

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 171 – 180

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Chapter 171: Chapter 171 Hope Williams is Missing Again

“Are you clear on everything?”

“The kidnapper of Miss Williams was sent by Weston Morris, and the whip wounds on Miss Williams were inflicted by Joy Ward. Liam Cloud caused a huge scene at the Morris family home, and Weston Morris is still lying in the hospital, reportedly with severe injuries. Joy Ward barely had a breath left in her when she was thrown out of the Morris home; a passerby saved her, and she’s in the ICU, still not out of danger.”

Waylon Lewis’s furrowed brow emitted a chill, “They don’t need to wake up.”

“Understood.”

...

Hope Williams lifted her hand and gently wiped away the tear streaks on Luke and Willow’s faces, “Alright, no more crying, be good.”

“Hmph, bad Daddy, you didn’t tell us that Mommy was hurt on purpose,” Luke looked at Hope with utmost distress.

Hope blinked, evidently, Waylon hadn’t told Luke and Willow about her own condition.

Just last night she had still been critically ill.

So he dared not tell Luke and Willow, fearing he couldn’t bear the outcome himself, and fearing they would be heartbroken, so he hadn’t told anyone.

In doing so, Waylon had done nothing wrong.

“Luke and Willow, don’t blame your Daddy,” Hope said softly as she massaged their little heads, “He’s been very thoughtful. He didn’t want you to worry, understand?”

Luke and Willow blinked, “I don’t believe it, he just wants to have Mommy all to himself and doesn’t want us to see Mommy.”

Disregarding today, Hope had been gone a total of eight days, during which Luke and Willow had been driven mad with worry.

“Luke!” Hope said with a bit more force in her voice and couldn’t help but feel additional sympathy for Waylon, “You really misunderstand him. Your Daddy isn’t so childish. He’s worried about me and has his own helplessness.”

These past days he had borne all the anxiety and stress alone.

Until she woke up, he had notified them at the earliest opportunity.

He hadn’t done anything wrong—in Hope’s shoes, she would have done the same.

He loved her and the children, he was saddened by her injury, and he didn’t want the kids to be sad too.

Perhaps Luke and Willow couldn’t yet understand Waylon, but Hope knew, she knew everything.

In the evening, Hope had someone take Luke and Willow home; in her current state, she was unable to take care of them and insisted that Waylon rest well without letting him visit.

The attending doctor came in to check on Hope’s injuries, and upon seeing the empty room, couldn’t help but find it odd, prompting an extra question, “Dr. Williams, isn’t your husband here today?”

“Mm, I asked him to go home and rest.”

The attending doctor started the IV for Hope, “He should rest. During these days you were unconscious, every time we doctors came in, we could see him sitting by your side, not leaving for a moment.

The way he looked at you was so filled with love and deep concern, in my whole life, I’ve never seen such a look in any other man’s eye; even the young nurses in our department get teary-eyed every time they see it.”

“I was unconscious for seven days, and he never left?” Hope knew Waylon had probably spent most of his time with her, but she never imagined he had spent all his time here.

But his company is so busy...

“Yes, after every checkup on you, he would always ask, ‘Is she waking up soon?’ We really didn’t have the heart to tell him that you could possibly...”

Never wake up at all.

After the doctor left, Hope Williams stayed alone in the quiet hospital room, with her thoughts quietly surging at the core of her heart.

Her heart ached as if it had been pricked, a tingling pain spreading through it.

Seven days, one hundred and sixty-eight hours, repeated critical condition notices, irregular heartbeat after heartbeat, each minute and each second must have been torture for him.

He told no one, bearing it all while he stayed with her, enduring everything.

Hope’s lips trembled, and her nose turned red involuntarily; she lifted her hand and took out her phone from under the pillow to video call Waylon.

The moment Waylon answered, as Hope expected, he was at the company.

His handsome face appeared on the phone screen, and his gentle voice sounded, “What’s wrong?”

“Waylon Lewis...”

“Wait a minute.” Waylon Lewis lifted his eyes and waved his hand, probably signaling the person in front to leave, “Alright, what’s wrong? Why are your eyes red? Did you miss me? I’ll come back to be with you now.”

“Waylon Lewis...” Hope Williams called him softly.

Noticing that Hope Williams’s mood was off, Waylon Lewis’s gaze darkened, and his voice grew gentler as if he feared scaring her, “What’s wrong?”

Waylon Lewis’s cautiousness made Hope Williams’s chest swell, “Nothing, I just missed you.”

“I’ll come over now.”

“No need to come over, I just wanted to see you, do a surprise check-up. Didn’t you promise you’d go and rest? Why are you back at work?” Hope Williams scolded him lightly, “Do you think you’re made of iron? You’ve been with me at the hospital for so many days, and now you’re working overtime at this hour. Are you trying to make me worry about you?”

Hope Williams's rebuke was full of care.

Waylon Lewis obediently listened to her tirade, his heart melting completely, and he chuckled in a low hoarse voice, "You're worried about me?"

"Isn't that obvious?" Hope Williams retorted as a matter of course.

Waylon Lewis paused.

"So you're planning to go to rest now?" Hope Williams kept urging him as she looked at Waylon Lewis's slightly tired handsome face.

"Okay, I'll listen to you."

"Your office has a rest area, right?"

Waylon Lewis got up and headed toward the rest area, "Yes."

"Good, get some sleep."

"Don't hang up." Waylon Lewis lay down on the bed in the rest area, "Stay with me for a while."

"Alright, I'm here with you. Go to sleep."

"Mhm."

Waylon Lewis slowly closed his eyes. Hope Williams did not hang up the phone and lay down herself, looking at Waylon Lewis's handsome face.

Hope Williams yawned and her eyelids began to tremble, gradually falling asleep.

In the middle of the night, a tall silhouette quietly entered the tranquil hospital ward.

The next day.

When Hope Williams woke up, there was no one beside her, and the familiar scent of disinfectant was absent. She was startled and then realized she was in an unfamiliar environment.

"You're awake."

Hearing the voice, Hope Williams then noticed a man walking by the floor-to-ceiling window. The outside sunlight poured in through the huge glass, shining on his hair and casting a silver light.

“Liam Cloud?” Hope Williams looked at him with surprise.

Liam Cloud snuffed out the cigarette butt in his hand and walked over, looking down at her, “Mhm.”

“Why am I here with you?”

She was clearly on the phone with Waylon Lewis in the hospital. She had fallen asleep while talking, and now she woke up in a completely unfamiliar place. If it wasn't for seeing Liam Cloud, she would really be worried that she had been abducted again.

“What do you think?” Liam Cloud looked at her with a smile, “Did your brain get a little rattled?”

“It's you who's rattled.” Hope Williams retorted annoyed, “Why did you bring me here? Hurry up and take me back.”

What if Waylon Lewis thought she had been kidnapped again?

Hope Williams's concern was justified.

At this moment, the hospital was in complete chaos.

Hope Williams had disappeared again...

Chapter 172: Chapter 172: Liam Cloud's Blatant Provocation

Hope Williams had disappeared again...

The doctor didn't see Hope Williams during the morning rounds, and with her injuries not yet healed, it was impossible for her to go out on her own.

The hospital immediately notified Waylon Lewis, and upon learning that Hope Williams was missing, his temples throbbed a few times, and now a search was underway throughout Emperor Capital.

Liam Cloud hooked his lips carelessly, “Let me think about it... Done thinking, dream on.”

Hope Williams immediately grabbed a pillow to throw at him, but Liam Cloud casually dodged to the side. His face, with a playful smirk, became even more infuriating the more she looked at it. Unable to contain her anger, Hope Williams burst out, “Enough, Liam Cloud! I was just fine in the hospital, and you took me away without a sound. Now you won't even let me go back, what do you want?”

"If you don't come looking for me, I'll come looking for you. I've come all the way to Emperor Capital, I just wanted you to spend some more time with me, but all you want to do is leave, Hope Williams, you're so ungrateful."

Hope Williams rolled her eyes in speechlessness, then saw her mobile phone on the bedside table. She needed to let Waylon Lewis know she was safe.

As soon as she took the phone in her hand, the screen hadn't even lit up yet when the man in front of her snatched it away with lightning speed, playing with it in his palm, "You want to send a message to Waylon Lewis."

Hope Williams gritted her teeth.

"Forget it."

If it weren't for the pain every time she moved her wounds, she really wanted to tear into him. "Come here."

Come over and get beaten up by you? Am I stupid?

Liam Cloud smirked provocatively, "Come here if you can."

Hope Williams made a move to get up, and Liam Cloud immediately came up close to her face, admitting defeat, "Don't move, is it okay if I come and you hit me?"

"I promise I won't hit you to death." Hope Williams raised her uninjured hand and punched Liam Cloud in the face.

Liam Cloud covered his face, but instead of getting angry, he laughed, "That really hurts, you little brat."

Actually, Hope Williams currently didn't have enough strength to hurt him with her hit, but to pacify her, Liam Cloud still playfully sucked in a breath.

"Feeling better now?"

"Give me back my phone." Hope Williams bit her teeth.

"In your dreams." Liam Cloud swung his hand, and the phone flew out in a beautiful arc... and out it went, landing in the pool below with a splash from the second floor.

Hope Williams was so angry she could explode.

"Alright, now no one will disturb us. You will stay here and heal properly for the next few days, not allowed to go anywhere. Let Waylon Lewis worry. Don't worry, a little worrying won't kill anyone." Liam Cloud waved his hand nonchalantly.

Liam Cloud, with his long fingers, poured her a glass of water from the crystal carafe, "Drink some water, calm down."

Hope Williams didn't take it, knowing what happened to her phone, she didn't want to deal with him at all right now, "You know very well what my relationship with Waylon Lewis is, and you also know how much he despises you, what you're doing is only escalating the conflict between you two."

Liam Cloud's handsome face went cold, "Your relationship with him? What's the relationship? An ex-husband?"

"I don't want to discuss this with you, just take me back now."

"No way, I just like being with you!"

"..."

"You previously said you would treat me to a meal."

"With my current state, it's like betting my life to treat you to a meal." Hope Williams was really helpless with this guy.

"No problem, you can treat me after you recover."

Recover? How long would that be? Hope Williams' eyes widened, "Are you planning to keep me trapped here for ten days, or even half a month?"

"What do you mean 'trapped'? You can go out whenever you want, as you wish."

Hope Williams took a deep breath, trying to stay calm.

"Let's talk it over."

"Talk over what?"

"Take me back!"

"Not up for discussion."

"..."

...

Waylon Lewis stood in front of the computer with a deeply furrowed brow, radiating a chilly aura.

He had just reviewed the surveillance, and it was Liam Cloud who took Hope Williams. The man seemed to have done it deliberately for Waylon to find out, making a disdainful gesture at the camera, full of provocation.

Waylon Lewis's voice was low and deep as he spat out two words, "Liam, Cloud!"

Thomas Hughes, standing behind Waylon Lewis, dodged nervously, afraid to be caught in his wrath and suffer for no reason.

"Expand the search area, don't miss any corner of Emperor Capital," Waylon Lewis ground out through his teeth.

As the evening deepened into a quiet night, Liam Cloud seemed to have gone out on some errand, and Hope Williams painstakingly got out of bed.

She tiptoed towards the door, softly opened it, and the outside was eerily quiet, seemingly deserted.

Hope Williams leaned on the wall, moving out of the room gradually, as she silently crept along the wall.

An end of the corridor window was open, the chilly night air blowing inside, causing Hope Williams to hunch her shoulders. The more silent it was, the more unsettling it felt.

Negotiating with Liam Cloud was always futile. Hope Williams had given up on dialogue, but she had to return. She didn't want Waylon Lewis to worry.

He was not there now. If not now, when?

Her injured leg slowed her descent down the stairs considerably, but fortunately, it was only the second floor.

Relying on the moonlight streaming in, Hope Williams headed straight for the door.

But what she didn't notice was that in the unlit living room, a faint glimmer of light flickered.

The man lay lazily on the sofa, watching the woman descending the stairs at a snail's pace with a sliver of a smile on his lips.

Hope Williams was just about to reach the door handle.

"Where are you going?"

Hope Williams jolted, whirling around to look this way and that in the living room until she finally noticed a shadowy figure slowly standing up from the darkness, approaching her.

Hope Williams' heart chilled, increasingly annoyed.

"I really need to go back."

Liam Cloud smiled nonchalantly, "You're in that much of a hurry?"

"I've been missing for a day, Luke and Willow... I'm worried about them."

"The two of them are pampered by a bunch of the Lewis Family like ancestral spirits, what are you worried about?"

"They would worry about me."

"Are you an idiot? Before I took you out, I already sent messages to both of them."

Hope Williams bit her teeth in silence, "Can't you speak properly for once, enough is enough."

Hope Williams tried to run out disregarding everything else and was pulled back onto the sofa, now completely irritated, "Liam Cloud! Are you sick in the head?"

"Yep, you just figured that out today."

"..."

"I need to go."

"No way." Liam Cloud's gaze grew colder, "Are you looking for Waylon Lewis?"

"What if I am?"

Hope Williams didn't want to wait a moment longer to return to Waylon Lewis's side.

Liam Cloud raised an eyebrow, "Okay, go ahead."

Surprised he agreed so quickly, Hope Williams grabbed the keys from the table and turned to leave... without hesitation.

Liam Cloud's gaze darkened but was lost in the night as he watched the woman leave, casually sipping his drink with ease.

Ten minutes later...

“Asshole!”

Hope Williams stormed back, flinging the keys onto the table.

“Tsk.” Liam Cloud smirked with a sneer, “Why’d you come back?”

This damn place is on an island, what, was she supposed to fly away?!

Chapter 173: Chapter 173 Wylon Lewis Arrives

Miss Williams closed her eyes, feeling like her lungs were about to burst with frustration, “Don’t talk to me.”

...

The next day, Miss Williams sat by the window, silently letting out a sigh as she looked outside.

Every morning, a female doctor would arrive on time to change her dressing. Miss Williams was healing well; the bruises on her body had faded considerably, no longer as shockingly visible as before.

Seeing that the door was closed, Miss Williams took a couple of looks at the female doctor, who was focused on changing her dressing. However, the intense gaze from Miss Williams did not escape her notice.

“Is something wrong, Miss Williams?” the female doctor asked.

“Do you have a cellphone?” Miss Williams lowered her voice.

The female doctor looked towards the door, and Miss Williams also glanced at the door, shaking her head like a thief.

“Lies.” Who else doesn’t have a cellphone these days?

“Lend it to me for a bit,” Miss Williams raised an eyebrow.

The female doctor kept her head down as Miss Williams turned back to keep an eye on the door, lowering her voice even more in fear of being overheard, “I really need it urgently.”

“Miss Williams, I’m sorry.”

“...” Miss Williams didn’t give up, “Please, I’m begging you. I really need to make a quick call to my family. Just five minutes, no! Just one minute. Liam Cloud won’t find out, I promise you won’t get in trouble.”

Miss Williams patted the bed to assure the female doctor.

After the female doctor finished applying the medicine, she pulled down the clothes on Miss Williams’s back without saying a word.

Miss Williams couldn’t let this opportunity slip, “Ahem, that bastard Liam Cloud shouldn’t be home today, right?”

The female doctor glanced up and immediately bowed her head again.

“He’s not at home, he won’t know...”

“I am home!”

A voice suddenly exploded from above Miss Williams’s head.

Miss Williams startled, turning around shakily, “...”

“Ahem...” The female doctor coughed lightly in embarrassment, standing up and respectfully said, “Mr. Cloud, Miss Williams’s wounds have been treated well, and the recovery is going smoothly. You can rest assured.”

“Hmm, go out then.”

The female doctor hurried out at breakneck speed, as if she were a sprinter.

Liam Cloud, with one hand in his pocket, looked down at Miss Williams from his greater height, “Continue talking.”

“Heh heh.” Miss Williams chuckled dryly, feeling like she had been caught red-handed.

“I’m finding that you’re getting more and more talkative, even trying to escape by using others. How smart you are, Hope Williams,” Liam Cloud said, looking at her with a smile that wasn’t quite a smile.

She could hear the implied meaning in his words.

Miss Williams grumbled in her mind, silently cursing Liam Cloud’s ancestors.

“What would you like for breakfast?”

Just as Liam Cloud's words fell, the sound of airplane propellers roared overwhelmingly from outside.

Footsteps sounded outside, and Wesley Ruiz was at the door, "Big Boss, Waylon Lewis is bringing people over."

They sure arrived fast. Liam Cloud hummed in acknowledgment, his expression still calm, but inevitably a bit grim.

"You can have your previously favorite seafood porridge," Liam Cloud suggested softly.

Miss Williams sighed, "Liam Cloud, I'm leaving."

"Who said so?" Liam Cloud brought her slippers over, "Come down and eat."

Miss Williams didn't know what he was up to, but she followed him downstairs anyway. She walked slowly, and Liam Cloud patiently supported her.

"Are you planning to remarry Waylon Lewis?" Liam Cloud suddenly asked.

"Probably."

She loved Waylon Lewis, and Waylon Lewis loved her. She wanted to give them both a chance to start over.

Liam Cloud glanced at her and said, "Don't allow it."

Miss Williams saw a chilly look in his eyes, "Why? Because of your grudge against him? Can you tell me what happened eight years ago, Liam Cloud?"

Liam Cloud was indeed a ruthless man; everyone said he was unmistakably a tyrant. People had to steer clear of him, and those who opposed him met death.

Miss Williams understood Liam Cloud; being harsh in his environment was a form of self-preservation, intimidating everyone. He wasn't a bad person and wouldn't kill without reason.

There might have been a misunderstanding back then.

Miss Williams didn't want to see Liam Cloud and Waylon Lewis clash. If there was a misunderstanding, she wanted to clear it up.

She wanted to understand the truth of what happened that year.

She could feel the hand holding her suddenly tighten, his expression darkening as if touching upon a forbidden subject.

Liam Cloud rarely showed such a daunting expression in front of her, “You?”

“Stop talking about it. Don’t bring it up again, understood? I’ve told you, there’s no reconciling with Waylon, and I don’t want you to remarry him because I like you.”

Miss Williams was suddenly taken aback.

What was this guy saying?

“Why are you looking at me like that? Can’t I like someone?” Liam Cloud was somewhat flustered by her surprised and incredulous gaze.

“... Are you joking?”

“Look me in the eyes. If I’m joking, may I be hit by a car when I go out.”

Liam Cloud’s usually lazy and indifferent gaze was now unprecedentedly earnest.

Miss Williams was taken aback with shock.

She never considered the possibility of affection between her and Liam Cloud... because of how he treated her...

Ha!

Miss Williams didn’t bring it up, but before, he had never treated her like a woman. To teach her self-defense, he played the role of a kidnapper, forcefully grabbing and throwing her to the ground.

That was just three months after she had given birth to Luke and Willow.

Absolutely inhuman.

Liam Cloud was indeed good to her, but that kind of goodness, she always categorized as familial love. Miss Williams always saw Liam Cloud as family too.

So this confession came out of nowhere for Miss Williams.

She was defenseless.

Watching Miss Williams’s excessive fright, Liam Cloud almost thought he had confessed to her with a ghostly expression.

“All right, stop looking at me that way; just pretend I said it on a whim,” Liam Cloud said, tugging her downstairs.

Miss Williams stabilized herself on the staircase, quickly regained her composure, and hurried to catch up, while the man in front started to slow down, continuing at her pace.

A loud “boom” sounded.

The carved double doors were pushed open.

Chapter 174: Chapter 174: Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud Start Fighting

“Waylon Lewis.” Hope Williams’s face lit up with joy, and she was just about to walk towards Waylon Lewis when Liam Cloud pulled her back and held her in his arms.

Waylon Lewis’s face was as cold as the bottom of a glacial valley.

“Hope Williams, would you come with me?” Liam Cloud suddenly asked.

Hope Williams furrowed her brows and looked at him.

“Come with me, and I’ll take you away. He abandoned you and your child back then, have you forgotten? Now he can’t even protect you properly, letting you get hurt like this. Do you still want to go back to him and continue...” suffer?

Before Liam Cloud could finish, Hope Williams already felt a surge of chill from the doorway.

Terrified, Hope Williams turned her head to look at Waylon Lewis, then gritted her teeth and looked back at Liam Cloud, “Stop talking.”

“Am I not speaking the truth?”

“The past is behind us.” Waylon Lewis had been trying hard to make amends, and over these days, Hope Williams could see it— she could see that Waylon Lewis was earnestly trying to make up for things, both towards her and the child.

“This time, it wasn’t his fault.” Weston Morris and Joy Ward’s kidnapping was premeditated and planned; anyone would have been caught off guard.

Hope Williams struggled to break free from Liam Cloud’s restraint, “Let me go.”

Liam Cloud smirked, his long arm hooked around the woman’s shoulders, pulling her even tighter, “Waylon Lewis, Hope Williams won’t go back with you because she is mine.

I've known her for five years now; can you take a bullet for her like I can? I could give up everything and come to Emperor Capital for her, but back then you didn't chase her to country Y.

When she gave birth to Luke and Willow, I was the one beside her, the first man to hold her children. President Lewis, how heartless you were back then, and now what? Playing the role of a passionate lover?"

Liam Cloud sneered sarcastically.

"Why look at me with that gaze? What, is President Lewis jealous?" Liam Cloud continued fearlessly, "You should be jealous; I've been through far more with her than you have."

Hope Williams felt like she might go insane, suffocated by the thick smoke rising between the two men.

She was being hooked by the shoulder, and just as she tried to break free, the man beside her slightly turned his head and whispered into her ear, a voice only audible to them, "Can you be good for me? Since I've pursued you to Emperor Capital and confessed, I won't let go easily. If you keep moving, I'll kiss you right in front of him, and you know, I have no shame."

Hope Williams could not control the twitch in her brow.

Liam Cloud was satisfied to see the woman in his arms stop struggling. She glared fiercely at him. Liam Cloud's eyes swept over a slight smile, and he provocatively lifted his chin, staring at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis clenched his molars, using all his strength to suppress the urge to rush over and punch Liam Cloud, his eyes filled with icy coldness.

"You're seeking death."

"Seeking death? Am I not telling the truth? Can you dare say you didn't abandon her back then, bully her?"

"Enough, Liam Cloud! Don't bring up the past anymore." Hope Williams was genuinely afraid that the two men might suddenly start fighting.

"Why not speak of it? Which of my words wronged him?" Liam Cloud's eyes were filled with anger, "Waylon Lewis, have you forgotten how you treated her back then? She loved you, yet you didn't cherish her. You wanted to divorce her for another woman, forcing her to abort the child.

And now, after she's had the child, you invade her world, arrogantly claiming her as your own. Waylon Lewis, by what right?

Because you're Waylon Lewis? Because she loves you?

Well, let me tell you, one day I'll replace you in her heart."

Hope Williams was right to worry as Liam Cloud's repeated provocations led to the already furious Waylon Lewis suddenly throwing a punch towards Liam Cloud.

The punch, filled with rage, whooshed past Hope Williams's cheek, the terrifying speed and force were truly frightening.

Liam Cloud dodged swiftly.

To avoid collateral damage, Hope Williams was pushed aside.

Liam Cloud was no less aggressive, and when fists trained from years of fighting struck each other, a chilling wind accompanied each blow.

"Yes, what you say is true, it was my fault back then, I didn't cherish her, but what's it to you!" Waylon Lewis suddenly grasped Liam Cloud's fist, "I love her, from now on I will only love her, and she only has me in her heart, you're not getting any place in there."

"Heh, is that so?"

Liam Cloud's lips curled into a sinister grin, and as Waylon Lewis's fist moved towards his face, he did not avoid it and took the punch solidly, his body suddenly swerved, hitting the pillar next to him.

"Liam Cloud!" Hope Williams's pupils shrank.

Waylon Lewis realized that Liam Cloud had done it on purpose; he had no intention of stopping and took two steps forward, grabbing Liam by the collar.

"Waylon Lewis!" Hope Williams, summoning strength from nowhere, moved several seconds quicker than Waylon Lewis to shield Liam.

Waylon Lewis's pupils shrunk dramatically, unable to retract his fist in time and—to avoid hitting her—punched the wall beside them with a "bang."

Between Waylon Lewis's dark brows, a deep cold arose, his voice filled with disbelief, "Are you, protecting him?"

She was using her body to protect him.

Liam Cloud, lips bleeding, formed a wicked smile, his eyes provocatively challenging Waylon.

That gaze clearly said: She's protecting me; do you see what my place in her heart is?

Despite his unwillingness to admit it, Waylon Lewis knew that Liam Cloud meant something different to Hope Williams.

Even knowing it, having the fact displayed so starkly before him still choked his heart.

Liam Cloud, "That punch really did a number on me!"

Hope Williams blinked her eyes.

"Waylon Lewis, stop it, I'll go back with you," Hope Williams, hands gripping Waylon Lewis's clenched fists, pleaded carefully, "Okay?"

She truly did not want either Waylon Lewis or Liam Cloud to get hurt.

Waylon Lewis's murderous gaze softened somewhat when he looked at Hope Williams, but it was still intensely formidable; Hope paled slightly.

Suddenly, Waylon Lewis lifted his hand, hooked it around the woman's neck, and pressed his cold lips hard onto hers.

Hope Williams's body trembled abruptly, Waylon Lewis kissed her as if no one else existed, as though he wished to devour her.

His kiss was filled with the assertion of his rights, desperately asserting that she was his, only his.

She knew she had just protected Liam Cloud, and it upset him, yet somehow, she indulged him.

Hope Williams did not push him away, and Waylon Lewis's mood slightly improved, feeling a sense of having regained something lost; he did not trouble her further and pulled her into his embrace.

Liam Cloud's eyes were filled with rage, wanting to destroy everything.

It seemed as though today they had to determine who was superior.

Hope Williams quickly intervened, "Are you still going to fight? Do you really have to kill each other today?"

“You hit me, I hit you, what’s the point?” They were still fighting, and Hope Williams was truly angry.

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

“Take it further away if you’re going to keep fighting, don’t do it in front of me, it’s annoying.” Hope Williams was irritable.

Chapter 175: Chapter 175: Hope Williams’ Embarrassment

“Roll further away, don’t do it in front of me, it’s annoying.” Hope Williams was irritable.

“Thomas Hughes, help me up, let’s go, let them fight.”

Right beside them, Thomas Hughes, who had just been stifled by that oppressive feeling, immediately came forward anxiously, his hands seemingly supporting Hope Williams.

Hope Williams didn’t even glance at them, and left without looking back.

As Hope Williams said that, though both of them hated each other to the extent of wanting to strike with their hands, they couldn’t bring themselves to move, just glaring at each other, wishing they could kill with their gaze.

Waylon Lewis snorted coldly and turned to follow Hope Williams.

Liam Cloud watched as Hope Williams walked away, a trace of melancholy in his eyes, and sighed softly, “Ungrateful brute, you still choose to go with him.”

...

“What are you doing, Waylon Lewis?” Hope Williams was laid on the bed, and the man leaned down onto her, his thin lips pressed onto hers, pulling her soft, watery body into his arms, easily prying open her teeth and hooking her tongue, breaking through her defenses.

“You are mine,” he whispered sexily as he kissed her.

Hope Williams struggled to withstand Waylon Lewis like this, her hands pressed against his strong chest, breathless from the kissing.

“Waylon Lewis, stop it, I’m still injured.”

Her voice trembled, and Waylon Lewis, sensing her fear, slowly kissed her, his lips moving across her earlobe and landing on her swan-like neck, "I want you."

Hope Williams bit her lip, feeling the warm touches of Waylon Lewis on her body.

A warm surge flooded through her.

His hands lifted her legs around his waist, sliding under her clothes, touching her soft skin.

His kisses fell on her collarbone, tenderly kissing her wounds, full of gentle longing, "Hope Williams, will you give yourself to me?"

He wanted to possess her absolutely, leaving his mark all over her.

Every day since Hope Williams had returned, he had been tormented by fear, feeling as if everyone was trying to take her away from him.

He feared losing her at any moment, afraid that she would leave him like before, move away from him. He was truly scared.

Waylon Lewis's dark eyes looked at her tenderly, emotions clear at such a close distance.

She could see the confusion, helplessness, and cautiousness in Waylon Lewis's eyes, which made Hope Williams feel pained.

Suddenly, Hope Williams leaned up slightly, her soft lips lightly touched his thin lips.

Waylon Lewis paused slightly, looked down at Hope Williams, and she too gazed deeply at him.

She hooked her arms around his shoulders, closed her eyes, lifted her chin, and continued kissing his lips.

Waylon Lewis's breath deepened again, and he fiercely responded to her kiss.

His button-down shirt was removed, enclosing her in his arms, her heart pounding wildly as it followed his rhythm.

Step by step, she fell deeper.

In the midst of their intense moments, Hope Williams still had injuries, and Waylon Lewis was extremely careful with each movement.

"Ouch—it hurts!" Hope Williams suddenly cried out in pain.

Waylon Lewis immediately tensed up, "Where does it hurt? Did I hurt you?"

"My shoulder."

Waylon Lewis got off Hope Williams and immediately checked her shoulder wound, indeed, there were some bloodstains.

His eyes darkened slightly, he had been careful, but still, he had aggrieved her wound.

Cursing himself silently, Waylon Lewis grabbed clothes to dress Hope Williams, "I'll take you to the hospital."

Hope Williams let him dress her, and after she was dressed, he picked her up and went out, instructing Thomas Hughes, who immediately went to fetch the car.

The attending doctor looked at both Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis with a complex expression on her face, not missing the kiss marks on Hope Williams's neck, but eventually, she just sighed silently and quietly treated Hope Williams's wounds.

After finishing, the attending doctor couldn't help but add, "Cough... Doctor Williams, you still have injuries, which are not suitable for intense activities. It's better to restrain yourself a bit, give it some time, once your injuries heal, you young people have plenty of energy."

Hope Williams felt like burying herself in a hole.

Waylon Lewis nodded, "Thanks for the reminder." He reached out to hold Hope Williams.

Hope Williams glared at him, after vigorous activity, they had come to the hospital late at night to treat her wounds.

Furthermore, she had been "educated" by the doctor with a teasing look, and she still had to work here afterward, how was she going to face people?

Waylon Lewis did not ignore the embarrassed look in the eyes of the little woman in his arms, he sighed helplessly, "My fault, I'll be careful next time."

Hope Williams returned to the same hospital room she had been in before, Waylon Lewis gently pulled up the quilt over her, then shamelessly squeezed into her bedding as well.

Hope Williams startled, "Hey, what are you doing?"

"I'm staying with you."

“Who needs you to stay? You should go back.”

“It’s already late.”

“It’s only ten o’clock, it’s fine.”

“Going back would be too tiring, don’t you care about me anymore?” Waylon Lewis hugged her tightly, being extremely careful.

“It’s not you driving, if I’m concerned, it should be about Thomas Hughes.”

His expression darkened, “You care about him and see what happens?”

“Cut it out, isn’t it true? Thomas is the one driving, isn’t it tiring for him to bring us to the hospital in the middle of the night?”

If Thomas Hughes heard this, he would probably say, “Not tiring, not tiring, with a starting annual salary of millions, how could it be tiring?”

“I’m your man; you should only care about me.”

“Look at how petty you are being.” Hope Williams smiled helplessly, “I won’t argue with you anymore.”

“Let me stay here.”

Hope Williams pretended to meditate for a moment, and Waylon Lewis watched her nervously.

Seeing his nervous look as if afraid of being kicked out, she chuckled, “You’re already on my bed, how could I kick you out? If you want to stay, then stay.”

Waylon Lewis smiled happily, and Hope Williams also smiled softly, snuggling into Waylon’s warm embrace feeling completely secure.

After all the commotion, Hope Williams really felt tired and leaned into Waylon’s arms with her eyes closed.

Waylon Lewis slowly leaned in and kissed Hope William’s forehead, then her brows, nose, seemingly wanting to kiss her entire face yet never getting enough!

Hope Williams buried her face defensively, her voice muffled, “Kiss me again, and you’re sleeping on the couch.”

Waylon chuckled softly, caressed Hope Williams’s soft hair, “I dare not, go to sleep now.”

...

The next morning, when Hope Williams woke up, Waylon Lewis had already gotten up, and Thomas Hughes had brought clean clothes, and Waylon emerged from the bathroom in a luxurious black suit, his beautiful face wearing a warm smile, exuding an aura of nobility.

An abstinent aura filled him, almost making it seem like the person who was intensely entangled with her last night wasn't him.

Waylon Lewis sat on the bed, pulling her body close to his own, kissed the top of her head, "Sleep a bit more, wake up later for breakfast."

"Are you going to the office?"

"If you want me to accompany you for breakfast, I can."

Hope shook her head, "No need, if you're busy you should go to the office, I don't want to hold you back, you'll be busy until late tonight anyway."

"Ah, my darling really cares about me."

Hope Williams smiled warmly, "Alright, enough with the cheesy talk, go on."

"My parents and grandfather said they wanted to visit you, but I declined for you; too many people might disturb your rest, tonight I will take you, Luke, and Willow back home to have dinner with grandpa," Waylon said, holding Hope.

"Good, it will be nice for me to get out as well, staying in the hospital room all the time is uncomfortable."

"Alright, I'll come to pick you up tonight."

"Okay."

Waylon stayed with Hope for a while before she sent him off to the office. Just as Waylon had left, Aria Richardson ran into the room with a fuss.

"Hope, are you alright? I heard from Luke and Willow that you and Waylon had to make a sudden trip to the hospital last night. What happened?" Aria asked with a face full of concern.

"It's nothing, don't worry, just a stitch came loose, sit down and chat with me." Hope Williams felt that with Aria around, the day wouldn't be boring.

"How did a stitch come loose just like that?" Aria asked curiously.

Hope Williams blinked, wondering how to explain that they got too intense during their 'exercise' last night causing the injury.

Unable to speak, noticing Hope Williams's hesitant look, Aria's gaze shifted quietly to the kiss marks on Hope's neck.

Aria's pupils shrank, she blinked.

"You didn't do it last night, did you?"

Aria seemed shocked, but as her voice fell, those lifted eyebrows and meaningful smile almost wrote "You did it, didn't you?" on her face.

Hope's face turned a brilliant shade of red and black.

Aria covered her mouth, possibly not wanting Hope to see her laugh, yet her voice filled with laughter betrayed her, "So it was too intense, and that's why your stitch came apart?"

Was she really that straightforward?

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha." Aria laughed unapologetically, "Sorry, I wasn't laughing very loudly, was I?"

Hope Williams tugged at her lips, "It's fine, only the next room probably heard."

Chapter 176: Chapter 176: The Rhythm of Remarriage

"But are you and President Lewis fully reconciling now?"

Hope Williams smiled gently and nodded her head.

"Wow!" Aria Richardson couldn't help but clap her hands, "When are you getting remarried? Since you didn't have a wedding before, President Lewis must be planning a grand one for the remarriage, right? Otherwise, I, as your mother's family, wouldn't agree."

Hope Williams smiled lightly, "There's no rush between us."

The children are already so big, Hope Williams felt there was no need for all the wedding fuss since he hadn't even proposed yet, so a remarriage seemed far off.

"That's you not rushing, but that doesn't mean President Lewis isn't in a hurry. I think he's desperate," Aria Richardson said, laughing out loud, "otherwise, he wouldn't have

insisted on being intimate with you while you were still injured, resulting in you ending up here in the hospital.”

Hope Williams’s face darkened slightly, and she chided helplessly, “Aria, if you bring that up again, I’m going to ignore you.”

“Alright, alright, I know you’re shy, I’ll zip it.”

Aria Richardson stroked her chin, planning to probe into the matter since it was a significant event in her best friend’s life that needed monitoring.

As Aria was plotting and chattering away until noon, there was a knock at the door. Hope Williams, who was reading a magazine, looked up as Aria went to open the door.

A man in a suit entered, carrying a large bouquet of blooming flowers.

Hope Williams straightened up, “Alexander Knox, what brings you here?”

“I came to see you,” Alexander Knox placed the bouquet on the table.

His sudden arrival made Hope Williams instinctively glance toward the door as if fearing someone might walk in.

Alexander Knox laughed helplessly, “I just came to check on you, but the way you’re looking at me, it’s as if we’re having an affair.”

Hope Williams pressed her lips together in embarrassment, indeed worried that Waylon Lewis might suddenly appear and create massive trouble seeing Alexander Knox here.

“Cough...” Hope Williams directed her gaze elsewhere, “Aria, could you get Mr. Knox a glass of water?”

Still mesmerized by the sight, as Alexander was exactly Aria Richardson’s type—civilized, elegant, and radiating mature charm, that completely captivated her.

“Aria?” Seeing that Aria kept staring at Alexander Knox, Hope Williams softly called to remind her.

“Ah? Oh, right.” Aria quickly went to pour some water, her gaze seemingly fixed on him.

“Mr. Knox, please have some tea,” Aria handed the cup to Alexander Knox.

Alexander Knox politely nodded and accepted, “Thank you.”

Aria’s cheeks turned red, her shy eyes fixed on him.

"I brought my grandmother here for a check-up today, tried calling you, but your phone was off."

Hope Williams then remembered her unfortunate phone was probably underwater at Liam Cloud's island villa.

"Sorry, my phone's broken."

"I thought so. Later, Doctor Wood told me you were hospitalized, so I came to see you. How did you get injured?"

"I accidentally fell."

"You accidentally fell into the ICU?"

"..."

Alexander Knox shook his head with a smile, "You don't have to hide it from me. The Morris family's troubles are well-known, and it seems they crossed someone they shouldn't have—presumably you."

"It was his own doing."

"He deserved it."

Seeing the two discussing serious matters, Aria walked out of the room, Hope Williams glanced at her but did not stop her.

"That was my best friend. Isn't she beautiful?"

"He's alright."

"My Aria is beautiful, kind-hearted, gentle, independent, has her own car and house, and most importantly, she's still single..."

Hope Williams and Aria had known each other for years, and it was easy to see her little schemes.

Alexander Knox raised an eyebrow slightly, "I know you don't like me, but there's no need to rush to push me onto someone else."

"Mr. Knox, there's no chance between us."

"Nothing is impossible."

"..."

Really, 0.000001?

“Did you know Mia Fuller got sent to prison?”

“Uh-huh.” Of course, she knew, she had personally made sure of that.

“Old Master Fuller’s favorite granddaughter, he wouldn’t let her stay in there.”

Hope Williams picked up the water beside her and took a small sip, “Uh-huh, I know.”

Hope Williams had anticipated this, and not only that, given the relationship between the Lewis and Fuller Families, the Lewis Family would turn a blind eye since Mia Fuller had already been punished.

“Mia Fuller has been spoiled since she was a child and holds grudges. You gave her such a harsh lesson this time, she won’t let it go easily. You need to be careful, and as far as I know, Vivia Fuller is back too.”

Hope Williams narrowed her eyes slightly, “Vivia Fuller?”

“The elder Miss of the Fuller Family, Mia Fuller’s sister, and also the future head of the Fuller Family. The Fuller Family has been hit hard this time because of Mia, and because she always dotes on her sister Mia, she won’t just sit back and do nothing.”

“Moreover, Mia Fuller refused my divorce proposal,” Alexander Knox said gravely, clearly angered by this matter.

Hope Williams smiled slightly, “Then, Mr. Knox, why do you still have time for me?”

“What do you mean?”

“Aren’t you worried about how to solve the trouble you’re in?”

“Don’t you think you might be in trouble too?”

Hope Williams’s beautiful eyes narrowed slightly; undoubtedly, that day Mia Fuller had seen her dining with Alexander Knox and made a big deal out of it.

She liked Waylon Lewis, yet she stubbornly refused to break off the engagement with Alexander Knox, but why?

“Thank you for the reminder, Mr. Knox.”

“Grandma Knox wants to invite you to Knox’s annual banquet next week. You won’t refuse Grandma, will you?”

Hope Williams's brows twitched; this man really knew she would feel awkward to say no to Grandma Knox, deliberately using her to make his point.

An annual banquet, Knox employees, executives, and some business partners would attend, so the Lewis should probably be involved too, Hope considered, "Then, thank you for Grandma's invitation, I'll come with Waylon."

"You really are downright refusing me. Do I really have no chance at all?"

Hope Williams said flatly, "I'm really sorry, Mr. Knox."

"It's okay; I've always been more determined after setbacks."

Hope Williams blinked slightly, somewhat helpless with this man, and did not respond.

Alexander Knox stood up, "I won't disturb your rest, see you next week."

"Okay."

Alexander Knox was leaving just as Aria Richardson came in, and the two of them came face to face.

Aria was always boisterous and nearly bumped into Alexander Knox, who instinctively raised his hand to steady her.

Aria's pupils dilated, gazing at the man's handsome face, her heart pounding, "I'm... sorry..."

"It's okay, just be more careful next time."

Alexander Knox nodded slightly and left.

"He's really so handsome," Aria mused as she watched his retreating figure, her eyes practically sparkling with pink bubbles.

Hope Williams rubbed her forehead, feeling slightly vexed.

"Where did you just go?" Hope asked.

Aria came in with a brand-new, unopened phone, handing it to Hope, "Didn't your phone break? I went out to buy you a new one."

Hope's heart warmed; she didn't make it formal with Aria, "Thank you."

"Tell me, how do you know Mr. Knox?" Aria moved closer, clearly trying to please.

Hope casually opened the phone, "It's a long story, his grandma is my patient."

"Does he like you?"

Hope paused, a flicker of surprise crossing her eyes as she looked at Aria.

"Don't look at me like that, I'm not that petty. You don't like him, do you? If not, I'm going for it; this is truly a love of mine."

Aria was thrilled, recalling how tenderly he had spoken.

Her heart bursting with joy, Hope wore a slightly troubled expression, "Aria, he has a fiancée!"

Crack! A sound!

Aria felt as if struck by thunder, was her romance doomed before it even began?

"Mia Fuller, you've met her!"

"The one we encountered in the restaurant that day?"

"Yes, they were actually going to break off the engagement, but now Mia has changed her mind."

Regardless of whether there was any affection between him and Mia Fuller before the engagement was off, he was still engaged, Hope made it clear, and Aria understood, "Don't worry, I'll chase after him once he is no longer engaged."

Today, Waylon Lewis, had left work early and had picked up Luke and Willow, then went to the hospital to pick up Hope, who had just changed her clothes.

Because of injuries, Hope chose a loose and comfortable silk long dress, which draped fully over her slim, tall figure, her hair half tied up, and her milk tea-colored lipstick brightening her complexion, giving her a lazy but elegant appearance.

Waylon's eyes lit up as he gently wrapped his arms around her waist, "You look beautiful."

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor #Chapter 177: Waylon Lewis's Fallacious Reasoning - Read She

Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 177: Waylon Lewis's Fallacious Reasoning

Chapter 177: Chapter 177: Waylon Lewis's Fallacious Reasoning

Waylon Lewis's eyes lit up. He stepped forward and gently wrapped his arms around the woman's waist. "Beautiful."

"Mommy is the prettiest in the world," Luke praised generously, as Willow nodded repeatedly in agreement.

Hope Williams smiled, "Only the three of you are sweet talkers."

Waylon Lewis said, "Just telling the truth."

"Oh, it's been a long time since I visited Grandpa. I want to go to the mall and buy him some gifts," Hope Williams suggested.

"No need. Just your presence will make him extremely happy," Waylon Lewis said, lowering his head to kiss Hope Williams.

Hope Williams quickly blocked his lips with her hand. "Luke and Willow are still here, don't set a bad example."

With quick thinking, Luke and Willow immediately turned around and covered their eyes. Luke said, "Daddy and Mommy, you keep kissing; we didn't see anything."

Waylon Lewis was very satisfied, he pulled Hope Williams to him and wrapped her in his arms, sealing her lips with a deep kiss.

Hope Williams pushed against Waylon a couple of times, but her little strength was no match for him. Instead, it seemed as if she was in a playful refusal.

Knowing Hope Williams was shy, Waylon Lewis didn't trouble her further. His fingers gently traced her tender, sweet lips, which still retained his warmth.

Hope Williams rolled her eyes at Waylon Lewis, who chuckled lowly, his voice full of indulgence.

"Are we still going?"

"Let's go."

Hope Williams pushed herself from Waylon Lewis's embrace and walked straight towards Luke and Willow. "Luke, Willow, it's been a long time since Mommy hugged you, let me hug you."

"We don't need Mommy's hugs anymore. Luke and Willow have grown up, and we can't always ask for Mommy's hugs; otherwise, we're not being good," Luke responded.

Hope Williams blinked, "Who said that?"

"Daddy!" Luke immediately pointed at Waylon Lewis.

Hope Williams turned her head to glare at Waylon Lewis. "What nonsense have you been teaching them?"

"Is it wrong?"

"It isn't?"

They're just five years old. How can asking for Mommy's hugs turn them into bad kids?

Waylon Lewis raised an eyebrow, "I don't think it's wrong. You can only hug me."

Hope Williams took a deep breath, annoyed, "Waylon, what if we have a second child in the future? Certainly, I'll have to hold a small baby."

That was simply absurd.

Waylon Lewis chuckled and embraced Hope, whispering, "My dear, are you already planning for a sibling? I should work harder tonight to try..." for Luke and Willow to have a little brother next year.

"Shut up." Hope Williams covered Waylon's mouth with her hand. "Haven't you learned from the last time?"

Waylon talking about giving Luke and Willow a brother really got those two fixated on the idea for a whole week, and eventually, it was Hope who had to clear things up.

He wouldn't clear it up in front of them again; it would be up to Hope.

Holding Hope's hand over his mouth, Waylon kissed it gently and whispered something audible only to the two of them.

Hope's cheeks instantly flushed red.

Men seemed naturally shameless in these matters. Where did he get the audacity?

"Is your leg still hurting?"

"It stopped... ah..."

Suddenly, Hope was swept off her feet by Waylon. "Still hurting; I'll carry you."

"Waylon Lewis, can't you understand human language? I said it's not hurting anymore."

"Luke and Willow already took your things and left."

Hope Williams said, "...". Waylon Lewis wasn't misunderstanding; he was simply choosing not to listen.

In a hospital corridor bustling with people, Hope Williams was carried princess-style by Waylon Lewis. Dressed impeccably in a suit, his tall and well-proportioned figure attracted everyone's gaze.

The elegantly dressed woman, held like a precious jewel by a strikingly handsome man, followed closely by two little "bodyguards," presented a loveable scene.

Hope clearly heard the surrounding whispers, "This must be what you call parents being true lovers and children being accidents."

"Ha, so soft, so soft."

"This family's collective beauty is like something out of a fairy tale, just spectacular. Are they celebrities? That man's charisma is unbelievable."

"Ah, help, he's so handsome I could die. Why isn't that woman in his arms me?"

At the Lewis family's old mansion.

Old Master Lewis's face lit up with joy when he saw Waylon Lewis return with Hope and the kids. He stood up to greet them, "Little Hope, what's hurt? Is it serious?"

Hope Williams held Old Master Lewis's hand, "Don't worry, Grandpa, it's not serious. I'm almost recovered."

"Nonsense, you were hospitalized; it couldn't be minor. Sit down; I made your favorite dishes tonight. You need to nourish your body properly," Old Master Lewis said, looking at Hope lovingly.

Hope Williams felt warmth in her heart, "Thank you, Grandpa."

"Grandpa Lewis." A chilled voice rang out.

Hope Williams turned to see a woman dressed in an upscale suit with high heels and carrying a handbag walking slowly towards them. The woman's short hair and exquisite makeup gave her an aura of authority as soon as she entered.

"Vivia?"

Hope Williams narrowed her eyes imperceptibly. It was Vivia Fuller! Mia Fuller's sister and the future matriarch of the Fuller family.

"It's me, Grandpa Lewis, Brother Waylon, long time no see," Vivia greeted with an elegant and sophisticated smile.

She blatantly ignored Hope, as if she didn't see her at all, her eyes confidently fixed on Old Master Lewis, "Grandpa Lewis, I heard about what happened before. I'm really sorry. Mia is young and sometimes a bit impatient, aiming for quick success. I brought her today specifically to apologize."

"Mia, come in."

Mentioned by Vivia, Mia hesitated before entering from the doorway. She looked somewhat pale and reserved, lacking her usual spirited demeanor and confidence. Instead, she seemed wary, having evidently endured some hardships.

Chapter 178: Chapter 178: With Me by Your Side, You Are the Elite, What You Say Goes

Mia Fuller carefully kept her head low, adopting a very apologetic demeanor, "Grandpa Lewis, Brother Waylon, Sister Hope, I'm sorry. I truly came to apologize sincerely. It was my mistake to lay a hand on the child before, I'm sorry."

Mia deeply bowed, full of sincerity.

Yet behind this full display of sincerity, Hope Williams could see the barely contained indignation, resentment, and rage—an anger that seemed almost ready to flay skin and pull bones in a bid to slake the hatred in her heart.

Hope lifted her eyes to meet Vivia Fuller's, which were filled with scorn.

With a slight twitch of her eyelid, Vivia seemed to be shooting out a message with her gaze: Just you wait.

Alexander Knox was right; neither of the Fuller sisters was a pushover.

They were born to a level of society unreachable to ordinary people. How could they tolerate anyone above them? They wouldn't allow it, and should someone rise above, they would fiercely pull them down into an abyss and grind them to dust!

If they wanted to play, then let's play.

Hope Williams wasn't someone who looked for trouble, but she was never afraid of it either. Let them come.

No one told Mia Fuller to straighten up, so she kept bending over in a deep bow.

Witnessing her sister caught in an awkward situation, Vivia Fuller said nothing, letting her continue to bow. She was waiting, waiting for Elder Lewis to speak.

Mia's body was visibly trembling.

"That's enough," Old Master Lewis waved his hand irritably. "Stand up straight and talk."

"Mia!"

At Vivia's command, Mia bit her lip and straightened up, her delicate face awash with tears, looking pitiful to the extreme.

"Why are you crying? You think you did nothing wrong? How dare you even cry?" Vivia Fuller's voice was cold as she interrogated Mia, her tone pressing and icy.

"Sister—" Mia called softly.

Vivia lifted her gaze, her eyes icily sweeping over her. Mia immediately stopped the tears on her face and lowered her head sharply, "I'm not crying, I was wrong."

Did Vivia Fuller dote on her sister Mia? Not quite, for Mia's feelings towards Vivia were more akin to fear—a fear that ran deep to the bone.

The fact that Mia was so obedient showed this woman's methods were exceptional.

Seeing this, Elder Lewis felt compelled to say something, "Alright Vivia, since Mia knows she was wrong, let's put this matter behind us."

Vivia Fuller smiled to Elder Lewis, "Grandpa Lewis is always so forgiving. I believe Mia certainly won't make the same mistake again."

Elder Lewis responded neutrally.

With this trick, they had won over Elder Lewis. What else could anyone say?

“Are you Miss Williams?” Vivia Fuller’s gaze shifted coolly onto Hope Williams, feigning ignorance.

Hope looked at her indifferently.

“Hello, Vivia Fuller.”

“Hope Williams.”

Vivia Fuller slightly nodded, “Mia did something wrong this time, and I should pay a visit to apologize. It’s just that there are many noble families in Emperor Capital, but somehow our family’s driver doesn’t know the way to the Williams family.”

Hope could clearly hear the underlying message in her words, “I’m afraid that’s because Miss Fuller only knows the way to the noble families, and unfortunately, my family is not one.”

Vivia Fuller lifted her brows in feigned surprise, “Is that so? That’s my oversight. I had assumed that to be with Brother Waylon...” Her words trailed off, followed by a shallow smile, “Sorry, it was presumptuous of me. I meant no offense, I just thought that a lady who could be with Waylon must surely be from a noble family.”

She hadn’t expected her family wasn’t even considered noble.

Vivia heard her own admittance with even more disdain and cold laughter in her heart.

What right did such a woman have to stand beside the most prestigious man in Emperor Capital?

It was a joke.

“Miss Williams, although I’m an outsider, I can’t help but suggest that the Lewis family is a great noble house, and Brother Waylon is exceedingly distinguished. As Brother Waylon’s woman, your every word and action represent the Lewis family. Do you understand the etiquette and rules of the nobility?”

Was she inferring that Hope was the pig that had rooted up Waylon Lewis, the fine white cabbage?

“I think Miss Williams should learn the rules of the nobility, lest any slip might affect the Lewis family, might affect Waylon. If you truly care for Waylon, surely you wouldn’t want to cause him any distress, would you?”

Hope Williams nodded slightly, “Miss Fuller is right, your Fuller family is indeed a noble family. So why don’t I see the Miss Fullers’ behavior and manners as strict and flawless?”

Vivia Fuller glanced at Mia and maintained a perfect smile on her face, "Mia's fault lies in her excessive approach and lack of emotional control, which cannot be discussed on the same terms as our current topic."

"Wrong is wrong. If she can't control her own emotions, is that not a failure of education by the Fuller Family?" Hope asked calmly.

Vivia Fuller continued to smile breezily, without a hint of fault, "Miss Williams has a point, but ultimately this is the Fuller family's internal affair. It really isn't something for Miss Williams to question."

"Mhmm, right, so whether or not I am from a noble family, or whether or not I understand the rules of the nobility, what business is it of yours?"

Hope smiled faintly, her tone light.

"Waylon Lewis, does it bother you?"

Her voice was clear and serene, and as she spoke, she turned her confident gaze toward Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis gently wrapped his arms around his woman's slender waist, "I don't care. With me, you are nobility, and what you say is the rule."

Vivia Fuller's brows twitched suddenly. Besides several Lewis family elders, someone actually dared to call out Waylon Lewis's full name so impudently.

And Waylon Lewis was actually indulging her.

Hope raised an eyebrow at Vivia Fuller.

Vivia Fuller was silent for two seconds, caught off guard.

"Hmph, Auntie, my daddy just adores my mommy, please don't be envious. Even if you are envious in your heart, don't be, because that is reserved for my mommy." Luke's little face lifted in pride as he spoke with assurance.

For once the perfect smile on Vivia Fuller's face cracked slightly, but she recovered quickly, immediately resuming her grin.

During dinner, the food was set on the table and since the guests were still there, it was only polite to invite them to join. Alitzel Williams cordially invited, and Vivia Fuller readily accepted.

"Sister-in-law, you're discharged?" Wyatt Lewis was, as always, punctual for dinner.

Vivia Fuller's brows rose slightly, "Why do you call Miss Williams your sister-in-law?"

"Is there something wrong?" Wyatt Lewis only then noticed there were guests in the house and asked indifferently.

"Miss Williams..."

Hope smiled slightly, "Since Miss Fuller addressed Waylon with the term 'Brother,' you should also call me 'sister-in-law.'"

Vivia Fuller's brows rose, "As far as I know, Miss Williams and Waylon are not yet husband and wife. I fear you're not fit to carry the title 'sister-in-law.'"

Chapter 179: Chapter 179: Hope Williams's Identity Was Impersonated

Vivia Fuller slightly raised her eyebrows, "As far as I know, Miss Williams and Brother Waylon aren't husband and wife yet, so I'm afraid you're not quite entitled to the title of 'sister-in-law.'"

"I'm entitled to it or not, she's mine."

Waylon Lewis caressed Hope Williams's hair with a light smile on his lips.

"Yes, she's yours, and so am I."

"..."

"..."

"Hahaha..." Wyatt Lewis couldn't stop laughing.

This couple was seriously infuriating people to death without compensating them!

Look at Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller's complexions; I wonder if they'll still be able to sit down and eat later on.

Everyone took their seats, and only after the old master picked up his chopsticks did everyone else begin to eat.

Christopher Lewis glanced at Vivia Fuller, "Vivia? Weren't you handling a project in Europe? Why are you back?"

Vivia Fuller discussed openly with Christopher Lewis, "I've already taken care of it. I just got back yesterday."

Christopher appeared surprised, his expression carrying a touch of appreciation, "Quite accomplished for someone so young."

Truly a candidate worthy of becoming the future head of the Fuller family.

"Aunt Lewis is overpraising me."

Vivia Fuller had been doing business under Old Master Fuller's tutelage from a young age, much like Waylon Lewis, who had been personally educated by Elder Lewis to be groomed as the future family head.

Both excelled in capability and temperament.

Christopher raised several questions and doubts, to which Vivia Fuller responded fluently. The look in Christopher's eyes became even more satisfied, and even Elder Lewis couldn't help but regard her more highly.

"Waylon."

Christopher directed his gaze towards Waylon Lewis, who was entirely focused on Hope Williams, and was somewhat troubled.

"Waylon Lewis."

Waylon slowly raised his head, "What's the matter?"

Christopher took a deep breath, "Later, have a good talk with Vivia. The project she's going to be responsible for is also related to our Lewis Clan." Christopher looked at Waylon with a somewhat heavy tone.

Accepting Hope Williams as a woman was one thing, but it didn't mean he could tolerate his son recklessly devoting all his attention to her.

Absolutely ridiculous.

The two kids next to them could eat by themselves, so what made this woman so precious that his son had to attend to her every need like a servant?

"Okay." Waylon served Hope a bowl of soup, nonchalantly agreeing.

Christopher had the urge to stand up and smack Waylon.

He took a deep breath to suppress the impulse, clenched his back teeth tightly, and looked at Vivia apologetically. Vivia gave a slight chuckle of resignation, indicating it was no big deal.

Waylon picked up a piece of braised pork for Hope, but after biting a little, she put it back in her bowl.

“Don’t like it?”

“It’s a bit fatty.”

“Then have something else.”

Waylon put the piece of braised pork from Hope’s bowl into his own and promptly ate it.

Christopher and Alitzel Williams were both stunned.

Waylon had just eaten what Hope had bitten into!

Even though they had been a loving old couple for decades, not even Christopher would eat the leftovers of Alitzel.

Alitzel seriously doubted whether this considerate and tender man was the same son known to be cold and harsh.

Vivia and Mia were both stunned for a moment; was this the Waylon Lewis they knew?

Mia clenched her fists tightly, her eyes practically bulging with jealousy.

Vivia glanced at Mia, and immediately, Mia averted her gaze and started eating her meal reluctantly.

After finishing dinner, Hope Williams didn’t forget her duties; she was already preparing the surgery plan for Grandpa Lewis. While Grandpa Lewis’s health had improved a lot, he was getting on in years, and it was a major operation that was even more difficult than the previous one for Old Lady Mrs. Knox.

There was no room for error in every step.

Hope checked on Old Master Lewis again and, weighing her thoughts, realized she had to discuss the details with Elder Lewis.

Alitzel Williams overheard the surgery was fraught with great risk and became instantly worried, “What should we do then? Old Master Lewis cannot afford any complications. What if surgery is not an option? What about conservative treatment?”

“I wouldn’t recommend conservative treatment. Conservative treatment can only maintain the status quo, not cure the condition. It’s not a long-term solution. Surgery is the only cure,” Hope Williams said seriously.

“So, what do we do?”

“Don’t panic. Let Little Hope finish explaining,” Elder Lewis said, remaining remarkably calm after hearing this.

“Therefore, Grandpa Lewis, I hope you choose surgical treatment. Conservative treatment poses a hidden risk to your future well-being.”

“Little Hope, I trust you; I choose surgical treatment.”

“Little Hope, are you confident?” Alitzel Williams asked worriedly.

“Aunt Lewis, if Grandpa Lewis needs surgery, I actually know a renowned doctor,” Vivia Fuller walked over and said.

Alitzel Williams looked at Vivia Fuller questioningly.

Vivia continued, “I met a doctor named Cynthia abroad who used to be the head of cardiac surgery at a major hospital in country Y. She is an admired figure, having performed hundreds of surgeries without fail. Moreover, her surgery was the center of attention, ranking first among the saintly healers in the medical community. If she could operate on Grandpa Lewis, the success rate would naturally be high.”

Cynthia, this extremely familiar name, was one Alitzel had heard of before from Elder Murphy.

Elder Murphy had also rated this doctor very highly, full of admiration.

Before, she and Christopher Lewis intended to invite this doctor to treat Old Master Lewis. Then the incident involving Joy Ward occurred and Hope managed to stabilize Old Master Lewis’s condition, so it was never pursued.

Now that Old Master Lewis needed surgery, it seemed the most conservative course of action was to locate this doctor and ask her to take charge of the operation.

“Vivia, can you really get in touch with this doctor? I hear she is quite mysterious and difficult to find.”

Vivia Fuller took out her phone, “Yes, Aunt, I’ll give you her contact information.”

She actually had her contact details.

Vivia sent the phone number to Alitzel Williams, who acted as if a great burden had been lifted, looking at Vivia with real affection and effusive thanks, “Vivia, you can always be relied upon. Having found this Doctor Cynthia, the old master’s surgery finally seems to be getting somewhere.”

Hope had no idea when her Cynthia identity's contact details had been leaked.

It was not until Alitzel immediately contacted the so-called Cynthia and the phone was answered did Hope realize that someone might be impersonating her.

"Miss Fuller, are you sure this person is trustworthy?" Hope asked, her starry eyes taking on a layer of chill as she raised an eyebrow.

With a faint hint of scorn, Vivia glanced at Hope, "Miss Williams, you may not be aware of Doctor Cynthia's abilities. Do you understand what it means to rank first in the medical community?"

She represented the unattainable pinnacle in the medical field for many.

Seeing that Hope was clearly uninformed, Mia Fuller took the opportunity to ridicule her further, "I recall, Sister Hope, you're also a doctor, aren't you? Don't you even know this?"

"Idiot," Luke couldn't stand it and blurted out.

His mommy was Cynthia herself, and this woman was mocking her!

Was she out of her mind!

"Luke, don't use foul language," Hope said in a gentle voice.

"Even if this person is indeed very foolish."

"Got it, Mommy," Luke obediently replied.

Mia Fuller's mouth twitched; this uninformed idiot's son was calling them idiots. Who exactly was the idiot here? It was ridiculous.

Vivia and Mia Fuller didn't look pleased as they left because the look in Hope's eyes, including her two children's, was akin to treating them as if they were imbeciles.

In the car, Mia slammed the car door so hard that it startled the driver in front.

"Bitch, bitch, she made me so miserable. I apologized to her with such humility, and she still put on airs with me. Sister, how can you tolerate this bitch being so arrogant? And how does this bitch deserve Waylon's treatment?" Envied and treasured by a man, a true object of jealousy.

"Shut up," Vivia Fuller massaged her pounding temples, "You're not wronged to lose to her; in the future, be smart, watch your words, and don't drag the entire Fuller Family down with you."

“Sister, you...”

“Hope Williams is highly valued by Waylon for a reason, but... ha, she’s nothing more than a woman without a background or family lineage.”

The Fullers were one of the uppermost elite families.

Her! Vivia Fuller, the young lady of the Fuller Family, carefully groomed to take over, the only woman everyone believes worthy of Waylon Lewis.

With these advantages, Hope could never compare to her, enough for her to look down on her for a lifetime.

No matter. Let her make noise for now. Once she takes over the Lewis family, the only fate for her will be eviction.

Chapter 180: Chapter 180: The Entire Lewis Clan at Your Service Chapter 180: Chapter 180: The Entire Lewis Clan at Your Service Waylon Lewis dropped off Hope Williams and the two babies at home, and on the ride, Hope pondered over her phone.

After a time of inattention, she realized someone had appropriated her reputation, and it was beyond frustrating.

Moreover, from the conversation Alitzel Williams just had on the phone, this imposter had even agreed to perform surgery on Grandpa, which delighted Alitzel to no end.

Hope hadn’t said anything at the moment, keeping a watchful eye instead, curious to see who it might be.

“What are you thinking about?” Waylon glanced at her with a slight tilt of his head.

Hope shook her head and sighed, “Nothing much, just Grandpa’s illness.”

“Because of the lead surgeon?”

Hope nodded faintly; that was one reason.

“I believe you can do it, and Grandpa will too; as for that Cynthia, I don’t believe she has the capability to operate on Grandpa successfully.”

Hope hastily asked, “Why not?”

“She’s selfish and reputed without merit; moreover, I’ve never met her in person, so why should I trust her?”

Luke and Willow internally murmured, the real person is right beside you.

“Selfish? Reputed without merit?” When had her reputation sunk so low.

“She’s not, she is the number one doctor recognized in the medical field, and that’s not all—her surgeries never fail. It’s not an unmerited reputation. Moreover, she charges normal hospital rates for each treatment she provides; how can you call that being selfish?”

Although Hope did not boast about her accomplishments, after all, they were the result of her years of hard work, she was genuinely displeased to hear them dismissed as unmerited reputation.

And what did he mean by selfish? She always charged the standard specialist fees the hospitals set, and never accepted any other gifts.

Waylon had not anticipated such a strong reaction from Hope.

“You’re close to her? Defending her like that.”

Close, of course, she was—how could she not be familiar with herself.

“I... she, she’s my idol.”

“Idol? Then your standards for idols are quite low.”

Hope’s brows throbbed, “What do you mean?”

Waylon freed one hand to take out his phone, flipping through to show Hope a webpage.

Hope’s eyes widened, “You’ve been investigating... her?”

“Mom has been wanting to invite her to treat Grandpa for a while, so naturally, I needed to understand her clearly. This person indeed has a flawless track record in her operations, and her technical abilities are admirable. But recently, there was a severe mistake during a major surgery in Y country, resulting in the patient’s paralysis...”

It was like a bomb had gone off.

Hope’s face stiffened; it was like being at home and suddenly getting hit by a pot falling from the sky.

“Furthermore, there was an auction held in Y country not long ago. Whichever patient bid the highest, she would operate on. It’s commonly known as ‘paying for your life with money’. If that’s not being selfish, what is?”

Hope's expression turned even more rigid, looking as grim as could be.

Not only had this person stolen her identity, but they had also treated patients in such an unconscionable manner.

One could imagine that only the wealthy could enter such an auction, and they had money to spare. Although it was an unsavory practice, these rich people were still willing to pay a fortune for a chance at life.

This was outright ruination of her reputation!

Hope handed the phone back to Waylon and, irritated, looked out the window.

"What's wrong?"

"..."

"Upset to see the true face of your idol?"

"..."

"Hope?"

Hope sighed, "I just want some quiet."

"Daddy, let Mommy be alone for a while." Luke and Willow felt that their Mommy must be about to explode with anger, ready to tear someone apart.

Now was not the time to speak.

It wasn't until they arrived back at Hope's apartment that her mood had remained agitated.

She entered the room and the door slammed shut.

Even the doorframe seemed to shake.

Some imposter had hijacked her identity and had no qualms about tackling a surgery of such caliber—completely using her name to harm people.

Anyone in her position would have been infuriated.

"This person had better not be found out, or she definitely won't let her off."

Waylon Lewis and Luke stood outside the closed door, exchanging looks with Willow, unable to fathom the source of Hope Williams's huge emotional outburst.

Was it just because she found out Cynthia's true identity? Considering Hope William's level of rationality, even if Cynthia was her idol, it shouldn't have upset her this much.

"What on earth is wrong with your mommy?"

Luke glanced at Willow, Willow glanced back at Luke.

Although he was Daddy, Mommy hadn't told him that she herself was Cynthia, so naturally, she had her reasons. Their lips were sealed, and they would not disclose it.

Luke shook his head, "Maybe she's unhappy. Daddy, go and cheer Mommy up."

Waylon's perceptive eyes flickered, sensing that these three were hiding something from him, when suddenly his phone rang.

Waylon answered, "Mom."

"Waylon, Dr. Cynthia is returning to the country tomorrow. Help Mom pick up Dr. Cynthia from the airport."

Waylon glanced at the firmly shut door of Hope's room, "Not going."

"Why not?"

"I'm busy."

"No matter how busy you are, your grandfather's health is more important. Dr. Cynthia is capricious; it's rare for her to agree to return. You must go, understand?"

"Let Wyatt Lewis do it."

"Can I trust that boy Wyatt to handle things? I don't care; your grandfather's health is the top priority. You must pick up Cynthia. That's it. I'm hanging up."

Gently pushing open the door, Waylon entered a room devoid of light, where he could see a slender figure standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, arms crossed.

Hope exhaled softly.

A warm chest pressed against her from behind, "Tell me what's wrong. Who's upset you?"

Hope held onto his hand that was resting on her lower abdomen, her gaze falling outside the window, "Nothing, it's my own issue. I'll take care of it."

"I have something to tell you."

“Go ahead.”

“Cynthia is coming back to the country.”

A cold light flashed in Hope’s eyes, “When?”

“Tomorrow, Mom asked me to pick her up from the airport.”

Without hesitation, Hope firmly stated, “You’re not going.”

“I wasn’t planning to, but are you jealous?”

Looking outside the window, Hope’s eyes smoldered with anger.

Waylon realized that whenever Cynthia was mentioned, Hope seemed to harbor a deep-seated grudge, her mood immediately turning sour.

“I’ll pick her up personally,” Hope gritted her teeth, she wanted to see who dared to impersonate her.

“Why do you always react as if you have a bitter hatred every time her name comes up? Do you have a grudge?” Waylon asked lightly.

“Yeah, a grudge.”

“What kind of grudge?”

“She owes me five million and hasn’t paid it back,” Hope fabricated an excuse.

Waylon chuckled softly, kissing her hair, “Then you should definitely retrieve it.”

“Right, so let me go tomorrow.”

“Hmm, do you need me to send some people to beat her up for you?”

Waylon’s words managed to coax a laugh out of Hope, “You think I’m a mob boss?”

Imagine bringing a group of underlings to collect debts; the image was altogether too striking.

Waylon laughed softly, “If you wish, the entire Lewis Clan is at your service.”

Was she to let the entire staff of the Lewis Clan play the role of her underlings, helping her, the mob boss, show a forceful presence? What a spectacle that would be.

Hope shook her head, smiling gently, "Waylon, I've noticed you are getting cheekier by the day."

Waylon turned and kissed Hope's cheek, "Feeling better?"

"Much better..."

"Then let's sleep." Waylon picked up Hope and laid her on the bed, his hands starting to roam restlessly over her body.