

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 161: 170

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Waylon Lewis's face turned cold, and his icy gaze froze Weston Morris on the spot.

"I have no other demands, just hand over that woman, and we'll call it even."

That woman had a group of people secretly protecting her; every time he sent someone to teach her a lesson, they got beaten back, infuriating him to no end.

No matter what, his son had suffered such a grave injury, nearly becoming impotent, which was not just an injury to Weston Morris, but also an insult to the Morris Family. How could he let that woman go so easily?

If word of this got out, that a woman had played the esteemed Morris Family heir, would the Morris Family have any face left?

Waylon Lewis didn't even spare him another glance, leaving no room for negotiation.

"Get out."

"You!" Christian Morris wouldn't give up. "This is absurd, if you don't hand over that woman, our families' cooperation... canceled!"

The King Group and the Lewis Clan had just struck a huge deal, with the Lewis Clan investing tens of billions. If this cooperation were to be canceled, it would be a massive loss for both the Morris Family and the Lewis Clan.

Waylon Lewis, being a businessman, could not be unaware of the stakes at hand.

Women are like clothes; he couldn't possibly sacrifice such a big deal over one woman.

Christian Morris was certain of this, using it as leverage to threaten Waylon Lewis, forcing him to hand over Hope Williams.

With his chin raised confidently, Christian Morris awaited Waylon's compromise.

“Are you threatening me?” Waylon Lewis finally spoke, his voice cool and his eyes lifting.

Christian Morris’s stance was arrogant. “I have no intention of opposing the Lewis Family. My demand is simple, just hand over that woman, have her kneel and apologize to the Morris Family, and we can forget this matter.”

“Thomas Hughes,” Waylon Lewis scoffed coldly.

Thomas Hughes immediately entered with a document and placed it in front of Christian Morris.

Christian Morris’s eyes narrowed. “What does this mean?”

“Chairman Morris, the Lewis Clan officially informs you that all cooperative projects between the Morris Family and the Lewis Clan are canceled,” said Thomas Hughes, expressionless.

“What did you say?” Christian Morris was petrified, disbelieving as he stared at Waylon Lewis. “Have you gone mad?”

“Chairman Morris, please sign!” Thomas Hughes extended the pen to Christian Morris.

“Get lost, I won’t sign.”

Do you know what canceling all cooperation means?

A project worth tens of billions would halt, and all the money would be lost.

Have they gone insane?

The Morris Family would undoubtedly suffer an unprecedented blow, and all because of one woman!

Christian Morris was livid, his eyes bulging with rage.

“For one woman, you’re willing to give up a project worth tens of billions for just one woman?”

“Even if it was hundreds of billions, it wouldn’t be worth a single hair on her head.”

He was saying Christian Morris’s actions were worthless.

Thomas Hughes offered the pen to Christian Morris once more.

“Fine! What arrogance, Waylon Lewis, what arrogance from the Lewis Family. Just don’t regret it.”

“Thomas Hughes, escort him out.”

Escort him out!

Pfft...

Thomas Hughes, standing by, was emotionally stirred. He knew Miss Williams was important to his boss, but he hadn’t grasped just how important. She wasn’t just valued, she was revered like an ancestor.

Christian Morris, fuming, refused to sign and insisted on leaving to reason with Old Master Fuller.

Shortly after Christian Morris left, the office door was met with another commotion.

“Hmph, Waylon Lewis what does the Lewis Family mean by this? That Miss Williams not only didn’t apologize after assaulting my granddaughter, but you Lewis Family even threw her out. And now you’re severing all ties with the Fuller Family, too; marvelous. Do you think the Fuller Family has no one to stand for it?” Old Master Fuller burst in, impossible to stop.

Mia Fuller was at his side, trying her best to calm him down, “Grandfather, please calm down. Brother Waylon must have misunderstood, please talk it over.”

“Misunderstood? What kind of misunderstanding could warrant the end of a collaboration that lasted over a decade between our two families?” Old Master Fuller was uncontrollable with rage, “Waylon Lewis, what are you trying to do?”

Waylon Lewis’s face was grim, “Exactly what it seems.”

“Our families have had years of cooperation, and you want to dissolve it over one woman? You’re out of your mind.”

Waylon Lewis’s eyes, dark as ink, narrowed, “Your granddaughter attacked my daughter. Since the Fuller Family failed to discipline her properly, your entire family must pay the price.”

“What do you mean? What do you mean Mia attacked your daughter!”

Mia Fuller’s face stiffened.

“If Old Master Fuller wants to know, he can go ask your beloved granddaughter.”

The cold voice almost froze into ice, lacking any warmth.

Old Master Fuller looked toward Mia Fuller, who bit her lip and shook her head with tears in her eyes, "Grandpa, I didn't. I really didn't do anything."

Old Master Fuller patted Mia Fuller's hand, "Grandpa knows you're a good child; I believe you."

Old Master Fuller then turned to Waylon Lewis, "Waylon, you've grown up with Mia. Aren't you clear about her nature? That Hope Williams wronged her. The Lewis Family believed Hope's words and treated her like this. I won't say more, but I demand an apology from Hope Williams to my granddaughter..."

With a loud "smack,"

the massive desk in front of Waylon Lewis was kicked and shifted a few meters. He stood up, and when he looked at Old Master Fuller, the chill in his eyes was enough to freeze a person to death.

His gaze inched toward Mia Fuller, "Hope Williams wronged you, is that it?"

Mia Fuller's heart pounded madly, and with sheer determination, she met Waylon's gaze, "Brother Waylon, I really didn't do anything. Sister Hope really wronged me. I sincerely want Willow to be well; how could I ever lay hands on her?"

Old Master Fuller's brows darkened, "I've heard from Mia that this woman, Hope Williams, is vicious and ruthless, sparing no means, selfish to the core. How can you keep such a disgraceful person by your side?"

Mia Fuller's heart caught in her throat, completely unexpected that Old Master Fuller would actually relay everything she had confided to him through tears.

Waylon Lewis's brow furrowed fiercely.

Vicious and ruthless, sparing no means, selfish to the core, a disgrace! Good, very good! He hadn't sought her out for an accounting yet, but she had been busily smearing Hope Williams behind his back. She was seeking death.

Old Master Fuller realized that something was amiss in the atmosphere, but by the time he reacted, Waylon Lewis was already in front of him.

Mia Fuller also sensed something was wrong, and kept trying to hide behind Old Master Fuller.

"Waylon Lewis!"

Old Master Fuller was too late to stop him; Waylon's hand had already grasped Mia Fuller's shoulder.

Mia Fuller didn't have a chance to scream before a powerful sweep of the leg came, accompanied by the sound of two snaps.

Mia Fuller felt an agonizing pain and her knees violently hit the ground as her face instantly turned deathly pale.

Without giving her a chance to cry for help, the man yanked at her clothes and kicked her body against the wall.

With a "boom,"

Mia Fuller's back smashed harshly against the wall, the pain so intense she couldn't breathe.

A simple set of moves, done in under a minute.

No opportunity for intervention

Old Master Fuller, accustomed to grand scenes, froze in place, watching his most beloved granddaughter wailing on the ground without being able to react instantly.

"Mia!" Old Master Fuller cried out in pain, rushing forward to help Mia Fuller up.

"Waylon Lewis, this is outrageous."

Waylon Lewis accepted a handkerchief from Thomas Hughes and meticulously wiped his hands.

His expression remained cold as he stared at them.

"Since you can't discipline your own progeny properly, I'll help you do it."

Mia Fuller's face was ghostly white, trembling in Old Master Fuller's arms, "Grandpa, oh grandpa, it hurts!"

"Waylon Lewis, what gives you the right to hit Mia without reason? You... you've gone too far."

"Too far?" A clear voice fell.

Waylon Lewis looked toward the door and saw Hope Williams standing there in a black trench coat.

Waylon immediately walked over to Hope, took her hand, and the just-past frightful sternness seemed like a mere dream. The man's face was now filled with tenderness as he asked, "Why did you come?"

"To resolve the issue. I'm glad you can do so much for me and the child, but if some things aren't clarified, others might think it was our fault."

Chapter 162: Chapter 162 Mia, You Better Go to Jail

"To come and solve the problem, I'm glad you can do so much for me and the child, but without a clear explanation, others might still think it's our fault."

Hope Williams looked toward Old Master Fuller and Mia Fuller, smiling slightly, "Right, Old Master Fuller?"

Old Master Fuller's expression was very poor. He would certainly not let today's matter rest, "You are Hope Williams?"

"Yes, I am."

"You admit it quite frankly. Everything started because of you. My granddaughter is a treasure I hold in the palm of my hand, afraid she might fall, and cherish in my mouth, fearing she might melt. How dare you hit her? What gives you the right?"

"Old Master Fuller, please look at this picture first." Hope Williams opened her phone and handed it to Old Master Fuller.

Old Master Fuller looked at it and frowned instantly, "What do you mean?"

"Are you upset that your precious granddaughter got hit?"

Old Master Fuller snorted coldly, giving Waylon Lewis a fierce look.

Of course, he was upset.

And heartbroken.

"Exactly, my daughter got hit, and I'm upset too," Hope Williams said coldly.

Old Master Fuller hesitated with his look, "What are you trying to say?"

"The one who did this to my daughter is none other than your granddaughter, Mia. Waylon was just returning the favor; she had it coming."

“That’s impossible, Mia has a kind heart, she could never do such a thing.”

“This is known to the entire Lewis Family; Grandpa Lewis can testify to that. If there wasn’t a very good reason, we certainly wouldn’t have driven her out of the Lewis Family,” Hope Williams’s face remained cold.

“Don’t you believe what I say, or do you not believe Grandpa Lewis? Or do you think Grandpa Lewis has become muddled in his old age, expelling her from the Lewis Family without distinction? If she hadn’t done anything wrong, how could things have turned out this way?”

Seeing Hope Williams’s definitive tone, combined with the anger level of the Lewis Family, it was enough to convince him that there was truth to this matter.

Old Master Fuller’s expression turned severe, “Mia, tell me, is this true?”

“I…” Mia Fuller bit her lip tightly.

Seeing her like this, Old Master Fuller already had his judgment, “So you really did hit the little girl from the Lewis family?”

“Grandpa, I… I didn’t mean to, I really didn’t mean to,” Mia Fuller cried out, “Please believe me, I didn’t do it on purpose. Willow was being disobedient during treatment, I got a bit anxious, and I pulled on Willow. It’s my fault. Sister Hope, I’m sorry, Brother Waylon, I’m sorry, but I really didn’t mean to hurt her. Please believe me.”

Old Master Fuller became dizzy with anger, so he came here after all this trouble, and it turned out she really was the one who hurt someone else’s daughter first.

The picture showed the little girl’s delicate hands full of dense bruises.

How much grudge did she hold against that little girl to have gone to such lengths?

Put yourself in their shoes, which parents wouldn’t feel pain and anger seeing their daughter beaten like this?

“So now do you think she shouldn’t have been hit?”

Old Master Fuller glared at Mia Fuller.

She should!

Indeed, she deserved it!

Mia Fuller sobbed, "Grandpa, I really know I was wrong, I was just anxious at the moment, it was all due to my anxiousness, I know I did wrong. After I hit Willow, I regretted it immediately, really, I have been repenting ever since."

"Repenting? Miss Fuller wasn't saying that just now," Hope Williams glanced at Mia Fuller.

"Grandpa..." Mia Fuller panic-strickenly pulled on Old Master Fuller's clothing, "Grandpa, I really know I was wrong."

Regardless, she was still his own granddaughter; even if she really did something wrong, he was inclined toward her.

Moreover, the retaliation had already been given, apologies had been made, and she knew to repent.

Old Master Fuller sighed, "I, I on behalf of Mia apologize to both of you. Mia has already been punished, and I will personally come to visit the Lewis family tomorrow to apologize directly. Perhaps..."

"It's not necessary. I don't care for an apology."

Hope Williams turned her gaze away, her expression as cold and stern as ever.

"No matter what, it's our fault. Whatever compensation should be made, will certainly be made; whatever apologies need to be made, will certainly be made!"

"Old Master Fuller, do you think we care for compensation?"

"This..."

Old Master Fuller looked at Hope Williams. The girl's demeanor was unusually cold and oppressive.

"Just say what you want to say, Old Master Fuller. There's no need to beat around the bush. I don't fancy an apology, nor do I need compensation."

It was the first time Old Master Fuller had endured so much patience, "It's our fault, but it indeed isn't serious enough to cancel all cooperation between the two families."

"The partnership between the Lewis Family can continue," Hope Williams said solemnly, "provided that Miss Fuller admits her crimes in front of the entire media and goes to prison for malicious injury."

She didn't want an apology or compensation; she just wanted Mia Fuller in prison!

Mia Fuller and Old Master Fuller were both shocked as they looked at Hope Williams.

"This is impossible," Mia Fuller immediately exclaimed.

"Do you think your actions don't amount to malicious injury?" Hope Williams lifted her gaze, her eyes as cold as the snow in midwinter.

"This is too much," Old Master Fuller was also reluctant to let his precious granddaughter go to prison.

"Hmph."

Hope Williams tugged at her lips slightly, "Fine, then let's not discuss it any further. Waylon, proceed as you previously decided."

Waylon Lewis raised his slender finger slightly, and Thomas Hughes immediately stepped forward, placing the pre-printed termination contract in front of Old Master Fuller.

At this moment, Old Master Fuller's eyes showed nothing but conflict and anger. He narrowed his eyes and stared at Hope Williams, "You're threatening me!"

"Yes," Hope Williams nodded faintly.

It was a threat!

Anyone who hurt her child must pay the price.

Old Master Fuller glanced at the termination contract in front of him, then at Mia Fuller. Seeing the hesitation in the old man's eyes, Mia Fuller, terrified, broke into a sob, "Grandpa, Grandpa, I'm your own granddaughter. I don't want to go to prison, I don't want to go to prison, Grandpa, please save me, save me quickly."

Mia Fuller trembled with fear.

Going to prison would stain her life forever.

No, she couldn't let that happen!

Old Master Fuller's heavy gaze shifted back and forth between Mia Fuller and the contract, ultimately settling on the contract with immense hesitation.

After a few minutes,

Amid Mia Fuller's desperate cries, he slowly picked up the pen.

Mia Fuller, moved, looked at Old Master Fuller, sure that Grandpa still loved her the most.

Mia Fuller clenched her teeth, her eyes red and filled with resentment as she glared at Hope Williams.

Thinking she was going to jail? No way!

Hope Williams, just wait, just wait, I won't be called Mia Fuller if I don't bring you down!

"Snap," the sound of the pen touching the table.

It was signed...

Mia Fuller looked at Old Master Fuller with immense emotion, calling out with tears, "Grandpa..."

Old Master Fuller looked back at Mia Fuller.

"Mia, you should still go to prison."

Mia Fuller was struck by lightning!

What... What?

Had she heard wrong?

Mia Fuller couldn't believe her ears.

Her own Grandfather was sending her to prison for the sake of a partnership with the Lewis Family.

Waylon Lewis would give up all partnership for Hope Williams, yet her Grandpa was letting her go to prison for the sake of business!

Mia Fuller incredulously stared at Old Master Fuller.

Chapter 163: Chapter 163: Believe it or not, I'll set up a child engagement for you right now

"Grandpa, what did you say?"

The collaboration between the Fuller Family and the Lewis Family had lasted for over a decade,

and its potential cancellation would undoubtedly be a significant loss for the Fuller Family.

Such a loss would be unsustainable even for the wealthy and powerful Fuller Family.

Someone needed to appease the anger of Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams, and that person was undoubtedly Mia Fuller.

Old Master Fuller pondered repeatedly; this was the best solution.

“Send Miss Fuller to prison to reflect on her actions.”

Waylon’s expression was cold, devoid of any sympathy.

When Mia was dragged away, she cried incessantly, and Old Master Fuller, looking utterly exhausted,

naturally felt heartache seeing his own granddaughter heading to prison, already planning how to get her out.

The vast office gradually quieted down, Hope retracting her cold gaze and exhaling softly.

“Feeling better now?” Waylon handed Hope the warm water.

Hope slightly pursed her lips, “It can’t compare to the harm done to Willow.”

Willow had done nothing wrong.

Why should she suffer such treatment?

The thought infuriated Hope.

“Why didn’t you let me sever the partnership with the Fuller Family just now? Wouldn’t that have been more satisfying?”

With the Lewis Family being a major powerhouse in the marketplace, ending the partnership could lead the Fullers to a crisis or even bankruptcy.

Hope drank some water and set down the cup, shaking her head, “Just to satisfy anger and cause you loss too? I don’t think my temper is that capricious.”

“That loss means nothing compared to how you feel.”

Hope gave a faint smile, “Stop it, otherwise I’d be like some calamitous temptress.”

Waylon curved his lips and planted a kiss on Hope's lips, "Then I'll play the foolish emperor."

Hope dodged his kiss, "Don't be so shameless; we are still at the company."

"Daddy, Mommy, what are you doing?"

Speak of the devil!

Waylon was embracing Hope when he saw the two little ones at the door, his expression instantly cooling.

"Why did you bring them here?"

"Bad Daddy, don't you welcome us?" Luke stood hands on hips in front of Waylon, his little face very unhappy.

Willow rushed to Hope, and Hope directly pushed Waylon away to hold Willow.

The pushed-away Waylon looked at his occupied woman, his face turning dark.

"Maybe we should just send them to school."

Otherwise, they would keep monopolizing his woman.

He had finally gotten a chance to be alone with Hope when these two little guys burst in, utterly unpredictable.

Waylon rubbed his throbbing temples.

"Bad Daddy, you just don't welcome us," Luke puffed up, glaring at Waylon.

Watching Luke and Willow able to be held by his woman made Waylon even more displeased.

Especially Luke, although Willow was a girl and it was fine, why should he always monopolize Hope?

Waylon, with a dark face, pulled Luke from Hope's embrace.

Luke looked bewildered.

"Bad Daddy, what are you doing?"

"Don't cling to your Mom."

“Why not?”

“She is mine.”

“She is my Mommy; are you trying to compete with me for Mommy? Bad Daddy!” Luke fumed, stubbornly inching towards Hope’s embrace.

But Waylon pulled him back again, Luke’s little face full of irritation, “Bad Daddy, Luke is getting angry.”

“I don’t care, don’t cling to your Mom.”

“Why not?”

“Because you’re a boy, your Mom is mine, find your own wife to hug.”

“I don’t have a wife.”

“Go find one.”

“I can’t find one!”

“Such spirit,” Waylon persisted, “Can’t find one? I’ll go arrange a child-bride for you right now.”

Look at him, such a great father.

“I don’t want one, I just want Mommy!” Luke puffed up his little cheeks.

“You’ll have to, I’m arranging it now.”

Hope, caught between the squabbling father and son, couldn’t help but laugh and cry, “Waylon Lewis, what are you doing? Luke is only five years old.”

Was it necessary for him, as a father, to be so eager to find a daughter-in-law?

“He is still a boy.”

Luke sniffled, looking pitifully at Hope, like a little beast yearning to be freed.

Picking up on her son’s SOS, Hope quickly enveloped the miserable Luke in her arms, “It’s okay Luke, don’t listen to your dad’s nonsense.”

Luke, nestled in Hope’s embrace, triumphantly shot Waylon a smug look.

That cheeky kid.

Waylon clenched his teeth, reaching out for Luke, while the clever little guy clung tightly to Hope, "Mommy, quick, save Luke."

Hope felt incredibly helpless, lifting her eyes to Waylon.

That look clearly dared him to lay a hand on her son!

Waylon, "..."

Accepting Hope's warning look, Waylon compromised and reached out to Luke.

"What for?"

"I'll hold you."

"I don't want to," Luke replied with sheer disdain.

"You think you have a choice?" Waylon stretched out his long arm and yanked Luke into his embrace, settling him on his lap.

"Don't hold me." Luke vehemently pushed Waylon Lewis away.

He couldn't have been more resentful.

Waylon clenched his back teeth.

"You think I'm eager to hold you."

Waylon's harsh tone made Luke's eyes even redder.

"Don't be such a baby, you're a boy."

"Boys are children too."

"You've got a lot of nerve."

"When you were my size, didn't you want to be held by Mommy? Try crying without Mommy's embrace, you're just a bad daddy."

Hope Williams watched the two extremely similar faces, one big and one small, glaring at each other, neither willing to compromise, and she laughed.

"Alright, Waylon Lewis, your son is five years old, how old are you? Must you argue with your son? Look at you."

Hope picked up Willow and stood up, "Willow, let's go with Mommy to buy groceries. Let them argue tonight, I'll make something delicious for Willow."

Willow happily nodded.

"I'm coming too." Luke freed himself from Waylon's arms and directly hugged Hope's leg.

Hope looked at the little guy clinging to her leg, and Waylon reluctantly stood up.

Hope raised her eyebrows, "You both want to come?"

"Yes." Waylon lifted Luke from Hope's leg.

"Not even allowing to hold the leg! Bad daddy, bad daddy." Luke flailed his arms and legs in the air, vehemently denouncing Waylon's "misdeeds."

Eventually, Luke couldn't break free from Waylon's grip. With a sulking face, he let Waylon carry him, resignedly accepting his fate, making Hope both amused and sympathetic.

Indeed, a son can never defeat his father.

Waylon's gaze shifted to Willow in Hope's arms.

Confronted by her father's "loving" gaze, Willow blinked uncertainly, looked at her brother being carried, and obediently came down to walk.

Waylon was extremely pleased, holding Hope's hand victoriously.

Standing behind, Luke and Willow found it ridiculous watching their bad daddy strut around.

"You really rule the roost as a father," Hope laughed.

They reached the garage, and Waylon opened the passenger door for Hope, "You can't spoil kids."

"I think you have a hidden agenda."

Waylon nodded ambiguously, "You're my wife, of course, I have an agenda."

"Who's your wife?"

"Fine, girlfriend."

Hope got into the car. Waylon opened the door for Luke and Willow, placed the two little ones on the back seat, and then walked around to the driver's seat.

"You really want to go to the market?" Hope eyed Waylon in his suit and polished shoes.

"Why not?"

Hope looked at Waylon's somewhat disappointed expression, and immediately said, "No, I mean, I'm going to the market. Are you sure you're up for it?"

Because at this time, compared to the supermarket, Hope thought the market would have fresher vegetables.

But was President Lewis sure he had ever been to a market?

"I can." Waylon started the car.

Hope guided Waylon to the market, and after half an hour, the four of them arrived.

Because the market was crowded with people coming and going, Hope worried about Luke and Willow getting lost, held Luke's hand, and let Waylon carry Willow.

Just one arm was enough for Waylon to hold Willow, freeing his other hand to hold Hope, as if he feared she might get lost too.

A wave of warmth filled Hope's palm, and she looked up at Waylon in surprise.

"It's crowded."

Hope let Waylon lead her, "What do you all want to eat tonight? I'll cook."

"We love whatever you cook."

Luke and Willow grew up eating Hope's cooking. Mommy always made delicious food, so they were never picky.

"Let's buy a sea bass then. How about I make steamed sea bass for tonight?"

"Okay."

Hope sometimes personally went to buy groceries. Luke and Willow liked fish, so she often bought fish. Besides, she was beautiful, had good manners, and due to her impression on the fish-seller, "Madam, you're buying fish again today, and look, your husband came too."

“Yes, aunty, do you have sea bass today?”

“Yes, yes, I’ll pick a plump one for you in a moment.”

Hope immediately said, “Thank you, aunty.”

The fish-selling aunty packaged the fish for Hope, and just as she was handing it to her, Waylon took it, “Give it to me.”

The fish-selling aunty admired the family, “Madam, your luck is too good, not only do you have both a son and a daughter, but your husband is so handsome too.”

Hope turned to look at Waylon.

He was indeed handsome.

“You and your husband are perfect for each other; your family of four looks like celebrities, and the two little treasures are so cute. You’re really blessed.”

A family of four.

Waylon looked at the woman in front of him, his handsome face becoming even more tender.

The term was really beautiful.

This aunt saw all kinds of people every day at the market, and she could tell at a glance how happy this family was. From the moment they arrived at the fish stall, the husband’s gaze had never left his wife, with a love that was entirely undisguised.

Truly enviable.

Waylon was in a very good mood, handing over a big red bill with a flourish, needing no change.

The praise only intensified.

After buying the fish, Hope also bought fresh vegetables and some meat. Throughout, they received various compliments, with Waylon giving money in hundreds like the God of Wealth Brown.

Hope smiled and sighed lightly; unsurprisingly, a big-time figure, stepping out to buy groceries without needing change.

Hope was in a very good mood today, and so were the three companions.

As the woman's face revealed her happiness, Waylon's gaze was unusually tender.

"Let's go to my place," Hope suggested.

"Okay."

Chapter 164: Chapter 164 Proclaiming Sovereignty

The four returned to the apartment, and Hope Williams placed the items in the kitchen. Aunt Bailey had taken the day off, so she wasn't around.

Hope Williams asked Waylon Lewis to take Luke and Willow with him, while she went to the kitchen to wash the vegetables and cook.

Waylon Lewis, quite consciously, carried the two little ones to the sofa.

Hope Williams wasn't sure why, but Luke and Willow, each carried by one arm, didn't seem to mind at all and were quite happy.

After settling the two little ones on the sofa, Waylon Lewis diligently squeezed into the kitchen.

Hope Williams felt a warmth behind her as she was embraced, and Waylon Lewis's deep voice resounded in her ear, "I'll help you."

Hope pushed Waylon Lewis away, "No need, just look after them and wait to eat."

"Mommy, we want to help too!" Luke and Willow were also very eager.

Seeing their enthusiasm, Hope Williams didn't refuse, "Alright then, Luke and Willow, get your own aprons, and fetch one for your daddy from the spare ones we keep."

Luke handed an apron to Waylon Lewis, "Here, bad daddy, can you cook? You look like you can't, maybe you shouldn't mess things up."

Feeling underestimated, Waylon Lewis took the apron and put it on himself, "Just watch."

Hope Williams had just finished washing the tomatoes and was about to start cutting them when she turned around to see Waylon Lewis in a pink apron.

Though he still looked handsome in the ill-fitting pink apron... it was somewhat awkward...

"Ha ha ha ha." Hope Williams couldn't help but laugh, "Sorry, Waylon Lewis, this is the only spare one we have at home."

"It doesn't matter," Waylon Lewis took the tomatoes from Hope Williams's hands. "Need them chopped?"

"Yes."

"I'll do it."

After a moment's hesitation, considering that chopping tomatoes wasn't hard, she left it to Waylon Lewis, "Okay, chop them into chunks."

"What about us?"

"Luke, you can help Mommy wash the onions; Willow, since you have a wound on your hand, just watch your brother for now. Once your injury is healed, you can help Mommy."

With tasks evenly distributed, Hope Williams went to stir-fry. Before she could pour oil into the pan, a series of noises came from behind her.

"Luke, what are you doing?"

Hope Williams frowned, as Luke was desperately trying to hold onto a slippery fish they had bought, which soon slipped out and flopped onto the floor a few times.

Clueless, Luke held onto thin air, his round eyes helplessly looking at Hope Williams, "Mommy, Luke was just trying to help wash the fish."

But the fish had escaped!

Hope Williams, "..."

"Chop, chop, chop." A rhythmic chopping sound came from the chopping board in front of Waylon Lewis.

Hope Williams peered over, looking a bit tired.

She had asked him to chop the tomatoes into chunks for a scrambled egg dish, but he had diced them!

"How's that?"

"Not bad, just don't chop next time."

Hope Williams rubbed her forehead.

"How about you three wait outside to eat?"

The three of them were squarely ushered out of the kitchen by Hope Williams.

Luke and Waylon Lewis's gazes inadvertently met, both carrying a bit of speechlessness towards each other.

Just then, Hope Williams's phone in the living room rang, and Waylon Lewis went over to pick it up, intending to bring it to Hope Williams.

But then Waylon Lewis's eyes caught the screen showing the contact's remark.

YX!

Deliberately in English, not using the full name, clearly a measure to conceal.

Waylon Lewis's eyes darkened as he picked up the phone, and the next second, an extremely arrogant and unruly voice came through.

"How come it took so long for Hope Williams to answer the phone? I'm planning to visit Emperor Capital in a few days, what a surprise, huh?"

Waylon Lewis clenched his teeth.

That extremely arrogant voice.

Liam Cloud!

It was definitely him!

"Hello?" Liam Cloud paused for two seconds.

A whiff of gunpowder spread through the air.

Liam Cloud's voice turned incredibly cold, "You're not Hope Williams."

"Waylon Lewis," Waylon Lewis tersely stated his name in a sinister tone.

The other side fell silent for several seconds, the impending threat intensifying, "You're at Hope Williams's place!"

"She's my girlfriend, is there a problem?" Waylon Lewis's words were laden with a declarative tone of possession.

Chapter 165: Chapter 165: One of us must die, who do you choose?

“It’s time to eat.”

Six dishes and a soup, a combination of meat and vegetables, elegantly plated by Hope Williams, looked especially appetizing. Hope happily set the dishes on the table, her face wearing a sweet smile, clearly in a good mood.

Luke and Willow came over immediately upon hearing Mommy’s call. Hope looked around the living room, but Waylon Lewis was nowhere to be seen.

“Where is Waylon Lewis?”

Luke and Willow shook their heads indicating they didn’t know.

Hearing some noise towards the balcony, Hope headed that way and smiled as she asked, “What are you doing here?”

Waylon stood on the balcony, smoking one cigarette after another.

Hope noticed the expression on Waylon’s face and sharply sensed something was off, her smile fading slightly.

“What’s the matter?”

Waylon gave her a fleeting glance, his dark, ink-like pupils tinged with a mist that made it hard to read his emotions.

“You know Liam Cloud, right?”

Hope’s pupils contracted, her expression freezing on her face due to Waylon’s words.

The sudden interrogation left Hope uncertain about how to respond.

“You better answer me honestly,” Waylon spoke in a grim tone.

Hope’s eyes darkened, “By asking this question, don’t you already have an answer in your heart?” Why bother interrogating her here.

“Hah.”

Waylon sneered coldly, pulling at the corners of his mouth.

“No wonder every time he is mentioned, your expression is always off, always hiding something. So, that’s it, Hope, what is your relationship with him?”

“...Friends,” Hope answered.

“Friends? What kind of friends?”

“What else can it be? What do you mean, what are you suspecting, Waylon?”

Hope was getting annoyed by his accusatory tone.

Waylon, frustrated, extinguished the cigarette in his hand and took a deep breath, “Do you really need me to spell it out? Hope, have you been with him all these five years that you were away?”

Hope clenched her fists tightly, “Yes, what’s the problem?”

During her years abroad, it was Liam who had been protecting her, which Hope couldn’t deny.

“Fine, very fine, Hope,” Waylon gritted his teeth, “I’m warning you now, cut all ties with him immediately.”

“Why? Can’t I have friends?”

Waylon’s cold voice carried an exceptionally icy laugh, “Friends? Hope, do you even realize how dangerous Liam Cloud is? How much do you really know him?”

“Dangerous?” A mocking laugh escaped Hope’s lips, anger stirring inside her, “Waylon Lewis, please don’t talk about my friend like that.”

The man he termed dangerous had saved her life multiple times after she was abandoned abroad by him, fiercely protecting her when she faced dangers.

Waylon had never seen her defend someone so vehemently, as if she couldn’t allow anyone to speak ill of that person.

It was clear how important Liam was to Hope.

Tears began to fill Hope’s eyes.

Waylon’s eyes closed briefly, realizing his tone had been too harsh and had upset her. He forced himself to calm down and after a few seconds continued, “What do you know? Why do you trust him so completely?”

“Whom should I trust if not the person who has repeatedly risked his life to save me?”

He spoke of someone who had never harmed her, rather had been her lifesaver time and again. What right did he have to speak like that?

And why shouldn’t she trust him?

If it hadn't been for Liam, Luke and Willow wouldn't have survived, nor would she have escaped the raging fire.

A dull pain throbbed in Waylon's chest, as his hands clenched and unclenched at his sides, waves of shock surging through his eyes, but he forcefully suppressed them, "Are you really protecting him like this?"

She was really defending that man!

Thinking of the five years she had spent daily with Liam, Waylon felt like going insane.

Hope gritted her teeth and looked away, her voice cold, "This is my business, it's none of your concern."

Waylon clenched his jaw tightly, his forehead veins bulging, hands gripping her shoulders, forcing her to look at him.

"Fine, I ask you, if one day I end up fighting him and one of us must die, who will you choose?"

Hope Williams deeply furrowed her brow, staring into his eyes with no anticipation of such a tricky question being posed to her.

He was the man she loved.

Liam Cloud was her lifesaver, whom she regarded as family.

She wouldn't want either of them to die.

"I won't choose."

"You must."

"Why? Why must one of you die? Can't Waylon Lewis settle this peacefully?"

"Hope Williams." Waylon's voice was filled with anger, "He killed my brother. He must pay with his life. There's no peaceful resolution between us. I've marked his life, and he won't spare mine either. You can't stop this."

Hope's eyes were filled with complex pain.

"Now I'm telling you, first, stay away from him and cut all ties, second, don't get involved in this, you just need to firmly stand by my side, firmly believe in me."

"Enough, enough, stop talking," Hope Williams took a deep breath, "You go first, I need some quiet."

Waylon stared at her intensely, his cool demeanor squeezing out a cold smile, then he turned and left.

With a “bang,” the front door violently shut, trembling the door frame.

Hope Williams squeezed her eyes shut, regardless of how hard she breathed, her chest still felt suffocated.

After two minutes, Hope stepped out.

Luke and Willow stood by the dining table, unsure of what to do.

Hope looked at the table full of dishes and four sets of bowls and chopsticks, her eyes full of irony and bitterness.

...

The next day, as always before, Hope Williams went to work at the hospital until the end of her shift, and Waylon Lewis still hadn't contacted her.

Hope felt down all day long; even Aurora Wood noticed and couldn't help but ask when it was time to leave, “Hope, what's wrong?”

“What's wrong?”

“You seem in a really bad mood.”

“It's nothing, just a bit tired,” Hope picked up a cup and took a sip of water, casually finding an excuse.

“I don't believe that. You, a workaholic, would never complain about being tired even after several major surgeries in a row, don't use that excuse on me,” Aurora wasn't convinced.

Hope slightly tugged at her lip, still not good at complaining about her family issues to others, “Really, it's nothing. You should head home, you're off work, aren't you? Go on.”

Seeing that Hope really didn't want to talk, Aurora didn't ask further, “Alright, alright.”

Aurora took a chocolate bar from her bag and handed it to Hope, “Here, have something sweet, it might brighten your mood.”

Hope smiled and accepted it, “Thanks.”

“I'm off then. You're on the night shift, so drive home slowly tonight.”

“Got it, go on, or stay and check a few more medical records,” Hope joked.

“No, no way!” Aurora quickly left.

Hope shook her head helplessly and got back to work.

It was half-past ten by the time Hope got off work. She sat in her office, opened her phone, then closed it, sighing softly.

...

As the car entered the underground garage, Hope took her handbag and keys out of the car, walking towards the elevator when she sensed something was off.

Soon, footsteps echoed behind her.

The dim lighting cast several tall shadows...

Hope immediately quickened her pace towards the elevator, the footsteps behind her also picking up speed.

A fist whizzed past her cheek, and Hope swiftly dodged back, turning to face a pair of extremely fierce eyes, the figure exuding a murderous aura.

Clearly, this was no ordinary assassin.

“Who sent you?”

“That’s something Miss Williams needs to ask herself, considering who she has offended,” the man said sinisterly.

“Hope Williams.” A cold female voice spoke, as Joy Ward, wearing a black veil, emerged from the shadows.

“Joy Ward? Lucky you, not yet killed by Weston Morris.”

Chapter 166: Chapter 166: Shoot Her Dead

“Joy Ward? You sure have a big fate, not yet killed by Weston Morris.”

Joy subconsciously raised her hand to her veil-covered face, which hid a newly healed scar running across her right cheek, ruining the aesthetic of her entire face.

Hatred filled Joy's eyes. The drug Hope Williams gave Weston Morris wasn't fatal at all, and once he regained consciousness, he punished her harshly for pretending to faint.

He disfigured her face.

All because of that detestable Hope Williams.

"Don't be smug, today is your day to die," Joy sneered coldly, "Do it."

"Waylon Lewis, I'm here, save me!" Hope Williams looked behind her and shouted at the top of her lungs.

The moment others looked backward, Hope turned and immediately ran in the opposite direction.

She couldn't defeat so many, and being caught meant a dead end, so her only option was to run.

"The bitch dares to deceive me? What are you waiting for? Shoot her!" Joy roared at an assassin nearby.

The man hesitated, "Young Master Morris said not to hurt her."

"Bullshit! Idiot, that was only if this woman didn't run. Now that she's running, shoot her."

Shoot her dead, shoot her!

She needed Hope Williams dead, she must die.

"If we don't catch this woman, we'll be the ones dying. You better think clearly."

The man immediately raised his gun and aimed at Hope's legs, firing a shot.

"Ah!"

A fierce pain shot through Hope's leg, and she collapsed to the ground.

Blood gushed from her leg wound.

Joy let out a crazed laugh, "Hahahaha, Hope Williams, you've finally fallen into my hands. Take her back."

...

Lewis Family.

“Bro, why are you sitting at home drowning in booze instead of going to look for sister-in-law?” Wyatt Lewis saw his brother sitting at home drinking and was about to sit down with him.

“Get lost.”

Waylon Lewis glanced over his shoulder at him.

“Damn.”

Wyatt’s scalp tingled under the icy stare of Waylon’s cold eyes, and he jumped back several steps.

“Bro, what’s up? Who... who pissed you off?”

At that moment, a phone rang. Wyatt sneaked a glance at Waylon’s phone and reminded him, “Bro, it’s sister-in-law calling...”

A dark look flashed in Waylon’s deep eyes.

...Hang up!

He didn’t even take Hope Williams’ call!

Wyatt’s mouth twitched; his brother must be really furious.

...

“Bang.”

Hope’s phone was snatched away and slammed to the ground, instantly shattering into pieces.

Hope turned around, and her chin was abruptly gripped by a large hand, as the man’s lips curled into a sinister smile, “Hope Williams, you’ve finally ended up in my hands.”

The severe pain in her leg combined with the strange environment made Hope tremble all over.

Weston Morris stood before her, his face bearing a twisted smile, pressing close to her with his eyes filled with malice and cruelty.

Standing behind him was Joy, with several men dressed in black beside them next to a solid wood table, with an array of sharp knives, ropes, and whips...

The place was airtight, a torture chamber.

And it was designed specifically for tormenting people.

Hope looked at her smashed phone, her only chance to call for help, but Waylon Lewis had hung up...

Hope tried to stay calm, locking her gaze with Weston's eyes without flinching, "What do you want to do?"

"What do you think?"

"I advise you best let me go. When Waylon Lewis finds out I'm missing, he'll come to save me," Hope said, trying to keep her voice steady.

"Save you? He just hung up your call, and moreover..." Weston Morris paused, glancing around, sneered, "Here, I believe even if he is Waylon Lewis, he won't find this place in ten or fifteen days.

And even if he finds it, I'll make sure it's a one-way trip for him."

"Heh, you think you can manage that?" Hope retorted with a sarcastic smile.

"Don't believe me? How about we play a game and see who wins this time, him or me."

"He will win."

"What makes you so sure?"

"Do I trust a god or an ant?"

Weston Morris' hand on Hope's chin tightened.

Hope winced from the pain, feeling like her chin might shatter, but she still bit down hard, defiantly staring back at Weston.

This woman really wouldn't yield, Weston observed with annoyance, seeing her still so stubborn even as a prisoner.

"Let's wait and see, then, Hope Williams, I'll let you watch firsthand how your beloved man dies before you," Weston Morris said coldly, letting go of her.

The pain in Hope's leg intensified fiercely as she crashed to the ground, her head spinning from the agony, yet she stubbornly muttered, "Overconfident."

"Take good care of her," he ordered and left.

Joy, standing in the background, watched Hope's disheveled state and let out a smug, cold laugh, as she slowly stepped forward in her high heels.

"Hope Williams, you have today too, huh? How does it feel to be a prisoner?"

"The underdog triumphs, huh..."

Joy's high heel bore down on Hope's hand with force, grinding cruelly.

The piercing pain spread through Hope, leaving her entire body numb.

Joy had no intention of easing her foot.

The more Hope suffered, the more Joy reveled in it.

Hope Williams had finally fallen into her hands.

She would make her pay back double for all the injuries she had suffered.

"Somebody, drag her up and tie her to the pillar; I'll take personal care of her."

Two men in black immediately stepped forward and dragged Hope up to tie her to a pillar.

Joy's slender fingers hovered over the array of knives, "Which one shall I use to torture you."

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor #Chapter 167: 167 Your call has been switched off - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 167: 167 Your call has been switched off

Chapter 167: Chapter 167 Your call has been switched off

Joy Ward's fingers hovered over a row of knives, "Which one should I use to torture you with."

Waylon Lewis held his phone, turning it off and on, off and on, repeating the process several times. Wyatt just couldn't figure out why his brother was acting so strangely.

Waylon Lewis eventually redialed Hope Williams's number.

“Beep... The number you have dialed is turned off...”

“The number you have dialed is turned off...”

“The number you have dialed is turned off...”

...

Anxiously, Waylon Lewis made three or four calls, all to no avail as they went straight to voicemail.

Wyatt looked at Waylon, who still couldn't get through, and felt somewhat speechless at his panicked expression.

Tsk...

See, that's what you get for not answering their calls. Now look, they're not answering yours.

That's what you get for being stubborn.

“Bro, stop calling. Maybe your sister-in-law is in the OR like last time, huh? She's a doctor, and they don't bring their phones into surgery. Or maybe she's asleep, with her phone turned off and she doesn't know, which is normal, all normal.”

Wyatt tried to reassure him.

Waylon furrowed his brows; these were the only reasons he could think of.

Thomas Hughes noticed that the time for the emergency video conference with President Sanders was drawing near and stepped forward to remind him, “Boss, the last-minute video conference you arranged with President Sanders is about to start.”

“Alright.” Waylon glanced at his phone, set it down, and entered the study.

...

“Hmm...”

The whip lashed mercilessly against Hope Williams, and Joy swung it wildly like a madwoman.

One lash!

Two lashes!

Three lashes!

...

With each swift strike, Joy's eyes gleamed with a maniacal and twisted excitement.

Hope Williams bit her lower lip hard, shaking all over from the pain. The whip wouldn't leave blood marks on her body, but the blows were deep and visceral. Each lash felt like ten thousand insects gnawing at her flesh, first numbness, then a spread of excruciating pain.

Her eyes, bloodshot, glared at Joy. Yet she still clenched her teeth, refusing to make a sound.

"Hope Williams, do you know how much I hate you? It's all your fault, all your fault. Why did you have to come back? What right did you have to return? If you hadn't, I would be Mrs. Lewis by now.

If you hadn't come back, my life would have been perfect.

It's all your fault; I blame you, I blame you! I'll kill you, I'll beat you to death!"

Joy wielded the whip with all her might.

Each lash that fell on Hope Williams brought her immense satisfaction.

"And those two brats you birthed, I paid such a huge price, and yet neither died. Instead, it cost my mother's life. You whore, you despicable whore, you're the one who should die, you ought to die, just die!"

"Why do you keep looking at me like that, you whore? Beg me, beg me!"

"Fat chance," Hope Williams spat out coldly.

"We'll see how stubborn you can be," Joy said as she delivered another two lashes to Hope Williams.

The spectators in black clothes couldn't bear to watch.

Joy was utterly ruthless.

But the other one was even tougher; an adult man couldn't take so many lashes from this kind of whip, yet she endured, refusing to utter a sound.

Finally, after who knows how many lashes, Joy, deeply satisfied, tossed the whip aside.

Hope Williams lay there, her breath fading, barely clinging to life.

Rubbing her palms, Joy glared coldly at Hope Williams, "Find a doctor. Don't let her die. And dress her up."

Weston Morris had forbidden any harm to her, and if he found out Joy had beaten Hope Williams to this state, it wouldn't end well.

After having had her fill, Joy finally left.

The two men in black, seeing that Joy had left, immediately went to Hope Williams and lowered her to the ground, "What are you standing around for? Go get a doctor."

"The world really does have women this stubborn," both men couldn't help but admire her.

The next day.

First thing in the morning, Waylon Lewis called Hope Williams.

No idea what she was up to.

Not a single message the entire night.

"The number you have dialed is turned off..." The cold, mechanical voice on the phone kept repeating over and over.

Waylon clenched his eyebrows tightly, realizing that something was off, and immediately called his children, Luke and Willow.

"Hello, mean daddy, what's up?"

"Where's your Mommy?" Waylon inquired urgently.

"Mommy?"

Waylon heard the sound of footsteps; Luke must have run to look for Hope Williams.

Luke searched inside and outside the house but didn't see any sign of Hope Williams, "Mommy didn't seem to come home last night!"

Because the night before, Hope Williams had called to tell them she had a night shift and would be home late, so they went to bed early.

But now it was only 6:30 in the morning, and Hope Williams usually left for work at 7:30. No sign of her at home—and her room was tidy, clearly indicating she had not come back the night before.

Hope Williams would never fail to come home, no matter how late, because of the children, but this time she didn't, and Luke was suddenly tense.

Hearing this, Waylon's heart tightened. He ran outside while instructing, "I got it. Stay put at home. I'll look for her."

Hope Williams had children at home; she wouldn't be out all night without good reason. Something was definitely amiss.

And her phone had been turned off since last night...

Panic overtook Waylon.

Grabbing his keys, he quickly left the house and put on his Bluetooth.

"Thomas Hughes, pull up all the surveillance footage from the hospital to Hope Williams's apartment immediately."

"Boss, what happened?" Thomas Hughes picked up on Waylon's urgency and couldn't help but feel anxious too.

"Let's hope it's nothing."

Waylon's eyes were dark, his heart pounding fiercely as he accelerated towards the hospital...

Chapter 168: Chapter 168 Hope Williams Goes Missing

"Is Hope here?" Waylon Lewis saw Aurora Wood, whom he remembered being with Hope before.

Wood was taken aback. Though she didn't know his name, she recognized at a glance that Waylon Lewis was the man from Hope's birthday party. She immediately replied, "Hope hasn't come to work yet."

"When did she go home last night?"

"Last night?" Wood scratched her head. "On-call doctors usually get off work at 10:30 PM. Hope probably left around then."

She left at 10:30 PM.

Waylon Lewis quickly opened his phone. Hope had called him at 11 last night, which meant she had called him after returning home.

Maybe at that moment, she was encountering danger and trying to call him for help.

But he had wanted them both to cool down and had hung up her phone...

Waylon Lewis felt like slapping himself hard!

Damn it!

Thomas Hughes called back, "Boss, Miss Williams's car entered the apartment at 10:45 PM and didn't come out again. Following the surveillance to the garage, we found the garage's cameras destroyed. But we discovered signs of a struggle and bloodstains next to Miss Williams's car..."

Waylon Lewis felt his heart sink.

That meant Hope was kidnapped, and she was injured!

Waylon Lewis's eyes darkened with rage, "Search, start searching right now. Deploy everyone to look for her."

"Yes, Boss."

Please be okay.

Waylon Lewis didn't believe in god, but now he was praying desperately.

Who could it be? Who could have kidnapped Hope?

Waylon Lewis replayed faces in his mind repeatedly.

Suddenly, he froze.

Waylon Lewis stomped on the accelerator. The car swiftly backed out, the steering wheel spun sharply, and the roaring sound was excessively jarring.

In the car, Waylon Lewis called Andrew Morris.

"What's wrong, Brother Waylon?"

"Where is Weston Morris?"

Andrew Morris was startled by Waylon Lewis's grim voice, "My brother? He's at home right now... Hello? Hello?"

The call ended!

Waylon Lewis floored it toward the old Morris family mansion and ordered Wyatt Lewis to take people to the Fuller residence.

When Waylon Lewis burst into the Morris family home with his entourage, Christian Morris, who was sitting in the living room, jumped in shock.

Having already been depressed about a canceled cooperation, Christian Morris had no idea what killing intent Waylon Lewis was bringing into his home now.

They had already been hit, the cooperation was called off, their family had paid such a high price, and now here he was, showing up to kill them?

"Search everyone!"

"What are you... What are you doing? Waylon Lewis, what are you doing?"

He was, after all, an elder. He was right there, and without his consent, Waylon Lewis was searching his house as if he were thin air?

Was there no law left?

"Stop, all of you stop!"

No one listened!

Clearly, the Lewis family's people only followed Waylon Lewis's orders.

Waylon Lewis just stood coldly in the lobby, glaring at Christian Morris, "Call Weston Morris out."

"Weston? How did he provoke you now?"

What on earth did they do to deserve this?

"President Lewis is looking for me?" A ghostly voice descended from the stairs.

Waylon Lewis glanced over, gave Thomas Hughes a look, and Hughes immediately went to press Weston Morris down the stairs.

"What is this? A raid?" Weston Morris smiled, looking at Waylon Lewis nonchalantly.

Waylon Lewis glowered at the man before him, "Hope Williams, where is she?"

"You're asking me about your wife?" Weston Morris smirked derisively.

No sooner had he finished speaking than Waylon Lewis violently grabbed the ashtray from the coffee table and hurled it at Weston Morris's head.

"Bang!"

The glass ornament brutally struck him on the head, shattering violently, falling to the floor, its pieces scattering all over.

Weston Morris grunted softly, and his entire figure suddenly collapsed to the side. Waylon Lewis stepped forward and grabbed Weston's collar, "I'll ask you once again, where is Hope Williams?"

Weston's mouth curved into an unusually eerie smile, "I said, I don't! Know!"

"Boss, we have searched everywhere, there's no one."

"Boss hasn't found any suspicious places."

"Boss, there's no one..."

Weston chuckled, "I've told you there is no one. You lose your wife and come to me for answers? Don't push me too far, Waylon Lewis."

Waylon suddenly let go of Weston, who casually wiped the blood from the corner of his forehead, laughing, "If you don't believe me, you're more than welcome to turn the entire Morris estate upside down and shake it out, to see if you can shake your wife out of it, huh?"

Waylon's deep eyes swept over him, and without lingering, he walked towards the door. After a few steps, he turned back, his remarkably handsome face filled with a sense of oppression, and said in a cold voice,

"Weston Morris, if anything happens to Hope Williams, I swear I'll level your Morris estate to the ground. You all better pray she comes back safe and sound."

Weston Morris was still smiling carelessly, but the moment Waylon Lewis stepped out the door, Weston's expression turned extremely unsightly, kicking the coffee table with fierce anger.

Waylon didn't believe a word Weston said. If Hope Williams had truly been kidnapped, he and Joy Ward were the prime suspects.

“Surround the Morris estate. As long as Hope Williams doesn’t return, no one from the Morris Family gets through.”

“Yes.”

In the cold light of the hidden room, Hope Williams’ breath was weak, the coldness piercing through her body caused her to curl up.

When the door of the dark room opened, Weston Morris entered, lifted Hope’s chin with a light tone, saying, “Waylon Lewis just came. I didn’t expect him to suspect me so soon.”

Hope Williams lowered her eyes.

“It’s a pity he didn’t find you, and he left again.”

Weston wrapped his arm around her slender waist and bent down, his head burying into the nape of her neck.

The subtle breath at such close range wafted onto her skin. Hope Williams felt disgusting, desperately wanting to escape, but the man held her tightly.

“Damn it, let me go.”

Her already bruised body ached unbearably due to his forceful restraint.

The man sneered, his gaze suddenly shifting below her neck, tearing her clothes apart, exposing her skin to the cold air.

Hope Williams’ mind went blank.

She tried to block with her hands but was pinned to the ground, unable to move.

“If you would just follow me, would you be willing to come with me? I’ll let you go, how about that?”

Hope’s teeth chattered, her eyes fiercely staring at him, “Get off!”

“Ts.”

Weston Morris moved his hand to lift her soft hair, “Why are you so stubborn? Not sweet at all!”

His hands roamed down, pushing her clothes aside.

“Just kill me, kill me...” Hope struggled desperately, shaking with fear; the humiliation was worse than death itself.

Weston Morris’s eyes turned cold; she was pleading for death instead of his touch!

“What do I lack compared to Waylon Lewis, huh?”

“You’re not his equal in any way,” Hope said, her voice trembling yet firm.

“Let’s test it then. See if he can please you more, or if I can.”

Weston Morris ripped her clothes.

Her upper body chilled, Hope Williams was helpless and in utter despair.

“Who did this?”

Weston Morris suddenly stopped his actions, staring at the haunting bruises on Hope’s body, his eyes narrowing with a terrifying rage.

Anger swept through his gaze.

Just then Hope grabbed a piece of glass nearby, seizing it and stabbing it towards her heart.

Weston Morris couldn’t stop her in time, and blood splattered red into his eyes, shocking him as he watched the frenzied woman, “What are you doing?”

Hope’s eyes were filled with fierce determination, staring at him as if ready to die, “I’d rather die than let you succeed. You want something from me; all you will get is my cold, dead body.”

Hope Williams lacked the strength to resist, but she would not allow herself to be defiled by anyone, even death.

“Crazy woman.” Weston Morris pulled up her clothes and called out, “Get a doctor here, quick!”

As soon as the words fell...

A loud “boom” followed by a burst of gunshots outside.

Weston Morris’s people rushed out upon hearing the noise, only to be taken down immediately.

A man with silver hair, an ice-cold complexion stood at the doorway, as cold as the bottom of a glacial valley, with a gun slung over his shoulder, standing against the light, like a deity.

Chapter 169: Chapter 169: Don't Be Afraid, I Am Here

The man's silver hair was as cold as the bottom of a glacial valley, stunningly beautiful. He held a gun over his shoulder, standing against the light at the doorway, like a god.

"Liam Cloud."

Weston Morris's eyes narrowed fiercely in an instant.

Liam Cloud glanced towards Hope Williams, feeling a surge of blood and a stern intent to kill.

He clenched his eyes tightly and took step by step toward Hope.

Wesley Ruiz quickly had his men surround Weston Morris.

Hope lay on the ground, her white clothes dyed red with blood, her entire being barely breathing. Liam's brow darkened excessively; he stepped forward and gently cradled Hope in his arms.

Even his gentle movement caused the clothing that covered Hope to slip down slightly, and over her shoulder, he saw her pale skin marred with deep and shallow, winding whip marks.

He dared not look further, the pain in his eyes too great to bear. He took off his own jacket and wrapped it around Hope, "Don't be afraid, I'm here now."

Hope's breath was faint, showing no reaction.

All he felt was hatred, hating himself for not arriving sooner, angry that Waylon Lewis, that useless trash, couldn't even protect a person.

It was infuriatingly maddening.

Liam Cloud held Hope with the most tender care he'd ever shown.

Weston's men were not to be trifled with, and he had ambushed the area, now all in motion.

Liam Cloud had rushed over from Country Y with not many men. Holding Hope, Wesley and the others in front formed a bulwark against Liam with swords and guns in hand, "Master Cloud, you take Sister Hope and go first. Leave this to us."

Liam carried Hope away; she needed treatment, and there wasn't a minute to waste.

"Stop them," barked Weston, who after planning so long, how could he allow Liam to leave easily?

Liam's eyes were full of biting cold, "What? You want to die?"

"Since you're here, stay; don't leave," Weston coldly fixed his gaze on Liam and the person in his arms.

"We'll see if you're capable of that."

Liam passed Hope to Wesley, "Take her away."

"Big Boss..."

"You think I can't handle him?" Liam's eyes were gloomy and filled with deadly intent.

Hope Williams was Liam's bottom line.

Those who harmed her would die!

As Liam's words fell, he charged out like a sword, clashing fist for fist with Weston.

Wesley hadn't yet stepped out of the chamber when a powerful punch flew at him, and while he dodged, the person in his arms was snatched away.

Waylon Lewis, with a grim look, embraced the battered and barely alive Hope.

His gaze landed on her haggard, deathly pale face—it was ice-cold; his glacial stare swept over Wesley, recognizing him as the man from the photo.

The one responsible for Hope's injuries.

Seeing his master's woman taken, murderous intent flared within Wesley.

"Bang." Weston was kicked away, thrown against a wall, and a man exuding killing intent stepped forward, looking disdainfully down at the figure on the floor.

Liam's glance, as cold as ever, fell on Waylon holding Hope.

Waylon's gaze also found Liam.

Two god-like men locked eyes, the tension erupting wildly in an instant.

However, Waylon did not linger, turning to leave with Hope in his arms.

Hope could not bear any more delays.

She needed to reach a hospital immediately.

“Big Boss,” Wesley looked at Liam in surprise, “why didn’t you take Sister Hope back?”

Liam swept a look at Wesley wordlessly, “If we fight for her again, she’ll die.”

Hope couldn’t handle the turmoil; she needed to get to the hospital immediately, which both Waylon and Liam understood.

Their feud could wait; Hope was the priority.

Liam gazed coldly at the Morris Family’s bodyguards, kicking one to the ground, his lips curling coldly, “Who caused her injuries?”

The man, having witnessed Liam’s terrifying strength, stammered, “Not us, not us, it was...the lady, the lady did it, it’s none of our business, ah, we tried to stop her, she didn’t listen.”

Liam’s forehead veins bulged, his fists cracking with rage, “Good.”

The two black-clothed men kneeling before him trembled violently.

“Bring her to me.”

“Y-Yes.”

Unaware of what had happened, Joy Ward indulged herself in the rocking chair, surrounded by several attendants; she hadn’t felt so good in a long while.

The more Hope suffered, the happier she felt...

The arrival of two men abruptly ended Joy’s comfort, and without a word, they dragged her up.

Seeing the expressionless faces of the two black-clad men, Joy panicked, a bad premonition rising, “What are you doing?”

The men ignored her, dragging her off no matter how she screamed.

Joy was thrown harshly to the ground.

Liam turned coldly, his gaze devoid of any human warmth falling on Joy's terrified face.

"Who are you?"

Joy looked at Liam, terrified, as an alarming chill shone in his eyes, freezing her blood with just one look.

Liam pressed a whip against Joy's chin, "You dare touch my person, hm?"

"What? What are you talking about? I don't understand," Joy's gaze shifted nervously, everything around her indicating trouble.

"Not understanding is fine, you're about to die anyway," Liam handed the whip to Wesley.

"What are you going to do..." Joy saw the whip, terror-struck, knowing it was the same one she used on Hope.

The whip was so thick, the pain must be intense; no, no, Joy begged for mercy desperately.

Wesley, holding the whip, approached with murderous intent in his eyes and, with swift hands, the whip cracked down viciously.

Wesley was well-practiced in martial arts, each strike carrying immense force; Joy screamed in agony and fainted.

Wesley didn't stop. For every lash Hope had received, Joy would receive the same, not one less.

Joy would faint from pain, only to be awakened by more, over and over, her screams filling the space, unnervingly relentless.

Only when she had no more strength to scream, barely holding onto life, did Liam coldly order a halt.

Liam looked down at the woman half-dead on the ground, not an ounce of mercy in his eyes, "Throw her out. When she's close to death, then take her to the hospital."

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Chapter 170: Chapter 170 He Can't Accept Hope Williams Leaving

Hope Williams was rushed to the hospital, and her surgery went on from noon until night.

Outside the silent emergency room stood a man, motionless, his presence so oppressive it was suffocating.

Some medical staff couldn't help but take a few more glances at the man, only to notice his blood-stained hands trembling slightly.

His eyes were hollow with fear, an endless fear.

Sharp pain made it difficult for him to breathe.

The girl he had held so delicately in his hands, fearing the slightest injury, had been hurt beyond recognition overnight, her life hanging by a thread.

Waylon Lewis couldn't accept it.

In the shadows, Liam Cloud leaned against the wall smoking. His gaze narrowed towards the continuously lit operating room. His fingers trembled as they pinched the cigarette, not feeling the burn until it reached his fingers, which brought him back to reality.

Waylon Lewis didn't know how long it had been when he sat down on the chair, exhausted, and closed his eyes.

Hope will be okay!

She has to be!

He comforted himself over and over, hoping to find some solace in those words.

The doors to the operating room opened.

Waylon Lewis stood up as fast as he could, a burst of energy rushing to his head, his vision darkening as Thomas Hughes quickly stepped forward to support him.

Waylon Lewis pushed Thomas Hughes aside, "She's okay, right?" Waylon Lewis asked, staring at the doctor.

The doctor paused, removed his mask, "She's been badly injured. The whip wounds have damaged internal organs, and the gunshot wound on her leg has become inflamed due to delayed treatment, leading to a high fever of forty degrees upon arrival. The shoulder injury is deep and has bled a lot, but fortunately, she was brought in time, and for now, there is no immediate danger to her life."

Waylon Lewis's eyes dimmed then brightened, his brows furrowed then relaxed, and his clenched hands made a cracking sound.

He didn't know whether he should be relieved by this outcome.

At least Hope was alive.

But her injuries were severe, and he had not dared to look at them when he held her.

When he saw her, she was covered in blood, as fragile as a broken porcelain doll, threatening to shatter with the slightest touch.

After a moment, he asked again, "When will she wake up?"

Patients waking up was beyond a doctor's certainty.

The doctor, feeling the chill emanating from Waylon Lewis, lowered his head, the words on his lips spoken without confidence, fearing that the wrong word might freeze him on the spot.

Seeing that the doctor hadn't answered, Waylon Lewis's urgency added to his chill, prompting the doctor to say, "...it's hard to say, it depends on her own will, but if the patient doesn't wake up within seventy-two hours, there could be danger."

Waylon Lewis's profound gaze grew heavier.

In the ICU, Waylon Lewis didn't leave for a moment. He sat there by Hope Williams's bedside, watching the girl hooked up to machines, tears blurring his vision without him realizing.

He gently held Hope's cold hand to his lips, kissing it over and over, "Hope... I'm sorry, I'm so sorry..."

He bowed his head deeply, his voice full of self-blame.

If he had answered that phone call, maybe things wouldn't be like this.

Why didn't he answer that phone call?

He truly deserved to die.

Why wasn't it him lying in the hospital bed full of injuries and hooked up to machines?

Hope, please wake up. I won't get angry with you anymore. I was wrong. Are you angry with me? Wake up and hit me, yell at me, just please wake up.

"Hope... Hope..." Waylon Lewis called out her name over and over again, hoping it could somehow wake her.

Over the next few days, Waylon Lewis stayed with Hope in the hospital, but he didn't dare tell Luke and Willow that their Mommy was still on the brink of life and death.

Thomas Hughes would visit twice a day, finding Waylon Lewis sitting by Hope's bedside holding her hand in the morning, and still in the same position when he returned in the evening.

He kept watching her, afraid that if he blinked, the person in front of him would disappear.

On the seventh day, Hope still hadn't awoken.

The hospital had issued several critical condition notices.

The doctors came and went repeatedly, but in the end, they had no choice but to tell Waylon Lewis the worst possibility, "If she doesn't wake up in the next twenty-four hours, there's nothing more we can do."

Exhaustion crawled over Waylon Lewis's handsome face, his eyes dimmed, without a hint of light.

The doctor finished changing Hope's dressing, walked out of the ICU helplessly.

Life and death are determined by fate; no one can change that.

After the doctor left, the silence of the ICU ward was only pierced by the beeping of machines and Waylon Lewis's low, hoarse voice.

"Aren't you still angry with me for losing my temper with you? Are you mad that I didn't answer your phone call?"

Waylon Lewis gazed down, gently tucking Hope Williams's stray bangs behind her ear, and softly asked her.

"If you're mad at me, then get up, hit me, chop me with a knife, as long as you can wake up, I'll let you do whatever you want to me, okay?"

There was no response to his plea.

"Hope, can you hear me? Are you going to leave me, Luke, and Willow? Luke and Willow are so reliant on you, they can't be without you, do you know that?"

"I can't be without you either, do you know that?"

Hope, do you know I regret it? I regret asking for a divorce, I regret losing my temper at you, I regret not answering your calls.

Hope, you promised me a chance to start over, you can't go back on your word.

He had never felt such heartache as he did at this moment, as if a knife was wildly stirring at his heart, causing unbearable pain.

He could not accept Hope leaving him.

He wouldn't allow Hope to leave.

"Hope, wake up!"

Waylon Lewis threw a fierce punch against the wall nearby, his endless sorrow bottled up inside, desperately trying to vent his emotions.

By nightfall,

Waylon Lewis had lost count of how many times he had checked the vital signs on the monitor, fearing that any slight drop might mean Hope leaving him at that very moment.

Waylon Lewis spoke countless words to Hope; it was as if he needed to tell her everything he had ever wanted to say in his lifetime.

Two hours before sunrise, it felt like the final judgment.

Waylon Lewis gazed down at the motionless girl on the bed, pleading weakly and earnestly, "Please, don't go, don't leave..."

Hope's hand under the blanket twitched slightly.

A sensation of numbness spread throughout her body.

Her ears faintly caught the deep voice of Waylon Lewis.

His voice was incredibly gentle but laden with anguish, reluctance, and despair, his entreaties softly grazing her heart.

Her eyelashes fluttered like butterfly wings as she struggled to open her eyes. When she turned her gaze to the edge of her eye socket, she saw the man looking down.

Her hand moved, struggling to reach outside the blanket, lightly touching Waylon Lewis.

In the next moment, Waylon Lewis's body stiffened.

Hope struggled to raise her hand, touching his head. It had been so long since she had spoken, it was difficult, her voice was hoarse, "Why are you crying? I'm not dead, am I?"

Instantly, Waylon Lewis looked at her with eyes wide in astonishment.

He held onto her hand tightly, gripping it firmly.

“Hope...” Waylon Lewis tentatively called her name.

“Yep, I’m here. You’re not still scared I’m not real, are you?” Hope teased with a faint smile.

“Doctor, doctor!” Waylon Lewis cried out in ecstatic joy, as delighted as a child who had rediscovered a treasured toy, “You’re awake, it’s good you’ve woken up.”

A flood of doctors rushed in upon hearing the call.

Because Hope had not awakened, a notice of critical illness had been issued; they feared she might stop breathing at any moment, and they were waiting outside, taking turns, ready to resuscitate her.

Waylon Lewis’s anxious calls made them think the patient was in a dire situation; they were prepared for the last-resort lifesaving efforts.

But their gaze fixated on Hope, and upon seeing her face, they realized her eyes were open.

One by one, the doctors were astonished to witness what seemed like a great miracle.

The doctors conducted a thorough examination of Hope. Generally, once someone in her condition woke up, the prognosis would improve, and there wouldn’t be any more life-threatening danger.

This news was the best that Waylon Lewis had heard in recent days.

Seeing Waylon Lewis tense and utterly focused, Hope cracked a slight smile, “Don’t be afraid; now that I’m awake, I won’t die.”

The doctors completed their examination and immediately left, giving the two some space.

During this time, they had clearly seen this man stay beside the woman day and night, never willing to leave for a moment.

He had spoken so much to her, holding her hand; he loved this woman deeply.

Hope saw that Waylon Lewis was still frozen in place, and she called out to him, helplessly knowing that he must have been terribly frightened during the days of her coma.

“Waylon,” Hope Williams called to him softly, her voice gentle and tender, “come here for a second.”

Waylon Lewis obediently walked over to her side.

Hope Williams couldn’t move her body yet, so she said again, “Bend down.”

Hope Williams looked into his hollow, fearful eyes. As he bent down, Hope Williams lifted her head slightly and kissed his cold lips.

Waylon Lewis froze, his breath halting for a moment.

“Are you sure now?”

Hope Williams asked him.

Waylon Lewis held the back of Hope Williams’s head, deepening the kiss.

After a while, Waylon Lewis released her, holding her neck, his nose touching hers, “They said you were almost gone.”

He was scared, truly scared.

Scared that she was leaving, that she would leave him behind.

He had even begun to consider the worst outcome—if she really left, he wanted nothing else but to go with her.

Thankfully, she was alright, she had woken up.

Hope Williams shifted slightly, having laid in the hospital bed for so long, her body felt as if it was falling apart, a couple of creaking joint sounds emanated as she moved.

“Don’t move,” Waylon Lewis pressed her body back down.

“Waylon Lewis, it’s alright now, really,” Hope Williams’s voice gently comforted him.

“Yeah, that’s good.” The two were extremely close, feeling each other’s breath, each one incredibly real.

...

The morning sun rose slowly, shining through the pristine glass windows and scattering over the cold hospital room, lighting up her bed with a hint of warmth.

Hope Williams looked slowly out the window and remarked, "The weather is very nice today, don't you think so, Waylon Lewis?"

"Yeah."

Waylon Lewis slowly fed Hope Williams porridge, as she hadn't eaten in a long while and was extremely hungry.

The porridge, mixed with shreds of meat, was fragrant and sticky, and Hope Williams ate quite a bit.

"Did you eat, Waylon Lewis?"

"I did."

"You're lying," Hope Williams bluntly exposed him. Since she had awakened, he had been taking care of her nonstop; when would he have had time to eat?

Waylon Lewis passed another spoonful of porridge to her, but Hope Williams didn't open her mouth, her star-like eyes fixed on Waylon Lewis.

"What is it?"

"You eat," Hope Williams said, seeing that Waylon Lewis had become much thinner, her eyes filled with distress.

"I'll eat later, you finish first," Waylon Lewis insisted, bringing the spoon to her mouth.

Hope Williams was even more stubborn, turning her head away.

"Hope Williams!"

"Hisss—" Hope suddenly clutched at her chest.

Waylon Lewis anxiously put down the bowl of porridge and supported Hope Williams, "What's wrong? Are you in discomfort?"

"My heart hurts," Hope Williams gasped for air.

Waylon Lewis's expression darkened, "I'll go call the doctor."

"Hey, don't." Hope Williams grabbed his hand, "You finish breakfast and then go rest, and I won't feel the pain anymore."

Waylon Lewis turned to look at the small woman, her eyes smiling, showing no sign of discomfort.

“Hmm? So you want me to feel heartache? I might just die of it,” Hope Williams let go of his hand, turning her head away arrogantly, not looking at him.

“Don’t talk nonsense,” Waylon Lewis scolded her.

Hope Williams didn’t look at him, “Then finish your breakfast and go rest.”

Waylon Lewis sighed helplessly.

He had always been at a loss when it came to this ancestor.

Hope Williams’s eyes stealthily shifted, sneakily observing Waylon Lewis’s expression.

Waylon Lewis picked up the bowl and ate the remaining food from Hope Williams elegantly.

Hope Williams’s face was adorned with a gentle smile, “That’s more like it.”

“By the way, where are Luke and Willow?” Hope thought. During these days she’d been missing, both kids must have been terribly worried.

“They’re at home.”

“Mm, do they know I’ve been injured?” Hope missed the two little ones, but she was also concerned they might be worrying about her.

“Mm, I’ve already sent Wyatt Lewis to bring them over.”

As soon as Waylon’s voice fell, a loud call came from the doorway.

“My dearest sister-in-law, are you alright?”

Wyatt charged into the room with the two kids running beside him, his towering figure casting a shadow beside the bed, and suddenly Hope felt the light dim by her side.

When Wyatt and Luke with Willow entered, they saw bandages on Hope’s legs and her pale, weak-looking face.

“Mommy~” Luke called out to Hope with a pained voice.

“Wah~” Willow burst into tears immediately.

“Mommy must be in so much pain, ah~” Luke blinked twice, large tears dropping down like they were free.

These days there had been no word from Waylon and Hope, and Thomas Hughes only told them everything was fine.

But if everything was fine, why wouldn't Daddy and Mommy come back?

Luke and Willow weren't fools; they guessed something must have happened to Hope.

It wasn't until this morning that they were informed Hope was now in the hospital.

Wyatt immediately rushed them over, and they had both been crying all the way here.

"Sister-in-law, you had us worried sick."

"Hope, Hope."

Another voice sounded at the door.

Aria Richardson rushed in like a whirlwind, and upon seeing Hope, the tears that had been suppressed in her eyes suddenly started to swell crazily.

"I..." Just as Hope started to speak, Aria's tears were already flowing.

"How could this happen to Hope? Who kidnapped you? I'm going to take revenge for you right now, wuwuwu~"

Instantly, the hospital room filled with crying, like a symphony of sorrow, and anyone unaware would think a funeral was taking place.

The mournful atmosphere even made passersby outside peer inside before shaking their heads silently and walking away.

Hope gently tugged at her lips, "Actually... I'm fine, please don't cry..."

"How can you be fine? You were so seriously injured, and we've been on tenterhooks ever since you disappeared," lamented Aria, clearly heartbroken.

Luke and Willow, having been worried and scared for so many days, now let all their emotions pour out and couldn't be consoled.

Hope helplessly said, "Please stop crying, I really am fine, a few days of rest and I'll be alright."

But alas, Hope's voice was still weak and immediately drowned out by the loud wailing.

"I really..."

“Get out.” Waylon’s brows were tightly furrowed as he yelled angrily.

Aria and Wyatt blinked, Aria’s cries abruptly stopping, not forgetting to cover Luke and Willow’s mouths in the process.

Luke and Willow blinked twice, unsure how to react to their daddy.

Hope finally got a chance to speak, “I really am okay, don’t worry, stop crying, it’s truly a bit noisy... Luke, Willow, Mommy can’t hold you right now, but please stop crying, okay? Otherwise, it’ll make me want to cry and wouldn’t you feel sad seeing Mommy cry?”

Luke and Willow listened to Hope the most. Their tears still wouldn’t stop, but at least their crying quieted, and they shook their heads with effort.

“That’s better, Mommy doesn’t want to see you sad.”

After Aria and Wyatt stayed a while in the hospital, they were impatiently dismissed by Waylon, but Luke and Willow were spared, protected by Hope.

“Waylon, you should go back and rest, as we agreed earlier,” Hope said, noticing the dark circles under Waylon’s eyes, obviously from lack of sleep. He must be exhausted from this ordeal, and it pained her to see him like this.

Unable to argue with Hope, Waylon was shooed out of the ward.

When Waylon emerged from the hospital, Thomas Hughes swiftly went ahead to open the car door. Waylon sat down, looking tired, and rubbed his brow.

“Did you get everything sorted out?”