Please, I beg you, spare me a way to live.”

What does it mean to be permanently unemployable in the entire sales industry?

It means being blacklisted in every brand shop across the entire sales sector.

She would never be able to work in sales again.

And since she was fired on the spot, her name would be put up for display, subject to ridicule by all her peers.

Hope Williams looked at her icily, “Didn’t I give you a chance?”

“No, let’s talk this over, let’s talk this over. I apologize to you...”

The general manager, sensing Hope’s displeasure, didn’t need to take action himself, as a person from behind immediately stepped forward and pulled the store manager away.

Hope swept a glance over the boxes of items, “Remember to move these back to my house.”

The general manager nodded, “Yes.”

Hope gave a cold look at the several women who didn’t dare to breathe heavily at the moment, they were staring in disbelief, unable to utter a single word.

“Aria, let’s go,” called Hope, taking little Luke and Willow’s hands, prompting a laugh from Aria who was amused by the expression of those several women.

Aria caught up quickly with Hope’s pace.

“Hahaha, Hope, I’m really going to die from laughter because of their expressions. How can they be so funny?” Aria laughed heartily.

“That slap in the face was so satisfying. Hope, you’re brilliant, but President Lewis really does spoil you, buying out all the jewelry in the mall for you, backing you up—his generosity is no ordinary feat.”

Hope Williams hooked her lips into a reluctant smile, "So, it was you who told him?"

"Of course, it was me. It was a great opportunity for me to redeem myself. How could I miss it?" Aria giggled mischievously.

"But giving the suggestion to Waylon Lewis was Luke's idea."

Luke laughed, "This was indeed an opportunity to show off bad daddy."

"He surely showed off... impressively."

So impressively that she didn't know where to put those fifty cases of jewels.

Luke, holding Willow's hand, said to her, "This time, we must give bad daddy an extra fifty points; bad daddy is awesome."

As Hope and her group left the mall, they saw a procession of black cars coming to a gradual stop before them.

A young man, dressed in a suit and leather shoes, stepped out of the lead car. His handsome face wore a pair of large sunglasses and a smirk of unconstrained coldness, and he held a black dragon-headed cane in his hand.

The man's gaze, through the dark lenses, settled on Hope Williams.

Hope felt like she was being choked by a demon, struggling to breathe.

As he looked at her, the corners of his mouth slowly curved upward.

Hope furrowed her brows.

The man had already sensed her displeasure, but his gaze still clung to her, unwavering.

That intense stare, similar to one she had felt before at the hospital entrance.

She believed that the man at the hospital entrance was the very same man before her now.

Why he was staring at her, Hope couldn't remember ever knowing him.

At that moment, Joy Ward and her party also descended from upstairs in a sorry state.

Joy's gaze immediately fell on the man. Why was he here?

She felt endless fear towards him, the same mocking, disdainful, and contemptuous gaze that had been directed at her when he had given her Mrs. Morris's status, only to leave her at the mercy of his bodyguards.

Joy couldn't figure out what this man was thinking, what he was going to do.

All she knew was that this man had the power to kill Hope Williams for her.

Holding that thought, Joy hurriedly approached with a sweet smile and affectionately latched onto the man's arm.

And with a coquettish voice she called, "Darling, how come you're here?"

Only then did the man's gaze shift from Hope to the woman clinging to his arm, a fierce display of repulsion flashed in his eyes, but was concealed beneath his sunglasses.

He took off his sunglasses, wrapped an arm around the woman's waist, and laughed, "My darling, I've come to pick you up, of course. How was it? Did you have fun today?"

Joy saw her chance to retaliate against Hope Williams and quickly furrowed her brows, acting weakly as she nestled into the man's embrace, "I'm not happy."

"Who made my darling unhappy?" asked the man, a curved smile playing at his lips.

Joy pointed her finger directly at Hope Williams and her group. Luke rolled his eyes in exasperation, "You bad woman, it was clearly you who provoked us first."

Willow also scowled in anger; they utterly loathed this woman who always initiated conflict with them, yet had the audacity to play the victim here.

No data found.

Chapter 148: Chapter 148: Worse than a Dog

Joy Ward rolled her eyes smugly several times and nestled in the man's arms, acting all pampered and arrogant, "Darling, you have to teach them a lesson for me."

Without the hindrance of sunglasses, the man's gaze landed more directly on Hope Williams and he slowly hooked up a vaguely meaningful cold smile.

Hope Williams squinted her eyes and coldly met the man's gaze, feeling like she had seen him somewhere before, but she couldn't remember for the life of her.

Joy Ward clenched her teeth tightly, watching Weston Morris not only look at Hope Williams but also smile at her.

Joy Ward suddenly had a bad feeling.

The biggest advantage Hope Williams had was her seductive and flawless face.

Joy Ward was incredibly jealous of that face.

And the fact that Hope Williams was looking straight into her man's eyes set off a raging fire in Joy Ward.

This woman really did seduce men wherever she went.

Enough was enough.

Joy Ward let go of Weston Morris's hand and quickly stepped forward two steps before slapping Hope Williams hard across the face.

Hope Williams noticed Joy Ward, turned her face to the side a bit, but it was too quick to dodge completely, and the slap still hit her jaw. Although she deflected most of the force by turning her head, her face still felt a numb pain.

"What are you doing, you wicked woman?" Luke's gaze turned icy in an instant.

Hope Williams stood frozen, her gaze colder than ever.

"I'll kill this seductive bitch, this cheap slut who seduces everyone she sees."

Just as Joy Ward was about to slap again, she raised her hand, but another broad hand quickly grabbed Joy Ward's hand and threw it aside.

A strong arm wrapped around Hope Williams's slender body and glared somberly at Joy Ward.

Waylon Lewis's swipe was not gentle; Joy Ward twisted her body and fell directly to the ground, "Ah..."

Waylon Lewis's brows furrowed and he asked anxiously, "Are you okay?"

Anger filled Hope Williams's eyes.

Thanks to the bright lighting, Waylon Lewis clearly saw the distinct slap mark on the woman's pale face.

Clear and striking.

Waylon Lewis clenched his hands fiercely, his handsome face clouded over, he ground his back teeth and his brows condensed with endless chill, and he coldly motioned with his hand.

Thomas Hughes immediately came forward with the bodyguards, each grabbing Joy Ward's shoulders.

Joy Ward trembled all over, "You? What are you going to do? Weston, save me."

Joy Ward loudly begged for help from Weston Morris – even if he disliked her, even if he didn't care about her, she was still his woman in public.

She was humiliated in public, and it was a loss of face for him too, he couldn't just watch her being beaten, that would be like him being hit in the face too.

Joy Ward loudly cried out for help, "Weston, save me, save me..."

Joy Ward kept calling for help from Weston.

But the man's eyes were cold, he coldly glanced at her once, and his gaze continued back to Hope Williams's face.

Damn it.

Was he so captivated by Hope Williams's face?

"Slap! Slap!"

Two slaps sounded, and the bodyguards released Joy Ward.

Joy Ward clutched her face tightly, numb pain spreading densely across it, feeling her face swelling up instantly.

"Ah..."

Being hit in front of so many people, Joy Ward felt utterly humiliated.

The man coldly glanced at her, like a demon crawling out from hell, "Who gave you permission to hit her? Huh?"

"I... It was her who first seduced men, she deserved it," Joy Ward replied viciously.

"Very well," Waylon Lewis narrowed his deep eyes, his whole body's hostility flared like flames.

Unrepentant!

Waylon Lewis strode forward and grabbed Joy Ward's shoulders, but then a hand grasped his.

Waylon Lewis lifted his cold eyes, "What now? You looking for a beating too?"

Weston Morris looked coldly at the woman on the ground; a hint of coldness flashed in his eyes as his gaze sharply swept toward the brooding face of Waylon Lewis.

With a smirk that did not reach his eyes, "President Lewis, when you hit a dog, you should look at the owner, is it right to hit my pet right in front of me?"

A dog!

He actually likened himself to a dog.

So in his eyes she was just a dog.

Waylon's eyes were cold and harsh, "Since she's a beast, she should be leashed when going out, and since you can't control your pet properly, I don't mind teaching her a lesson for you."

Weston Morris hooked his lip coldly, pulling Joy Ward behind him, "No need, I'll properly discipline her when we get home, so President Lewis need not bother."

Waylon's chilling gaze continued, "Also, stop staring at my wife, or I'll gouge out your eyes."

Weston nonchalantly hooked his lips into a sinister cold smile.

Weston patted Joy on the head, just like patting a dog, "I'll take this beast back and discipline her properly, making sure she doesn't bite people anymore."

He then looked at Hope Williams again, "Miss Williams, I apologize. I'll personally come later to make amends."

Hope Williams tugged at her lip coldly, saying nothing.

Joy was shaking violently, as if she had gone mad.

A dog.

They actually compared her to a dog.

Damnably!

The man unceremoniously pulled Joy up, "You really are not well-behaved."

Joy shivered, every look and expression from this man filled her with immense fear and sent chills over her body.

"Ah!" Joy was thrown into the car by the man.

“By the way,” Weston turned coldly back to look at Hope, “Miss Williams, do you know me?”

Hope’s starry eyes narrowed, staring at the man’s scarred face as if recalling something, but then everything vanished.

Eventually, Hope firmly shook her head, “I don’t know you.”

“Ha ha,” the man laughed.

The laugh was bleak and mocking, “You really are heartless, but no matter, I remember you.”

Hope clenched her fists tightly, a chill emanating from her heart.

Joy was dragged back to the bedroom by Weston pulling her hair, thrown violently onto the floor. Before she could beg for mercy, he grabbed her neck, his murderous intent rampant.

“Did I ever tell you not to mess with Hope Williams, not to touch her, why don’t you listen, huh?”

“What did that slap to her mean, huh? I can’t bear to touch her, what gives you the right to hit her?” Weston’s hand tightened fiercely.

Joy tightly grasped Weston’s hand, but couldn’t move it at all.

“Help... help me... I dare not anymore, really I dare not... let me go, I swear, I won’t bother Hope Williams anymore, just let me go...”

Joy’s face turned redder and purpler as she desperately pleaded with him.

But the man showed no sign of loosening his grip, and Joy felt death drawing closer.

The man’s face near her ear whispered, “Remember, no matter how you provoke her, not a hair on her should be touched, not a scratch, or I’ll chop you into pieces.”

The man abruptly let go of Joy.

“Cough, cough, cough...” Joy lay on the ground, greedily breathing in air.

She clenched her hands, her fingernails digging deep into her flesh.

Why was everyone protecting Hope Williams, as if they were all enchanted by her?

Waylon Lewis was like this.

Benjamin Myers was like this.

Now even Weston Morris was the same.

What did she have that they all protected her so?

Waylon curled his finger, lifting Hope's chin, closely examining several finger marks at her jaw; sharp nails had even cut through her delicate skin, oozing tiny blood droplets, making it even more shocking.

"Tsk."

Waylon clicked his tongue in irritation, softly asking, "Does it hurt?"

"Not really."

Waylon helplessly hooked up, "Typical women when wronged should throw themselves into their man's arms, crying and seeking protection. Why have you never done that?"

"Do you stop protecting me if I don't cry?" Hope looked up at him, her eyes smiling.

"Of course not."

"Or do you like those who are pretentious?"

Hope fixed her gaze tightly on Waylon.

Waylon's sexy Adam's apple moved up and down, his deep voice chuckling softly, "No, I only like you."

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor #Chapter 149: Envious to the Point of Destruction - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 149: Envious to the Point of Destruction

Chapter 149: Chapter 149: Envious to the Point of Destruction

Hope Williams had intended to tease Waylon Lewis, but instead, his words, filled with deep affection, had left her ears tinged red.

This man was getting better and better at flirting.

Aria Richardson, pulling at her lips, lowered her gaze to look at the two children who watched their parents showing affection yet remained unfazed.

What was the look on the faces of the two kids as they watched Waylon Lewis? It was as if they found him commendable.

“Luke, Willow, how does it feel to be fed so much “dog food” by your mom and dad?”

“Getting used to it,” Luke calmly replied, with Willow nodding cheerfully.

“Do you want to keep shopping?” Waylon Lewis asked, lifting his hand to gather Hope's hair that had fallen in front of her and tucked it behind her shoulder.

Hope gently shook her head, “No more shopping, we are ready to head home.”

“Mm, let's have dinner at the old house tonight.”

“Okay, it's just the right timing for grandpa's treatment,” Hope said indifferently.

“Brother Waylon,” Mia Fuller, standing nearby, slowly walked forward with a gentle and generous voice, “I was also planning to visit Grandpa. I didn't drive today. Can I go with you?”

Mia Fuller looked at Waylon Lewis expectantly, believing he would not refuse.

Hope Williams's delicate eyebrows subtly arched.

Upon hearing this, Waylon Lewis glanced at her and said lightly, “There is no room for you.”

His rejection was clear and straightforward.

Mia bit her lip, her eyes becoming even more pitiful and pleading.

She grew up with Waylon Lewis after all, their childhood friendship might mean something different to him; she, not giving up, said, “Brother Waylon, I...”

Before Mia Fuller finished speaking, Waylon turned his head away, ignoring her.

Waylon Lewis opened the passenger door for Hope Williams. After Hope got in and the children boarded themselves, he walked around to the driver's side and got into the car.

The car drove out of the mall directly.

Mia Fuller's eyes radiated intense resentment, her pride shattered.

Not long after Hope and Waylon brought the kids back to the Lewis Family house and had barely warmed their seats, Mia Fuller showed up.

She managed to arrive even without someone giving her a ride.

A sardonic smile flashed across Hope's eyes.

“Mister Lewis,” Mia Fuller said warmly and gracefully, sitting right next to the old man.

The old man was in a good mood, “You have such great timing, girl, just in time for dinner.”

“Indeed, I came following the scent,” Mia Fuller replied with a laugh.

“Came following the scent, are you a puppy?”

Luke, holding a cookie and eating, looked up at Mia Fuller with his bright, innocent eyes.

Mia Fuller paused, her smile twitching, suddenly unable to respond.

This child was definitely opposing her on purpose.

So irritating.

Hope Williams’s lips curved into a slow smile.

After dinner, Hope carried a medical kit upstairs to administer acupuncture to Grandpa, “Grandpa is recovering well; let’s prepare for the surgery in a few days.”

“Grandpa’s feeling good and naturally his health is improving too, thanks to you and Luke and Willow,” Waylon Lewis said tenderly, massaging the top of Hope’s hair.

After Grandpa went to sleep, Hope and Waylon Lewis came downstairs to find Mia Fuller still there, laughing and chatting with Alitzel Williams.

Mia Fuller knew how to ingratiate herself with Grandpa and Alitzel; otherwise, they wouldn’t like her so much.

Her methods were much more sophisticated than Joy Ward’s, subtly setting traps without notice.

“Sister Hope, are you getting ready to leave?”

Hope called Luke and Willow over and responded softly.

“Then I’ll go out with you,” Mia Fuller said as she stood up, walking over to Hope and affectionately linking her arm.

Hope’s eyes flashed coldly, subtly withdrawing her hand.

“Are Miss Fuller and I that close?”

Mia Fuller’s face still smiled, “I really consider you like my own sister.”

Disgusting.

Despite the disgust in her eyes, how could these words slip from her mouth?

Waylon Lewis offered to drive Hope, but she declined and left with the two kids, while Mia Fuller's eyes flashed with a dark, ambiguous smile as she quickly followed.

"Sister Hope, wait for me."

"Miss Fuller, did you need something else?" Hope turned her head and swept her a glance.

"Sister Hope, I'm really envious of you," Mia Fuller changed her tone and said with a smile.

"Oh?"

"You have such adorable children and the love of Brother Waylon, truly enviable."

"Oh." Hope responded nonchalantly without intending to speak further with this woman. She opened the car door to let the kids in, then went around to the driver's seat herself.

Unheard by Hope, Mia Fuller took a picture of her license plate with her phone, murmuring, "Envy enough to want to destroy."

"Mommy, how much does bad daddy score in your heart today?" Luke suddenly asked from the back of the car.

Hope looked in the rearview mirror to see both little ones expecting an answer.

"How much?"

"Today, bad daddy scores a hundred points in Luke and Willow's hearts," Luke said as they had been really impressed when Waylon Lewis brought in those fifty boxes of jewelry.

Thinking about the bad women today, Luke and Willow couldn't help but laugh.

As Hope talked with the kids, the car slowly drove into the apartment complex. Just as she was about to ask the kids to get out, she saw a car heading straight toward hers.

The target was unmistakably her.

With a loud "Bang," the front of her car was suddenly hit.

A group of burly men quickly got out of the other vehicle, each wielding a bat and looking ferociously menacing.

“There’s the car, the employer said to break the arms of the people inside, a reward of one million, everyone, let’s go.”

Chapter 150: Chapter 150 Hope Williams is Being Hunted Down

“Mommy!” Luke and Willow also sensed the danger.

“Sit tight.” Hope Williams’s eyes turned cold as she swiftly spun the steering wheel, the car lunging forward. Without hesitation, she charged toward the assailants, who hastily dodged while their clubs continued to rain down on the car.

The passenger side window shattered violently.

“Follow her.”

Hope Williams’s brow knitted tightly, “Luke, call the police.”

“I’m on it.” Luke swiftly called the police and sent the car’s location to them.

Hope Williams speedily drove toward the exit of the apartment complex, while the car behind closely followed, sticking to her rear bumper.

Hope Williams told the children to buckle up and sit tight before she floored the accelerator and sped up.

It was clear that these people were here for revenge.

Hope Williams hadn’t wronged them, so they must have been hired by someone else to seek vengeance.

Hope Williams kept increasing the car’s speed until suddenly a black car appeared in front, forcing her to slam on the brakes and come to a halt.

A violent collision sounded.

The car was hit hard from behind, caught in a pincer attack, leaving Hope Williams no room to escape.

Luke held Willow tightly as Hope Williams, not wanting to hurt the children, gritted her teeth and got out of the car.

The car had been stopped; one door wasn't going to keep these people out.

"Mommy!"

"Don't get out, stay in the car." Hope Williams abruptly shut the car door, positioned herself in front of the rear door with a calm demeanor, and coldly scrutinized them one by one.

There were about a dozen men, each one a professional with bulging muscles on their arms and clubs in hand, watching as Hope Williams stepped out of the car.

"She's quite a beauty."

The men laughed wickedly, "Big Boss, it's gonna be a blast with such a pretty thing."

"You bastards, if anyone gets her, it's me first," the leading man laughed, revealing yellow teeth and leering at Hope Williams with beady eyes.

"Who the hell are you?"

"Ha ha ha ha, beautiful, we're gonna be your men tonight, take her down."

The men, seeing Hope Williams as defenseless, grew even more brazen.

A man reached out to grab her.

Hope Williams dodged swiftly.

Seeing his grab miss, the man grew more interested. For five years overseas, Liam Cloud had forced her to train in martial arts for a year.

Now, it came in handy.

"Don't dodge, beauty."

Hope Williams sidestepped, delivering a kick to the man's groin, causing him to howl in agony, clutching his vitals.

"Get lost."

"She's got some skills; everyone, attack together, whoever catches her gets to sleep with her tonight," commanded the leader, energizing the crowd.

Fists flew by her ears. Hope Williams narrowly dodged several times, but ultimately, she was outmatched, especially being a woman alone.

Her strength and speed quickly fell behind.

A man grabbed her shoulder and flung her. She slammed into the car behind her, a dull pain radiating from her waist.

The man advanced with a menacing grin, but then Luke and Willow rushed out of the car and stood in front of the man, arms spread.

Luke glared at the man with fierce eyes, "Don't you dare touch my mommy."

"Where did this brat come from? Get lost, or I'll toss you into the sea for the fish," the man threatened.

Luke's gaze remained stern, not showing any fear, "My daddy is Waylon Lewis, and he's on his way. If you don't want to die, get lost."

Luke's expression was cold; he was the spitting image of Waylon Lewis with a taut face, and his roaring presence was undeniable.

"I don't care who your dad is, move. I'm taking your mom," the man pushed Luke aside.

"Luke!" Hope Williams exclaimed.

Holding Willow, driven by unknown courage, lunged forward and bit fiercely into the man's leg.

The man screamed in pain.

"Get off, you brat!" the man grabbed Willow and threw her to the side.

Hope Williams pushed herself up with all her strength and swung a punch at the man's face.

The man was surprised Hope Williams could still stand, but her strength and speed were clearly inferior, and he easily held back her strike.

"You're among the rare women who put up a fight."

Hope Williams glared fiercely at the tattooed man, "Who gave you the right to touch my kids?"

Hope Williams suddenly grabbed a knife that had fallen to the ground and stabbed fiercely toward the man's arm.

The man reeled back two steps in searing pain, and this only served to infuriate him further.

Baring his teeth in a snarl, he pulled the knife embedded in his own hand and grabbed Hope Williams by the throat, "You're looking for death, I'll grant you that."

"Bang!" A gunshot rang out.

The man in front of Hope Williams collapsed to the ground at the sound.

Then, a stream of bright car headlights shone over, and Waylon Lewis, clad in a trench coat and holding a gun, fired off several shots at the thugs.

His eyes seemed to be bloodshot with rage. A man rushed towards him, swinging a fist, but Waylon Lewis raised his hand, gripping the assailant's arm tightly.

With a "crack,"

a scream of excruciating pain followed as the man's arm was dislocated by Waylon Lewis.

"Bang."

With a somber expression, Waylon Lewis silenced him forever.

Thomas Hughes immediately led his men forward to subdue the rest.

Waylon Lewis's eyes were blood-red as the car lights brightly illuminated the area. He looked at the woman in front of him and, with a headache splitting his head, pulled her into his embrace.

"Hope."

In the moment she saw Waylon Lewis, Hope Williams's heart finally settled, and her tears uncontrollably spilled over, "Luke... Willow..."

"They're fine, I'm taking you to the hospital," said Waylon Lewis in a deep voice, his eyes full of brooding darkness.

He couldn't bear to think of what might have happened had he arrived a moment later.

Hope Williams was taken to the hospital; fortunately, she wasn't seriously injured. Her wrist was dislocated, her knee was cut by a knife blade leaving a ghastly wound, her lower back was bruised from an impact, and her neck bore deep scratches.

Hearing the list of injuries from the doctor, Waylon Lewis's gaze darkened further, and an aura of murderous intent engulfed him, frightening the doctor into trembling.

Once Hope's wounds were dressed, she was reluctant to stay in the hospital, and Waylon Lewis, with a stern face, took her home.

Mia Fuller somehow got wind of what happened and rushed to the Lewis Family home overnight to see Hope.

Mia Fuller looked at Waylon Lewis anxiously and asked with concern, "Brother Waylon, how could something like this happen, it's despicable. Did Sister Hope offend someone? Is she alright? Can I see her..."

"Get out."

Waylon Lewis barked in a furious growl.

Mia Fuller stood frozen in place, staring dumbly at Waylon, too scared to make a sound.

She had never seen Waylon Lewis so enraged. His glare passed over her as if he wished to reduce her to ashes.

Finally, she fled in panic under his explosive gaze.

Waylon Lewis slammed the door and entered the room.

Hope was still unsettled by the night's events, but thankfully, Waylon had arrived in time; otherwise, the outcome was too dreadful to contemplate.

Sitting up in bed, Hope winced in pain at every movement.

Waylon Lewis sat at the bedside and started to turn her over.

"What are you doing?"

Waylon Lewis pressed down on her body with a heavy look, lifting her shirt at the back to see the bruising wound, his angry eyes filled with tenderness.

He picked up some ointment.

A cold touch on Hope's lower back dispersed in waves of pain.

Without a word, Hope knew from his face just how upset Waylon Lewis was.

"Waylon, are Luke and Willow okay?"

"They're in their room, asleep."

"That's good, they..."

As Waylon continued to apply the ointment, “They’re fine, just some superficial injuries. Take care of yourself first.”

“What happened to that man today?”

Waylon’s hand, sparked by the sudden fury in his eyes, unintentionally pressed harder, “Killed him.”

To touch his woman was to court death.

Not reducing them to ashes was already merciful on his part.

“Ouch—” The ointment touching the wound brought a numbing pain, and Hope shivered slightly, looking at him anxiously, “Really? Did you...?”

Waylon Lewis suppressed his anger and softened his touch, taking a deep breath, “Sent them to the police station.”

Hope breathed a sigh of relief, “That’s good.”

She pursed her lips, “I don’t know them. I haven’t offended them. They were hired for revenge.” Hope made a simple analysis.

“I will investigate.”

After the ointment was applied, Waylon Lewis gently turned Hope back over and tucked her in.

“You just need to sleep now.”