

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 191 – 200

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"I'd be delighted!"

Hope Williams...

She turned around slowly and saw the man standing at the doorway with a light smile on his face, not knowing when he had arrived.

Hope Williams bit her lip hard, bowed her head, and lifted her hands to cradle her face.

It just slipped out...

Upon arriving at the hospital that morning, Hope Williams sensed an unusual buzz in the air.

Even the nurses nearby were especially excited, as though some important figure was due to arrive, and the cleaning ladies scrubbed the floors until they were spotless.

Hope Williams hadn't reached her office when a joyful voice called out from behind her.

"Hope, you're here!" Aurora Wood ran towards her.

Hope Williams slowed her pace and turned to look at her.

"Is your injury all healed up?"

"It's all good now, I can come back to work normally."

Aurora Wood linked arms with Hope Williams, her face full of secretive excitement, "Hope, let me tell you something. Do you know Cynthia? That amazing cardiologist?"

Of course, she knew; she was Cynthia!

"Um, I know."

“She’s coming to our hospital!” Aurora Wood exclaimed excitedly.

Hope Williams, “...”

It wasn’t a surprise.

She calmly gave an acknowledging hum and then walked into her office.

Aurora Wood was astonished by her composure.

There was still someone who could remain so unruffled when hearing Cynthia’s name.

“Is everyone here? Allow me to introduce her solemnly. This is Doctor Cynthia. She will be working with us for some time. Let’s welcome her,” Vice Chancellor Wood, accompanied by Ellie Field, enthusiastically introduced her.

“Hello everyone, I’m Cynthia. I’ll be working with you all for a while. Please feel free to guide me.”

Ellie Field stood at the door, her face beaming with a warmth that seemed as if she could hatch birds with her smile.

Silence!

The office fell completely quiet.

Then, after a few seconds, an uproar erupted.

“It really is Cynthia, aaaaah, I’ve seen her pictures online, it’s definitely her.”

“Oh my god, Cynthia is really coming to our hospital, I thought it was just a rumor, but it’s true, it’s incredible.”

“Help, I must be dreaming.”

They thronged towards her, each eager to make an impression in her presence.

Cynthia, oh!

It’s Cynthia!

The legend of the medical world!

The very person they thought they would never meet in their lifetime.

It was like a dream.

Hope Williams sat quietly in her chair, enduring the successive exclamations from Aurora Wood beside her.

“Doctor Cynthia, it really is her, aaaaaah... why aren’t you excited? Hope, she’s Cynthia, you know? The number one ‘Saintly Healer’ on the rankings has come to our hospital. I can’t believe I’ll have the chance to work with her in my lifetime, aaaaaah, I’m so excited.”

Hope Williams calmly raised her hand to steady the almost fainting Aurora Wood from her excitement.

Aurora Wood felt Hope Williams’ warm touch and regained a bit of reason.

The position of department head seemed assured for Hope Williams this time.

But now that Cynthia had suddenly appeared.

It seemed unlikely for Hope Williams this time.

After all, no one was more suited for the department head than Cynthia.

Aurora Wood looked at Hope Williams with a complex gaze, “Don’t worry, Hope. You’re young, you’ll have other opportunities.”

“What?”

Aurora Wood heaved a sigh, “Believe me, I am absolutely loyal to you, my vote went to you, but for Cynthia... I bow in respect first.”

Like an arrow, Aurora Wood darted into the crowd.

Cynthia’s legend was known to all.

Aurora Wood’s ultimate dream was to receive guidance from Doctor Cynthia, if only a few words; her medical skills and insight could advance by leaps and bounds.

Hope Williams could hear her voice from a distance, “Doctor Cynthia, please give me an autograph, you’re my idol!”

Hope Williams...

She arched her brows slightly, her expression showing little, unreadable for joy or anger.

“An imposter, signing what signatures, everyone get back to work. If you’re too idle, stay and work overtime,” Director Woods bellowed with ferocity.

The surroundings went quiet instantly, and everyone turned around to stare blankly at Director Woods.

Director Woods was so furious his face had turned black.

Everyone watched Director Woods, not understanding what was going on.

Cynthia, oh Cynthia!

Wasn't this the moment when Director Woods was supposed to set off fireworks, tears brimming with joy, weeping with happiness as he welcomed and lavishly publicized Cynthia's arrival at his hospital?

Why did it seem like he couldn't be happy at all, even looking quite angry?

Wait a second...

An imposter?

What did that mean?

Everyone exchanged confused glances, and Ellie Field, who had just been proudly beaming, suddenly turned pale.

"What do you mean by that, Director Woods?" a doctor immediately asked.

"Hmph..."

"Director Woods means that there's too much going on in the hospital, and if everyone keeps this up, we're all working overtime tonight," Hope Williams stood up to interrupt what Director Woods was about to say, walked calmly to his side, and subtly shook her head without making a sound.

Director Woods blinked in confusion, looking at Hope Williams. Although this Ellie Field had been recommended by Director Delacey, he wasn't a fool. The real "Saintly Healer" had already been at his hospital, and now that an imposter had arrived, he had to stand up for Hope Williams.

But Hope Williams had stopped him, why?

Hope Williams' explanation immediately shocked everyone; overtime, nobody wanted to stay for overtime.

Those who had to go to the operating room zipped off, and those who had to make ward rounds did so.

“Director Woods, let’s talk over here,” Hope Williams said softly.

Director Woods glanced at Ellie Field and nodded.

“Wait a moment,” Ellie Field, with her hands tightly clasped, suddenly called out to stop Hope Williams and Director Woods.

Now, just hearing this imposter’s voice irritated Director Woods, all the more because Hope Williams wouldn’t let him expose her.

“Do you have something to say?” Director Woods bit out his words with barely concealed anger.

Ellie Field concealed her expression, “Director Woods, I have something to discuss with you, is that alright?”

“No, it’s not.”

Ellie Field, “...”

Watching the receding figures of the two, Ellie Field’s eyes revealed a sinister harshness.

These damn things.

To pick this time to undermine her; did this old fool know something?

Ellie Field felt uneasy inside.

“Why didn’t you let me expose that imposter just now?” Director Woods slammed his fist on the table.

It was infuriating.

He had lived most of his life without encountering such a despicable person, presumptuously using someone else’s identity to swagger around, shamelessly accepting praise that rightfully belonged to someone else without any guilt whatsoever.

It was the absolute height of shameless audacity!

“Director Woods, she now has Director Delacey’s letter of recommendation and has preemptively convinced everyone that she is Cynthia. If you speak out now, would she admit it?”

Hope Williams asked calmly.

Director Woods turned and on reflection, saw the situation was indeed as such; if he exposed her now, not only would no one believe him, it could even backfire.

“What should we do then? You can’t let your identity be occupied by someone like that indefinitely.”

“I have a plan, Director Woods, rest assured.”

Hope Williams had every intention of reclaiming her identity.

...

After a busy day, Ellie Field was active and helpful, treating patients without pause; capable yet without any airs, she quickly gained the favor of all the doctors.

And this was exactly the effect Ellie Field wanted.

She heard that Hope Williams was running for department head.

Heh.

But now that she was here, she was determined to secure that department head position for herself.

She was bent on taking everything from Hope Williams, wishing her nothing but frustration at every turn.

At the end of the workday, Ellie Field, seeing Hope Williams pass by expressionless, felt ignored and let out a cold snort, directly stopping her, “Doctor Williams.”

Hope Williams turned her head slightly, her icy gaze falling on her.

She approached Hope Williams slowly, her face bearing a triumphant and provocative smile.

“My dear senior sister, why didn’t you greet me before leaving? Everyone said we should have a dinner together to welcome me. You should join us, senior sister.”

Ellie Field didn’t genuinely want to invite her; it was just a display of boastfulness.

She really didn’t want Hope Williams to come.

In Hope Williams’ presence, despite her bravado, her heart still fluttered with nervousness.

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Chapter 192: Chapter 192 Going to the Civil Affairs Bureau Chapter 192: Chapter 192
Going to the Civil Affairs Bureau Hope Williams glanced at Ellie Field's expression and smirked with disdain, "You really want me to go, so I'll go."

Hope Williams, "Send me the address."

Ellie Field bit her lip hard. This bitch is really going?

"This is a welcome banquet everyone prepared to welcome me," I'm the main character here, aren't you really upset about it?

Once again, Hope Williams smiled lightly, her demeanor calm and serene, "Oh, I'll come to welcome you too."

Seeing Hope Williams's nonchalant attitude, Ellie Field felt like she was punching cotton.

Just then, Aurora Wood walked over, took Hope Williams's hand, and immediately said, "Hope, tonight the department is throwing a welcome party for Dr. Cynthia, everyone's going. You're off duty today, so you should come along too."

Hope Williams glanced at Ellie Field, who was grinding her teeth, "Sure, naturally, I have to attend Dr. Cynthia's welcome banquet."

Ellie Field detected deep sarcasm in her words.

"Dr. Cynthia, why do you look so upset? You don't mind me going, do you?" Hope Williams asked casually.

Aurora Wood looked dubiously at Ellie Field, who remained silent.

At this point, a few colleagues came out to invite them to the reserved private room.

Seeing the three of them in a standoff, they also stopped and watched.

With others around, Ellie Field had to maintain her image of kindness and charm, and immediately forced a smile, "How could that be? I only felt that Dr. Williams didn't talk to me all day today. I'm afraid Dr. Williams might not like me, like she's targeting me?"

Indeed, everyone had been very warm to Ellie Field all day, except Hope Williams, who hadn't even glanced at her.

If you were to say there was targeting, it might be possible.

Perhaps it was because of the department head issue.

Now that Cynthia has arrived, Hope Williams's department head position might just fly away.

Everyone knew this, but it was an unspoken understanding.

Hope Williams must be displeased inside.

Ellie Field's words were deliberately thought-provoking.

Thinking of this, everyone felt that Hope Williams was being petty.

Even if Cynthia was only a figurehead at the hospital, her presence would help the hospital prosper.

Giving her the department head position was beyond reproach, how could Hope Williams target Cynthia when she was outmatched?

Seeing this, Aurora Wood immediately said, "Dr. Cynthia, you are misunderstanding our Dr. Williams. She is the kindest person, always helping people in our department and treating patients very well. She wouldn't deliberately target anyone without reason."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Having worked together for so long, it was clear that Hope Williams focused all her attention on the patients. Although she might come across as cool, as long as you didn't provoke her, she was very friendly to everyone.

Moreover, Hope Williams was not the kind of person who cared about position. Otherwise, she wouldn't have needed to make a wager with Vice Chancellor Wood and Elder Murphy; the department head position would've already been hers.

Thud, thud, thud...

The sound of high-end leather shoe soles hitting the ground step by step reached everyone's ears.

All eyes turned to see a man dressed in a pure black suit, with exquisite eyebrows, a straight nose, and deep, inky eyes, his perfectly chiseled handsome features like a deity descended from heaven.

Everyone gazed silently at the man; such a uniquely handsome man was hard for anyone to look away from, and his mature, steady, and indifferent demeanor naturally made people's hearts race, irresistibly enchanting.

While everyone was still immersed in the visual feast, a figure flashed by.

As the woman briskly walked towards the man, he had already stretched out his hands to protect her from either side, as if fearing she might fall. She joyfully rushed into his embrace, and he cooperated by wrapping his arms around her waist.

“Why are you here?”

Hope Williams’s voice was tender and soft, her petite figure nestling in the man’s arms, slightly tipping her head back, wearing a blissfully sweet smile—as if embodying the happiest woman in the world.

“I figured you must be missing me by now, so here I am.”

Hope Williams huffed unconvincingly, “Not at all, it must be you who’s been missing me.”

“Only my wife could be so clever.”

Pleasure oozed from Waylon Lewis’s voice.

Thomas Hughes nearby nearly died from the sugary sweetness of the couple.

“Let’s go home. What would you like for dinner? I’ll cook it for you.”

Waylon Lewis leaned closer to her ear, his dark eyes twinkling with teasing.

“Can I have you?”

Hope Williams’s ears turned red.

Waylon Lewis’s lips curved into a smile, and he leaned towards Hope Williams’s lips.

Hope Williams quickly turned her head aside, pushing on his chest, “Enough, Waylon Lewis, there are so many people watching... stop it...”

“We’ll continue at home.”

Since last night, he seemed to have lifted some sort of seal, becoming increasingly shameless.

Everyone shivered, and then they suddenly realized, covering their mouths but not daring to scream out loud.

So, this incredibly handsome man was Hope Williams’s husband.

Was the woman just now, who was tender and affectionate in the man’s arms—whining, making a fuss and acting shy—really the usually stern and indifferent Doctor Williams?

Aurora Wood paused for a moment and then let out a light laugh.

She was used to seeing Hope Williams's cold demeanor, but this was the way a woman should be.

Ellie Field's teeth were almost ground to dust.

A wave of endless jealousy surged up, threatening to drown all her rationality.

Aurora Wood turned her head to speak to Ellie Field, but hesitated upon seeing the latter's glare, which was so fierce it gave her quite a shock.

Ellie Field, realizing she was being watched, immediately withdrew her gaze.

Aurora Wood pursed her lips, barely able to resist praising Cynthia's ability to change her expression.

"If Hope isn't going, then I won't go either, Doctor Cynthia, I still welcome you, though. Enjoy your meal and have fun; I'm going to head off first."

After the exchange of words just now, Aurora Wood could still tell who was targeting whom.

She admired Cynthia.

But, Hope Williams was her most important friend. Hope Williams had helped her so much, guided her through surgeries, guarded her work, taught her skills, and enabled her to become a lead surgeon in a short period of time. She kept this kindness in mind at all times, how could she allow others to slander her deliberately.

Waylon Lewis had Thomas Hughes drive Hope Williams's car back, while he drove personally.

"Where are you going?" Hope Williams noticed that this was not the way home.

"The Civil Affairs Bureau."

Hope Williams gave a resigned smile, "Why the rush? I'm not going to run away."

"Many things can happen overnight."

...

At the entrance to the Civil Affairs Bureau...

Faced with the closed doors, Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis's sullen expression, she couldn't bear it, but still laughed.

"They've already finished work for the day, what can you do?"

Waylon Lewis's face was brimming with reluctance.

It was as if the Traveler had finally overcome eighty-one trials to reach the Buddha Ancestor, only to be given yet another challenging task.

"Let's come back tomorrow then, I won't run off," said Hope Williams, wrapping Waylon Lewis's hand in hers with an air of resignation.

Eventually, after both tender and firm persuasion from Hope Williams, Waylon Lewis reluctantly gave up the idea of having someone called in to register their remarriage.

"Let's go pick up Luke and Willow. It's weird not having the two little ones by my side," Hope Williams suggested, which was met with another dark look from Waylon Lewis.

He had finally managed some alone time with his wife, only to have it potentially disrupted by the two kids.

When they got back to the Lewis Family home, it was just in time for dinner.

"Brother Waylon, Miss Williams." Vivia Fuller stood up and greeted the pair amiably.

Hope Williams smiled politely in response, "Miss Fuller is here too."

"Daddy, Mommy, you're finally back. I thought Mommy didn't want us anymore," Luke said with a pitiful face, while Willow's chubby face also looked heartbreakingly sad.

Hope Williams's heart melted into a mess, "How could I not want my treasures? Mommy's here now, isn't she?"

"If you two didn't come back, Luke and Willow would have turned into widow's crags. It's romantic of both of you, but look at these two," Alitzel Williams chastised.

"They need to learn to be independent."

His wife could only belong to him.

"Be independent? Luke and Willow are still so young," Alitzel Williams said, doting on the children, particularly Willow, who was reluctant to speak.

As everyone sat down at the dining table, Alitzel Williams pulled Hope Williams aside to talk. Waylon Lewis was a stubborn man; she needed to have a proper conversation with Hope Williams.

Vivia Fuller's eyes shifted, and seeing the empty seat next to Waylon Lewis, she quietly moved to sit down.

"Brother Waylon, there are some issues with the Z-City project I would like to discuss with you later."

Waylon Lewis looked up to see Vivia Fuller sitting next to him, and the coldness in his eyes instantly dispersed.

Alitzel Williams and Hope Williams, chatting with each other, walked over.

Seeing this, Hope Williams's eyes cooled noticeably.

Noticing the strange atmosphere, Alitzel Williams smiled and walked up, "Vivia, come sit with Auntie, I have a few words I'd like to say to you."

Before Vivia Fuller could protest, Alitzel Williams had already pulled her up from her seat and covertly signaled Hope Williams with her eyes.

Seeing this, Hope Williams slightly raised her eyebrows in response.

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Chapter 193: Chapter 193: Hope Williams, Vivia Fuller just bumped into your husband's arms Chapter 193: Chapter 193: Hope Williams, Vivia Fuller just bumped into your husband's arms After dinner, Hope Williams took the two little ones to the yard, while Vivia Fuller had a project to discuss with Waylon Lewis, so the two of them went to the study.

Alitzel Williams came over and sat down next to Hope Williams. Hope was originally holding a book and telling the children a story, but Alitzel directly took the book from her hands.

Her expression was quite sour.

Hope didn't understand why.

"Waylon is in the study with Mia Fuller."

Hope nodded, "Yes, I know, they have work to discuss."

Seeing Hope's completely indifferent demeanor, Alitzel's face grew darker, "Hope Williams..."

Hope blinked.

Alitzel took a deep breath, clearly getting angry.

"Are you going to remarry Waylon?"

Hope nodded, her gaze on Alitzel deepened. Alitzel had always disliked her. Being Waylon Lewis's mother, Hope feared that if she disagreed, remarrying Waylon could be difficult.

"I see you don't care much about Waylon either. Your husband is alone in the study with another woman tonight, and you don't seem to care at all.

Didn't you notice today during dinner that Christopher was trying to matchmake Waylon with Mia Fuller?"

Christopher had brought it up with her numerous times, constantly praising Mia Fuller and making his approval clear. His intentions couldn't be more obvious.

She had to admit, for Waylon, Mia Fuller was a good choice for a wife—capable, from a good family, and most importantly, she was to be the Family Head of the Fuller Family.

If the Lewis Family and Fuller Family were to become in-laws, it would be a powerful alliance, adding strength to strength.

All these factors combined, Hope Williams simply couldn't compare.

But these past days she found herself increasingly pleased with Hope, feeling unmistakably that there was no one more suitable for her son than Hope.

Moreover, her son now had eyes only for this woman, cherishing her as if she were the apple of his eye, ready to brawl with anyone who spoke ill of her.

Alitzel massaged her forehead.

But at this moment, Mia Fuller was a formidable rival for Hope.

Why wasn't Hope worried at all, still in the mood to play with the children here?

While she, the mother-in-law, was anxious like ants on a hot pan.

The emperor isn't in a hurry, but his eunuchs are dying of anxiety.

“He’s mine,” Hope said calmly, “No one can take him away.”

“Oh come on, stop playing around,” Alitzel said urgently, slapping the table.

Hope and the children, Luke and Willow, were all taken aback.

“Weren’t you the one who said I should spend more time with the children?”

Now she was being rushed away.

“Come over here,” Alitzel said impatiently, grabbing Hope and dragging her inside. “I know you trust Waylon, but listen to me, men are all big pigs’ trotters, you must keep a tight leash on them, homegrown flowers don’t smell sweeter than wild ones.”

Mother?

Hope was taken aback by this appellation.

Alitzel dragged her into her room and started rifling through her closet.

Hope watched, bewildered, as Alitzel pulled a black box out of the closet.

“Quick, take a look.”

Hope approached, and Alitzel opened the box, took out a garment from inside, and handed it to Hope, her brows suggestively raised.

“This was bought earlier, never used, brand new, now I’m giving it to you. In front of your man, if another woman can allure, you can’t lose out, go try it on.”

Hope’s mouth twitched, “This isn’t appropriate…”

Holding the black garment, which was less of a garment than a piece of cloth, Hope’s face reddened slightly.

Thin straps that looked like they might snap if pulled, barely enough fabric to cover anything, Hope felt her palms heat up and quickly put it down.

“No, no, no, I don’t think this is necessary between Waylon and me…”

He didn’t need her to wear these things to seduce him; his enthusiasm was such that even if she wore an iron suit, he’d find a way to pry it open.

“No buts, Little Hope, you need to be clever. See those women—Mia Fuller, Vivia Fuller, and one named Cynthia—they are all eyeing your man.”

“How do you know?”

“I’m not blind. Besides, my son is exceedingly charming. How could I not see the numerous women who have tried to get close to him all these years?”

Thankfully his son had good self-control, indifferent to so many beauties.

Actually, there had been a time when Alitzel worried her son was impotent...

As she spoke, she stuffed the garment back into Hope’s arms.

Hope felt embarrassed.

Holding the garment like a hot potato, she tried to hand it back to Alitzel.

She had never worn anything so revealing even to sleep in alone.

“I...”

“You must wear it, you can’t lose,” Alitzel said, filled with fighting spirit, holding the garment, dragging Hope, and pushing her into the bathroom, nearly stripping her and throwing her into the tub to scrub clean and change clothes.

Hope looked at the garment in her hand and the locked bathroom door, never having felt so helpless.

“Wash up, put it on, and then come out, okay? I will go and check on things for you.”

She really had underestimated Waylon Lewis’s mother.

Hope felt anxious in the bathroom; she really couldn’t with this garment...

“Hope Williams, Mia Fuller just bumped into your husband’s arms!”

Hope’s eyes turned icy...

Looking at the dress in her hands, she gritted her teeth and changed!

Seeing herself in the bathroom mirror, Hope was shocked.

This garment was truly audacious...

How could such a garment be designed?

This dress was pathetically short, sparing on fabric by the designer to an extreme, Hope tugged at the hem that couldn’t be pulled lower, extremely frustrated.

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Chapter 194: Chapter 194: The Spitting Image of a Stunner Chapter 194: Chapter 194: The Spitting Image of a Stunner Hope Williams pushed open the bathroom door and stepped out, only to have Alitzel Williams' gaze shoot up and freeze on the spot.

She always knew Hope had a great figure, but she hadn't expected it to be this good.

In that dress, she was the epitome of seduction, a sight no man could resist.

It was just too...

One could only say her son was incredibly lucky.

Hope felt her ears turn red under Alitzel's intense gaze.

"Can you stop looking at me like that?" she asked feebly, quickly pulling on a white shirt over the dress.

Alitzel withdrew her gaze, feeling awkward, "I suddenly realize my son has pretty good taste."

Hope gently straightened the clothes on her shoulders.

"Let's go, there's no one outside, don't worry."

After all, Alitzel didn't want anyone but her own son to see Hope like this.

"This is a bowl of soup I stewed for Waylon. Please take it in for me," Alitzel handed the pre-prepared soup to Hope.

Inside there were goji berries, meat-scented desert-cistanche, herbs... and a section of something unknown, probably some nourishing bone broth.

Without giving Hope a chance to think, she was ushered in with the bowl of "bone broth."

Hearing the door open, Waylon Lewis' breathing halted as he glanced up and saw the figure at the door.

Wyatt Lewis, hearing the noise too, didn't hesitate and looked up toward the door!

Just as his head lifted, an object with a lethal presence hurtled straight toward him.

Wyatt barely dodged it by quickly turning his head, a sharp whoosh of cold air passing by his ear.

Immediately after, there was a loud “bang” as the crystal ashtray shattered on the ground, bursting into pieces.

“Fuck.”

Was this an attempt at murder?

Wyatt turned to confront Waylon, but before he could speak, Waylon’s icy voice, filled with murderous intent, exploded.

“Close your damn eyes and get out.”

Before Wyatt could respond, the tall figure had already flown past him, wrapping the person at the door with a blanket.

Wyatt, still with a dumbfounded face, saw in an instant, when he turned back around, a slender and enchantingly... fairy!

Even though she was draped in a white shirt, it was unbuttoned, revealing a fiery black lace short dress, her pale skin, and long legs were simply...

“Fuck.”

Wyatt’s Adam’s apple bobbed, and quicker than his brain, he quickly covered his eyes.

Hope had not expected Wyatt to be in the study; she hurriedly hid behind Waylon’s broad back, clinging tightly to his clothes, wishing she could disappear into a crack in the floor.

“I didn’t see anything, I didn’t see a thing.”

He swore he only saw it for a moment, which was practically the same as not seeing it at all!

Wyatt, with a strong will to survive, dashed out of the room with his eyes closed.

He must have figured the door was right in front of him, but he ran into the wall with a “thud,” gritting his teeth with pain but not stopping to keep fleeing for his life.

The fleeing Wyatt ran straight into his own mother.

“Ah ah ah...”

“Ah ah ah...”

Both of them, like thieves caught red-handed, jumped out of fright.

“Wyatt Lewis!” Alitzel Williams cried out in shock, “What... what are you doing in your brother’s study?”

That just now... Hope... it was over, Alitzel’s face turned white in an instant...

“I didn’t see anything, I really didn’t see anything,” Wyatt yelled as he bolted away.

Alitzel looked at the firmly shut door of the room and blinked, swallowing hard.

“I didn’t do anything, I didn’t do anything.” Alitzel Williams ran in the opposite direction.

Hope Williams stood alone, shivering.

Vivia Fuller stood by the desk, the documents she held now crumpled into a ball.

This woman, Hope Williams...how dare she, how dare she appear in Brother Waylon’s study dressed like that.

She did it on purpose, she definitely did it on purpose!

This bitch, deliberately coming here to seduce Brother Waylon!

No matter how calm Vivia Fuller tried to be, the feelings of jealousy and rage made her want to rush forward and tear Hope Williams apart.

This bitch.

Vivia Fuller bit her lower lip and stepped forward, “Brother Waylon...”

“Get out!” Waylon Lewis’s brow throbbed violently.

He hadn’t anticipated Hope Williams pulling this stunt tonight, and the worst part was that Wyatt Lewis saw it all!

Waylon Lewis’s face was as dark as the sky outside.

Vivia Fuller bit her lip hard, her entire body trembling with rage; her hands clenched and then relaxed, relaxed and then clenched, several seconds passing before she managed to suppress it; finally, Vivia Fuller took a deep breath, “Brother Waylon, I’ll come talk to you later...”

Vivia Fuller mustered all her strength to hold back her fury and walked out.

The next moment, the body of Hope Williams trying to escape was suddenly lifted, the man supporting her, placing her on the desk, his strong waist plunging between her

legs, his hand tearing off his tie, those aggressive eyes making Hope Williams feel even more... that she had gone too far.

“Who let you dress like this? Hm?”

The scant fabric barely covered her curvaceous body, her waist slim, and her long legs straight; the black lace material contrasted sharply with her fair skin, almost glowing white.

Waylon Lewis’s Adam’s apple bobbed, his gaze locked tightly on Hope Williams; just one glance had been enough to set the blood boiling.

His gaze was too intense, and under the pressure, Hope Williams’s ears reddened, she bit her lower lip, and cast down her eyes.

“Let me go first.” Hope Williams’s voice was as weak as a mosquito’s.

The man’s gaze deepened, his low and mellow voice resonating by her ear, “You seduced me first, and now you want to run away?”

Hope Williams muttered to herself, she’d managed to drive away her rival, but now she had fallen into the tiger’s den herself.

“What is this?”

“Soup!”

Hope Williams quickly changed the subject, picking up the “bone broth” she had brought in and set aside earlier.

Waylon Lewis glanced at the soup Hope Williams was holding, the corners of his eyes curving with a meaningful arc.

He asked ambiguously, “What kind of soup?”

“B-bone broth... Mom asked me to bring it to you.”

Hope Williams’s cheeks grew redder under his lascivious gaze, not realizing just how tempting her shy appearance was to Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis chuckled lowly, caressing her blushing cheeks.

“Baby, you should spend less time with Mom, or you wouldn’t know even if you were sold, understand?”

“What?”

Waylon Lewis pinched the rim of the bowl, downing the soup in one gulp.

Hope Williams blinked, only then clearly seeing the thing inside the bowl that she didn't know...

Then she knew...

In a flash, Hope Williams felt her face burn as if it were on fire.

What was it? Bull penis!

Seeing the embarrassed and awkward expression on Hope Williams's face, Waylon Lewis laughed softly, his magnetic voice echoing, very seductive.

"It's going to be a hard night for my baby," Waylon Lewis said, pulling her body close to his own, giving her no chance to escape.

"This is... Ah, Mom... Mamma mia!"

In a whirl, Hope Williams was pressed down on the desk, her shoulder strap easily slipped off by the man.

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Chapter 195: Chapter 195: Willow, Let's Run Away from Home Chapter 195: Chapter 195: Willow, Let's Run Away from Home A whirlwind sensation ensued, and Hope was pressed against the table, her shoulder strap effortlessly slipped off by the man.

His lips were about to descend when Hope quickly raised her hand to hold against his muscular chest.

"Wait a second."

"Wait for what?"

Suddenly remembering why she had worn this piece of fabric, Hope retorted, "Your mom said you were hugging Vivian Fuller. Confess and be lenient, resist and be punished. If you don't clarify this, don't even think about getting into my bed tonight."

Hope seemed to have caught Waylon by the tail and suddenly grew bolder.

"Is that what this is about?" Waylon gently brushed aside the bangs on Hope's forehead and tucked them behind her ear, "Jealous?"

"Heh, so it's true!"

"It was an accident; she sprained her ankle and bumped..."

"Wow, Waylon Lewis." Hope lifted her leg and shoved the man off of her with one kick.

Waylon captured Hope's slender ankle effortlessly and pulled the woman back to him, laughing instead of getting angry, "She bumped into me."

"So she just happened to bump right into your arms. How does it feel having a beauty thrown into your embrace?" Hope huffed, her delicate and pretty face puffing up in anger.

Waylon watched her with satisfaction, the sight of Hope being jealous pleasing him. "But I dodged."

Leaning in, Waylon kissed her lips, "Knowing my wife is the jealous type, even if I dared to think about it, I wouldn't have the guts to act on it."

Hope raised a hand and pinched Waylon's handsome face, tilting her chin up, "You dare to even think about it?"

"...I don't dare."

"I'm petty? I get jealous?" Hope raised an eyebrow.

"Isn't that right?" Waylon curved his lips in an indulgent smile, his gaze lingering on her attire.

Hope, "Your mom said I can't lose."

"What did she say?"

"Other women act coquettishly around you, so I have to be even more so..."

With a slap, Hope quickly covered her mouth.

Why did she just blurt that out?

Waylon looked at Hope, once again amused and laughed joyously, delivering a fierce kiss on her lips, "As you wish."

"Don't... not here..."

"Can't wait."

...

After an entanglement, Hope pleaded for mercy, yet Waylon still wasn't satisfied.

Wrapping her in clothes, Waylon carried Hope back to the room, her body limp as a ragdoll, too lazy to even lift a finger.

He simply carried her to the bathroom, showered and dried her off, then carried her back to bed.

Hope turned over, and Waylon covered her with a blanket, then climbed into bed himself, hugging her from behind.

Hope's back pressed against his muscular chest, feeling the warmth emanating from his body.

Her body felt warm and her heart unusually at ease.

Gently, Waylon kissed her forehead. "Sleep."

...

"Mommy, mommy, it's way past sunrise, why are you still sleeping in? Are you a little piggy?"

At eight in the morning, Luke and Willow were utterly bored and took advantage of Waylon's absence to sneak into the couple's room.

One on each side, Luke and Willow lifted Hope's blanket and were about to climb into her bed.

Hope woke up with a start, shocked, and hurriedly pushed down the blanket with her hands, "Luke, Willow!"

She was naked underneath!

With a dark face, Waylon strode over, scooped one up in each hand, and tossed them out the door.

The expelled Luke and Willow...

When had Mommy been taken by a bad guy, seeming to no longer belong to them?

Holding their little hands, they exchanged glances, feeling pitiful for each other.

Both were children abandoned by daddy and mommy. Ah, had they known, they would never have accepted such a bad daddy; and now they had lost their mommy too—a huge loss!

“Willow, daddy and mommy don’t love us anymore, let’s run away from home...”

...

“Why did you throw them out?” Hope immediately put on the clothes that Waylon had handed to her.

“If you keep this up, be careful that they won’t recognize you one day. Then what will you do?”

Hope Williams shook her head helplessly, then Waylon Lewis brought her the slippers, “Even if they don’t recognize me, I’m still their father.”

Hope placed her hands around Waylon’s shoulders, “Waylon Lewis, don’t forget that in their eyes, you’ve only just shaken off the ‘bad’ label.”

Waylon’s face darkened.

Hope stood up and patted Waylon’s shoulder, “Stay here. I need to go comfort my two little treasures.”

“What are Luke and Willow doing?” The anxious voice of Alitzel Williams came from outside the door.

Hope hurried out, followed closely by Waylon.

“Don’t stop me, I’m going to run away from home!”

“Humph.”

As soon as Hope stepped outside, she saw Luke and Willow each holding a little bundle, ready to run away from home with the determination of someone whom even eight oxen couldn’t pull back.

Alitzel was desperately trying to stop them, but to no avail, as the two little treasures were upset and struggling fiercely.

“No, no, Daddy and Mommy don’t love us anymore, we’re leaving,” Luke and Willow got temperamental—the kind that couldn’t be easily soothed. Hope quickly stepped up, grabbing one in each hand, “What’s wrong, my treasures? How can you run away from home? Don’t you want Mommy anymore?”

“Mommy, you don’t love us anymore, you don’t sleep with us, and you don’t eat with us. We wanted to see Mommy, but then we got thrown out... Ah... Ah...” Luke and Willow felt aggrieved, their little tempers flaring, and they cried unstoppable tears.

Willow cried out in sorrow...

Hope held her forehead, "How can that be? Mommy loves you the most."

"Liar, liar, Mommy obviously loves bad Daddy the most."

Waylon, "Good that you know."

Hope...

"Mommy, look at him!" Luke stamped his little foot, and Willow's tears flowed like a faucet had been turned on.

Adding to the chaos now?

What a mess!

Hope turned and glared at Waylon.

Waylon's mouth twitched.

"Alright, stop it now. Still vying for favoritism," Hope said seriously.

Luke, as if he had just won a round against his own father, snorted at Waylon as a form of intimidation.

See if you dare to compete with us for Mommy again.

You got scolded, didn't you?

Serves you right!

Hope picked up Willow and took Luke's little hand, "Don't listen to him. Come on, Mommy will spend the day with you guys."

Hope pulled Luke and Willow away, her heart truly aching for them, blaming herself for her two little treasures being so upset.

When she wasn't paying attention, Luke turned his head back to Waylon and stuck out his tongue, "Nyah nyah nyah ~"

Waylon...

This was... a naked provocation!

He had been outsmarted by his own son!

Just as Waylon was on the verge of anger, he spotted Wyatt Lewis sneaking around.

Waylon's cold eyes narrowed.

"Come here," Waylon said coldly.

Wyatt shuddered all over, his legs trembling with fear.

But he couldn't resist his brother's sharp gaze; he really wished those eyes could kill him right there.

"Heh heh, what can I do for you, brother?"

"Go cut fifty pounds of onions."

Wyatt, "..."

Was that really necessary?

He had just been a second quicker in looking at his brother's wife, did that deserve such a retaliation?

In agony, Wyatt howled, "Bro, I'm your own brother..."

"One hundred pounds."

Wyatt... Just kill me and have fun!

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Chapter 196: Chapter 196: You're Doomed When Mommy Comes Back! Chapter 196: Chapter 196: You're Doomed When Mommy Comes Back! ...

"Don't be mad anymore, okay? Tonight we won't ask for him, can Mommy keep Luke and Willow company?"

Upon hearing Hope Williams's words, Luke and Willow immediately beamed with joy.
"Really?"

They were truly upset just a moment ago—what can they do when the bad daddy keeps shoos them away whenever they get close to Mommy? They do have feelings, you know.

"Humph, does Mommy keep her word?"

"Of course, I do."

At this point, Hope Williams's phone rang. She answered the call—it was about a hospital emergency. A patient had suffered a cardiac arrest, and she needed to rush back immediately.

"Is it something at the hospital, Mommy?" Luke and Willow were used to this; usually, when Mommy was in a hurry, it was about the hospital.

"Yes, Mommy has to go to the hospital now, sorry my darlings." Hope Williams apologized.

"Alright then, Mommy, go quickly." The patient was important; their Mommy was going to save someone's life, so they couldn't delay her.

Luke and Willow were quite understanding about this.

Hope Williams was already heading out the door, calling Waylon Lewis as she walked. "I have to go back to the hospital. Please spend more time with Luke and Willow, be patient with them, they will really like you. Okay, gotta hang up."

After making her arrangements, Hope Williams immediately drove to the hospital.

Waylon Lewis stood there with his mouth agape, unable to utter a sound, massaging his throbbing temples while staring at the phone that had already been hung up.

What could he do? He had to obey his wife's wishes.

Luke and Willow were sitting on the ground playing with Legos. Waylon Lewis strode over, lifting one in each arm onto the couch.

"The floor is cold!"

"Bad daddy? Go play by yourself. We won't accept your apology." Luke and Willow declared with their tiny, haughty faces.

Waylon's brows furrowed, "Who is apologizing to you?"

"No apology, no making up." No room for negotiation.

Waylon took out a couple of tissues and wiped away the tear stains from their faces.

"Who wants to make up with you?"

"Bad daddy!"

"Bad sons!" Waylon Lewis replied, his voice mild, as if it was completely normal to retort like that.

"I'm not bad." Luke stood up, indignant, with hands on hips.

Waylon raised an eyebrow, a smile in his eyes, "Little shorty, wait until you grow up before you try to challenge me."

With one hand, Waylon put Luke back on the sofa.

Luke fussed with his wrinkled clothes, as defiant as ever.

"When I grow up, you won't have a place by Mommy's side."

"Say that again? Believe it or not, I'll find you a wife right now." How dare he compete with him for his wife.

Luke's voice weakened a bit, threatened with the same thing again.

Good.

You're done for when Mommy gets back!

Waylon glanced at the clock. "Do you want to stay at home or come to the office with me?"

Staying at home was too boring. Luke and Willow exchanged a glance. They had never been to bad daddy's office before. Luke, trying to maintain his pride, said rather helplessly, "Then we'll just have to endure and go with you to the office."

A light laugh escaped Waylon's lips. "I really spoil you two, don't I, with your 'enduring'?"

As he was about to pick one up, he remembered Hope Williams's warning and switched from lifting to holding.

At the same time as Hope Williams entered the operating room, Ellie Field just happened to be coming out, surrounded by a few interns.

"Doctor Cynthia was amazing in surgery just now, truly a famous doctor."

"Yes, the surgery went so well thanks to Doctor Cynthia."

"We must learn more from Doctor Cynthia, so impressive."

Ellie Field smiled coyly, "Thank you all, but the successful surgery was thanks to everyone's efforts."

Ellie glanced covertly to the side and walked over quietly, then suddenly bumped into Hope Williams's shoulder, "Oh my..."

Ellie Field stumbled to the side and crashed heavily into the washbasin, her position as if she was intentionally bumped by Hope Williams.

Hope's shoulder ached, she paused slightly in her step, glanced indifferently at Ellie, and without changing her expression, walked into the operating room.

"Are you okay, Doctor Cynthia?"

"Doctor Williams, you bumped into Doctor Cynthia, you should apologize to her," a doctor shouted at Hope.

Hope didn't even turn her head.

"This is too much. What kind of person is this, bumping into someone and just walking away without a word or an apology. She isn't even the department head yet, who is she showing off her arrogance to?" The same doctor complained discontentedly.

"Yeah, it's too much. Are you okay, Doctor Cynthia?"

Ellie Field bit her lower lip "painfully" and shook her head, "I'm fine, don't offend Doctor Williams for my sake. After all, she might be the department head in the future. It wouldn't be good to offend her."

"She's the department head? That's not decided yet. We have to vote on it. Who told you that, Doctor Cynthia?"

"Didn't Doctor Williams say..." Ellie started to speak, then stopped, "Ah? So she's not yet? Then why did she tell me that she was the department head?"

"What? Did she really say that?"

Ellie put on an innocent face, biting her lip and nodding.

The several doctors around her instantly became enraged, "Don't listen to her nonsense; the position of department head is not decided yet."

"Then why does she claim it as hers?"

They were furious.

"Probably because you are new here and also a Cynthia, she feared you might take her position as department head and deliberately deceived you to eliminate a strong competitor."

Ellie feigned surprise and covered her mouth, "Ah? How could she do that? I never thought about competing with her. Is she treating me as an enemy now?"

"Don't worry, Cynthia. You are the renowned Cynthia. No one is more suitable for the department head position than you, she can't compete with you."

"Really?"

"Really, we all support you."

"Thank you all." Ellie smirked triumphantly in the shadows.

As soon as Hope Williams stepped out of the operating room, she was greeted with various looks of disbelief and disgust.

"She's skillful, but way too arrogant. She's not even the department head yet, but she's calling herself one. The nerve. Anyway, my vote definitely won't go to her."

"The results of the vote will be out in a week; let's see her face get slapped."

"Let's just wait and watch the joke unfold."

Hope slightly raised an eyebrow and continued to explain carefully to the patient's family by the door of the operating room.

After finishing the explanation, Hope headed to the restroom and not far away, saw Ellie Field following triumphantly behind.

At the washstand, Hope raised her eyebrows slightly and from the mirror saw Ellie's smug face that seemed ready to fly.

"How does it feel to be despised by everyone, Hope?"

Hope took a paper towel and delicately wiped her fingers, "What have you done now?"

Ellie ran her fingers through her hair, "I just told them that you're claiming to be the department head, and guess what? Not only did they believe it, but they also said they'd support me for the position."

"You've got your little tricks."

"The trick worked, didn't it?" Ellie's eyes glinted with malice, "I told you I would take everything from you, status, position, including men. I don't think I am inferior to you in any respect; why shouldn't I have what you have?"

Ellie continued to taunt arrogantly, "Look at how pitiful you are now. Everyone despises you, and you're about to lose your position as department head."

"It was a mistake to bring you back to the hospital," said Hope, her stare icy and voice cold.

"Regretting it? You should have listened to that old fool..."

"What did you say?" Hope's gaze instantly turned icy as a glacier.

"I said you're foolish. If you had listened to that old fart, your mentor..."
Before she could finish, there was a "thud."

Hope's fist made contact.

Ellie's head hit the wall with a thump, followed by a buzzing numbness.

She winced in pain.

"Hope Williams!" Ellie yelled, raising her hand to slap Hope's face.

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Chapter 197: Chapter 197 Caught Off Guard by a Slap in the Face Chapter 197:
Chapter 197 Caught Off Guard by a Slap in the Face "Hope Williams!" Ellie Field
shouted angrily, raising her hand to slap Hope Williams across the face.

Hope Williams had anticipated this. The moment Ellie raised her hand, Hope blocked it and with her other hand delivered a loud slap in return.

Ellie Field was completely dazed.

Immediately afterward, someone grabbed her by the collar and pushed her into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

Determined to find trouble, Hope Williams felt obligated to satisfy Ellie's propensity for provocation.

Ellie Field was dragged by her hair into a stall.

"Repeat what you just said."

"Hope Williams, bitch, let go of me!" Ellie Field screamed in pain as she desperately scratched at Hope Williams's arms, attempting to break free.

"Very well."

As Hope Williams spoke, she forcefully dunked Ellie Field's head into the flushing toilet.

"Ah! Ah!" Ellie Field screamed shrilly, choking on several mouthfuls of toilet water.

“Keep screaming, use this water to wash your filthy mouth,” Hope Williams said fiercely.

“Help... help!” Ellie Field was pulled up.

Because the previous person hadn’t flushed the toilet, the water was not only tinged with urine but also contained feces. Though her face hadn’t touched it, the feces were less than two centimeters from Ellie Field, and her hair was soaked in it.

The revolting smell caused Ellie Field to vomit violently.

“Bitch! Bitch, let go of me, let me go!”

“Think about how the master treated you over the years, provided you with food and clothing, taught you everything he knew. Without the master taking you in, would you even be alive today? Huh? Even if you’re ungrateful, you shouldn’t curse him like that. That slap earlier was on behalf of the master, Ellie Field, remember it well, and if I ever hear you say anything bad about the master again, I will beat you senseless.”

Hope Williams let go of Ellie Field’s hair, dusted off her hands, and walked out.

The cries from inside had attracted a crowd at the door.

Hope Williams calmly circumvented the crowd and walked over to the sink, turning on the tap and letting the water flow through her slender fingers.

After washing, she leisurely pulled out a paper towel and methodically dried her fingers. Her face had returned to calm, showing no trace of previous anger.

Hope Williams left, leaving behind only Ellie Field’s frantic cries and a crowd of onlookers by the door.

The incident quickly reached Director Woods, and Hope Williams was summoned to the director’s office.

Director Woods sat authoritatively at his desk, while Ellie Field was crouched on the sofa, sobbing pitifully.

A group of doctors stood around, wanting to stand up for Ellie Field.

Director Woods’s expression was displeased. Clearly, Ellie Field had already tearfully reported the incident before Hope Williams arrived.

“Director Woods.” Hope Williams entered calmly, her gaze fixed on Director Woods, without glancing at Ellie Field.

Director Woods gave Hope Williams several meaningful looks, which Hope slightly shook her head at, letting Director Woods understand her stance. He cleared his throat and said, "Doctor Williams, I hear you've beaten Ellie, is that right?"

The director's voice was even, betraying no hint of interrogation.

"Yes," Hope Williams nodded in acknowledgment.

"Why?"

"She deserved it," Hope Williams's voice was calm and steady.

"Ah... then you did well."

Everyone was astonished, looking toward Director Woods; even Hope Williams was momentarily stunned.

"Director Woods," Vice Chancellor Wood intervened, reminding that no matter how much he favored Hope Williams, he shouldn't be so blatant.

Director Woods paused, his tone becoming more serious, "What I meant to say was, Doctor Williams, this is a hospital. If someone really deserves a beating, I'd suggest doing it outside this hospital, alright? It somewhat affects the hospital's reputation, and dunking someone's head in a toilet, that's... you went too far..."

Around them, "Too far indeed."

"It's disregarding the cleaners who are meant to sanitize the toilets. Why get your own hands dirty? That's not right; you need to change this next time."

Hope Williams gave a slight smile and nodded, "Certainly."

What?

Director Woods, have you made a mistake? It was clearly Hope Williams who hit someone, yet you are protecting her. At least try not to make it so obvious.

They aren't human at all.

And Ellie Field, crying so fervently, caught someone's eye nearby, who then shook their heads.

Though it was cleaned, you could still smell it.

It's really frustrating.

“Director Woods, you can’t be so biased towards Doctor Williams. What did I do wrong? Might as well just die,” Ellie Field said, making a move to rush toward the window.

Yet someone, despite the stench, stopped her.

“Doctor Cynthia, calm down. Director Woods hasn’t finished speaking. Once the matter is investigated clearly, justice will surely be served,” Vice Chancellor Wood, playing the mediator, conveyed through glances to Director Woods, who didn’t respond.

Vice Chancellor Wood, feeling a headache coming on, walked over and whispered to Director Woods, “Director Woods, your bias could hardly be more obvious—it’s almost as if you’re applauding for Hope Williams.”

“I haven’t done that; I’ve already given her enough face.”

Vice Chancellor Wood...

“This issue has a big impact. She is Cynthia after all. I don’t know what grudge you hold against her, but at least she’s Cynthia. For appearances’ sake, let’s have Hope Williams apologize, turning a big issue into a small one, and just let it be.”

“Why should Hope Williams apologize? I know her temperament. She definitely wouldn’t hit anyone unless provoked.”

This imposter must have provoked Hope Williams.

I’ve given this imposter enough face by allowing her to stay in her position, and you want Hope Williams to apologize to her? Dream on!

“Why are you so stubborn? You’re old enough to know the priorities here...”

“Director Woods, Vice Chancellor Wood, I have something to say,” Hope Williams suddenly spoke.

The two directors exchanged glances and looked toward Hope Williams.

Hope Williams gazed calmly at the desperate Ellie Field.

“I was wrong to hit her, but I had my reasons for doing so.”

Ellie Field choked up, not giving Hope Williams a chance to speak, and immediately cried out, “I didn’t provoke you at all. You hit me for no reason; if you have a reason, say it!”

Ellie Field was sure she was the victim here and had the upper hand.

Hope Williams was just being stubborn now.

Hope Williams took out a voice recorder from her pocket.

Ellie Field's face turned pale instantly. "What are you going to do?"

"One should always be cautious when dealing with a vile person, right?" Hope Williams said as she opened the recorder under Ellie Field's terrified gaze.

Ellie Field lunged forward, but Hope Williams shifted her body and dodged smoothly.

"How does it feel to be despised by everyone, Hope Williams?"

"What did you do again?"

"I just told them you declared yourself the head of the department and guess what? Not only did they believe me, but they also supported me to be the head."

"That's all the tricks you have."

"The trick worked, didn't it? I told you I would take everything from you—status, position, even your man. I don't see why I'm any less than you. Why should you have what I can't?"

"Look how pathetic you are now, everyone despises you, and your position as head is about to slip away."

As the voice fell, the room was in shock!

"Doctor Cynthia, you..."

The slap in the face was totally unexpected.

The people around were still processing.

So, it wasn't Hope Williams declaring herself the department head, but Cynthia trying to frame Hope Williams, urging them to attack her to benefit herself.

The anger of being manipulated spread among them.

"Doctor Cynthia, why did you lie to us?"

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Chapter 198: Chapter 198: Be Extra Cautious When Dealing with Despicable People
Chapter 198: Chapter 198: Be Extra Cautious When Dealing with Despicable People

"Yeah, even if you are Cynthia, you can't just play us like monkeys."

“And really, who does that? Even if you are Cynthia, the top-ranked in the medical field, your character is just terrible. At first, I really thought it was Hope Williams worried about losing her department head position and making things difficult for Cynthia. I didn’t expect it to all be orchestrated by Cynthia herself.”

“Hope Williams probably saw through her true colors early on, which is why she kept her distance.”

“We really wronged Doctor Williams.”

The voice recorder spun between Hope Williams’s delicate fingers.

She had Joy Ward to thank for instilling the habit of being extra cautious around despicable people.

“I didn’t, Hope Williams really said that. She forced me to back off, really, I am Cynthia, I don’t need to do these things, my abilities are enough to crush her!” Ellie Field cried out, exhausted, trying to defend herself.

But obviously, it was of no use.

Who knows what else she might be scheming.

Everyone knew it, they just didn’t say it.

“Doctor Cynthia, we do respect your medical skills highly, but we really can’t compliment your character.”

Director Woods and Vice Chancellor Wood looked at each other, with Vice Chancellor Wood conceding with a nod. However, he was a bit curious, “Why do you trust Hope Williams so much? She isn’t really your illegitimate daughter, is she?”

“If I had a daughter like her, I’d worship her like an ancestor, the trust that I have in her is because I have an eye for talent.”

“An eye for talent?” Vice Chancellor Wood chuckled and shook his head, murmuring quietly, “You really know how to praise others and bring yourself up.”

“What did you say?”

Vice Chancellor Wood immediately shook his head, “Nothing, Director, an eye for talent, truly an eye for talent.”

...

Meanwhile, the Lewis Clan Group was experiencing a major turbulence.

In a chat group.

Employee a: "Did you know? President Lewis has kids."

Employee b: "I saw, I saw, two of them no less, my god, I can hardly believe it."

Employee d: "For real? That has to be fake, our mighty and powerful President is still single, how could he have kids? Nonsense!"

Employee a: "For real, for real, I saw it myself with my two, big Cathy eyes, as genuine as they come. That little boy looks exactly like the Boss. I wouldn't believe they weren't his if you told me."

Their sagely and awe-inspiring demeanor, stirring up storms in the business world, the aloof and abstinent President Lewis actually has children!

And not just one but two...
This is absolutely top-tier news.

If it weren't for seeing it with their own eyes, they wouldn't dare believe it, and even having seen it, they still found the scene fantastical.

Please forgive their limited capacity, they couldn't immediately absorb such massive information.

Employee c: "Is there a video? Is there a video?"

Employee a: "The scene was so shocking, I didn't dare record a video."

While everyone was secretly buzzing with excitement.

"Boss's kids are lost, everyone search!" The director hurriedly gave the order.

"Holy shit..." The phone almost flew out of his hand.

This was earth-shattering.

The President's kids were lost at the company.

Search! Hurry and search!

If they are not found, no one leaves today.

At the same time, a phone call also reached Hope Williams.

Hope Williams glanced at the caller, Thomas Hughes. Calling her at this time, could there be some emergency?

Hope Williams immediately answered.

“Ma’am, the young master and the young miss are missing!”

Hope Williams...

The Lewis Clan Group, at this moment, felt like it was undergoing a massive financial crisis, unprecedented chaos everywhere.

The security room, offices, restroom, stairwells, elevators, reception room...

Up and down, left and right, any place that could hide a person, even inside cabinets, was searched through and through, people squeezed into every nook and cranny.

A vast number of people searched everywhere, the scene was extremely impressive.

Waylon Lewis sat in the surveillance room with furrowed brows, intently staring at the monitors, unwilling to miss even a second.

He asked the two kids to stay in the office and went for a meeting, but when he returned, they were nowhere to be seen.

Even after searching the entire floor, he found no one.

The surveillance footage showed they had run downstairs, and the two little ones vanished after reaching a blind spot in the cameras.

Waylon raised his hand and rubbed his throbbing brow.

“Boss, the young master and the young miss have been found.” Thomas Hughes burst into the room hurriedly.

Waylon immediately got up.

“Brother Waylon.”

Waylon’s gaze tightened slightly, “Vivia Fuller?”

Thomas opened his mouth to explain, “It was Miss Fuller who found the young master and the young miss at the entrance to the group’s headquarters.”

Waylon nodded, “Thank you.”

Luke and Willow wriggled free from the grip of Vivia Fuller and, with visible annoyance, sat down on a nearby sofa.

Waylon twisted his brow, "How long are you two going to sulk?"

Luke and Willow ignored him.

Waylon clenched his back teeth.

Seeing this, Vivia hurriedly pleaded, "Brother Waylon, it's normal for children to throw tantrums; just talk to them nicely."

Waylon strode over, picked each child up off the floor, and sat down with them on the sofa, asking, "Why didn't you leave a note before disappearing?"

"You just ignore us when you get to the office, leaving us there. Aren't we even allowed to leave?" Luke protested.

With her hands on her hips, Willow had a look of agreement on her face.

"So that's your reason for leaving without a word? Pretty impressive, you two," Waylon said, unable to hide his frustration.

Vivia walked over, patted Waylon's shoulder, and crouched down in front of Luke and Willow, her voice soft, "Luke, Willow, if you're bored, how about I take you to the amusement park this afternoon?"

"You're a bad woman; we don't want you to take us. Stay away from us," Luke and Willow furrowed their brows and hesitantly pushed away the hand Vivia extended towards them.

Suddenly shoved by that gentle push, Vivia staggered a bit and was about to fall when Waylon helped her up.

Taking advantage, Vivia fell into Waylon's arms.

"Are you alright?"

Vivia bit her lip, "Brother Waylon... my, I accidentally twisted my leg."

Seeing this, anger flashed across the children's faces.

"Don't lean on our daddy; our daddy belongs to Mommy. What gives you the right?" Luke glared at Vivia with annoyance.

With Mommy not around, they had to look after Daddy for her.

He had only pushed away her advancing arm because he didn't want this bad aunt touching him.

Who would have thought she'd actually end up falling into their daddy's arms? Was she trying to manipulate him?

"Luke Williams," Waylon raised his voice a few notches.

"Brother Waylon, I'm fine; the children are still young, don't blame them," Vivia said, her eyes a mix of emotions.

"You two, go stand in the corner and think about your actions," Waylon commanded, struggling to contain his anger. The children really were becoming uncontrollable.

"Why should we? It's not like we did anything wrong."

Luke and Willow blinked away tears that had begun to gather in their eyes, looking very defiant.

"Pushing someone for no reason, and you think you did nothing wrong?"

Overwhelmed by Waylon's fierce tone, Luke and Willow's tears started streaming down their cheeks.

Waylon helped Vivia to her feet and instructed Thomas, "Take her to get treated."

Vivia, however, clasped Waylon's arm, her face full of sorrow, "Brother Waylon, I'm really fine; it's just a minor injury and will heal soon. The children probably didn't mean it; please don't punish them..."

"Bad woman, stop your pretense; you're probably delighted inside," Luke blurted out without any reservation, uncovering Vivia's intentions.

Vivia's complexion turned unsightly, appearing hurt by good intentions.

"Luke Williams!" Waylon shouted angrily.

"You don't want us around, and we don't want to stay. We will go find Mommy," Luke cried out as he and Willow fled the scene.

"This, Brother Waylon..." Vivia's anxious expression conveyed her distress, "It's all my fault; I shouldn't have appeared. I'm sorry, Brother Waylon."

Waylon glanced at his arm being held, a trace of coldness flashing through his eyes, and sharply moved his arm away, "It has nothing to do with you."

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Chapter 199: Chapter 199: Please Apologize to My Child Chapter 199: Chapter 199: Please Apologize to My Child Waylon Lewis glanced at the hand clutching his arm, a flicker of coldness passing through his eyes, and raised his hand to brush it off, "It's none of your business."

With that, Waylon Lewis immediately chased after her.

A triumphant smile crossed Vivia Fuller's eyes.

How could she let Hope Williams and her two children get by easily?

"Luke! Willow!"

As soon as Hope Williams ran into the lobby of Lewis Clan Group, she saw the two little ones rushing out of the elevator.

Her heart, which had been hanging in suspense, instantly settled, but contracted again upon seeing the tear stains on Luke and Willow's faces.

The moment they saw Mommy, all their grievances turned into tears and burst out.

"Mommy~"

Hope Williams looked at Luke, then at Willow, their adorable little faces all red and messy with tears and snot.

Hope Williams, heart aching unbearably, quickly embraced the two little pitiful figures, "What's wrong? Mommy's here, don't cry. What happened? Can you tell Mommy?"

"Ah ah ah..."

The more they spoke, the more aggrieved they felt.

"Mommy, count to three, two, one and then we'll stop crying, okay?" Hope Williams patiently wiped away the continuous stream of tears.

"Three... two..."

The two little ones hiccupped and held back their cries, unstoppable tears still roaming in their red eyes.

Hope Williams, her expression full of sorrow, said, "Mommy is listening, tell Mommy."

“Daddy helped the mean auntie to bully us, wuwuwu~ Luke didn’t push the mean auntie hard, but she fell down and hit into Daddy’s arms. We told him, and he didn’t believe us. Bad Daddy even made us face the wall to reflect on it.”

After hearing this, Hope Williams’s gaze turned colder and colder.

Waylon Lewis was already striding over, with Vivian Fuller close behind. Waylon’s brow moved slightly, “Hope Williams...”

“Shut up.” Waylon Lewis had barely spoken when Hope Williams interrupted him.

Everyone in the hall watched the scene, speechless to describe their shock at the moment.

What was happening?

This woman just told Waylon Lewis to shut up. Normally, it was always Waylon who told others to shut up; this woman was too bold.

Seeing that Waylon remained silent, one could only imagine how furious he might be, and it was easy to predict how dreadful the outcome for this reckless woman could be.

Everyone held their breath.

As everyone hushed and braced for the looming storm,
Ten seconds later, calm prevailed.

Waylon Lewis licked his lips, standing aside.

A word to describe him would be, obediently!

Holy smoke!

No one would believe it if they hadn’t seen it with their own eyes.

“Miss Fuller, can you tell me what happened?” Hope Williams’s cold gaze swept toward Vivian Fuller, her tone frosty yet remarkably calm.

Vivian Fuller opened her mouth, stepped forward, and after hesitating for a moment said, “Miss Williams, please don’t be angry. It’s like this, Luke and Willow ran out because they were playful and we just found them. Brother Waylon scolded them a bit. The kids are a bit spoiled, they can’t take such words, and started crying, calling for you...”

“Is that so?”

“Yes, Miss Williams, whatever it is, I must say, it’s not good to spoil the children too much. Luke and Willow are so temperamental that they won’t listen to adults, which is really not good.”

Hope Williams’s eyes narrowed dangerously, chillingly staring at her.

“My children said that they pushed you, right?”

Vivia Fuller bit her lip, trying to appear magnanimous, “It’s nothing, I won’t take it to heart.”

“Oh, you might not mind, but I do. I’m quite petty, and can’t tolerate any sand in my eye,” Hope Williams turned her head, “Luke.”

Luke promptly stepped forward two steps.

Vivia Fuller, looking at the emotionless face of Hope Williams, didn’t know what she was about to do, but her eyes felt chillingly cold to the bone.

Hope Williams calmly pulled Luke forward, “Apologize.”

Vivia Fuller was stunned.

Luke pursed his little lips, “Sorry.”

Hope Williams watched Vivia Fuller intently, “Enough?”

“Miss Williams, really, you don’t need to—”

“Continue.” Lips then released two words.

“Aunty, I’m sorry!”

Hope Williams once again swept her gaze towards Vivia Fuller, “Enough?”

Vivia Fuller clenched her teeth hard, “...Yes, enough.”

“That’s good. Luke is young and doesn’t understand much, Miss Fuller, please don’t mind, but I do know my children’s nature, and don’t need others to tell me that. You understand?”

Vivia Fuller stared tightly at Hope Williams’s eyes, trying to discern something, but her eyes were shrouded in a mist, impenetrable.

“Huh?”

“I understand,” Vivia Fuller gritted her teeth.

“Since you understand, please then apologize to me for what you just said about my children!”

Hope Williams’s voice carried an overwhelming presence, instantly manifesting a formidable pressure.

Vivia Fuller’s mouth twitched, facing Hope Williams, expected to apologize in front of so many people to a child.

The grand daughter of the Fuller Family, apologizing to a child!

Hope Williams’s chilling look fixed coldly on Vivia Fuller, seeing no intention of apology, her voice grew colder.

“Since you understand, why aren’t you apologizing? A small child can admit his mistakes and apologize, why can’t the great granddaughter of Fuller Family?”

This bitch, always setting traps for her.

Even if Vivia Fuller’s mind was spinning fast, under such pressure, it only made her brain blank and suffocated underneath.

“Miss Williams, can’t we discuss this calmly and reasonably?”

“Am I not talking to you nicely? If I wasn’t, do you think you could still be standing here so easily?”

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Chapter 200: Chapter 200 No, not the President’s Wife... it’s the Ancestor Chapter 200: Chapter 200 No, not the President’s Wife... it’s the Ancestor Hope Williams, holding Luke and Willow, turned around and walked away.

Waylon Lewis hurriedly followed after her.

Stopped by Waylon, Hope moved to the right, and Waylon stepped to the right; when Hope moved to the left, Waylon blocked her way.

Annoyed, Hope asked, “What do you want?”

“I have something to say.”

“I’m not listening,” Hope said coldly, walking straight ahead.

Waylon looked deeply at her retreating figure, sighed profoundly, and quickly caught up.

Hope felt a familiar presence behind her, her body suddenly lifted into the air as she was scooped up in an embrace.

“Hey...”

When her body collided with his firm chest, Hope’s heart trembled violently.

“Put me down.”

Waylon, holding Hope, walked toward the private elevator under the astounded gaze of everyone present.

“Thomas Hughes.”

“Master Luke, Miss Willow, be good, okay?” Thomas quickly picked up one child in each arm and hurried to keep up with Waylon’s pace.

“Let me go, Waylon Lewis!” Hope struggled, pushing against Waylon’s chest.

“Move again, and I’ll kiss you right here.”

“If you dare kiss me, you’re sleeping on the floor tonight.”

Waylon chuckled with amusement, “You wish!”

Waylon forcefully carried Hope into the elevator, leaving behind a crowd of onlookers, stunned and unable to regain their senses for a long time.

“Am I dreaming?” someone exclaimed.

Their President Lewis, who could kill with a glance on any other day, was actually so compliant in front of a woman.

So, the woman who was so bold and unrestrained towards President Lewis was the President’s Wife?

No! Not the President’s Wife... she was the matriarch!

In the office, Hope tried to leave, but Waylon kicked the door shut.

Even Thomas, who had just chased after the two babies to the doorway, was frightened.

“Little matriarch, you go in by yourselves, Uncle Hughes won’t come in,” Thomas quietly pushed the door open a bit for the two little ones, shivering as he hid by the door.

“Let go, I’m telling you, Waylon Lewis, today’s issue isn’t over yet,” Hope’s delicate little face full of anger.

Protecting another woman and carrying another woman was bad enough, but to have wrongfully accused his own children because of another woman.

Impressive.

She asked him to take good care of the children, and he did a splendid job.

“I was wrong,” Waylon sighed deeply.

“You were wrong? What did President Lewis do wrong? You were just playing the hero, protecting a delicate beauty. Let me go.” Hope couldn’t push Waylon away and glared at him angrily.

“Things aren’t like that.”

“Then how are they?”

Waylon lowered his eyes, his deep black pupils filled with helplessness.

“Mommy~” Luke’s weak voice rose, “Don’t fight...”

When Hope looked toward Luke and Willow, her gaze softened instantly, and her voice became very gentle, “Mommy and Daddy aren’t fighting.”

After speaking, her gaze shifted back to Waylon’s face, still full of anger, “Thomas called to say they were lost, what’s that about?”

“...It was my fault, I neglected them for a moment.”

“No, no, no, it’s because Luke and Willow found it too boring, so they ran out themselves; it actually isn’t Daddy’s fault...”

Running off on their own was their mistake, and they couldn’t deny that, they couldn’t let bad Daddy take all the blame.

“If I had watched them closer, it wouldn’t have happened, it’s my fault.”

“Daddy is busy with work, if we were just a bit better behaved, nothing would have happened!”

Hope pursed her lips.

Now they were even protecting each other.

“Stand up straight.” Hope placed one hand on her hip, and with the other, pointed to the space in front of her.

Luke and Willow immediately stood up straight with their chests puffed out, behaving themselves.

Hope frowned and glanced at Waylon before focusing her attention on the two little ones.

“Luke, Willow.” Hope’s face was stern.

“Mommy, we know we did wrong,” Luke and Willow said, looking down timidly.

“No matter what, it’s wrong to run off without telling an adult, do you know that we worry?”

“Does Daddy worry too?”

Hope’s tone was firm, “Of course, Daddy is also very worried about you.”

“But why is he always so harsh with us?”

Hope looked at Waylon, “He just looks fierce.”

Waylon, “...”

“But it doesn’t mean he doesn’t love you, okay?”

Willow, being very fair, wrote on a piece of paper with a pen: Not fierce to Mommy.

“Yeah, bad Daddy is never harsh with Mommy, Daddy loves Mommy, but not us.”

They concluded confidently.

Hope unconsciously glanced at Waylon, and his gaze had never left Hope; their eyes suddenly collided.

Waylon walked over, took Hope’s hand, and said, “I can’t bear to.”

“Right, you can’t bear to be harsh with Mommy, but you can easily do it to us.” Luke and Willow didn’t know whether to be happy or speechless at their Daddy’s double standards.

“Is it even comparable?”

“Are we really your own children?” Luke muttered with a pout.

“Just look in a mirror and you’ll know.”

Luke...

“Enough, I’m not over it yet, stay away from me,” Hope said mercilessly as she withdrew her hand from Waylon’s grip.

“How can you calm down?”

“Mommy, please don’t be angry anymore, okay? We really know we were wrong, and we promise to be good and not run off again. If you’re still mad, you can spank us; we promise not to cry.”

The two little ones apologetically stuck out their little behinds.

Hope sighed and after looking at Luke and Willow, she shifted her gaze mournfully towards Waylon and raised an eyebrow.

Following Hope’s gaze, Luke and Willow couldn’t help but also look at Waylon.

Their gaze seemed to say, we should be united in admitting our mistakes!

Waylon’s face darkened as he looked at the children’s actions and tugged at his lip, “Violence isn’t the solution, it’s not good.”

Hope hesitated, then smiled.

“Alright, stop making yourselves look so pitiful.”

“Are you not angry anymore?” Waylon raised his hand to embrace Hope.

Hope still pushed him away and even took a step back to keep her distance from him.

Waylon...

“Luke, Willow, it seems like your troubles are over, but not mine,” Hope turned around, “Let’s go home, Luke, Willow.”

Waylon leaned in to follow, “I’ll come with you.”

“I refuse.”

“Refusal is invalid.”

Hope...