

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

## **#Chapter 151: 160:**

### **He Sent Someone to Hit Me - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 151: 151: He Sent Someone to Hit Me**

Chapter 151: Chapter 151: He Sent Someone to Hit Me

Old Master Lewis was furious beyond measure.

Mia Fuller sat beside him, gently patting his back. A dark glint flickered in her eyes as she softly consoled, "Grandpa Lewis, don't be angry. It must be that Sister Hope offended someone, which led to this retaliation. Luckily, Sister Hope, Luke, and Willow are all unharmed. That's a fortunate thing amidst this misfortune."

"Hmph, you make it sound so nice," Old Master Lewis retorted angrily. "Little Hope got hurt so badly, and Luke and Willow were frightened. You call that 'unharmed'? This is serious; we must investigate thoroughly."

Mia's expression turned icy from an angle Old Master Lewis couldn't see.

Investigate? What if it leads back to her?

No, that couldn't happen.

When Mia saw Luke and Willow come downstairs, her eyes briefly flickered, and she stood up, bending down gently. "Good morning, Luke, Willow."

"Good morning, Auntie," Luke replied out of politeness.

Willow just nodded her head without even a smile.

For some reason, although this aunt always smiled at them, it seemed fake and Willow couldn't find it in her heart to like her.

"Luke, Willow, come to your great-grandfather," Old Master Lewis called them over, and they walked toward him with small steps.

Each sitting on one of his legs, he asked, "Let great-grandpa see where you got hurt?"

Luke and Willow showed him their little hands, and Old Master Lewis tenderly rubbed them. "Poor babies, your great-grandpa will definitely seek justice for you."

Mia's face grew colder and colder. Yesterday's useless fools hadn't managed to take down a single woman despite sending so many people.

Mia gritted her teeth, "Grandpa Lewis, I need to leave for a bit."

"Alright, come visit again when you have time."

Mia hurried out.

In Waylon Lewis's study, Thomas Hughes rushed in, "Boss, the company's system has been hacked."

Waylon's eyes turned icy, filled with a chilling intent. He quickly got up, "Back to the company."

As Thomas followed Waylon, he reported, "The hack originated from Y country. It's clear that it's Liam Cloud retaliating for the lesson we taught them last time."

"What?" Hope Williams, who was just coming out and leaning on the wall, happened to overhear.

"Why aren't you resting in your room?" Waylon asked anxiously, afraid she might fall as she approached. He immediately lifted his hand to protect her by his side.

Hope placed her hand in Waylon's palm, and he steadied her.

"I'm done resting; moving around might help with the recovery," Hope's eyes flickered slightly, probing, "What happened?"

"Nothing to worry about. Just stay at home and recover. I need to head to the office," Waylon said, planting a kiss on Hope's forehead.

A glint of deep thought flashed through Hope's starry eyes; she didn't ask further and simply hummed in acknowledgment.

After watching Waylon leave, Hope returned to her room and after thinking briefly, she immediately called Liam Cloud.

He almost instantly picked up, followed by his carefree, lazy laugh, "Baby, missing me?"

"What have you been up to recently?"

He chuckled, sounding mysterious, "Are you worried about me?"

"I'm serious."

He seemed to consider for a moment, "I haven't been up to much."

"You and Waylon, what are you doing to him?"

Hope had heard Waylon mention Liam Cloud twice now.

What does the murder of the third young master from the Lewis family have to do with Liam Cloud?

What is Liam plotting with the company issue?

He clicked his tongue, clearly displeased, "I finally get a call from you, and it's about him? Damn it, Hope Williams, are you trying to kill me?"

Hope took a deep breath, "Liam!"

"Yes," the man straightforwardly admitted. "I just hacked his company for fun, who asked him to mess with me."

"He messed with you?"

Hope felt a tight clench in her chest, her gaze deepening.

"Yeah, he sent men to beat me!"

Hope, "..."

Why did his tone sound somewhat aggrieved?

"The reason."

There couldn't be no reason to send men to beat him in Y country.

"I suspect he's sick. He sent people over out of the blue, aiming straight at my den. If I hadn't made a quick escape, you'd be talking to a ghost right now."

"And I just hacked his company, aren't I merciful? What do you think?"

Hope Williams was speechless, "Eight years ago, the Lewis Family was attacked by an unknown force. The third young master of the Lewis Family was shot to death. Were the people you sent behind this?"

A pause in the conversation ensued.

Through the phone, Hope Williams could almost feel a chilling menace.

The man's voice was icy cold, devoid of any warmth, "What does this matter to you? Stop meddling in my business."

"I..."

"Don't ask. I'll listen to you on other matters, but this topic is off-limits."

"Liam Cloud." Hope Williams growled.

"..." Liam Cloud replied, "Hang up. I've been extremely irritated lately."

"...Ungrateful wretch. One last thing, don't ask me about anything related to the surname Lewis again."

Hope Williams frowned, knowing she wouldn't get any information, and hung up the phone.

Hope Williams exhaled a cloudy breath and leaned tiredly against the backrest, her gaze falling out the window as she pondered deeply.

By noon, the usually restless Hope Williams went to the hospital. Currently, her hand was injured and unable to perform surgeries, but seeing patients posed no issue.

She spent a fulfilling afternoon and then received a call from Alexander Knox.

"Is there something you need, Mr. Knox?"

"Have you finished work?"

Hope Williams was carefully packing her things, her shoulders cradling the phone as she lightly hummed in affirmation.

"I've made a reservation to treat you to dinner."

Hope Williams paused, letting out a shallow sigh, "Mr. Knox, if you want to thank me for saving Grandma Knox, I've told you before, it was only what I should do."

"No, I want to ask you out."

He seemed quite persistent about having dinner with her; this was already the third invitation, and Hope Williams felt awkward refusing again.

"Is there something specific you wanted to discuss, Mr. Knox? If so, you could actually just tell me over the phone."

“Are you very busy?”

“Yes, I’m very busy. I have more matters to attend to later and no time for dinner,” Hope Williams declined decisively.

“Alright, then give me your address, and I’ll have a crew set up a dining spot right beneath your apartment, to save your time.”

Hope Williams took a deep breath, “Mr. Knox, what exactly are you trying to do? You really don’t need to thank me for saving Grandma Knox. Any doctor would have done the same for their patient.”

“It’s not about Grandma. Address—let me set something up outside your place.”

Hope Williams was extremely helpless.

“Location.”

“Do you need me to pick you up?”

“No need, I have a car.”

“Alright, I’ll wait for you.”

Hope Williams hung up, pressing her brow—this man must have some obsession with not giving up on inviting someone out.

Hope Williams packed her things and left office; her injured leg was slowing her down slightly.

Upon entering the restaurant, she scanned around and her eyes settled on a spot by the window.

Alexander Knox sat there in his business suit and polished shoes, his handsome face coupled with an aristocratic demeanor drawing frequent glances from female patrons.

Hope Williams pursed her lips and walked confidently over to take the seat opposite him.

Alexander’s narrow, profound gaze fell on Hope Williams.

Hope Williams placed her bag on the adjacent seat and asked lightly, “Mr. Knox, what did you want to discuss?”

At that moment, Alexander’s focus shifted to her bandaged hand.

His dark eyes flickered, reaching out to hold her hand, “You’ve been injured?”

Just then, at a few tables up front, two women were having dinner.

Mia Fuller ate restlessly, her interest waning when her friend tugged at her dress, “Mia, isn’t that your fiancé over there?”

Mia instinctively looked in the direction her friend pointed, and her eyes narrowed, seeing the scene of Alexander Knox holding Hope Williams’ hand.

Mia was stunned for a second.

Why were Alexander Knox and Hope Williams together—and seeming quite close?

She quickly snapped to, took out her phone, zoomed in, and snapped a clear photo.

The photo distinctly captured Hope Williams’ face, and Mia Fuller couldn’t help but smile with satisfaction.

## Chapter 152: Chapter 152: Caught Cheating

The photo clearly showed Hope Williams’ face, and Mia Fuller smiled with satisfaction.

“What’s going on, Mia? Your fiancé is dining with another woman and even holding her hand, yet you can still smile? Have you gone mad?”

With a smirk playing at the corners of her mouth, Mia sent the photo she had snapped to Waylon Lewis.

Her heart was both angry and relieved. Alexander Knox was so eager to call off their engagement because he already had someone else in mind, and that person was Hope Williams. What was so great about Hope that so many men were blinded by her?

The fact that Alexander Knox liked Hope Williams to the point of breaking off the engagement with her felt like a huge insult.

But now that she had taken this picture and sent it to Waylon, she could already imagine how furious he would be when he saw what a flirtatious person Hope was.

Thinking of this, Mia couldn’t help but let her lips curl into a smile.

This was perfect. She didn’t expect Alexander Knox to do her such a big favor.

“You don’t understand, he’s not the one I like. What does it matter to me whom he’s with?”

What mattered was that this could be used to bring down Hope Williams.

Mia’s lips curled up without a trace as she set down her chopsticks and sashayed over.

Hope immediately withdrew her hand from his grip, her voice cold and slightly displeased, “I accidentally fell, it’s not a big deal.”

“With a bandage like that, how can it not be a problem?” Alexander’s expression darkened slightly.

At that moment,

“Sister Hope, you’re here for dinner?”

Mia greeted Hope with a warm and gentle face, her eyes swiftly turning to the man beside her, her gaze filled with strong surprise, “Alexander, what are you doing here too?”

Mia feigned astonishment, covering her mouth as her eyes darted between Alexander Knox and Hope Williams, as if she suddenly understood everything.

“You... are you two on a date?”

“President Knox, that’s going too far. You are Mia’s fiancé, how could you go on a date with another woman? That’s really too much,” Naomi Woods, Mia’s friend, asked shrilly.

Mia immediately put on a deeply wronged expression, “Alexander, I know you don’t like me, but we still have an engagement, you can’t go behind my back... behind my back...”

Mia bit down hard on her teeth, leaving the rest unsaid, as if suggesting they had done something shameful.

Hope’s brows furrowed slightly, a chill spreading over her.

She really didn’t know that Mia Fuller and Alexander Knox were engaged.

No matter what, she shouldn’t have to look at them as if they had committed some unforgivable act.

In broad daylight, amidst the hustle and bustle, they were maintaining a decent distance, sitting together for a meal, in the most ordinary way possible.

Hope lightly tugged at her lip and began to explain, “Miss Fuller, I think there’s been a misunderstanding.”

“A misunderstanding?” Tears instantly welled up in Mia’s eyes, portraying the look of a woman who caught her fiancé cheating, helpless and aggrieved, “Sister Hope, I’ve always treated you like a sister, but why do you treat me like this? By doing this to me, where do you leave my dignity?”

“And weren’t you with Brother Waylon? Now you’re with Alexander too, you... you’re too much.”

“You’re a slut who’s two-timing!” Naomi Woods glared at Hope.

Two-timing!

Hope’s brows knitted together, a flicker of coldness in her eyes.

Their voices were so loud, as if afraid those nearby couldn’t hear.

“Mia Fuller, what are you making a scene about now?” Alexander’s eyes narrowed with anger, his gaze burning into Mia.

Tears rolled down Mia’s cheeks as she began to cry, “Me, making a scene? Alexander, am I making a scene? I like you so much, yet you were the one who wronged me first.”

“Hope Williams and I are innocent. You can slander me if you want, but don’t slander her,” said Alexander as he grabbed Mia’s hand, apologized to Hope, and started to walk out with Mia.

“I won’t go, I want you to clarify things today.”

Alexander’s brows were deeply furrowed, his handsome face and the cold aura around him were clear indicators of his anger.

“Clarify what? Mia, I already proposed a separation, and you agreed. Now, we just need to explain it to our parents. On what grounds do you question me now?”

“Did Hope Williams and I sneak around or embrace? We sit in a busy restaurant, eating with proper behavior. Don’t use those disgusting words to describe us.”

Alexander was known for his patience, but this time he was truly angry.

He stared at Mia coldly.

“Moreover, you don’t really care whom I’m with, today you just happened to find an opportunity to slander Hope Williams—because of Waylon Lewis, am I right?”



“You... you!” Mia trembled all over.

Her inner thoughts laid bare, Mia felt as if her face had been slapped hard several times.

Soon, however, she regained her feeble demeanor, “Why would you say that about me? I never agreed to the separation. It was you who did something wrong, yet you’re scolding me here.”

Mia’s face was full of suffering as she hung her head low, giving the impression of a rightful partner who caught her husband cheating with another woman, where the husband still defended the other woman, feeling helpless and anguished.

All around them, eyes turned with hushed whispers.

“What’s going on? This is explosive, the rightful partner catches her husband cheating with a mistress, and there’s drama.”

“That man’s a scoundrel, engaged and yet involved with another woman, blaming his fiancée when it’s his fault, that’s despicable.”

“And that woman, how could that mistress shamelessly sit there? She’s far too arrogant. If I were the fiancée, I would have slapped that mistress several times already.”

“Exactly, luring a married man, relying on a pretty face, and acting shamelessly. Such women are awful, she should be stripped and exposed to the public’s gaze, lose her face completely. Let’s see if she dares to seduce anyone’s husband again.”

The murmurs around them grew louder and more intense, everyone relishing the spectacle of tearing down the “mistress”.

## Chapter 153: Chapter 153 We Play Slowly

Alexander Knox looked at Hope Williams apologetically.

If Alexander could see through the thoughts, how could Hope not understand them?

Just then, a cold feeling suddenly rose behind her.

When Hope turned around, she saw a tall figure standing behind her, his tense and handsome face emanating a fierce chill.

“Brother Waylon, you’re here? I just happened to see, Sister Hope and Alexander...”

Waylon Lewis's gaze shifted from Hope, gradually moving onto Alexander.

His fists clenched, anger flaring in his eyes, it seemed as though he was about to throw a punch.

Hope stepped forward quickly and grabbed his hand.

Waylon turned his head to look at her.

Her sparkling eyes were blinking at him.

The next moment, she tiptoed, wrapping her arms around his neck and planted a kiss on his cool, thin lips.

Waylon's body trembled, his pupils constricted, disbelief flickering through them. By the time he realized what was happening, her soft lips had already left his.

Hope's starry eyes flashed with a touch of shyness as she held onto his clothes, looking up at him, "Calm down now?"

"Mm."

"Why did you come here?"

Waylon handed his phone to Hope, showing a message Mia Fuller had sent to him just ten minutes ago, a photo of Alexander holding her hand.

Hope's brows furrowed, her icy gaze sweeping over Mia with a hint of light mockery.

Just as she thought.

She looked up at Waylon, her delicate face smiling calmly, "I can explain."

"You don't need to explain." Waylon grasped Hope's hand, pulling her into his arms, the anger that once filled him completely dissipated, vanished without a trace, "I believe you."

Hope smiled gently, her expression unavoidably filled with the shyness and sweetness of a woman in her own man's presence.

The audience, who had been watching, finally reacted.

The woman, who was assumed to be "the other woman," actually had such a handsome husband.

And they seemed incredibly sweet, especially after witnessing that assertive, domineering yet shy kiss, and the man's words, "You don't need to explain, I believe you." left them utterly charmed.

So was this woman really "the other woman?"

"Have you not had dinner yet?" Waylon gently rubbed the top of Hope's head.

Hope nodded slightly, "I was just about to eat."

"Shall I join you?"

"Mm, aren't you busy? Are you done with the company's work?"

"Busy, yes, but you're more important than any of that," Waylon said as he pulled Hope to sit down with him, so naturally and effortlessly.

The people nearby felt like they were being killed by the overwhelming sweetness.

Hope smiled faintly, her eyes shifting to the side to look at Mia Fuller, "Miss Fuller, what were you saying about seeing Mr. Knox and me?"

Mia Fuller gnashed her teeth, fury threatening to consume her from within.

How shameless could this woman be, flirting with a man right in front of everyone?

Enough already.

Mia Fuller exhaled deeply, putting on an extremely helpless expression, "Brother Waylon, perhaps it was a misunderstanding on my part about Sister Hope and Alexander. Maybe they are truly just ordinary friends meeting for a meal, and Alexander holding Sister Hope's hand was simply a gesture of friendly relations between men and women."

Her statement made the ordinary seem unusual.

Hope laughed coldly.

"So it was a misunderstanding?" Hope Williams raised an eyebrow at Mia Fuller.

Mia bit her lip, "I must have misunderstood."

"Must have?"

How could Mia Fuller give up such a chance to harshly trample Hope Williams? She persisted, albeit reluctantly, "Well, since you just... that's why I'm not sure if there's really something going on between you two."

As Mia spoke, her gaze involuntarily shifted towards Waylon Lewis, vainly attempting to discern a hint of doubt in his eyes.

But the man's expression was cold, his attention entirely focused on Hope Williams, unshared with anyone else—where would there be any doubt?

Mia Fuller was not satisfied.

She turned around, aggrieved, grasping Naomi Woods's hand with utter helplessness, "Naomi, let's just go."

"What do you mean, 'let's just go'?" Naomi Woods refused to comply, feeling that Mia Fuller was just too easy to bully. The evidence was right before their eyes, how could she just swallow her words?

And how disgusting was this woman.

After seducing Alexander Knox, she moved on to Waylon Lewis, why did all the good men in the world seem to revolve around her? Why did she deserve that?

Naomi Woods's gaze landed sharply on Waylon Lewis. The man sat there quietly, doing nothing, his handsome face and noble demeanor set every woman's heart aflutter.

How could such a fine man be spoiled by a woman like that?

"President Lewis, don't be deceived by this woman. She was outright seducing President Knox just a moment ago. A woman as fickle as her has no right to stand by your side," Naomi Woods's voice was sharp to begin with, and her outcry made it even more piercing.

"Naomi, stop talking," Mia Fuller came over to pull Naomi Woods's hand, showing a great fortitude to swallow her grievances.

"You're just too accommodating, Mia. How can you let this kind of woman off so easily?" Naomi fumed, turning her head and, ignoring Mia's intervention, said to Waylon Lewis, "President Lewis, really, I saw it with my own eyes, this woman seducing Mr. Knox, her smiles were so enchanting."

Waylon Lewis's face grew colder and colder, "Seducing?"

Naomi Woods, as if seeing Waylon Lewis's mood shift, immediately added, "Yes, seducing. Broad daylight, it's just shameless. And with President Knox having a fiancée,

her actions are even more deplorable. President Lewis, such a dirty woman, are you sure you want to keep her by your side?"

"Would you prefer if I keep you instead?" His dark eyes lacked a hint of warmth as he glared icily at Naomi Woods.

Naomi Woods saw Waylon Lewis look towards her, and joy surged in her eyes. She bit her lower lip, her eyes filled with disdain as she looked at Hope Williams.

"President Lewis is wise and invincible, strikingly handsome. If you'd grant me the honor of staying by your side, it would be my privilege," Naomi Woods had not expected such a surprise by coming out with Mia Fuller today.

For someone like Waylon Lewis, who was at the pinnacle of the social pyramid, even she, born into a prestigious family, rarely got to see him, much less be so close.

Considering how Joy Ward, the woman formerly by Waylon's side, gained glory and even brought her family aboard the mighty ship of the Lewis Family, it was limitless limelight.

She considered herself superior in both looks and figure, believing she would be even more favored by his side. She was waiting for the day when she could cling to Waylon Lewis's coattails.

The opportunity truly came, right there in front of her, and she was determined to seize it firmly.

"Slap!"

A heavy slap resounded, and before Naomi Woods could react, sharp pain exploded on her left cheek.

The slap seemed to wake her from her beautiful dream, and Naomi Woods was infuriated.

"Naomi," Mia Fuller exclaimed in shock.

"You bitch, how dare you hit me?" Naomi Woods flung Mia's hand away, ready to pounce.

"It's no wonder this high-class restaurant had the sound of a dog barking, turns out it was coming from you," Aria Richardson flicked her hand dismissively, eyeing her coldly.

"You, who are you? What right do you have to hit me?" Naomi was fuming, unable to comprehend why she was slapped.

“What right do I have to hit you? What right do you have to slander my best friend?”

“Best friend? Wow, so the shameless hussy has a best friend as rude and unreasonable as herself. Birds of a feather flock together; it’s no surprise—scum sticks with scum.”

“You idiot, let’s see how I deal with you,” Aria Richardson wound up her arm, ready to tear at Naomi Woods’s mouth.

Naomi Woods saw the opportunity and quickly fell towards Waylon Lewis.

“President Lewis, help me! This woman is trying to kill me.”

Chapter 154: Chapter 154: Let’s See Who Has the Thicker Skin

“President Lewis, save me, this woman is trying to kill me.”

Silently standing as if he were just air, Thomas Hughes stepped forward and yanked the woman falling towards his master away.

Naomi Woods looked at the impartial man in shock, furious yet helpless, as there was nothing she could do with the people by Waylon Lewis’s side.

Waylon Lewis’s gaze swept toward her coldly.

“You should be thankful she hit you, otherwise you wouldn’t even have a chance to talk right now,” his frigid voice seemed to freeze everything, making everyone present shiver with fear.

Naomi Woods stared at the man, dumbfounded, unable to comprehend his meaning.

“President Lewis, I...”,

Waylon Lewis had no intention of paying her any more attention. Hope Williams had trouble using her chopsticks due to an injury, so Waylon Lewis watched attentively which dishes she eyed and served her food.

Hope ate leisurely, unconcerned about the people around them.

“Thomas, get her out.”

What?

Naomi Woods looked at Waylon Lewis with panic, unwilling to admit it, but she knew she was the one he meant to kick out.

What did she do wrong? Why should she be thrown out?

Naomi Woods was unwilling to miss such a great opportunity.

“President Lewis, did I say something wrong? I spoke the truth, if you don’t believe me, you can check the surveillance,” Naomi Woods said quickly, leaning towards Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis scowled with disgust, his aura chillingly spreading around, “Stay away from me!”

Naomi was so frightened that she froze in place, unable to move.

Thomas immediately stepped forward and pulled the unwelcome woman away, “Miss, please show some dignity.”

“President Lewis, I...”

Mia Fuller quickly took this opportunity to grab Naomi Woods’s hand, helplessly saying, “Stop it, Naomi, I already said I won’t pursue this matter. If there really is something between Sister Hope and Alexander, I...I don’t want to manage it anymore. Just let them be.”

Hope continued to eat the food in her bowl unhurriedly, responding with a slow smile, utterly unconcerned.

The meaningful explanation offered by Mia Fuller next to her became almost like a joke.

The two were as if desperately wanting everyone to know how loving they were.

It was like dog food spilled all over the place.

Alexander Knox’s gaze deepened, landing on Mia Fuller’s embarrassed face, he bit down on his back teeth and stepped forward to grab Mia’s hand, “When will this end?”

“Thomas!”

Thomas immediately stepped forward, his towering figure blocking the two women, “Ladies, please, do not make too much of a scene, it’s not good for yourselves.”

Both women’s faces turned from green to purple, looking awful.

“Brother Waylon...”

“Get out,” Waylon Lewis said with impatience and anger.

Mia Fuller clenched her teeth and could only leave with a scowl.

She couldn't believe how much Waylon Lewis trusted Hope Williams. She had thought this would be an opportunity to hit Hope hard but ended up embarrassing herself.

Especially the fool beside her, absolutely idiotic.

Seeing that the ruckus was finally over, Alexander Knox sighed deeply, looked at Hope across the table and gently said, "I'm sorry, I didn't expect this to happen."

Hope tugged at her lips lightly, clearly unconcerned, "You needn't apologize. She was targeting me anyway."

Alexander Knox's gaze paused slightly, tangled as he looked at Hope, then was distracted by a glimmer of cold light coming from beside her.

The gazes of the two men met, and a wave of invisible gunpowder spread instantly.

"President Lewis, I don't believe I invited you."

"I'll pay you," Waylon Lewis said scanning him.

Although Waylon Lewis trusted Hope, that didn't mean he was without resentment towards another man touching her.

Alexander Knox drew in his lip, "Thick-skinned."

"Right, not as thick as yours."

Hope drew in her lip, wondering if the two men needed to step aside first to see whose face was thicker.

Since Waylon Lewis was here, and the two of them behaved so affectionately, Alexander Knox couldn't stand to stay any longer and left with a darkened face.

Hope put down her chopsticks and sighed lightly.

"Tsk, you two are also suffocating people," Aria Richardson standing beside them somewhat couldn't bear to watch.

Waylon Lewis glanced briefly, still harboring a significant grudge about that incident, Waylon Lewis held grudges!

"Why haven't you left?" Waylon Lewis peeled a shrimp and put it in Hope's bowl, coldly asking Aria.



“Hey, President Lewis, it’s not nice to burn bridges after crossing them. I just unhesitatingly came forward to help you, you can’t just kick people out, right, Hope?” Aria raised an eyebrow, giving Hope a look.

Hope smiled helplessly nodding, “That’s right.”

“There’s so much food left, might as well have some,” Aria said, making herself comfortable sitting opposite Hope.

Hope, “Slow down, don’t choke.”

Waylon Lewis, “…”

After dinner, Hope looked at Waylon Lewis and asked, “Are you going back to the office? If so, I’ll head home first.”

“There’s still some work, I need to stop by the office.”

Hope nodded, “Then I’ll head home first, don’t stay out too late.”

“Okay, I’ll have Thomas take you home.”

Hope shook her head, “No need, Aria is here, I’ll go back with her.”

Waylon Lewis’s gaze swept coldly over the well-fed Aria Richardson.

Aria was still chewing on a meatball, spooked by Waylon Lewis’s icy scrutiny, almost swallowing the whole thing.

“Uh… I can go back with Hope, don’t worry, President Lewis, I’ll make sure she gets home safe.”

Waylon Lewis hummed a response, which counted as an agreement.

Waylon Lewis left first, Aria arm in arm with Hope slowly walked out of the restaurant, “Your family’s President Lewis seems very busy. But it’s nice he still came over to dine with you. What’s going on with you and President Knox? It’s obvious even to me, he seems to have more than average interest in you.”

Hope sighed helplessly, “His grandmother is my patient. After Grandma Knox recovered, this President Knox got fixated on inviting me to dinner.”

“That’s it?” Aria had just supplemented a whole soap opera scenario in her mind.

“What else did you think?” Hope asked with a smile.

Chapter 155: Chapter 155: Noble Duke 9999 Box, Giving You a 'Surprise

Aria Richardson and Hope Williams left, revealing a pair of sinister eyes in the shadows.

The man narrowed his eyes slightly, his fingers tapping intermittently on the solid wood table.

By his side, the assistant, Edward, bent down with a trembling voice, "Master Morris, what should we do next?"

"Send the footage we just took to Liam Cloud. His beloved woman has run off with her ex-husband again. Let's see how he feels," Weston Morris sneered excitedly.

"Yes, I'll do it immediately."

"What do you think Waylon Lewis would do if he found out about the relationship between Hope Williams and Liam Cloud?"

Lately, the Boss was increasingly concerned about his ex-wife. The more he cared, the more jealous he seemed to grow.

It was all because the ex-wife was too beautiful and excellent, attracting a host of strong suitors.

A Young Master Myers whom she worked closely with at the hospital.

A Liam Cloud from Y country, who had saved the ex-wife's life.

And a persistent pursuer, President Knox.

Tsk!

Each of these men was exceptional and outstanding, a son favored by heaven, and none were simple to deal with.

His Boss's road to winning back his wife was long and winding.

If the ex-wife truly ran off with another man, someone's rage would probably be enough to set the entire company on fire, and who would suffer but him?

Ah, he had not cherished her before, but now he knew how hard it was to win back a wife.

Thomas grumbled silently in his heart.

After pacifying the two babies to sleep, Hope Williams thought about reminding Waylon not to work too late since he often lost track of time when busy.

However, after several unanswered calls,

Hope muttered to herself, "What's happening, still busy?"

Hope tossed her phone aside, sat on the sofa, and slowly sipped a glass of water when suddenly a text message arrived.

"Noble Duke 9999 booth, I have a big surprise for you."

Below it was attached a photo of Waylon Lewis sitting in the Noble Duke booth, holding a drink, his eyes closed as he looked at the photo on the sofa.

"One is the woman he loves most, and the other is the brother he feels most guilty about," Assistant Edward also seemed to foresee a great drama brewing and couldn't help but smile.

Weston Morris looked down at his stiff leg, his eyes filled with intense ruthlessness, "The revenge for this leg must be taken."

Although he was the eldest son of the Morris Family, he was not the heir!

It was all because in Country Y, he fell in love with Hope Williams at first sight and pursued her, only to have his leg broken by Liam Cloud's men.

Damn Liam Cloud!

After his leg was crippled, how could such a large family as the Morris family tolerate a disabled family head.

But he wouldn't accept it. He was the legitimate heir of the Morris Family. He made a vow in front of his father that if he could secure a deal with the Lewis Family, the position of the heir would be his.

For this, he saw hope and approached Waylon Lewis for collaboration, but no matter how much he conceded, Waylon Lewis still gave the opportunity for collaboration to another family.

Everyone, everyone kicked him when he was down.

Why!

Why!

He was not willing to let it go; he wanted everyone who had stepped on him to pay the price, Hope Williams, Liam Cloud, Waylon Lewis, none would escape.

He wanted everyone to see how these two men, who were always high and mighty, would painfully fight over a woman to the death, and he wanted them to taste his pain.

He went downstairs and saw two figures getting into a car, his cold lips curving up into a sinister and cruel smile, "Go find Joy Ward and find an opportunity to get close to Waylon Lewis."

"Yes, I'm on it right now."

Aria Richardson and Hope Williams returned home, where Luke and Willow were sitting at the dining table, eating the dinner prepared by Aunt Bailey.

"Mommy, godmom, you're back," Luke called out happily, and Willow ran joyfully towards Hope Williams, bursting into her arms for a hug.

Hope Williams instantly felt better seeing the two little treasures.

Picking up Willow, Hope Williams said, "Yes, have you two been good at home? Were you bored?"

"A bit bored," Luke replied, mouth full of dinner, "Mommy, godmom, have you eaten dinner?"

"We have, Luke. You should have seen how your daddy was protecting your mommy today, it was meltingly sweet, I've even changed my view about your no-good daddy."

Aria Richardson chatted eagerly with Luke, while Hope Williams fed Willow, trying to engage Willow in conversation, "Willow, tell mommy what you and brother did at home today."

Willow's sparkling eyes looked up at Hope Williams, then scanned around, landing on some paper and pens. She toddled over, grabbed a pen and began to write on the paper — Brother was in his lab, Willow was watching brother.

There were some words Willow couldn't write, so she substituted with Pinyin. Willow's handwriting was neat, and though Hope Williams could read it clearly, she sighed softly, a smile on her face but a heavy look of melancholy and helplessness flashing in her eyes.

She knew she couldn't rush Willow to start speaking.

But seeing Willow not speaking day after day made her, as a mother, increasingly heart-wrenched and anxious.

Perhaps she should consult a psychologist.

Certainly not Mia Fuller. She naturally would not entrust her child to her again.

She needed to find another psychologist for a thorough examination of Willow.

A black car smoothly pulled up in front of Hope Williams's apartment building.

A noble man sat inside the car, showing no intention of getting out; the window rolled down to reveal the man's handsome profile, his eyes deep and cold as they glanced toward the building.

"Boss, aren't you going upstairs?" Thomas Hughes reminded.

Waylon Lewis didn't reply, just continued to smoke one cigarette after another.

Thomas Hughes shrunk in the driver's seat, feeling the chilling aura piercing through the seat from behind.

The sizable car interior was becoming insufficient to contain the chill emanating from someone's body.

Just when the relationship between the boss and his wife had improved slightly, who could have expected this to happen.

Tonight, they received a warning from Liam Cloud, a few simple words that completely infuriated Waylon Lewis.

Hope Williams! Mine, touch her and you're dead!

How arrogantly unrestrained was that man? At that moment, rage had already engulfed Waylon.

Then, he was assigned to investigate.

The results were even more shocking.

Hope Williams had connections with Liam Cloud.

As for the nature of their relationship, it was still under investigation, but it was clear that their relationship was profound.

Thomas Hughes couldn't fathom why Hope would be so deeply connected to someone who reveled in bloodshed and ran with the underworld.

From their information, Liam Cloud was the most dangerous man in Y country—cruel, bloodthirsty, unpredictable, with a powerful organization and a complex network of information.

Thomas Hughes secretly observed Waylon's expression through the rearview mirror.

Waylon's eyes remained still, he coldly commanded, "Speak."

Thomas's body quivered, he nervously spoke, "Boss, perhaps Miss Williams and that Liam Cloud are just friends."

A severe twitch crossed Waylon's brow as he slightly turned his head, "Friends!"

Thomas felt like a sword-like gaze reflected in the rearview mirror, cutting through to his face.

Thomas was sincerely terrified.

Waylon's deep gaze flicked again towards the floors of Hope Williams' apartment.

The air in the silent, soundless car had turned to ice.

Thomas hardly dared to breathe, wishing he could just vanish.

Such silence felt like it lasted an eternity.

Waylon lifted his gaze, his eyes deep and frigid, a storm swirling within as he took a deep breath, "She can be friends with anyone, but not with him."

Thomas felt the temperature around him drop to unimaginable lows.

The man's face was so dark it seemed it could drip ink, his aura one of unchecked fury.

Thomas was immensely grateful that he had spoken less, not revealing everything he had discovered. He knew far more about the intertwined relationships than he'd shared, and even that had been tactful.

Liam Cloud meant more to Hope than just a deep acquaintance; he had saved her life.

The message was sent by Joy Ward.

Chapter 156: Chapter 156: Hope Williams is Going to Freak Out

Hope Williams's heart suddenly tightened.

Waylon Lewis didn't answer her call because he was drinking with Joy Ward at Noble Duke!?

At this moment, having just sent the photos, Joy wore a triumphant smile, and with great anticipation, she looked at Waylon on the sofa with his eyes closed.

As she stripped off her clothes, she swayed over to Waylon, and by the time she reached him, her own clothes were completely off.

Joy's slender arms tenderly hooked onto Waylon's shoulders, coyly leaning against his firm chest, "Waylon, I'll be all yours in a moment."

A familiar scent approached.

Waylon furrowed his brows, raised a hand to his forehead. Tonight, he felt annoyed and restless. He wanted to confront Hope to clarify things but he feared his harsh words could hurt her, so he went to Noble Duke to drink instead.

But after a few drinks, his head began to spin and his eyelids grew heavier, yet a burning heat within him crazily longed for Hope.

Longed for everything about her.

That familiar scent grew closer, and Waylon opened his eyes to see a hand unbuttoning his clothes.

His consciousness blurred, his head pounding, he couldn't make out the face of the woman in front of him.

All he sensed was a strikingly familiar scent on her.

"Hope?"

Seeing that the man had woken up but hadn't pushed her away, Joy felt a surge of ecstasy inside. The drug was truly effective.

After receiving a message from Weston Morris, she took a deliberate bath and dressed up, buying the same brand of shower gel and shampoo that Hope used, and mimicking Hope's usual look, all to make the man believe she was Hope.

Joy was thrilled beyond measure.

Even if it meant being taken as another woman to be his, what did it matter?

As long as she could be his woman, she didn't care about anything else.

After so much effort, she was finally going to win.

“Waylon, yes, I’m your Hope, are you feeling very hot? Let me help you, okay?” Joy wrapped her arms tightly around him, her voice soft and tender.

Waylon lifted his hand to her shoulder, and in a swift move turned and fiercely pressed her under him.

All rational thought had been vanquished by the heat within him.

In this moment, all Waylon wanted was “Hope.”

Desperately.

Joy’s heart raced with excitement, it was coming, it was finally happening.

As Waylon moved closer to her, Joy’s body trembled with anticipation.

But in the next second, the awaited kiss didn’t descend, and Waylon abruptly halted...

Wyatt Lewis, with a beauty’s waist hooked in his arms, passed by room 9999 just to see Thomas Hughes returning with a pack of cigarettes from outside.

“Second Master.” Thomas was no longer surprised to see Wyatt with a different woman each day, seeing him here was certainly not unexpected.

Yet, Wyatt was utterly shocked to see Thomas and glanced at room 9999, raising his eyebrow, “Is my brother inside?”

Thomas nodded, “Yes, Boss was in a bad mood today.”

So he came here to drown his sorrows in alcohol.

“In a bad mood? Did he fight with my sister-in-law again?” Wyatt figured that was the only reason that would make his brother come here to drink in the middle of the night.

Thomas paused. There was no fight, but he thought it may have been better if there had been one. It would prevent his Boss from stewing in his own anger, where unspoken words could fester into illness and suspicions could become irreparable rifts.

“Not exactly.”

That was odd; his brother was a very self-disciplined and abstinent man, and it was rare for him to come to such places.



Since his brother was here, there was no reason not to join him, especially if he was upset. How could his guidance be absent?

Wyatt released the beauty in his arms, grabbed the double doors, and pushed them open.

“Brother...”

The next second!

Suddenly, there was a “bang.”

Wyatt closed the door as if he’d seen a ghost. What had he just seen?

His brother, holding a woman down beneath him...

Wyatt looked awkwardly at Thomas, startled by the sound of the door, and reprimanded severely, “Why didn’t you tell me my sister-in-law was inside?”

Such an intrusion would be terribly embarrassing!

If he had interrupted his brother’s moment, he would not have escaped a beating.

Before Thomas could reply, a clear, cold voice came from behind Wyatt, “Where is my brother?”

Wyatt turned around in shocked terror, finding Hope Williams standing beside him.

Wyatt, “Sister-in-law, you... shouldn’t you be in...” Inside?

Looking at Hope, then back at the closed doors of the private room, his eyes widened in shock.

If Hope was not inside, it dawned on Wyatt quickly, was his brother cheating on his sister-in-law?

This is a disaster!

“Where is my brother?” Hope’s delicate brows furrowed, insisting again.

Hope’s icy voice snapped Wyatt back to reality.

“My brother...my brother...he’s at...the office!” Wyatt stammered, his eyes darting to the door, subtly stepping to block it.

“At the office? Then why are you standing at the door of the private room?”

“Because... because...”

Because... my brother is in there with a woman!!!

Ah, what do I do!

As Hope’s gaze landed on the double doors of the private room, she stepped forward.

Wyatt suddenly blocked Hope’s path, his arms outstretched, his back stiff, determined not to let her pass.

“Sister-in-law, I’m telling the truth, he’s really not in there.”

At this, Thomas covered his face tightly with his hand.

Hope coolly pulled down her lip, “Wyatt, did I say your brother was inside?”

Wyatt, “...”

Seeing Wyatt’s expression, Hope’s instinctive premonition intensified; a wave of anger broke through her reason, her focus fixed on that door.

“Sister-in-law...”

Hope flung her bag into Wyatt’s arms, a glance from her halting his next move.

Hope gripped the handles of the double doors.

Gathering her resolve, she pushed the doors open...

The chaos she saw inside made her blood run cold, and something in her mind exploded...

## Chapter 157: Chapter 157: I Love You More Than My Life

Wyatt Lewis’s breathing tensed as he fiercely closed his eyes, not daring to see what situation lay within.

Hope Williams’s fingertips trembled, chaos within the room, and Joy Ward lay bare on the floor, clutching her chest, crying silently.

The bright lights from outside startled the person inside; Joy Ward saw Hope Williams at the door. Her expression flickered for a moment, then she put on a deliberate look and glared at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams scanned the room, not finding Waylon Lewis's figure, but heard the sound of running water coming from the bathroom...

Hope Williams fiercely closed her eyes for a moment, her heart pierced, struggling to breathe. Everything in the room seemed to tell her something had just happened here...

Hope Williams took a few deep breaths, the air she inhaled cutting like a knife.

Waylon Lewis, were you being a bit too cruel...

Step by step, Hope Williams walked towards Joy Ward, who looked unbearably smug, and looked down at her.

"Hope Williams, I've won, I'm now Waylon's woman..."

"Slap." A harsh slap landed on Joy Ward's face.

That overly smug voice abruptly ceased.

How long the silence in the private room lasted, nobody knew.

Joy Ward kept letting out eerie laughs from behind her hair-covered face.

"Hope Williams, you can hit me, kill me even, the deed is done, I am now Waylon's woman."

Hope Williams looked at her coldly, "Do you really enjoy seducing other people's men that much?"

"I just love Waylon, I love Waylon, what's wrong with that? Hope Williams, you forced me into this, it's your fault, all your fault!" Joy Ward screamed maniacally.

"Huh."

Hope Williams's lips curled coldly, her gaze as frigid as a vast, ice-covered field. She looked at Joy Ward as if she were looking at a dead thing, completely devoid of emotion.

With a "bang," there was a loud crash from the toilet, the sound of glass shattering.

Hope Williams's heart trembled fiercely, her gaze fell on the bathroom, and she unconsciously moved towards it.

Her hand on the doorknob hesitated for just two seconds, but she pushed the door open and entered.

Instantly, Hope Williams's pupils dilated sharply.

A giant mirror on the wall had shattered into a spiderweb pattern, the center punctured by a bloody fist print.

Waylon Lewis's white shirt was undone several buttons, his cuffs rolled up, and his muscular arms rested on the sink. He hung his head low, his face grim, like a demon that had crawled out from hell.

As the man heard the noise, his gaze slowly shifted onto Hope Williams.

Suddenly, his eyes filled with fury, as if he wished to kill her on the spot.

Hope Williams barely had a chance to react before she was pressed against the wall by the man. There was a thunderous noise as her back hit the wall; her organs trembled from the force of his strength.

A large hand gripped her throat tightly, and a suffocating feeling followed. His eyes were bloodshot as he glared at her, as if he had lost all reason and wanted to end her life.

"Waylon Lewis... what are you doing? I'm Hope Williams!" Hope Williams managed to get out.

Waylon Lewis's face remained unmoved. "Joy Ward, you're courting death, daring to impersonate Hope Williams!"

Waylon Lewis clenched his teeth in pain, his eyes cast down, and then he shook his head sharply as if forcing himself to stay alert.

His bloodied hand caused Hope Williams sharp pain.

Hope Williams realized something was wrong with Waylon Lewis; he couldn't recognize her and thought she was an imposter.

His last words, Joy Ward, had just impersonated her.

So he still thought she was Joy Ward in disguise.

Hope Williams's heart ached as she felt the abnormal warmth of his feverish palm.

He had been drugged, and it was a strong dose. He had hurt himself trying to stay conscious.

"Waylon Lewis, wake up, I'm Hope Williams, it's really me... cough..." The hand around her neck kept tightening.

“Waylon Lewis, look at me carefully; I am Hope Williams, I am the real Hope Williams!”  
The man showed no sign of letting go.

If this continued, Hope Williams feared she would be strangled to death, “Wyatt Lewis!”

Wyatt Lewis, at the entrance of the private room, heard Hope Williams’s call and immediately rushed in, only to witness an unbelievable scene.

“Brother, what are you doing? She’s Hope Williams, have you gone mad? Let go.”  
Wyatt Lewis hurried to pry Waylon Lewis’s hand away.

Hope Williams gasped for air, only to be gripped tightly again.

Wyatt Lewis struggled desperately with Waylon Lewis’s hand. “Brother, calm down, really calm down, she is Hope Williams, she is Hope Williams! Do you want to strangle her to death? What madness is this?”

Waylon Lewis truly acted like a madman, Thomas Hughes also quickly assisted, and it took a great deal of effort to finally free Hope Williams.

Hope Williams clutched her numb neck, not even having a chance to breathe, “He’s been drugged, take him to the hospital, quick.”

Wyatt Lewis’s eyes instantly turned cold, “Drugged!”

That damned thing outside actually dared to drug his brother.

“What are you waiting for, hurry up, or it will be too late.” Judging by Waylon Lewis’s current condition, the dose was certainly not light.

Wyatt Lewis and Thomas Hughes promptly supported Waylon Lewis from both sides and hurried out.

Hope Williams barely managed to support herself, got up, and immediately followed.

Joy Ward covered herself with clothes, still lying on the ground; Hope Williams passed by Joy Ward, halted her steps, and coldly glanced at her, “Waylon Lewis never touched you.”

Joy Ward shuddered violently, “No, my being with him...”

“If he really had touched you, he wouldn’t have hurt himself like that. Joy Ward, we’re not done with this matter. For having such inappropriate thoughts, I will make you pay the price.”

Hope Williams didn't give her another glance, picked up a wine glass from the table, and left the private room.

The truth was exposed.

Joy felt her last shred of dignity completely shattered.

Even if she stripped naked in front of Waylon Lewis, he harbored no feelings for her; he would rather hurt himself to such an extent than to touch her, even when she disguised herself as Hope and dosed him with such a strong drug.

Waylon had his stomach pumped and had taken medicine; his emotions had stabilized.

Hope had the wine glass she brought from the private room, and its contents tested, revealing the presence of a powerful banned drug in the wine.

This colorless and tasteless drug was extremely potent. A single drop could easily cause hallucinations, and without an antidote or physical relief, it would cause tremendous suffering to the body.

Hope couldn't imagine how Waylon managed to endure without touching Joy, his sanity had completely spiraled out of control.

It must have taken immense willpower for him to confine himself in the restroom.

This proud man would rather injure himself to maintain his rationality than touch another woman or relieve himself.

That drug not only harmed the body but could be fatal if the dosage was high.

The person who drugged him was incredibly malicious.

Hope's heart ached intensely.

The ordeal lasted until the next day. As soon as Hope stepped out of the hospital room, she got a call from Luke.

"Mommy, where are you?" Luke and Willow had woken up early and were extremely worried when they didn't see Hope.

"Mommy has some matters to deal with; I'm outside. If you guys are awake, ask Aunt Bailey to make you something to eat," Hope told them.

"Mommy, did something happen?"

"Don't worry, everything is fine. By the way, baby, can you do something for Mommy?"

“Mommy, just tell me.”

“It’s what you’re good at, help Mommy pull the surveillance footage from the Noble Duke for last night from 10 p.m. to 12 a.m. on the 9th floor.”

Hope believed that Joy could not have pulled off this act alone; there must have been someone helping her. That kind of banned substance was also not something Joy could easily obtain.

The situation was not so simple.

“Okay, Mommy, I will get on it right now and send it to you later.”

“Alright.”

After hanging up the phone, Hope took a deep breath, then turned and unexpectedly found herself enveloped in an embrace. Her nose brushed against the fabric of the man’s shirt, and in the next moment, he pulled her into a tight embrace.

His kiss landed on the top of her head, his low and husky voice apologizing, “I’m sorry.”

Hope did not push away from Waylon’s embrace, instead lifting her hand to wrap around him, “Are you feeling better?”

“Yes.”

“About last night...”

Hope peeked out from Waylon’s embrace, looking up at him with pained eyes, “Nothing happened, I believe you.”

Waylon’s pupils dilated, replaced by a flash of surprise. He had been worried she wouldn’t listen to his explanation, blaming him for hurting her.

But she said, nothing happened, I believe you!

Waylon pulled Hope into his arms even tighter and lowered his head until their noses touched, asking softly, “Last night, under those circumstances, I almost couldn’t believe in myself. Why were you so certain?”

“You’re such a proud person, how could you permit another woman to defile you?”

A smile crept over Waylon’s lips as he kissed hers.

How foolish and unappreciative had he been to risk losing such a treasure? Thankfully, this treasure was still by his side.

This was good.

“But still... Waylon, if there is a next time...”

Hope paused, looking him in the eye with seriousness, “I hope... Mmm...”

Her lips were fiercely captured by a kiss. He knew what she was about to say, but he wouldn’t allow her to continue.

“If there is a next time, I won’t touch another woman because of this.”

Waylon’s deep voice declared, causing Hope to shiver, “But do you know that without release, the effects of the drug could seriously lead to death?”

“I can withstand it, trust me.”

“Waylon.” Hope’s eyes reddened; she had been terrified by the sight of his bloodshot eyes last night, “Do you not realize that life is more important than anything else?”

Waylon kissed her brow and eyes with an unmatched tender affection, “No, you are the most important, more than my life itself.”

If he had been with another woman, it wouldn’t matter whether she wanted him anymore; he himself would feel unworthy of her.

Moreover, if something had genuinely happened with Joy last night, it would have broken her heart.

He would not allow such a thing to happen; that’s why when he realized something was wrong, he immediately pushed Joy away, desperately using pain to maintain the last bit of his clarity and rationality.

Hope looked at him, their eyes locking.

She pursed her lips, feeling a complicated storm of emotions, gazing at him with seemingly endless things to say.

Eventually, she asked, “Waylon, do you really love me that much?”

Chapter 158: Chapter 158 Teach Until You Are Satisfied

“Love,” Waylon Lewis said with unwavering conviction. “I love you, deeply.”



Tears continuously slid down Hope Williams's face, yet her lips unconsciously broke into a smile.

"I love you too."

...

Waylon Lewis was discharged from the hospital that very day. Luke sent surveillance data to Hope Williams. In the car, Waylon tightly held Hope's hand, a smile curling at his lips, displaying the immense pleasure he felt at that moment.

Thomas Hughes, driving the vehicle, felt a warmth filling the carriage like a breath of spring.

The air was filled with a sweet scent.

"What are you looking at?" Waylon saw Hope's attention was all on her phone, seriously ignoring him, feeling somewhat jealous.

"Do you think this incident was solely orchestrated by Joy Ward?" Hope's eyes remained glued to the screen.

"No," Waylon answered.

"Yes, there's someone helping her," Hope handed the phone to Waylon.

The drug was administered by a man dressed as a waiter while delivering wine. After twenty minutes, Joy Ward clearly knew which private room Waylon was in.

Hope massaged her temples.

The person secretly helping Joy Ward was not trivial. Who could it be?

Waylon's eyes deepened, and he gripped the phone tightly. "I'll handle this matter."

"Forget it. You have business to attend to at your company. I'll handle it."

Hope narrowed her eyes, already suspecting someone.

Joy had once proudly called herself Mrs. Morris. It was that strange man that day; she felt he harbored considerable hostility towards her and Waylon.

If there was someone behind Joy, he was the most likely candidate.

"You go back to the company and do your work," Hope looked up at him.

Waylon smiled, impressed how she wanted to handle things for him. His woman was so capable.

“Alright, call me if you need anything.”

Hope nodded, “I know.”

“Assistant Hughes, please drop me off here,” Hope said to Thomas Hughes.

Thomas Hughes smoothly parked the car by the roadside, and Hope, grabbing her handbag, said, “I’m leaving now. Focus on your work, and leave the rest to me.”

“Sure,” Waylon drew Hope close and planted a kiss on her forehead.

After Hope got out of the car, Waylon averted his gaze, his handsome face immediately reverting to its usual cold demeanor.

Thomas Hughes felt the temperature in the car plummet.

“Have someone follow her and step in to help if necessary,” Waylon commanded coldly.

“Yes.”

Hope proceeded to the Ward house. The Ward family villa had been burned down, and after their devastating loss, the Ward family had bought only a small villa to live in, nowhere near their former glory.

The new address of the Ward family was still obtained by Luke, who helped Hope find it. Hope walked in boldly.

Upon seeing Hope, a housemaid in the Ward house rushed inside as if she had seen a ghost, to notify them.

“Miss, Hope Williams is here!”

Knowing that Waylon would not let her go this time, Joy Ward shivered inside her home, not daring to step outside. Now that Hope had arrived, Joy trembled, “Not seeing her, not seeing her, drive her away...”

“But...”

Bang! The door was kicked open.

Hope stood at the doorway, her presence chilling.

Joy stepped back in terror like she'd seen the plague, "What are you doing here? This is my house, get out!"

Without hurrying, Hope sat down on a sofa, her eyes cold and emotionless, staring at Joy.

"Did you hear? Get out!"

"Joy Ward, who's helping you?" Hope asked with a cold voice.

"Helping me? What are you talking about? I don't know."

Joy stubbornly denied everything, but Hope, as if she had expected it, slowly said, "The private room number, the illegal drug, you weren't capable of obtaining these on your own. Someone planned everything for you, you were just a pawn. Am I right?"

"You..." Joy Ward's eyes frantically rotated within their sockets under Hope Williams's gaze.

This woman, she had guessed it all.

"The person helping you is Weston Morris!"

Joy Ward suddenly looked up at Hope Williams!

Caught off guard, Joy Ward's gaze revealed her panic, captured instantly by Hope Williams.

That devil, just thinking about him made Joy Ward uncontrollably tremble.

"Go to him, he was the one who ordered me to do it."

Going to that devil, what good could come from angering him? Joy Ward sneered wickedly.

"Aren't you his wife?"

"Wife?" It was as if Joy Ward heard an extremely hilarious word, wife? The devil who had handed her over to the bodyguards to play with, treating her like a dog?

Hahaha, it was truly ridiculous.

"Hope Williams, you're so smart, guess it yourself!" Joy Ward laughed hideously.

Hope Williams tugged the corner of her mouth coldly, "He's using you to achieve his own goals!"

The sneer on Joy Ward's face froze.

Observing Joy Ward's expression, Hope Williams's lips subtly curled in a smirk as she nodded, "It seems I guessed right."

And his purpose was to bring displeasure to her and Waylon Lewis.

Weston Morris!

In Hope Williams's memory, there was no trace of this man, let alone having offended him.

"Take me to him," Hope Williams stood up.

"I won't go, go by yourself if you want."

Hope Williams didn't give her any chance to resist, dragging Joy Ward outside as she continuously screamed for help. The nearby servants stepped forward, but a stern look from Hope Williams made them back off.

After all, they had seen how fierce this female devil could be.

Her blows could really cost lives.

Joy Ward, dragged into the car by Hope Williams, finally revealed the Morris Family's address under pressure.

Seeing the Morris's estate, Joy Ward felt as if she were looking at an extremely terrifying place, hiding inside the car, too afraid to get out.

Hope Williams glared coldly toward the grand estate, pulling Joy Ward along as she had no choice but to follow.

No one stopped them along the way, as if they had been notified of her arrival.

"Which floor?"

"Three...third floor..."

Hope Williams headed to the third floor.

From the moment her car entered the estate, a pair of sinister eyes were already fixed on her.

Weston Morris sat on the third floor balcony, his lips curling coldly, "Bring her to me."

“Yes.”

Hope Williams was brought before Weston Morris.

Seeing this man for the second time, Hope Williams still felt his gaze filled with a strange oppressiveness, like a wolf ready to snap someone’s neck at any moment.

“Miss Hope Williams graces us with her presence, what brings you here?” Weston Morris’s gaze intensely fixed on Hope Williams, “Why don’t Miss Williams sit down and speak slowly?”

“I won’t sit, I’m not here as a guest.”

Hope Williams’s eyes and expression were cold.

Weston Morris smiled, but the smile seemed even colder.

“Young Master Morris, when have I ever offended you?”

The man’s smile was mocking, “What do you mean?”

Hope Williams pushed Joy Ward in front of Weston Morris, whose eyes darkened at Joy Ward, then shifted back to Hope Williams, “How come my pet is with you?”

“Why ask Young Master Morris when you clearly know?”

“Oh—she must have done something to bother you again, no matter, you can discipline her as you see fit until you’re satisfied.” Weston Morris spread his hands generously, as if discussing a mere plaything.

Chapter 159: Chapter 159: Since You Love to Drug People, I Will Return the Favor

“She did what she shouldn’t have, but you were the one behind it all. I believe Young Master Morris and I had no former grievances. So, why does Young Master Morris harbor such hostility towards me?” Hope Williams raised an eyebrow as she asked.

“Miss Williams, don’t say that. When have I ever been hostile towards you?” Weston Morris’s gaze was filled with resentment and greed as he locked onto the woman’s beautiful face.

“Whether you have or haven’t isn’t my concern. I’m just here to remind Young Master Morris that if you harm me in the slightest, I will surely return the favor tenfold.”

“Do you really think you can?”

Hope Williams smiled and stepped closer, her voice as calm as ever.

“Try me.”

Weston Morris smirked coldly and took a sip of the red wine from the table, his eyes shooting out a chilling coldness.

Hope Williams glanced at his wine glass, smiled slightly, and turned her head to look at Joy Ward, who was hiding in the corner. “Young Master Morris, I’m quite curious about how you managed to reduce Miss Ward to this state? Isn’t she your wife?”

“Wife? Ha, she’s nothing but a dog. If she incurred Miss Williams’s anger, Miss Williams is welcome to take her away and teach her a lesson.”

Hope Williams looked at Joy Ward, who was full of anger yet dared not voice it, and smiled meaningfully. “Is that so...”

Just as Weston Morris was about to stand up, his eyes turned cold, and his gloomy gaze fixed on Hope Williams. “What have you done to me?”

Hope Williams’s calm gaze swept over to the wine glass and she smiled gently. “Don’t you love to drug people? What goes around comes around.”

Weston Morris felt a wave of intense heat surging through his body, but no matter what, he couldn’t move.

Rage filled his eyes. “Release me, or I assure you, you won’t even know how you died...”

Hope Williams stuffed a towel into Weston Morris’s mouth. “Shut up!”

His threats were useless against her. Instead, Hope Williams turned to Joy Ward. “Do you hate him, Joy? In his eyes, you’re less than a dog.”

Joy Ward glared fiercely at Hope Williams and then with equal ferocity at Weston Morris.

Hate!

She hated them both!

Why couldn’t they just die together!

“I’ll give you a chance. He can’t move right now. The poison I administered will be fatal without an antidote. If you act as his antidote, he will live.”

Hope Williams made her point clear. Whether he lived or died was up to Joy Ward!

Joy Ward looked at Hope Williams incredulously. "This is the Morris Family's home. You're trying to kill Young Master Morris. Have you lost your mind?"

"That's my business. You only have to decide whether to save him or not."

Joy Ward's gaze flickered wildly as she glanced at the paralyzed Weston Morris on the chair. His look was clearly murderous towards them.

But he had been drugged and was about to die. If someone killed him, it would be Hope Williams.

What did it have to do with her? By doing nothing, if he died, the Morris Family wouldn't let Hope Williams off the hook. She'd kill two birds with one stone and be free from torment by this devil.

Now the opportunity was right in front of her. She already had her answer on whether to save him or not.

Joy Ward looked at Hope Williams, cracked a smile, and then collapsed to the ground, feigning unconsciousness!

Hope Williams was almost amused.

How convenient she passed out.

She turned her gaze back to Weston Morris, his face now flushed red, his hands stiffened, seemingly enduring extreme pain.

He stared at Hope Williams, his eyes filled with limitless rage.

This wretched woman, he was going to kill her, murder her.

"You just stay there, Young Master Morris. I guarantee that no one will disturb you for the entire day."

Hope Williams waved dismissively, arrogantly swaying her hand, then walked out slowly and shut the door behind her.

There were two bodyguards at the gate. They saw Hope Williams come out, but without Weston Morris's order, they didn't stop her.

Hope Williams walked a few steps forward, then turned back and said, "By the way, Young Master Morris said he needs to rest, and you're not allowed to disturb him, or you will be punished without mercy."

Suddenly, there was a noise from inside the house.

The two bodyguards couldn't help but look towards the firmly closed double doors, but the words of Hope Williams were still lingering in their ears.

They glared at Hope Williams. "If the Young Master is resting, why is there noise coming from inside?"

"Idiots, Mrs. Morris is in there with him. When a man and a woman are together on a bed resting, is it possible not to make a sound?"

The bodyguards nodded understandingly, feeling that what Hope Williams said made sense.

"So remember what I said, no matter what sounds you hear, do not go in and disturb them, or you know the consequences."

Hope Williams solemnly advised them again.

The two bodyguards nodded repeatedly, thinking that Hope Williams was really a good person.

"Thanks for the reminder, thank you."

If they had gone in, they would have been thrown to the back mountain to be fed to the wolves. Fortunately, Hope Williams reminded them and saved their lives.

Hope Williams smiled innocently and walked out of the Morris Family estate.

The medicine she gave to Weston Morris, of course, wouldn't be lethal – it was just to make him suffer greatly. She said that merely to deceive Joy Ward, and at the same time, make Weston Morris anxious.

Hope Williams wanted to go home to change clothes and then go to the hospital, but when she didn't see Luke and Willow, she became anxious. Just then, Aunt Bailey told her that the Lewis Family people had picked up Luke and Willow, who were bored at home and had gone along with them.

Hope Williams made a call to Grandpa Lewis to confirm, and only then did she feel relieved when she was sure they were with him.

...

Mia Fuller was sitting opposite Grandpa Lewis, her eyes flashing a hint of dark light as she watched Grandpa Lewis lovingly dote on Luke and Willow.



Luke and Willow were obviously resisting her more and more, now not even willing to give her a look.

How infuriating.

Winning over these little ones' affection was essential to secure a deep-rooted position in the Lewis Family.

Mia Fuller feigned a gentle smile, "Grandpa Lewis, it is quite troublesome that Willow is still unwilling to speak."

When Mia Fuller brought this up, Grandpa Lewis also became concerned about Willow.

The little one was sitting next to him, gobbling down a cream cake, his bright little eyes glued to a cartoon, not blinking.

Seeing Grandpa Lewis's concern, Mia Fuller pressed on her attack, "Grandpa Lewis, I think that Willow still needs treatment. I've just prepared a plan and would like to try it on Willow."

Grandpa Lewis looked at Mia Fuller, her face full of earnestness.

Mia Fuller stood up and approached Willow, "Willow, do you want to play a game with Auntie?"

Willow resisted by shuffling her little bottom towards Luke, frowning when her cartoon watching was interrupted.

"Willow doesn't want treatment, Auntie, don't force her," Luke said, protecting Willow.

"I'm not forcing Willow. Luke, do you want Willow never to be able to speak?" Mia Fuller pleaded earnestly. "If Luke wishes for Willow's illness to get better soon, you should let her receive treatment. That way, your Mommy will be relieved, right?"

Grandpa Lewis felt that what Mia Fuller said made sense, so he persuaded Willow, "Willow, be a good girl, and let Aunt Fuller check you, okay?"

After a lot of persuasion by Grandpa Lewis and Mia Fuller, and also Alitzel Williams coming over, they finally convinced Willow. Resisting with her little face, Willow followed Mia Fuller into a quiet room.

Mia Fuller closed all the curtains around, leaving only one lamp on. She brought a pill to Willow, "Take the medicine and lie on the lounge chair."

Willow heard what Mia Fuller said, but clutched her doll, not lifting her head even a little, much less doing as Mia Fuller instructed.

Mia Fuller took a deep breath.

"You didn't hear what I said? I told you to take the medicine and lie down," Mia Fuller said, raising her voice.

Willow still ignored her.

"Willow Williams, your mother defies me, and you want to defy me too, huh? I told you to lie down there by yourself. Can't you understand human speech?"

Mia Fuller's face was full of disgust as she yelled, grabbing Willow's shoulders.

In front of others, she had to pretend to like these two children, but now she didn't need to pretend.

This was Hope Williams's child; she wished she could strangle her.

If it weren't for these two children, how would Hope Williams have the chance to be liked by the entire Lewis Family? It was all because of these two kids.

Mia Fuller, unable to contain her anger, yanked Willow forcefully, "I'm telling you again, lie down there yourself. Don't force me to hit you."

Willow's shoulder hurt a lot from the bad woman's pulling. She struggled with all her might but could never match an adult woman.

Mia Fuller controlled Willow by the shoulders.

"Willow Williams, don't you think you're a nuisance? You should have died in that accident; otherwise, living is just causing trouble for your parents. If I were your mother, I'd have discarded you, this burden who can't speak, long ago, or let you die in the hospital bed. Willow Williams, you better listen to me obediently, otherwise..."

Mia Fuller paused, picking up a sharp pair of scissors from the table beside her and gesturing in front of Willow.

Terrified, Willow resisted even more fiercely, struggling in pain like a trapped little animal.

Mia Fuller's grip grew tighter, and she threw Willow to the ground.

Willow was in so much pain; she clenched her mouth shut and glared at Mia Fuller.

That stubborn, unyielding look in her eyes was so much like Hope Williams.

Seeing Willow look at her with that defiant gaze made Mia Fuller even angrier.

“You’re very stubborn, huh? You only recognize your slut mother, don’t you? I’ve been so kind to coax you, and you dare not listen, then don’t blame me for being rude.”

Mia Fuller yanked Willow up, threw her onto a chair, and pinched her arm harshly, “Show me that look again, and I’ll kill you. Do you hear me?”

Willow was terrified, shaking all over; she wanted to get away from this woman but was pulled back by her clothes as soon as she tried to run, and her arm suffered another burst of sharp pain.

She wanted her mommy, she wanted her daddy, she wanted her brother; who could come and save her?

Mia Fuller felt satisfied after taking out all her anger on Willow.

Seeing Willow hide in the corner with that fearful look in her eyes filled Mia Fuller’s face with gratification.

“This is what you get for defying me, got it? Next time, remember to behave. And if you dare say a word about what happened today...”

Mia Fuller sneered coldly, “Do you still remember the day your mommy got hurt? If you tell her, I’ll send someone to kill her again.”

Willow’s pupils painfully shrank in fear.

“Thump, thump...” A series of urgent knocks on the door.

Mia Fuller glared at Willow, “Wipe away your tears; if anyone sees, you’re finished.”

Mia Fuller walked over to open the door and saw Luke standing there, greeting him with a pleasant face, “What’s the matter, Luke?”

“Is Willow’s treatment over yet?” As soon as Luke spoke, Willow burst out of the room, hiding behind him.

Mia Fuller glared at Willow, her eyes brimming with warnings.

Turning her gaze, Mia Fuller smiled again, “It’s done. Willow was very good this time. This treatment is over, and we’ll continue next time, okay, Willow?”

Luke took Willow’s hand and stepped back. Hope Williams came to pick them up, heading upstairs just in time.

“Luke, Willow.”

“Mommy.” Luke and Willow immediately rushed into Hope Williams’s arms. Luke asked, “Mommy, are you done with your work?”

“Uh-huh, don’t worry, everything’s taken care of.”

Hope Williams reassured them, her gaze falling on Willow who stood off to the side, head down.

Hope Williams looked at Willow with concern, “What’s wrong with Willow?”

“I just did some psychological therapy with Willow, and she might still be recovering from it,” Mia Fuller approached with a gentle and appropriate smile.

Hope Williams, however, wasn’t listening; she looked at Willow’s reddened eyes and immediately sensed something was wrong. With patience, she asked again, “What happened, Willow?”

Willow looked up at Hope Williams, gently shook her tiny head, and forced a stiff smile towards her.

Mia Fuller breathed a sigh of relief.

Hope Williams lifted her gaze once more to Mia Fuller’s face.

Mia Fuller smiled gently.

Hope Williams left with Luke and Willow.

By the time they got home, it was already night, and both Luke and Willow usually loved to be clean, insisting on a nice bath before going to bed.

But tonight, Willow absolutely refused to take a bath. Hope Williams, puzzled, looked at Willow, “Why, Willow? Don’t you love being clean?”

The little girl shook her head and wrote on the whiteboard: Willow is tired and wants to sleep.

It was normal to be tired after a day of playing at the Lewis Family’s home, so Hope Williams didn’t think much of it. Seeing Willow staying away from her, she reached out to grab Willow’s arm and pull her closer.

The moment Hope Williams touched Willow’s arm, Willow shivered, and her little face trembled.

“What’s wrong, Willow? Are you feeling unwell?”

Hope Williams noticed something was off and grew incredibly anxious.

To prevent Hope Williams from discovering more, Willow avoided her touch. Hope Williams picked up Willow, removed her upper clothes, and exposed her arms, feeling a sharp pain in her heart.

The little one's fair and youthful arms were covered with bruises, blue and purple, and the sight was shocking.

Hope Williams's pupils constricted, feeling a prickling pain in her heart, "Is it very painful, Willow? ... Who did this? Why didn't you tell Mommy?"

Willow pursed her lips, and her nose immediately reddened, tears falling like rain, seeming to bear a huge grievance. She had held it in for so long, and now that it was exposed, she couldn't stop crying.

In the Lewis Family, Grandpa Lewis, Alitzel Williams, Christopher Lewis, and Wyatt Lewis all cherished Luke and Willow greatly; it was unthinkable for them to lay a hand on Willow, leaving Mia Fuller as the only other person at the Lewis home that day.

Coldness swirled in Hope Williams's eyes in an instant.

Seeing Willow beaten like this, Luke felt both heartache and guilt. Today, Willow had been with him the whole time, and the only one who had been alone with Willow was that aunt.

Luke immediately thought of something as well.

After dressing Willow, Hope Williams took out her phone and dialed Mia Fuller's number.

Hope Williams took a deep breath, "Miss Fuller, where are you?"

"What's wrong, Sister Hope? I'm still at Grandpa Lewis's," came the reply.

Hope Williams, suppressing her anger, responded with a curt nod and hung up the phone.

Hope Williams took Luke and Willow straight to the Lewis Family's old mansion.

Mia Fuller sat with Grandpa Lewis and Alitzel Williams, chatting and laughing. She knew she wanted to marry into the Lewis Family, and winning over the elders was crucial.

Only by pleasing them would her chances be greater.

Mia Fuller was shocked to see Hope Williams return; her face paled when she saw Hope's expression.

"Sister Hope, why have you come back? Is there something else?" Mia Fuller glanced at Willow, gauging the emotions of all three of them, attempting to read their current feelings from their faces.

Hope Williams sat down on the sofa with Luke and Willow, watching Mia Fuller with a cold gaze, "Yes, there's something."

Grandpa Lewis also noticed the emotion in Hope Williams's voice, his brow furrowing with worry, "What's wrong, Little Hope? What happened?"

"Grandpa, this is something between Miss Fuller and me."

Hope's eyes once again focused on Mia Fuller, whose hands tightened on her lap, "Sister Hope, what's the matter?"

Hope's voice still calm and even, "Come here."

#### Chapter 160: Chapter 160: Cancel All Cooperation with the Fuller Family

Mia Fuller didn't know what Hope Williams was planning to do, but with so many people around, she assumed Hope wouldn't dare do anything. So, she walked over.

"Sister Hope..."

With a sudden "slap," she was caught off guard.

A numb pain spread across her left cheek, and Mia Fuller was momentarily stunned, staring at Hope Williams for a few seconds before she realized she had been slapped by her.

"You... You hit me! Why did you hit me?"

Hope Williams glared at her coldly, "I am not one to advocate violence to solve problems, but you should never have touched my daughter."

Mia Fuller was shocked; that damned girl really dared to bring it up.

She was doomed.

How could Mia Fuller admit it in front of so many people?

“Sister Hope, what are you talking about? I don’t understand. How could I harm Willow? Willow is so adorable, I would be too busy cherishing her. Sister Hope, you must have misunderstood!” Mia Fuller instantly argued tearfully.

“What is going on? Little Hope, what did you just say?” Old Master Lewis also realized that the matter was serious and asked sharply.

“Willow’s arms are covered in bruises,” Hope Williams said coldly.

“What?” Alitzel Williams immediately picked up Willow and carefully pulled up her sleeves, only to see Willow’s pale arms marked with blue and purple bruises.

Alitzel Williams’ heart ached.

Who could be so cruel to such a small child?

Old Master Lewis’s eyes turned frosty, and he slammed the table, his voice ominously deep, “Who did this?”

Hope Williams clenched her teeth, her eyes locked on Mia Fuller.

Mia Fuller’s body trembled slightly, and under Hope Williams’ gaze, she tearfully shook her head, “Grandpa Lewis, Matriarch, it wasn’t me, it wasn’t me, really, it wasn’t. I care for Willow too much, how could I possibly be the one, Grandpa Lewis, Matriarch, you know I’ve always wanted to cure Willow, I couldn’t possibly do such a monstrous thing.”

“Is that so?” Hope Williams’s eyes were devoid of warmth, “Are you saying that I have wronged you?”

“I don’t know why Sister Hope would say it’s me, but I really didn’t cause Willow’s injuries.”

Mia Fuller cried uncontrollably, quickly walking over to Willow and grasping her small hand, “Willow, Willow I know you don’t like me, but you can’t wrong me like this, auntie didn’t hit you, I didn’t.”

Mia Fuller gripped Willow’s hand tightly, her eyes full of warning.

As if to say, if you dare speak out, I’ll make sure your mom dies!

Frightened, Willow hid in Alitzel Williams’ embrace.

Alitzel Williams hugged Willow, her heart aching tremendously.

Her precious granddaughter, what sins had she committed to suffer so much at such a young age.

“Matriarch, do you believe me? I really didn’t,” Mia said.

Alitzel Williams, with a soft heart, helped Mia Fuller up. Mia had been brought up before her eyes, always kind and upright, never even willing to hurt a cat or a dog, let alone harm the adorable Willow.

Moreover, Mia Fuller had indeed repeatedly mentioned wanting to cure Willow, showing her genuine desire for Willow to get better.

Alitzel Williams looked at the cold-faced Hope Williams and furrowed her brows, "Little Hope, could you be mistaken? I believe Mia wouldn't do such a thing, she has always loved Willow."

"Sister Hope, please believe me, I truly didn't..."

"Willow, come to mommy," Hope Williams called to Willow, and Willow immediately ran to her side, "Willow, tell mommy how your arm got hurt."

Willow pursed her lips tightly; Mia Fuller's warning gaze fixed on her.

Willow was incredibly conflicted; this evil woman nearly killed her mommy. If she spoke out and angered this evil aunt, what if she sent someone to kill her mommy?

The memory of the last incident was vivid in her mind; she really didn't want her mommy to get hurt again.

Hope Williams looked at Willow with heartache, "Willow, don't be afraid, mommy and your brother are here, no one can hurt Willow now."

Willow kept her head down, and after much struggle, she still shook her head.

Picking up a pen swiftly, she scribbled a few words, showing off her own flair!

After speaking, she immediately lowered her head, not daring to meet Hope Williams's eyes.

She knew Mommy was making decisions for her, and she couldn't lie, but she didn't want Mommy to get hurt because of her.

Hope Williams's brow furrowed deeply. Being her own daughter, whether she was lying or not, she could tell at a glance.

Mia Fuller's expression relaxed.

That brat finally knows her place.

Mia Fuller's arrogance flared up, "It's normal for kids like Sister Hope to be naughty and get bumps and bruises."



Alitzel Williams also thought of this, “Right, Little Hope, you must be mistaken. Willow said she fell on her own, and that slap you gave Mia was really too much.”

Mia Fuller immediately put on a pitiful face, “Aunt, I’m fine, as long as the misunderstanding is cleared up.”

As she spoke, Mia Fuller touched her face.

Alitzel Williams looked distressed and couldn’t help but glare at Hope Williams, feeling increasingly that Hope Williams was unreasonable.

Hope Williams felt that Waylon Lewis’s mom was sometimes really too naive.

“Is that really so, Willow?”

Willow slowly nodded her head.

Luke couldn’t understand why Willow would protect this bad woman, his brows continually furrowing.

“What is Willow afraid of?” Hope Williams asked earnestly, looking at Willow, “Isn’t Willow the treasure that came from Mommy’s belly? Can’t Mommy tell if Willow is lying?”

Willow lowered her head and did not speak.

“Don’t press the child, Hope Williams; it’s normal for kids to get hurt while playing. When Wyatt was little and went out to play, he would also come back covered in bruises,” Alitzel Williams said.

Mia Fuller bit her lower lip, her eyes also showing a hint of grievance, “Sister Hope...”

“Can a child, by merely playing around, get their arm covered densely in bruises?” Hope Williams asked through gritted teeth, “Or is it a quiet girl like Willow, huh?”

Hope Williams’s words made everyone a bit suspicious, and Old Master Lewis watched the scene with a gloomy gaze.

“I also believe Willow’s injuries aren’t self-inflicted,” declared Old Master Lewis authoritatively, his serious gaze sweeping over everyone present, “But Little Hope, how can you conclude that Mia is the one who caused Willow’s injuries?”

Luke took over, “Because Willow was with me the whole day, except when Aunt Fuller was treating her and she was out of my sight. Later, Mommy brought us home, and then Mommy saw the injuries on Willow’s hands.”

It was clear, the injury could only have been caused by Mia Fuller.

Mia Fuller immediately retorted, “At that time, I was treating Willow; the entire period I was with Willow.”

“Who can prove that?” Luke’s stern gaze fixed on Mia Fuller, “Just you, Aunt?”

“I... you can ask Willow,” Mia Fuller turned to Willow, “Isn’t that right? Wasn’t Auntie always treating you?”

“As far as I know, Auntie, the last treatment you used for Willow involved Hypnotic Treatment to heal her psychological wounds, right?”

Hypnotic Treatment is an advanced method by which psychological specialists can heal many psychological illnesses and disorders without medication.

Mia Fuller didn’t know why Luke was asking her this, but indeed, that was the method she used, “Yes.”

“And this time?”

“Also yes.”

Luke nodded, “Then it gets strange, that means Willow was in a hypnotic state during that time. Then how could she know what you did? What are you trying to prove by asking Willow?”

Mia Fuller was startled!

“Next, please, Aunt Fuller, talk about the process of treating Willow, her reactions during the treatment, and her recovery afterward,” Luke continued.

Mia Fuller was stunned again; she had not expected the child to possess such sharp logic, throwing questions that were completely unexpected.

“Aunt, please speak clearly. Although I am not a psychologist, I have read some books on this subject and consulted some experts during this time. Rest assured, Aunt; Luke will understand.”

Mia Fuller’s mouth twitched.

The child’s aura was incredibly aggressive.

Mia Fuller thought for a moment and, having studied psychology for such a long time, she was able to concoct some plausible explanations.

Mia Fuller methodically answered Luke’s questions, intentionally using several obscure technical terms—she even impressed herself and couldn’t help but lift her chin proudly.

“Hmm.” Luke nodded after listening. “Auntie has indeed proven that Willow was completely asleep throughout.”

“Of course.” Mia Fuller smiled.

“So during that period, whatever Auntie did to Willow, Willow knew nothing about it. If you, Auntie, had hit her, you would be the only one who knew and the only one who got the chance, wouldn’t you?”

Just as Mia Fuller thought she had perfectly answered Luke’s question, her facial expression froze as if it were cemented onto her face.

She just realized she had been trapped by his logic.

He had proven that Willow wasn’t injured before she entered the room with him; he also made it clear that Willow claimed to have fallen due to being unaware of everything during the hypnosis, hence her mistaken belief.

Mia Fuller lost her leverage on Willow’s reluctance to speak the truth and inadvertently redirected all suspicion back onto herself.

Mia Fuller looked incredulously at the child.

What kind of monster had Hope Williams given birth to?

“I... really didn’t...” Mia Fuller lowered her head and clenched her teeth, unable to admit even then.

“Who can prove it?”

Mia Fuller was so agitated it pained her chest, “...No one can prove it!”

“Hmm, so Auntie is saying you want to clear yourself of these charges with just your word?”

Luke wasn’t talking about suspicion, but about guilt.

Old Master Lewis’s penetrating and serious gaze fell directly on Mia Fuller, “Mia!”

Mia Fuller jumped in fright. “Grandpa Lewis... !!”

“Willow didn’t have any injuries on her arms when I handed her into your care.”

Mia Fuller knelt in fright, “Grandpa Lewis, it really wasn’t me, it truly wasn’t me, I didn’t hit Willow.”

Old Master Lewis sighed deeply, already clear in his heart whether or not it happened, “Mia Fuller! From today onward, you are forbidden from stepping

foot in the Lewis home again. And don't call me Grandpa Lewis; you don't deserve that title."

"Grandpa Lewis, please don't, I really didn't, Grandpa Lewis."

"Get out of my Lewis home!"

"No, don't please, Grandpa Lewis, believe me..."

"Drag her out."

At Old Master Lewis's command, bodyguards concealed in the mansion appeared immediately. Each grabbed one of Mia Fuller's wrists, ruthlessly dragging her out despite her struggles and harshly throwing her out of the Lewis residence.

The next day, this matter undoubtedly reached Waylon Lewis's ears.

The low atmospheric pressure in the office made Thomas Hughes repeatedly lower his head in trepidation.

"Cancel all collaborations with the Fuller Family."

Thomas Hughes, shocked, looked up, "Boss, the Fuller Family is one of our biggest partners; many projects are in progress, and canceling the collaboration will cost us massively."

Waylon Lewis didn't speak again.

Thomas knew that the decisions made by his boss were irrevocable. The losses were indeed substantial, and the Fuller Family wouldn't likely let this go quietly.

The magnitude of last night's incident had undoubtedly upset the Old Master, but he had only expelled Mia Fuller from the Lewis home, not prohibiting further interaction with the Fuller Family. He knew the partnership between the Fuller and Lewis Families was too intertwined, making a complete break beneficial for no one.

Waylon understood this too but still wanted the entire Fuller Family to pay a price for Mia Fuller's actions, which showed how much he valued the Williams' mother and sons.

There was also Miss Williams's conduct at the Morris residence yesterday; it was said that when Weston Morris was found this morning, he was halfway to death.

Already limping, now it seemed he was left paralyzed from the waist down.

Thomas was thunderstruck; these two didn't go easy when teaching others a lesson on behalf of one another, attacking precisely at the most painful points in a revengeful manner.

No way would the Morris and Fuller Families let this go without retaliation; a storm of bloodshed was inevitably brewing.

With the Boss in rage, he felt it was best to ask Hope Williams to accompany him.

After all, one thing overcomes another.

Thomas stepped out to call Hope Williams and saw, in the corridor, several secretaries trying their best to stop a few furiously approaching figures.

Thomas's face turned cold.

Here they came.

"Chairman Morris, our Boss is busy and not available to see you, please leave."

"Get out of my way, you're nothing to stop me."

The Morris Family, as an elite and long-standing noble family, always carried a domineering air.

Thomas stepped forward, his face expressionless as he blocked Christian Morris.

Christian pushed aside the secretary beside him, looked down his nose at Thomas, and snorted coldly, "Assistant Hughes, where's Waylon? Have him come out and see me."

Thomas forced a smile, "Chairman Morris, this is Lewis Institutes!"

Not a place for him to throw his weight around.

Having worked alongside Waylon Lewis for a long time, Thomas too carried a non-trivial presence.

Christian eyed Thomas, "I'm here to have President Lewis explain himself. If he can't control his woman, hand her over to us, the Morris family will take care of her."

"Chairman, what makes you think you are qualified to discipline our matriarch?"

What Thomas referred to was Matriarch Lewis, indicating that Hope Williams was not just Waylon's woman, but the future mistress of the Lewis home, under the protection of the Lewis family.

He questioned whether he was worthy of disciplining Matriarch Lewis.

"I don't believe your Lewis Family would become enemies with the Morris Family over one woman."

Thomas scoffed coldly, "Do the Lewis and Morris Families not have a feud?"

"You're just a mere assistant and you dare talk to me this way!"

"Let him in." A deep voice sounded from the office.

Thomas then sidestepped and, with neither servility nor arrogance, gestured for him to enter.

Christian glanced coldly at Thomas and swaggered into the office.

Just as he stepped into Waylon Lewis's office, Christian unconsciously held his breath and became alert.

Whether it was the cold, he tugged at his open suit jacket and stood in front of Waylon's desk.

"President Lewis."

Aware of his entrance, Waylon didn't even lift his head, a gesture that made the normally superior Christian feel snubbed and he snorted coldly.

Waylon continued working without interruption.

"Waylon Lewis!"

After waiting ten minutes, Christian slammed his fist heavily onto the desk, "Your woman has put my son in the hospital, you need to give me an explanation."

Waylon, "You should be grateful she was the one who acted, otherwise he'd be nothing but bones now."

"You! You're utterly arrogant!" Christian glared furiously.