

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

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Chapter 181: Chapter 181 Shameless Enough Chapter 181: Chapter 181 Shameless Enough “Then let’s go to sleep.” Waylon Lewis picked up Hope Williams and placed her on the bed, his hands restlessly roaming up and down her body.

“You...” Hope Williams raised her hand to stop him, only to notice that his eyes were calm, devoid of any frivolous thoughts.

“What’s wrong?” Seeing her cheeks flush, Waylon Lewis chuckled teasingly, “Why are you blushing?”

“What... are you doing...?”

“Helping you undress, taking you to bathe. What were you thinking?”

Hope Williams blushed even more at his teasing, certain that this man was doing it on purpose.

After what happened last night, Waylon Lewis might have had the desire but definitely didn’t dare to go through with anything.

Hope Williams bit her lower lip, “I’ll go by myself.”

Watching the speed with which Hope Williams rushed into the bathroom, Waylon Lewis chuckled softly.

Hope Williams got up early in the morning; last night, Waylon Lewis had waited for her to fall asleep before returning.

Aunt Bailey had already prepared breakfast, but Hope Williams didn’t see Luke or Willow, the two little ones, “Haven’t they woken up yet?”

“Mr. Lewis said to let you rest more, and he would take care of the children,” Aunt Bailey replied.

Hope Williams nodded, “I see.”

“Miss, are you going out?”

“Yes, I have some things to do.”

“Mr. Lewis has already arranged for someone and a car downstairs,” Aunt Bailey reminded her.

Hope Williams glanced out the window and indeed saw the Lewis Family’s car parked downstairs.

Hope Williams smiled lightly, “He sure arranges everything so well.”

Aunt Bailey continued to smile, “Mr. Lewis really spoils you.”

Hope Williams’ smile grew a little brighter.

When Hope Williams came downstairs, a man was leaning lazily against the car, his arrogant and unrestrained face topped with a pair of exaggerated sunglasses.

It was Wyatt Lewis.

“Your brother sent you to be the driver?”

When Wyatt Lewis saw Hope Williams coming down, he tightened up his lazy posture, snuffed out his cigarette, and smirked, “Yeah, sister-in-law. I heard you were going out to fight. My brother asked me to protect you. He also said if you get even slightly hurt, he’ll skin me alive.”

Hope Williams, “...”

“So, sister-in-law, you really must let me have the chance to rush to the front,” Wyatt Lewis said as he opened the car door for Hope Williams, all but ready to serve.

“Don’t listen to the nonsense your brother spouts.” Hope Williams shook her head helplessly.

Arriving at the airport, even the well-experienced Wyatt Lewis was shocked, “What’s the big occasion today?”

A line of luxury cars was parked outside the airport terminal, each with their own bodyguards, as if ready to snatch someone; media reporters had already set up their interview equipment on the sidelines.

Hope Williams’ starry eyes narrowed slightly.

At that moment, a petite figure was being escorted out of the airport, surrounded by bodyguards.

The crowd instantly erupted with excitement, and someone shouted, "It's Doctor Cynthia!"

"Doctor Cynthia!"

Many media reporters received news of Cynthia's return to the country, and Ellie Field had used her social media account to post a photo in Cynthia's name before returning, with the caption: "Coming home soon."

Thus, 'Cynthia's' real face was revealed even before she disembarked from her flight.

The mysterious and famous doctor's return to the country excited everyone; Hope Williams had saved many lives, and now that her life-saving benefactor Cynthia was about to appear in public, people gathered at the airport to express their gratitude. Many held bouquets and banners, eagerly awaiting the emergence of Cynthia.

"Ellie Field?" Hope Williams furrowed her brows, Cynthia?

At that moment, understanding suddenly dawned upon her as if she had found the answer.

She pushed the car door open and got out. Seeing Hope Williams alighting with a fierce momentum, Wyatt Lewis did not dare to slack off and immediately stepped forward to clear the way.

With so many people around, what if someone bumped into his sister-in-law? His brother would never let him off the hook.

Despite the crowd, with Wyatt Lewis's imposing figure leading the way, Hope Williams quickly approached Ellie Field.

Ellie Field was visibly startled when she saw Hope Williams standing before her with a gloomy expression.

Ellie Field was a young girl Hope Williams had saved in Country Y years ago. Feeling sorry for her, Hope had pleaded with her master to let her stay in the temple.

Later, when she wanted to learn medicine, Hope had spoken to the master on her behalf. Though Ellie Field was not particularly talented, the master nonetheless took her on as a disciple.

Hope felt that learning from the master, even if she was not very talented, would grant her a skill that would serve her well for a lifetime.

“Sister, I’ve finally found you.” Ellie Field was not particularly pretty, her face too sharp and thin, giving her a look of cleanliness rather than beauty. Her small and petite stature easily stirred a man’s protective instinct.

“It was you who impersonated me!”

Ellie Field looked at Hope Williams in surprise, wary of the people around her, and pulled Hope aside to speak in a low voice.

“Impersonated? Sister, how can you say that about me? I’m your junior, I just borrowed your identity for a bit. You can’t be so stingy.”

Her mouth puckered as she spoke, adept at playing cute for sympathy.

Hope responded coldly, “Since it was borrowed, you can give it back now. Don’t use my identity to cheat and deceive again.”

“Cheating and deceiving? Sister, aren’t you being too harsh?”

Hope Williams’s brows drew together with a chilling intent. She still remembered the first time she met her, a timid, raggedy little girl from the countryside, easily reduced to tears by a joking word from Liam Cloud.

And now she was dressed in finery, exuding arrogance, like a nouveau riche.

“Ellie Field!”

Seeing Hope Williams become angry, Ellie Field pouted coquettishly, “Oh sister, you don’t know how useful this identity is. You’re the best, sister. After all, you don’t care about these things; why don’t you just give me the ‘Cynthia’ identity?”

An uncontrollable twitch passed through Hope’s delicate eyebrows; she had never seen someone so shamelessly thick-faced.

“‘Cynthia’ is rightfully me. What do you mean ‘give it to you’?”

“Oh, sister, you’re such a miser, it’s just an identity. What’s wrong with giving it to me?”

The coquettish sound of her voice disgusted Hope, “Stay away from me.”

“So, you won’t give it to me?” Ellie Field’s face immediately became brazen, as if she had torn off a disguise to reveal her true nature.

“It doesn’t matter. I’ve already taken it, and once taken, it’s mine. I was just kindly asking you, but if you don’t agree, there’s nothing I can do.”

As she spoke, she looked at Hope Williams with a face full of disdain, as if saying, 'I offered you face and you don't want it.'

"You should know, I'm also a disciple of the master. Whatever you know, I know too. Now everyone knows I'm 'Cynthia'. Go ahead, try to tell people otherwise and see who believes you. Don't be so stubborn, sister. I've earned more with this identity than you ever did.

Just look at the way you're dressed, so poor and shabby, then look at me. See the difference? Do you want me to give you some money to buy clothes?"

With a "smack,"

Hope Williams grabbed her hair and fiercely slapped her arrogant and smug face.

"I asked the master to take you as a disciple not to cheat and deceive, but for you to start from the ground up and work step by step. And you wanted to soar straight to the sky.

Is this how you repay me for saving you?"

Ellie Field covered her face and began to cry loudly, "Why would you hit me? What did I do wrong? I'm 'Cynthia,' do you dare to hit me? It hurts, it really hurts!"

Ellie Field's sharp voice immediately drew the attention of the surrounding people.

"Why would you hit Doctor 'Cynthia'?"

Chapter 182: Chapter 182: How to Prove You Are Cynthia Chapter 182: Chapter 182: How to Prove You Are Cynthia "Why did you assault Dr. Cynthia?"

Who is Cynthia?

She is akin to a legendary figure, having saved countless lives with her exceptional skills. She never puts on airs and fights to save every patient until the very last moment. Her hands, holding the scalpel, never falter during surgery.

Cynthia has a multitude of supporters, and now that she was attacked without cause, they naturally would not let Hope Williams get away with it.

"Yeah, that's too much. How could you just hit someone like that?"

"Who are you? You're really too arrogant. Do you know who she is? She's Cynthia, the Saintly Healer who tops the list in the medical field at such a young age. How dare you attack her—we won't let you off."

“Dr. Cynthia, rest assured, we will avenge you.”

Ellie Field cried even louder, “Miss, I don’t know what I did to offend you but you suddenly lashed out at me, and my face really hurts.”

“Apologize, you must apologize, or we will each slap you in return.”

“That’s right, you must give it back.”

“Let’s see who dares!” Wyatt Lewis said in a cold, angry voice.

Seeing Wyatt Lewis step forward to speak, the momentum of many people weakened somewhat.

Who didn’t recognize the second young master of the Lewis Family, Wyatt Lewis!

“What’s going on here?” A gentle and refined voice sounded, and Vivia Fuller came over in a black ladies’ suit, holding a designer bag, her presence commanding.

“Oh? Dr. Cynthia, what happened to you? Who hit your face?” Vivia Fuller asked ostensibly surprised, tugging at Ellie Field.

“I don’t know why but this miss just went crazy and attacked me,” Ellie Field said weakly.

Vivia Fuller looked at Hope Williams standing beside her with a complex expression, her features cold.

“Miss Williams, what are you doing? Don’t you know that Dr. Cynthia came back to operate on Grandpa Lewis? How could you hit Dr. Cynthia? If you injure Dr. Cynthia and delay Grandpa Lewis’s surgery, won’t you be harming him? How could you do that?”

Vivia Fuller was filled with righteous indignation.

“That’s right, Sister Hope, you went too far. Quickly apologize to Dr. Cynthia and beg her forgiveness, otherwise, if Grandpa Lewis’s condition is indeed delayed, can you bear the responsibility?”

Mia Fuller seemed to catch an opportunity to harshly criticize Hope Williams, her voice rising.

Ellie Field cried even more inconsolably, as if intending to cry out all her tears.

The three women took turns attacking Hope Williams as if they wanted to drown her in their spit.

After a moment, Hope Williams, who had not yet spoken, let out a cold chuckle, “You say you’re Cynthia?”

Ellie Field lifted her chin, “I am Cynthia.”

“How do you prove it?”

“I am me, I need no proof,” she said arrogantly, only making Hope Williams laugh.

“Okay, remember what you said today.”

Ellie Field’s endless guilt caused a moment of chaos on her face, but then she straightened her lips. With everyone taking her side, she obviously could not just let Hope Williams off the hook, “You’re questioning my identity?”

“Am I questioning? I am declaring that you are not Cynthia!”

The surroundings suddenly erupted with intense shock.

Someone had directly challenged the identity of Cynthia.

“Miss Field appears to be in her early twenties, right? Cynthia’s first public surgery was in the late part of five years ago—heart transplant surgery. That means Miss Field had the capacity at the age of 15 to perform heart transplantation, an operation normally completed by department heads.”

It is commonly known that heart transplant surgery is the most difficult and has the highest failure rate among all heart surgeries,
At fifteen, she was still a child, an age to be in middle school.

Even with the highest of qualifications, it’s impossible that she could have completed such a level of surgery at that age.

Not to mention, being the lead surgeon for a heart transplant at fifteen, handling a heart that still beats in one’s palm—her mental resilience must be extremely strong.

Whispers arose, and Ellie Field immediately felt questioning glances cast her way.

“I…”

Hope Williams curved her lips, drawing a light breath, “Why don’t you explain?”

Ellie Field’s face turned ugly as she cried, “You hit me, and I didn’t even hold you accountable, yet what more do you want? Now you’re slandering me by saying I’m not Cynthia? What have you got against me? Why are you being so aggressive? Fine, since you want proof, I’ll give it to you.”

Ellie Field rummaged through her handbag with a fierce determination and quickly pulled out a piece of paper, unfolding it to reveal a recommendation letter.

She displayed the recommendation letter to the onlookers, "Before returning to my country, I was the department head at the General Hospital of Country Y, and this is a recommendation letter from Director Delacey of that hospital, with her personal signature and the hospital's official stamp."

Vivia Fuller took it and examined it closely, nodding, "Indeed, it bears the stamp of the General Hospital of Country Y."

"Do you doubt my identity, even with Director Delacey's signature and the hospital's stamp?" Ellie Field spoke with a voice filled with grievance.

The crowd fell into a complex entanglement.

Fifteen years old, that possibility seemed too small.

But who was Director Delacey? The head of the General Hospital of Country Y, a figure of great authority; her personal signature and stamp couldn't possibly be forgeries.

"Dr. Cynthia, I believe in you. You are Cynthia. Director Delacey's signature and stamp can't be faked. We have all seen your skills, I trust you," Vivia Fuller stood firmly behind Ellie Field.

Vivia Fuller was too clever not to have doubts.

She didn't believe in Ellie Field; she simply did not want Hope Williams to win.

With one person speaking out, others around began to let go of their doubts, voicing their support.

"Yes, we also choose to believe. Dr. Cynthia, we have never questioned you."

"Indeed, Dr. Cynthia, we all believe in you."

Ellie Field's complex gaze shifted towards Hope Williams, bringing everyone's attention with her.

Hope Williams snorted, "You certainly came well-prepared."

She had even stolen the recommendation letter not taken from her room.

Ellie Field tilted her chin up, full of pride, "You still don't believe it?"

"Identity can be assumed, recommendation letters can be stolen, right? If you want people to believe in you, prove it with your abilities," Hope Williams said, calm and indifferent.

"Dr. Cynthia, we believe in you. Since someone doubts you, then use your skills to shut them up."

"Yes, Dr. Cynthia, rest assured, we all believe in you. Since she doesn't trust you, use your abilities to emphatically prove her wrong."

The people immediately said indignantly.

Hope Williams was unruffled.

"Dr. Cynthia, you must have quite a few surgeries lined up, right? Then conduct them publicly, let us all witness it, we will wait and see," Hope Williams smiled.

Hope Williams was right, to convince everyone, perform the surgeries publicly. Everyone knew Cynthia's surgeries were unparalleled, the most direct way to prove she was Cynthia, and all nodded in agreement.

"How about it, don't you dare?"

"I am Cynthia, why wouldn't I dare?" Ellie Field agreed reluctantly, as with so many people watching, she couldn't say no to Hope Williams.

And this was exactly what Hope Williams intended.

"Dr. Cynthia? What are you all doing here? Hope Williams, Wyatt Lewis, what is going on?" Alitzel Williams had been waiting at home for some time and, anxious that Cynthia might be poached by another family, had hurried over only to see the scene before her.

Alitzel Williams blinked in surprise, and Mia Fuller approached to explain, "Aunt Lewis, there's been a misunderstanding. Miss Williams doubted Dr. Cynthia's authenticity and even hit her."

Alitzel Williams felt her forehead tremble with anger at the words.

Mia Fuller curled her lips, "Miss Williams, regardless, I would still advise you to apologize to Dr. Cynthia, after all, you did hit her."

"Hope Williams, apologize," Alitzel Williams listened, her head throbbing with anger.

Chapter 183: Chapter 183 Hope Williams, hurry up and come apologize to me Chapter 183: Chapter 183 Hope Williams, hurry up and come apologize to me “Hope Williams apologizes.” Alitzel Williams felt a headache coming on from anger.

She kept saying she was doing this for the old man’s sake, but the moment she got off the plane, she had hit the old man’s chief surgeon. She was clearly doing him harm on purpose.

Initially, they wouldn’t dare compete with the Lewis Family for a doctor, but now that their own family member had offended the doctor first, there was no better time to act.

“Doctor Cynthia, our family’s car is parked nearby, why don’t you come and sit at our house?”

“Doctor Cynthia, you should come to our house instead, our old lady has been feeling unwell with her heart, and she has long wanted you to come have a look.”

“Doctor Cynthia...”

“What are you doing?” Alitzel Williams shouted angrily, “Doctor Cynthia was invited by our Lewis Family, why should she treat you first?”

“It’s because your family member was so unreasonable and offended Doctor Cynthia.”

“Exactly, exactly, let Doctor Cynthia operate on my son first; my son can’t wait any longer.”

“No, Doctor Cynthia, you had previously promised me!” Alitzel Williams insisted fiercely and glared at Hope Williams, “Hope Williams, come here and apologize to me right now.”

“Did you hear that? Hurry up and apologize.” Alitzel Williams was really desperate and furiously pulled Hope Williams forward.

“Miss Williams, you better apologize quickly.”

“Exactly, apologize, apologize!”

Hope Williams instantly became the target of everyone’s criticism.

Ellie Field covered her face, smiled triumphantly, and, turning to hold Alitzel Williams’s hand, said, “Aunt Williams, I will definitely keep my promise. I’ll go with you to the Lewis’ place.”

Who in Emperor Capital City could compare to the Lewis Family? She wasn’t foolish; naturally, she would go to the Lewis Family.

Moreover, she had heard that the eldest young master of the Lewis Family, Waylon Lewis, was almost a god-like figure.

She had seen that man on television before, and he was so handsome that it made her heart flutter.

If she entered the Lewis Family, she would have a chance to get close to Waylon Lewis, and getting close to Waylon Lewis would give her a chance to become the lady of the Lewis Family.

Then her life would really take off.

Hearing Ellie Field say this, Alitzel Williams finally relaxed and held her hand tightly, “Good child, you really are a good child. Please, don’t hold a grudge against Hope Williams. I’ll make her apologize to you.”

“Hope Williams, Doctor Cynthia isn’t holding it against you, why aren’t you apologizing...”

“Why should she apologize?”

Just then, a magnetic and bold voice rang out, and a tall and upright figure stepped out of the car.

The man, in a neatly tailored black suit, exuded an imposing aura, walking towards them with an air of dignity.

Ellie Field stood next to Hope Williams, foolishly staring at the man’s face that could throw the world into chaos, and as she saw the man walking towards her, her heart trembled uncontrollably, as if it might jump out of her chest.

Waylon Lewis!

He was the man she had only seen on television but had fantasized about countless times in her dreams.

A man like him was someone she would never be able to meet under normal circumstances, but now, using Hope Williams’s identity with Doctor Cynthia, this man was walking towards her.

Ellie Field bit her lip, thrilled internally, his approach making her breathing more and more rapid. His presence was both intimidating and wildly intoxicating.

He was here.

He was here.

Such a top-level man was walking towards her.

Really walking towards her.

Ellie Field looked at the man who was getting closer and closer, her eyes increasingly fixated on him.

When the man stopped, her eyes sparkled, and she couldn't wait to reach out and touch him.

"Hello, I am..."

"It's chilly, why are you wearing so little? What if you catch a cold?"

Ellie Field was stunned, her pupils constricted as she watched the man stand in front of Hope Williams, draping his jacket over Hope Williams's shoulders, and tenderly fixing her hair with a gentle and affectionate tone.

"Why did you come over?"

Hope Williams felt warmth on her body as the man's breath approached her, and she looked up at him with a tender smile.

"You didn't return my call, I was worried about you."

Hope Williams patted her pocket, "I left my phone in the car, forgot to bring it down."

Waylon Lewis's deep eyes carried a faint smile, "Well, I missed you too, so I came over."

Ellie Field's face stiffened horribly. What was the relationship between this man and Hope Williams?

Why was he looking at her with nothing but love in his eyes?

From a close distance, just seeing the man's profile made Ellie Field feel her heart pounding madly, to the point of suffocation.

Why did such a man belong to Hope Williams?

Why did she feel like all the good things in the world belonged to Hope Williams?

She had always been inferior to Hope Williams in everything—medical skills, reputation, appearance, and the affection of their mentors and seniors; Hope Williams suppressed her completely.

Now that she had finally turned the tables, why didn't she even deserve a glance?

That just couldn't happen.

Absolutely not.

She was the renowned Cynthia.

She clenched her hands tightly.

Ellie Field's thoughts completely fell into Vivian Fuller's eyes; Vivian Fuller coldly snorted with disdain and repulsion, Hope Williams was one thing, but Ellie Field, a counterfeit, was trying to court Waylon, way out of her league.

Ellie Field took a few steps towards Waylon Lewis, forcefully suppressing her excited heart, "Mr. Lewis, hello, I am Cynthia..."

Waylon Lewis's eyebrows slightly raised, he glanced at Ellie Field, his eyes, which were gentle on Hope Williams, turned ice-cold instantly.

"Do you need something?"

Ellie Field was startled by his cold voice and chilling gaze.

Vivian Fuller looked at her and silently cursed, "She's beneath contempt."

To think she'd embarrass herself in front of Waylon Lewis, she absolutely lacks self-awareness!

"Mr. Lewis, I am Cynthia..."

Why did she announce she was Cynthia, and he showed no reaction, his gaze colder than if he were looking at a rock by the roadside!

"Oh, then?" Waylon Lewis was obviously impatient.

Vivian Fuller rolled her eyes at Ellie Field, stepped forward, and said with a faint smile, "Brother Waylon, this is Doctor Cynthia who operated on Grandpa Lewis. Doctor Cynthia just had a little misunderstanding with Miss Williams."

Vivian Fuller gave Ellie Field a tug, and Ellie Field immediately got the hint, covering her face and squeezing out tears, crying, "It really hurts."

"Doctor Cynthia, maybe I should take you to the hospital; that swelling on your face doesn't look good," Vivian Fuller said.

"Yes, go get it treated at the hospital, otherwise, we'd feel very sorry," Alitzel Williams spoke, glaring at Hope Williams, always causing trouble.

"It's fine, no need, but I can't just be hit by this lady for no reason. Please, apologize to me." Ellie Field was now unwilling to let it go.

Hope Williams's eyebrows lifted slightly and she spoke indifferently, "I won't apologize to you because you deserved it. Whether you are Cynthia or not, you know yourself.

However, since you insist that you are, let's let your abilities do the talking.

How about a bet? If you can prove yourself to be Cynthia enough, I'll let you slap me back tenfold."

Ellie Field's wary eyes narrowed. Tenfold slap back!

She had practiced diligently over the years, considering herself quite good, and she had to repay this slap.

Tenfold!

Good, she'd make Hope Williams pay dearly later, embarrass her in front of this man, and see if he would ever want her.

Thinking this, Ellie Field felt cheerful inside.

"Good, I hope you keep your word."

Hope Williams gave a cool smile and raised her hand, "Everyone here can bear witness."

Waylon Lewis's icy gaze froze Ellie Field with a look that seemed enough to freeze someone to death.

Chapter 184: Chapter 184 It's Me Who No One Can Take Away Chapter 184: Chapter 184 It's Me Who No One Can Take Away "Okay, it's a deal." Ellie Field gritted her teeth, her face full of determination.

Hope Williams tugged lightly at the corners of her mouth, a hint of mockery flashing in her beautiful eyes.

Hope didn't speak again. Waylon Lewis raised his hand and gently stroked the center of her frowning brow, "Why won't you say it?"

"What?"

"You are Cynthia."

Hope's eyes shook slightly, a flicker of surprise passing indiscernibly.

"Hmm?"

Hope quickly smiled lightly, "If she wants to take it, I'll give her the chance. But what's mine is mine; I will let her reach the top, and then I'll cast her into hell."

Hope was never a Holy Mother; she was a woman who took her revenge seriously.

What belonged to her was hers unless she decided otherwise. No one else could dream of taking it away.

Hope pursed her lips and looked at Waylon, "Is that a bit wicked?"

Waylon, massaging the top of Hope's hair, chuckled softly, his voice murmuring, "It's wicked, but I like it. Need help?"

"No need, I can handle it myself."

"Alright."

Hope liked to handle things herself, so Waylon wouldn't interfere.

The two stood close together, although people around could see their lips moving, they couldn't hear what was being said.

Vivia and Mia Fuller, standing nearby, were nearly grinding their teeth. Envy swamped them, and their sinister eyes wanted nothing more than to tear Hope Williams apart and take her place.

Ellie Field was foolishly fixated on the man, while Alitzel Williams said something beside her, to which she responded absent-mindedly.

Her heart furiously swore.

This man, she must have him.

She could dominate Hope Williams' identity.

She could have Hope's man too.

Just you wait, dear "sister"; I'm going to take everything from you.

"Aunt Williams, may I see Grandpa Lewis today? I want to understand his condition sooner, so I can prepare a treatment plan for his surgery as soon as possible," Ellie Field turned to address Alitzel Williams.

Alitzel, of course, was more than eager, “Yes, yes, of course.”

Ellie Field smiled faintly, as if everything was within her grasp.

When Hope and Waylon left, Wyatt Lewis had nothing to do with it; he was dragged away by Alitzel Williams to drive the car. Alitzel seemed thrilled, taking Ellie Field back like she’d found a treasure.

“Sis, can we trust this ‘Cynthia’?” Mia Fuller eyed her with venom, “She looks so infatuated with Brother Waylon, it’s disgusting.”

Vivia Fuller watched the Lewis’ cars depart, glancing at Mia Fuller and coldly smiling, “Whether she’s reliable or not doesn’t matter as long as she can help us deal with Hope Williams.”

Mia then smirked. Right, as long as they could deal with Hope, her reliableness didn’t matter.

She hoped to see a fierce battle between them, where she could benefit like a fisherman reaping the rewards.

...

The car stopped at the Lewis family’s old mansion.

Waylon led Hope out of the car.

Hope asked in her clear voice, “How did you know I was Cynthia?”

Hope was quite curious; she thought she had hidden it well. Otherwise, Ellie Field wouldn’t have had such an opportunity.

“Luke and Willow told me.”

Hope’s brow twitched, “Impossible.”

Her precious little ones always stood by her, their mouths tightly sealed.

Unless...

“Did you threaten them?” Hope glared at Waylon.

Waylon smiled faintly, “Not really, more like coercion and persuasion.”

Coercion and persuasion!

Goodness, the man had his ways.

“Ah Hey, you must be the sister-in-law, right? Hello, sister-in-law, you’re as beautiful as the rumors said. I’m Enzo White.”

“Ah...”

As Hope entered, a man with a bizarre head of green hair leaped in front of her like a newly evolved human, startling her.

“...Hello, I’m Hope Williams!” Hope glanced at Waylon, seeking confirmation.

“He’s the psychologist I hired for Willow.”

Hope blinked, her gaze sweepingly measuring the green hair on Enzo White’s head, then with an awkward yet polite smile, she turned back to Waylon, “You sure?”

“He’s always like this.”

“Sister-in-law, don’t you think this hairstyle is very fashionable?”

Hope tugged at her lip, “...Fashionable... I guess!”

It wasn’t that Hope didn’t believe he was a psychologist, but his appearance was just like a juvenile delinquent, possibly more unruly than Wyatt.

“Sister-in-law, I conducted a simple psychological treatment for Willow this morning. Actually, I think what Willow really lacks is companionship. It’d be best for her to often stay in lively environments; it would help her recovery.”

Hope mused, “Often in a lively environment? Should we send Willow to school?”

“There’s no need to send her to school, Little Hope; don’t you think it’s lively here at Grandpa’s?”

“Sister-in-law, the Lewis household is lively enough. Why don’t you stay here at the Lewis residence so that Willow can be in a lively environment at all times?”

The Lewis residence was indeed livelier than her apartment. When she went to work, Luke and Willow only had Aunt Bailey for company, and when she worked overtime, Luke and Willow had to sleep alone.

“Wait, Willow let you approach her?”

Hope suddenly realized an issue; Willow had been very resistant to unfamiliar people touching her since she stopped talking, due to a lack of security.

“Yes, Willow was very well-behaved. Today’s psychological counseling was quite successful,” Enzo White calmly said, “Don’t worry, with my presence, Willow will quickly return to her lively and optimistic self.”

Hope’s brow relaxed.

Alright, she admitted she had judged him by his appearance.

“Luke and Willow are still upstairs in their room, sister-in-law, leave them to me. Don’t worry.”

It seemed this man really had some skill, Hope nodded, “Thank you.”

“Doctor Cynthia, come in.” Alitzel Williams led Ellie Field into the room.

Alitzel’s face beamed, presenting her like a treasure to Grandpa Lewis, “Dad, this is Doctor Cynthia I mentioned before. Doctor Cynthia, this is our Grandpa...”

Alitzel turned her head, and there stood Ellie Field, gazing around the room with light flickering in her eyes.

This place was too luxurious.

Ellie Field was shocked by the luxurious surroundings as soon as she walked in.

It would be wonderful to live here for the rest of her life, to be the mistress of this residence.

“Doctor Cynthia?” Alitzel Williams turned her body and called her again.

Immersed in the spectacle before her, Ellie genuinely couldn’t pull herself away; it was her first time entering such a luxurious place.

“Doctor Cynthia!”

Alitzel tugged at her lips, a hint of displeasure in her eyes. Scanning around someone’s home freely was an impolite behavior.

She felt the ‘Doctor Cynthia’ had the air of Grandma Bates stepping into the Grand View Garden for the first time.

Chapter 185: Chapter 185 Just Like A Clown Enjoying Himself Chapter 185: Chapter 185 Just Like A Clown Enjoying Himself “Ah?” Finally, Ellie Field snapped back to attention, her gaze flying back to Alitzel Williams. “Aunt Williams, please continue.”

Alitzel Williams pulled a wry face, slightly at a loss for words, but after all, she was counting on the renowned Cynthia to perform the surgery on Old Master Lewis. Although dissatisfied with her impoliteness, she still wore a smile, “Dr. Cynthia, please examine my father-in-law soon; we’re hoping to proceed with the surgery as quickly as possible.”

“Of course, I’ll start with...”

“No need,” Old Master Lewis raised his hand to stop her, displeased. “Little Hope can treat my illness; I trust her.”

Seeing Grandpa Lewis’s stubbornness, Alitzel Williams pleaded earnestly, “Dad, you can’t be so rigid. Dr. Cynthia is the best cardiologist there is, even if you favor Little Hope, you can’t joke about your own health.”

“Grandpa Lewis, please let me examine you, please trust me,” Ellie Field urged, taking a desperate step forward.

If this old guy didn’t want her treatment, how could she get close to the Lewis Family, close to Waylon Lewis?

You stubborn old man, just agree already!

“I said...”

A hand gently patted the Elder Lewis’s shoulder. Hope Williams glanced at Ellie Field, a hint of cold disdain reflecting in her eyes, “Grandpa, since this ‘Dr. Cynthia’ is so confident, why don’t you let her have a look? It’s okay.”

Ellie Field stared at Hope Williams. Was she really being kind enough to help her out?

Who knew what she was really up to.

It was better to keep her guard up.

Elder Lewis looked at Hope Williams questioningly, and she nodded slightly; she knew he was worried that this would hurt Alitzel Williams’s feelings.

Finally, Elder Lewis agreed to let Ellie Field examine him.

After a thorough checkup, Ellie Field declared, “Don’t worry, Grandpa Lewis’s heartbeat is mostly stable now, but conservative treatments won’t work in the long run. Surgery is needed to solve the root issue—I suggest doing it sooner rather than later.”

Alitzel Williams looked at Ellie Field excitedly, “Dr. Cynthia, are you confident about the success of the surgery?”

Ellie Field paused for a second, then steeled her nerve to say, "I am, don't worry."

"True to Dr. Cynthia's reputation, then we'll entrust Old Master's surgery to you. Additionally, I have another request to ask of you."

"Auntie, please tell me."

"I think it would be best if Dr. Cynthia stayed with the Lewis family for the time being. That way, you can keep an eye on Old Master's condition at all times, and it's also more convenient, isn't it?"

Inside, Ellie Field was ecstatic; she had been worried how to remain with the Lewis Family.

And now, Alitzel Williams had just offered her the opportunity.

More than willing, she was utterly thrilled!

This was just too perfect.

Ellie Field made a point not to appear overly delighted, offering a shallow smile, "Of course, that's fine."

Hope Williams stood to the side, listening quietly, without objection, but her eyes betrayed a hint of faint scorn.

Seeing Hope's reaction, Ellie Field looked at her triumphantly, only to have her gaze snagged by the man standing next to Hope Williams, the sight of whom always sent her heart racing.

But why wasn't she the woman beside this outstanding man?

Instead, it was Hope Williams, that contemptible woman.

Ellie Field felt overwhelming resentment boiling inside her.

"Little Emma, show Dr. Cynthia to the guest room to rest," Alitzel Williams called out to a servant.

"May I ask Young Master Lewis to take me instead?" Ellie Field said timidly, her eyes on Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis's gaze shifted indifferently, his cold eyes landing on Ellie Field.

The man's look quickened Ellie Field's breath.

Waylon Lewis found this woman, who kept casting flirtatious glances his way, repulsive. If not for Hope Williams wanting to handle the situation herself, he would've had her thrown out already.

Hope Williams glared at Waylon, then strode forward, grabbing Ellie Field by the arm with her usual cool voice, "I'll take you."

With an unmistakable authority in her voice.

She didn't give Ellie Field a chance to refuse, dragging her upstairs.

Ellie Field was no match for Hope Williams's strength and struggled in vain as she was forcibly brought to the guest room on the second floor. There, Hope Williams released her hand.

Ellie Field was livid, she snapped, "Are you insane? You're hurting me."

"Stealing an identity isn't enough for you? Now you want to steal my man too?" Hope Williams spat coldly.

"Sister, I went so far as to call you 'sister'; do you really need to be so petty and hold onto this forever? Isn't everyone believing that I am Cynthia a good thing?"

"Ellie Field, humanity has its dignity just as trees have their bark. Shame on those who have none; today, I've truly seen it all. From now on, stop calling me your sister, having a 'sister' like you is disgusting."

Ellie Field took a few steps toward Hope Williams, "You think I wanted this, Hope Williams? Just you wait, I'll take everything from you, and then I'll slap you back twice as hard.

Why don't you just give up now? Save yourself the embarrassment. I'm not who I used to be, I can easily perform surgeries of Old Master Lewis's caliber."

Hope Williams gazed at her as if looking at an idiot.

If Grandpa Lewis's surgery was really so simple, why would she be so worried?

Footsteps approached, and a familiar voice reached her ear.

"Little Hope, have you shown Dr. Cynthia to the guest room?"

Upon hearing this, a wicked smile spread over Ellie Field's lips. She took two steps forward and suddenly crashed into Hope Williams, and fell to the ground with a cry of "Ah," then started to scream in pain on her own.

A look of intense disgust crossed Hope Williams's eyes. This tired trick, and she was playing it quite well.

She watched quietly, as one might watch a clown amusing himself.

Hope Williams could already imagine what she would say next.

"Miss Williams, why did you push me? All I did was ask you to show the way, what have I done to offend you?" Ellie Field's tears streamed down, assuming the most wronged posture in the world.

"What have you done now, Hope Williams?" Alitzel Williams came over in anger, glaring at Hope Williams.

You slapped someone, and they didn't even hold it against you, and now you've pushed them over too? Are you trying to turn the world upside down?

Now Ellie Field was Alitzel Williams's precious gem.

"Aunt Williams, I really don't know why Miss Williams hates me so much. Is it just because I've become Grandpa Lewis's chief surgeon, taking your place?"

Ellie Field cried out.

"But that's all because you lacked the skills to operate on Grandpa Lewis, can you blame me for that? You're really being too much."

Hope Williams coldly raised her hand.

"Stop a second."

Her voice was cold, "I pushed you?"

Ellie Field's voice choked, "Wasn't it you?"

The corner of Hope Williams's mouth curled up, and she looked up at the surveillance camera facing this way, "Check the surveillance, it's all there in plain sight."

Ellie Field suddenly looked up to see one of the cameras pointing right at her.

Ellie Field was scared witless in an instant.

To check the surveillance... The fact that she deliberately bumped into Hope Williams and then fell would be crystal clear.

No way.

“I...”

Hope Williams interrupted, “Hurry and check the surveillance.”

“Don’t check it,” Ellie Field shouted.

Alitzel Williams looked on in astonishment.

Ellie Field was grinding her teeth, “... Aunt Williams, I fell by myself...”

Alitzel Williams glanced at Hope Williams, then at Ellie Field, who suddenly changed her story, “Are you really sure, Dr. Cynthia?”

Ellie Field bit her lip, saying nothing.

Hope Williams spoke indifferently, “We should still check the surveillance.”

“Don’t, it was me, it really was. I fell myself, it has nothing to do with Miss Williams.”

Alitzel Williams’s eyebrows knitted together, “Then why did you just say Hope Williams pushed you?”

Ellie Field’s chest heaved violently as she racked her brain for an excuse, “Because... because I, I remembered it wrong...”
“Remembered wrong?”

Alitzel Williams had lived a long time; if she couldn’t tell right from wrong at her age, she might as well not have lived at all.

She released Ellie Field’s hand, her voice turning a few degrees colder, “Dr. Cynthia seems to have a poor memory, perhaps you should go to the hospital and have your brain checked.”

Detecting the sarcasm in Alitzel Williams’s voice, Ellie Field could have sworn to turn Hope Williams to ashes.

With that, Alitzel Williams turned and left.

Hope Williams looked at Ellie Field with a radiant smile, gesturing above her head to the camera, “I’m sorry, I forgot to tell you, this camera is not lit, which means it’s off.”

It’s off!

Ellie Field’s eyes widened in shock, and with a furious gesture, she stepped forward and yelled, “You... you! You’re playing me!”

Chapter 186: Chapter 186: Won't Dare Next Time Chapter 186: Chapter 186: Won't Dare Next Time Ellie Field's eyes suddenly widened as she angrily raised her hand and stepped forward, shouting, "You... you! You played me!"

"Heh heh."

Hope Williams gave an unladylike roll of her eyes, and those chuckles immediately made Ellie Field feel utterly humiliated.

She clenched her fists tightly.

This bitch.

...

Waylon Lewis and Christopher Lewis sat opposite each other at the study's tea table.

The bright light overhead silently shone on the two distinguished men.

"Have you figured out who killed the third brother?" Christopher's voice was stern.

Waylon's hand, while pouring tea, paused imperceptibly.

Christopher's authoritative eyes narrowed slightly.

"Mm," Waylon nodded slightly.

Christopher huffed heavily, "You let him get away?"

"No!" Waylon elegantly sipped his fragrant tea.

"No? Hmph, he's in Emperor Capital, and you couldn't keep him here?" Christopher became angry upon learning this, "The revenge for the third brother must not go unclaimed."

The death of the third brother had plunged the entire Lewis Family into deep sorrow back then; it was a hatred shared by every family member.

Waylon was no exception.

His brow furrowed deeply.

"The Old Master doesn't know about this yet, but if he finds out, do you know the consequences?" Old Master Lewis would be the first not to let Liam Cloud go.

"This man's power is indeed strong, and his existence is a hidden danger for our Lewis Family. If he can attack us once, there can be a second time," Christopher said as he thudded his teacup down on the table.

"This man cannot stay."

Waylon listened as the door closed, the teacup in his palm suddenly shattered.

That day, he had punched Liam Cloud; Liam intentionally didn't dodge because he wanted to show his significance in Hope Williams's eyes.

Waylon had clearly seen the protection in Hope's eyes for Liam.

If he really hurt Liam, could there still be a chance between him and Hope?

...

"Where are Luke and Willow?" Hope Williams gently pushed open the door of Luke and Willow's room, only to see Enzo White.

Enzo pointed at the slightly raised portion of the two small beds, "They played until they were tired and just fell asleep."

Hope walked over gently, looking at the two sweetly sleeping children, Willow holding her doll with the corners of her mouth slightly upturned, dreaming sweetly.

Hope's eyes softened, and he looked up at Enzo White, admiring that this man seemed unreliable, but he indeed had real talent.

Hope nodded slightly and gently gestured towards the doorway, "Let's talk outside."

"Okay."

Hope gently closed the door and turned to nod slightly at Enzo White, "Doctor White is really impressive; Willow hasn't slept this peacefully in a long time."

"Sister-in-law, you're really too polite. It's nothing much; Willow's condition isn't that severe, recovery is just a matter of time, but children still lack companionship. You and Brother Waylon should try to spend more time with the kids."

"Alright, I know, I will."

"If you need anything, contact me. I will also come regularly to treat Willow," said Enzo White, stretching lazily after having spoken a few serious sentences, "I haven't been out in a long time; I need to find Wyatt Lewis and hang out for a bit. I'm off, sister-in-law."

Enzo White and Wyatt Lewis have similar personalities; they seem carefree but become very serious when it matters.

Unbeknownst to Waylon, he sat in the study all night.

After tidying up, Hope went to Waylon's room and didn't see him; she deduced that Waylon must have been busy in the study all night again.

Hope was somewhat annoyed as she pushed open the door, a wave of alcohol fume hit her face.

Waylon sat in the swivel chair with two empty bottles in front of him; hearing the noise, he lifted his eyes filled with tumult.

Hope frowned her delicate brows and walked straight up to Waylon, her red lips pressed into a line.

The light in Waylon's eyes immediately softened, and he raised his hand wanting to pull her towards him, but unexpectedly, she slapped his hand away.

"Waylon Lewis, do you still want to live? It's bad enough you don't sleep at night, but you also drink alcohol? Really impressive."

Hope picked up one of the empty bottles and thudded it on the table.

Her frustration had nowhere to go.

Seeing her anger, Waylon moved his eyes again, and this time successfully pulled her into his arms, sitting her on his lap.

Hope Williams pushed Waylon Lewis, "What are you doing?"

Waylon Lewis tightened his hold on her slightly as his low voice came through.

"Sorry, I won't dare to do it again."

"Next time? You said the same thing last time, Waylon. It's your own body, you can't withstand staying up all night."

"Okay, I really remember this time, won't you stop being mad, please?"

Hope Williams ignored him.

"Have you had breakfast?"

Hope Williams, "Are we talking about that?"

“Seems like you haven’t.” Waylon Lewis stood up while holding her.

“Hey... what are you doing?”

“Taking you to breakfast.”

Hope Williams struggled for a bit and got out of Waylon Lewis’s arms, “I can walk by myself. I’m talking about something serious, can you be serious?”

Hope Williams got slightly annoyed and turned to leave.

Waylon Lewis abruptly grabbed Hope Williams’s hand and forcefully pulled her into his embrace.

“Hope Williams.”

Waylon Lewis’s voice was a bit deep.

“Will you leave me?”

Hope Williams was slightly baffled by Waylon Lewis’s sudden question.

Hope Williams furrowed her brows, blinked, and after being at a loss for a couple of seconds, she countered, “If I wanted to leave, would you let me go?”

“I wouldn’t.”

She could only be his; he wouldn’t allow anyone to take her away, much less let her leave him.

Hope Williams raised her eyebrows, “What you say doesn’t count, it depends on what you do. Waylon Lewis, you hurt me once, and I’ve already turned back for you once. If you, Waylon Lewis, hurt me, Hope Williams, a second time, I will disappear with Luke and Willow forever...” disappear from your world...

A chill touched Hope Williams’s lips, her words being cut off as the man kissed her, and before she could react, the aftermath was seized by the man, his intense kiss making her instinctively want to flee.

But with her back against the wall and the man grabbing her neck, there was no chance for her to escape. His kiss was fiery as if he was about to tear her apart and swallow her, integrating her into his body.

At this moment, Waylon Lewis was not calm.

All night he had thought of all the possibilities, but ultimately, he couldn’t defeat the fact that had settled in his heart.

Hope Williams had a spot in her heart for Liam Cloud, he was certain.

She had been with Liam Cloud for five years, a life-saving grace.

Liam Cloud liked Hope Williams.

These words kept appearing in his mind repeatedly, driving him almost insane.

He couldn't possibly let go of Liam Cloud; he had to take revenge.

But by doing so, Hope Williams would never forgive him.

She was clearly in his arms, yet Waylon Lewis's heart felt empty.

"Hope Williams, let's remarry."

It wasn't a discussion, it was certain.

He wanted to remarry her immediately, not wanting to wait for a moment.

Hope Williams's eyelashes trembled, Waylon Lewis's mood was very off, she had noticed it the moment she came in.

Including the anger mixed in this kiss.

The statement was inevitably impulsive.

"What's wrong with you today?"

"Just say whether you agree or not."

Waylon Lewis's eyes never left Hope Williams's.

"I don't agree." Hope Williams nearly didn't think before giving her answer.

A touch of bitterness reflected in Waylon Lewis's eyes, "Why?"

Hope Williams pushed him away, "Come talk to me about this when you're calm."

Hope Williams turned and walked out of the study.

The study door wasn't closed, Ellie Field walked by the study entrance, catching a glimpse of the man she had longed for day and night.

Chapter 187: Chapter 187: Does Hope Williams Have to Endure in Silence? Chapter 187: Chapter 187: Does Hope Williams Have to Endure in Silence? The study door was left open, and as Ellie Field passed by, she caught sight of the man she'd been longing for.

Ellie adjusted her hair, her eyes filled with a shy approach.

"Mr. Lewis..."

"Get out!"

...

Hope Williams helped Luke and Willow change their clothes and took them downstairs.

Luke and Willow looked at Hope, then at each other, concluding, "Mommy has something on her mind."

"Hmm?"

"Is it because of Daddy? Did you and Daddy fight again?"

Luke's observational skills were not to be underestimated.

Hope let out a sigh, "No, we didn't fight."

"Then it must be some disagreement."

"How could you tell?" Hope gently rubbed the little clever head.

Willow hurriedly wrote on a piece of paper: Bad Daddy is not sticking to Mommy today!

Hope was embarrassed.

That was indeed an absurd reason.

Hope crouched down, "No, Daddy and Mommy haven't fought, nor is it exactly a disagreement. There are just some things Mommy still doesn't understand and temporarily can't agree to something you Daddy wants, I need some time to think it over calmly."

"If you don't understand, you need to figure it out. Things aren't easy between you and Daddy, Mommy. You have Daddy in your heart, and Daddy has bettered himself too, he loves Mommy, don't let small things drive a wedge between you again."

Luke really cared a lot for his Mommy and Daddy.

Hope looked at her son, who seemed so grown-up, and couldn't help but smile.

Luke was right.

"And Mommy, why is Aunt Field, who looks so naughty, here? Isn't she supposed to be in Country Y?"

"Aunt? Luke Williams, is that how you should talk?" Ellie Field stormed over angrily.

"Ah? Aunt Field, don't be angry, be careful not to get frown lines."

"You!" Hope's son was just as infuriating as Hope.

So annoying.

In Country Y, she thought these two bastards were Hope's children with some wild man.

Only today did she find out they were actually Waylon Lewis's children.

How could she be so lucky!

She disliked them in Country Y, and now even more so.

"What are you all doing standing at the staircase?" Alitzel Williams saw them standing there, neither ascending nor descending, and so she asked.

Ellie Field glanced at Hope with disdain and intentionally bumped into Hope's shoulder as she passed her.

Seeing this, Luke's expression turned cold as he discreetly nudged a few paces forward near the potted plants placed alongside the stairs.

A scream followed.

Ellie tripped, and with a "thump," she plunged face-first to the floor.

Alitzel blinked, still unable to react, staring blankly at the person lying in front of her.

It took a moment before she reacted, "Quick, help Dr. Cynthia up."

"Gosh, Aunt Field, aren't you being too careless? Even this made you fall."

Ellie was about to explode, "Ah! Ah... Don't touch me." Ellie, sitting on the floor, pushed away the maid who came to help her up.

Fuming, she pointed at Luke, "You did it on purpose, you intentionally made me fall!"

Luke looked innocent, “Aunt Field, why blame others for your own fall?”

“You...”

“Dr. Cynthia,” Alitzel’s face was cold, and her voice slightly stern, “You just fell because you weren’t careful, how can you blame Luke now?”

What kind of person is this? Last night she wrongly accused her future daughter-in-law, and today her grandson, as if Alitzel Williams didn’t have eyes to see.

Alitzel was so irritated she rolled her eyes, inwardly muttering that although Dr. Cynthia’s medical skills were renowned, her character was seriously flawed!

Alitzel Williams gave the servants a glance.

The servants stepped forward again and forcefully helped the shrewish woman off the ground.

Alitzel Williams feigned concern for a moment, “Dr. Cynthia, did you hurt yourself anywhere? Do you need some treatment?”

Taking care of one’s own people, what’s with the act? Ellie Field muttered to herself, knowing she was not at an advantage, she glared at Luke and forced a smile, “No... no problems!”

She better not get a chance to deal with this brat.

“Auntie, are you heading out?” Ellie Field turned around and smiled at Alitzel Williams.

Alitzel Williams straightened her clothes, “Yes, I’m planning to go shopping.”

Ellie Field’s face bloomed into a smile, rushing forward, “Auntie, I’d like to go too, let me join you.”

Alitzel Williams tugged at her lip, letting out a forced chuckle, inwardly resistant but verbally compliant.

After all, she was the coveted Dr. Cynthia, the leading surgeon after the old master; the relationship couldn’t sour.

Alitzel Williams turned to Hope Williams, “Little Hope, you haven’t been shopping for a while, right? Come join us; it’ll also be good to take Luke and Willow out to relax.”

Hope Williams slightly raised her eyebrows, glanced at the resentful Ellie Field, and agreed, “Okay.”

Alitzel Williams subtly pulled her arm away from Ellie Field's grasp and walked over to Hope Williams, pulling her along, "Let's go."

Hope Williams looked at Alitzel Williams and smiled with a raised eyebrow.

Upon arriving at the mall, Hope Williams really had nothing she wanted to buy.

She just wanted to take the two youngsters out for a stroll and incidentally aid the reluctant Alitzel Williams who was stuck with Ellie Field.

"Aunt Williams, do you think this outfit looks good?"

Alitzel Williams blinked, "...Yes, it's pretty."

"Wrap it up."

"Auntie, how about this one?"

Alitzel Williams pouted, "...Yes, it's pretty."

"I think this outfit suits me too; what do you think?"

"...Yes, look!" Alitzel Williams rolled her eyes fiercely, turned her face to the side, and murmured, "What taste."

The clothes were pretty, but on her thin frame, they appeared loose and failed to emphasize any shape, clearly not suitable for her.

Alitzel Williams picked a few items and then sat down listlessly in the VIP resting area; Luke and Willow sat on the sofa, swinging their legs and watching their Mommy selecting clothes.

The store specialized in light-colored clothing, refreshing to the eye. Hope Williams eyed a few dresses, her gaze finally resting on a red dress.

She rarely had bright dresses, but the design of this one made her pause; she had just picked it up when a hand suddenly snatched it away.

"This dress is so beautiful, it must suit me well, I want to try it."

Hope Williams furrowed her brows and said coolly from the side, "I got to it first."

"Just because you got to it first, does it mean it's yours? You didn't say you wanted it, can't I try it?" Ellie Field took the dress and swaggered into the changing room.

Hope Williams, unbothered, glanced at Ellie Field entering the changing room and slightly curved her lips, telling the sales assistant faintly, "Get me another one."

Since when did Hope Williams learn to back down? Alitzel Williams, sitting with the two kids, saw the whole scene clearly.

Alitzel Williams felt angry watching it; Hope Williams was not one to back down, why would she swallow her pride?

"Grandma, Mommy has her own ways; just wait and see."

Their Mommy's dictionary didn't have the words "swallow her pride."

After trying on the dress, Ellie Field came out, spun in front of the mirror, and looked at Alitzel Williams, "Auntie, I think this dress looks good on me, don't you agree?"

Alitzel Williams lowered her eyes, "...Yes, it's nice..." Damn it!

Due to its off-shoulder design, the dress really emphasized the neckline, but her neckline was not flattering; her clavicle was too bony, and it was an understatement to say she was skin and bones.

Her height was not much either; the dress looked slightly long on her, failing entirely to enhance her proportions.

Hope Williams changed into the dress, adjusted it, and walked out directly.

"Wow~"

The two sales assistants immediately gathered around, their eyes filled with admiration.

Alitzel Williams lifted her gaze and stared for a few seconds; even as a woman, she couldn't help but be profoundly stunned.

"Miss, this dress really suits you perfectly, as if it was tailor-made for you."

Chapter 188: Chapter 188: Shopping without Money, What Are You Even Shopping For? Chapter 188: Chapter 188: Shopping without Money, What Are You Even Shopping For? "Miss, this dress suits you perfectly, as if it were tailor-made for you."

"Yes, Miss, many have tried this dress, and you are the only one I've seen who can wear it perfectly."

"It's truly beautiful. You look even prettier than the models in our magazine; as a woman, I'm impressed."

Ellie Field glared intently at Hope Williams, who wore the same type of dress as hers.

Her fair skin glowed against the red hue, her elegant swan neck and off-the-shoulder design showing off perfect curves, her waistline evenly proportioned, not a pinch more or less.

As she walked, the fabric with its heavy drape gently swayed with her movements.

The store assistants managed their expressions well, but Ellie could still detect changes in their eyes.

Alitzel Williams glanced at Hope, then shifted her gaze to Ellie, failing to see the same dress as one in the same.

Despite being identical dresses, when worn by two different people, they looked like they were not on the same level.

Alitzel quietly turned her head away, unsure how she had managed to describe Ellie's dress as nice.

The corners of Ellie's mouth twitched uncontrollably. Hope was doing this on purpose, wasn't she?

She was intentionally making her uncomfortable. What a disgusting woman.

Hope adjusted the dress on herself in the mirror; Ellie's fuming face reflected behind.

Hope took a picture in the mirror, her lips curving into a smile, "This one, wrap it up, please."

Ellie bit her teeth hard, wishing she could tear Hope apart.

Hope sent the photo to Waylon Lewis.

At that moment, Waylon was in a meeting.

The meeting room was quiet, filled with executives, and only one person was speaking.

Suddenly, Waylon's phone vibrated twice. He opened the message, and several photos appeared.

Hope: How about it?

Everyone was startled as Waylon stood up, causing a panic as they watched him, not daring to breathe.

He walked to the large window and dialed Hope's number.

Hope answered, and his deep, magnetic voice came through, "Beautiful."

Holding her phone, Hope looked at herself in the mirror and smiled slightly, "Why make a call yourself?"

"... I thought you were going to ignore me."

Hope paused for a moment, "Mr. Lewis, what have you done that I would ignore you?"

"Kissed you forcefully, you were mad, told me to cool off, and call you later."

Hope smiled again, "Forceful kisses? You've done that plenty of times. I wasn't mad."

"I'm coming to see you now," Waylon said as he picked up his coat and headed for the door.

He couldn't wait.

"Let's have dinner together tonight, I'll cook. Focus on your work for now, and I'll wait for you tonight, okay?"

Although anxious, "Yes."

He listened to her every word.

Waylon turned back again.

Everyone in the room was startled, searching for help by looking towards Thomas Hughes.

Thomas hesitantly stepped forward only to accidentally see Waylon staring at a photo on his phone, showing a stunning beauty in a red dress, obviously his future wife.

After a moment, Thomas mustered the courage and cautiously asked, "Boss, shall we continue?"

"My wife told me to focus on my work."

What?

Executives looked at each other, puzzled.

It seemed like the Boss answered, but his response seemed off-topic.

Wife?

So, the Boss paused the meeting to call his wife?

Thomas hurriedly signaled the sales director, who was still standing, to continue.

Hope Williams hung up the phone, her smile deepening a bit more.

"Miss, would you like me to wrap these up for you?" the salesperson approached Ellie Field and asked.

Ellie Field lifted her chin, "Wrap them up, package everything I just tried on."

"Okay, Miss, please wait a moment."

After Hope Williams finished paying, Ellie Field's items were also packaged. The salesperson, holding the POS machine and smiling respectfully, said to Ellie Field, "Miss, your total expenditure is four million six hundred thousand..."

"What?" Ellie Field looked at the salesperson in shock, "Are you kidding me? Over four million for just these few clothes?"

The salesperson still looked at Ellie Field with a pleasant expression, patiently explaining, "Miss, the dresses you chose are all our store's highest limited editions."

Ellie Field gritted her teeth hard, completely caught off guard by the high prices. Pretending to be Hope Williams, she had nearly spent all the money she had made in country Y, and now she didn't even have a hundred thousand on her...

Four million, was she supposed to rob a bank?

"How would you like to pay?"

Ellie Field's face turned pale; she didn't want the clothes anymore, but with Hope Williams right beside her, she didn't want her to see her in such an embarrassing state.

Ellie Field straightened her chest and crossed her arms, looking at the salesperson with a commanding presence, "So expensive, don't your store offer any discounts?"

The salesperson's expression changed slightly as he looked at Ellie Field, "I'm sorry, Miss, these are all haute couture editions; they are not subject to discounts."

Seeing that Ellie Field was taking too long, Alitzel Williams grew a bit impatient and came over to ask, "What's wrong?"

Ellie Field moved her eyes a bit, then turned around, looking pitifully at Alitzel Williams, "...Aunt, I forgot to bring money..."

Alitzel Williams rolled her eyes; going shopping without money, what was the point?

The salesperson had already packed the clothes Ellie Field chose and was eagerly waiting for her to pay. Seeing that Ellie Field couldn't pay, the salesperson's gaze shifted subtly back to Alitzel Williams.

Alitzel Williams being Mrs. Lewis, she was well-known in this shopping area.

Having someone with her who couldn't pay looked bad on her as well; the look in the salesperson's eyes seemed to question, "What kind of person does Mrs. Lewis bring along who can't even afford this?"

Biting back her irritation, Alitzel Williams had had enough.

When had Alitzel Williams ever lost face like this?

Ellie Field looking at Alitzel Williams, that gaze, could Alitzel Williams not understand it?

Alitzel Williams forcibly pulled out a smile, telling the salesperson, "Just put it on the Lewis family's tab for now."

The salesperson immediately nodded with a smile, "Sure, Mrs. Lewis."

"Thank you, aunt, you are really too kind," Ellie Field said contentedly, taking Alitzel Williams's arm.

As they left this store, Ellie Field then looked toward a shoe store next door.

"Aunt, I want to buy some shoes, let's go look," Ellie Field said, pulling Alitzel Williams toward the nearby shoe shop.

...

"Help me pack this one, this pair, this pair, and these three pairs, oh yes, and that pair of white heels, right, wrap them all up for me."

Sitting in the VIP lounge, waiting and sipping the coffee the waiter had brought, Alitzel Williams's lips twitched, "Cynthia Doctor, didn't you say you didn't bring money? What about all these?"

"Aunt, didn't you just say to put it on the Lewis family's account?"

Alitzel Williams was stunned, "When did I say that?"

“Just now, didn’t you say to put those clothes on the Lewis family’s account, so put these on it too.”

Alitzel Williams...

She!

How!

Dares!

To!

Have!

Such!

Gall?

If it weren’t for her good upbringing and patience, Alitzel Williams really wanted to spit her coffee in her face.

Chapter 189: Chapter 189: Should I Continue to Be Your ATM? Chapter 189: Chapter 189: Should I Continue to Be Your ATM? If it weren’t for her good manners and patience, Alitzel Williams really wanted to drown her with a mouthful of coffee.

Who is she to the Lewis Family? Just now she saw her struggling and stepped in to help, saying she had no money and should head home soon. And yet, you keep buying, acting as if you’re the lady of the house, entitled to charge it to the Lewis account.

Hope Williams, the rightful future daughter-in-law, always pays her own bills, so what right does this woman have?

“What’s wrong, Aunt? Why are you looking at me like that?” Ellie Field blinked her eyes and pouted, looking totally innocent.

Alitzel felt a fire in her chest. If she weren’t Cynthia, she really wanted to slap her twice to wake her up.

Alitzel took a deep breath.

She could save the old man!

Okay!

She endured!

“...Just charge it to the Lewis account,” Alitzel gritted her teeth.

Hope sat indifferently on a nearby sofa, peeling a small cupcake to give to Willow. Seeing this, Hannah quietly smiled.

“Thank you, Aunt Williams. You are really too kind.”

Thank you?

Wow, no intention to repay at all!

Alitzel could not help but twitch.

For the Lewis Family, which was substantial and wealthy, this amount of money was trivial, but it felt worse than donating it.

Ellie Field felt like she made a killing today.

These clothes worth hundreds of thousands each, plus these shoes totaling millions, all limited-edition haute couture.

The Lewis Family is not short of money. She spent so little, how would that be enough? After all, once she married Waylon, all this would belong to her anyway, so what did it matter?

Ellie Field fantasized about marrying Waylon Lewis one day, becoming the Young Madam Lewis, the envy of all women, ha ha ha.

Ellie Field took Alitzel's arm and headed out, while Hope rose and walked to the cashier, gently tapped on the counter, “Log the items she's bought, I want a copy of the bill.”

“Of course, Miss Williams.”

“Aunt Williams, let's go to the jewelry store later. I think I need to pick out some nice jewelry to match my clothes.”

Alitzel's brow throbbed with irritation, her vision blurring.

You're broke, what are you shopping for, treating me like an ATM!

Get lost!

“Ah, I see. Well, Dr. Cynthia, you go ahead. I need to use the restroom.” Alitzel held her temper as she spoke.

“Then hurry back, Aunt. I’ll start picking, and wait for you to return.”

Am I coming back to continue being your ATM?

Think I’m stupid?

“Hope, do you want to come with me?” Alitzel glanced at Hope, gesturing insistently.

“...I’d rather not...”

Ellie Field is just fleecing her; it’s none of her business.

“What do you mean ‘rather not’? Go! Luke and Willow need to use the restroom.” Alitzel grabbed Hope, desperate not to leave her behind to be fleeced.

She gestured to Luke and Willow to follow.

Hope...

“What kind of person do you take me for, thinking I’m some easy mark?”

Alitzel muttered as she walked.

If it weren’t for her performing surgery on the old man, she wouldn’t bother with such a greedy person.

Was she just going to let her exploit the Lewis Family? Dream on.

Hope gave a faint smile. Although Mother Lewis could be frustratingly naive at times, she was quite adorable sometimes.

...

“I already told you, I am part of the Lewis Family; just charge it under the Lewis name.” Ellie Field yelled at the salesperson, grabbing the packaged jewelry and trying to leave.

The salespeople immediately surrounded her. “I’m sorry, Miss, may I ask your last name?”

Ellie Field haughtily declared her full name, “Field.”

“Alright, Miss Field, please wait a moment; I need to verify this.” The salesperson immediately called the area manager.

Everyone knows the Lewis Family, but there's only one Mrs. Lewis and later an addition of Young Madam Lewis. Charging to the Lewis account had been instructed from above.

This Miss Field was unheard of, but since she claimed affiliation with the Lewis name, it was better to be cautious. First, in case she really was who she claimed, they couldn't afford to offend her. Second, if she was a fraud, it could be disastrous.

The salesperson ended up getting an earful from the manager after making the call.

"Only two ladies of the Lewis Family can have accounts under the Lewis name. Who is this Miss Field? You've been working here for so long, yet you don't know this?"

"Alright, alright, manager, I got it."

The sales clerk felt her face flush red and then pale, thinking: What kind of person does this, really a fraud, making her get scolded like this, enough already.

Just as she hung up, the store's landline rang again.

The sales clerk quickly answered, "Hello..."

"Um, this is Hope Williams."

Hope Williams was well-known in the mall, the wealthy lady who had a monopoly on the entire mall's jewelry.

"Miss Williams, hello, hello." The sales clerk immediately greeted her respectfully.

"Is there a woman with the last name Field in your store?"

"Yes..."

"Charge all her expenses to my account, and send me copies of all her expenditures. Whatever she wants, let her take it without stopping her, just keep surveillance evidence."

The sales clerk's eyes darted around, not quite understanding why Hope was doing this, but this way she could sell a lot of jewelry, so she quickly agreed, "Okay, Miss Williams, I understand."

"How's that? Have you got it all clear?"

The sales clerk nodded, "It's all good now."

“There, wasn’t that much easier, really a waste of breath.” Ellie Field rolled her eyes, picked up her chosen items, and strutted out.

After work, Waylon Lewis first returned to the Lewis Family residence; Wyatt Lewis lounged lazily on the sofa.

“Bro, are you going on a date?”

Waylon Lewis had changed into his fourth outfit, prompting Wyatt to finally ask.

Waylon Lewis emerged from the dressing room in a dark gray suit that emanated an imposing aura, looking at himself in the mirror and frowning, clearly not satisfied.

He turned and asked Wyatt, “What do you think?”

“Handsome.”

When was his brother not handsome in his clothes? It seemed there really was a date, or he wouldn’t be so serious.

But hadn’t Thomas Hughes mentioned that his brother had been drinking all night yesterday, and had even had an argument with Hope Williams in the morning?

Dissatisfied, Waylon went back into the dressing room and changed into a deep blue suit.

“For a date, it’s best to go for a couple’s outfit. Bro, do you know what your lady will be wearing?” Wyatt leaned closer to Waylon.

In Waylon’s mind, an image of a woman in a bright red dress, unimaginably beautiful, appeared.

“Bro?”

“I know.”

“Describe it, let me give you some advice.”

“Red.”

Well, that was straightforward enough.

“Do you have a picture?”

“I do.”

“Let me see, let me see.”

Waylon shot Wyatt a warning look.

Wyatt tugged at his lips, wary of his brother’s fist, and instinctively leaned back, “...Bro, you’re being too vague...” I have no idea what style or type...

“Useless.”

Reluctantly, Waylon pulled out his phone.

Wyatt stretched his neck like a goose, glancing up just as a flash of red swirled past his eyes... it lingered just 0.1 seconds before floating away!

Wyatt...

He feared even a second more would be a desecration to his sister-in-law.

Red, a dress, off-the-shoulder, that’s all...

His eye speed couldn’t match his hand speed; he caught only glimpses.

Wyatt touched his chin as Waylon’s gaze swept over like a knife.

Wyatt quickly got up and rummaged through the entire wardrobe, “That’s it, bro, try this on.”

Waylon’s physique, that face, he looked handsome in anything, but because he was meeting Hope Williams, Waylon’s standards were extremely high.

It was the first time Hope had asked him out.

It had to be formal.

Waylon emerged from the dressing room, Wyatt holding his phone and playing games, heard the noise and looked up, “Damn...” his phone almost flew out of his hand...

Chapter 190: Chapter 190: Dressed Up Just to Seduce You Chapter 190: Chapter 190: Dressed Up Just to Seduce You Night had fallen.

The man stood beside a black car, dressed in a vintage black suit.

Hope Williams, just getting out of the car, blinked her eyes.

Upon seeing the man, she subconsciously walked towards him.

Waylon Lewis watched the figure approaching him slowly; he took a deep breath.

Though he had seen her photos before, the surprise was no less thrilling.

Her tall, slender figure was accentuated by the off-the-shoulder design revealing her beautiful, delicate collarbones, the dress hem falling below her knees, exposing a pair of straight, slender legs.

The color red—so vibrant—made her entire presence burst with vitality, making her even more strikingly beautiful, exuding a seductively enchanting aura.

Accustomed to seeing the fresh and simple Hope Williams, today's attire truly amazed Waylon Lewis.

Waylon's sexy Adam's apple bobbed, his gaze firmly locked on the woman strolling towards him, a fiery light gradually spreading in the depths of his eyes.

Hope Williams pursed her lips; for some reason, tonight this man, in his usual suit attire, seemed to possess a sense of grand formality.

Just now, at the sight of Waylon Lewis, her heart had skipped a beat, truly stunned by his handsomeness...

This was a suit she had never seen him wear before, but compared to his past suits, it appeared even more exquisite, with details like a metallic tie clip at the collar and a pair of understatedly luxurious ruby cufflinks that dazzled on the cuffs.

The black with subtle hints of red in the design was a masterstroke, adding to the sophisticated aura, far from monotonous.

Hope Williams looked up, her face wearing a gentle smile as she gazed at Waylon Lewis, who likewise didn't shift his dark, ink-like gaze from her for a moment.

"You look beautiful."

"Why did you arrive so early?"

"I couldn't wait to see you," Waylon Lewis whispered as he kissed Hope Williams on the forehead.

Hope Williams closed her eyes, smiling gently, "You look exceptionally handsome today."

"Do you like it?"

His intense gaze fell on her face, making her blush, her eyes instinctively dodging, "...Yeah."

"What?" Waylon Lewis tilted his head, pretending to say, "I didn't hear you."

Hope Williams...

"Answer me again."

Hope Williams was frustrated to no end by him, but complied, "I like it."

"Good, that's what I like to hear; I did it on purpose, just to seduce you," Waylon Lewis said in a voice that was deep and magnetic, incredibly seductive.

Hope Williams slightly tugged at her lips, smiling, "Well, you certainly managed to seduce me."

Waylon chuckled, "Then I consider it a success."

Waylon held her tightly, his deep voice resonating from above her head, "I thought you might ignore me?"

There was a tinge of grievance in Waylon's voice.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, "Am I that petty?"

Waylon chuckled lightly, "You're not petty, I presumed too little of you, is that okay?"

Hope Williams hummed in agreement, as if it were only natural.

The two of them walked upstairs, and it was no joke, Hope Williams indeed had something to say to Waylon Lewis—Luke and Willow, Alitzel Williams had taken them away.

So tonight, it was just the two of them.

Just as they entered the apartment and Hope Williams was about to speak.

Suddenly her wrist was grabbed, and before she could even open her mouth, the door was shut with a bang against her back.

The man leaned in, and his kiss landed precisely on her lips.

It was almost wolf-like, eager and impatient.

So was he waiting out there for a long time? As soon as they got into the room, it could only be described as uninhibited.

The allure Hope Williams had on him, she didn't even know herself.

From the moment he saw the photo, he wanted to rush to her side, to do what he had always wanted to do.

But Hope Williams advised him to work properly, so he had been holding back all day.

Now she was right in front of him, beyond endurance, no need to hold back anymore.

"Mmm... Waylon..." Hope Williams had no chance to speak.

The fervent kiss forcefully pried open her lips, stealing her breath, sweeping away everything of hers.

"I have something to tell you, what you've always wanted to hear, I won't say it if you kiss me again," Hope Williams managed to say between her breathless panting, finally getting a chance to speak, playing a bit coy.

Waylon Lewis greedily kissed her lips, giving her a chance to talk, "Mhm, say it."

Hope Williams remained silent.

Waylon Lewis was quick to catch on, immediately standing straight, obediently.

"May I speak now?" Hope Williams asked him.

Waylon Lewis nodded honestly, his deep gaze intently fixed on her kiss-swollen red lips.

That look in her eyes was as if she'd starved him for eight lifetimes, and finally, when she got the chance to satisfy her appetite, she still had to listen to a lecture from the boss first.

Hope Williams was somewhat amused and bewildered by Waylon Lewis's famished expression.

Her heart softened.

"Shall I stop so you can continue?"

"You speak."

The meat was already at his lips, and tonight, he was determined to have his fill of her, even if it killed him.

But when his wife wanted to lecture, no matter how hungry, he had to hold back and listen.

Hope Williams smiled softly.

“Waylon Lewis...”

“Mm.”

“We’re getting remarried.”

Waylon Lewis...

He was utterly bewildered for several seconds, and by the time he reacted, the woman in his arms was already trying to escape.

Seeing him dazed, Hope Williams pursed her lips, “If you’re not happy, pretend I didn’t say anything.”

But the next moment, she was yanked back, her back pressed against the door behind her, and Waylon Lewis’s eyes were stormy with excitement, shock, unsure how to express his joy.

He stared at her intently, “No regrets?”

“Depends on my mood.”

Hope Williams, feeling playful, decided to tease him, “If I’m not happy, we won’t remarry.”

Waylon’s face darkened.

“Ah...” Hope’s body was suddenly lifted as Waylon rushed into the bedroom with her.

She was pinned to the bed.

“You think you can escape when you’re already mine?”

“Waylon Lewis, if you dare force me, I’ll ignore you...”

“Sweetheart, I’ll give you everything.”

...

Hope Williams had no idea how she survived that night in front of the man.

His excitement seemed as if he wanted to exhaust her to death in bed.

Finally, it was Hope Williams who cried for mercy.

“Enough... Waylon Lewis...”

“Still depends on the mood?”

“No more, no more, please let me go... I just recovered from surgery, and this is how you treat me, Waylon Lewis, you just want to sleep with me, Waylon Lewis... Ah... you bastard!”

She sobbed, “I just recovered from my injury, just now, Waylon Lewis, you don’t care about me at all...”

She was pinned against the wall, and he growled softly, “Sweetie, call me ‘husband.’”
...

In the morning, after Waylon Lewis had prepared breakfast, he came back to sit by the bed and gently tapped the person in the bedcovers.

“Get up and eat something.”

Hope Williams moved a little, sleepily opened her eyes to glance at him, turned her head, and buried her face in the bedcovers to muffle, “What time is it?”

“Nine o’clock.”

“Nine o’clock!”

Suddenly, a figure bolted upright from the bedcovers.

Hope Williams’s hair was a messy tangle in front of her face, she didn’t even have time to sweep it aside, “I have surgery at ten today.”

Waylon Lewis watched in surprise as the woman scrambled out of the bedcovers, his hands unable to catch her as she dashed into the bathroom.

Quite energetic!

“Waylon Lewis!”

A low growl squeezed through Hope’s clenched teeth echoed from the bathroom.

Hope Williams, looking at herself in the mirror covered in hickeys, felt like there wasn’t a spot left untouched.

To the unaware, it looked like she had been beaten up.

Hope moved her sore body, clenched her teeth, and wished she could press Waylon Lewis to the ground and do to him what he had done to her, so he could feel a bit of it too.

“What are you thinking about?”

“How to pin Waylon Lewis to the bed and make him end up worse off than me.”

“I’d enjoy that immensely!”