

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 201 – 210

201 The Wedding Date is Set - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 201 - 201 201 The Wedding Date is Set

Chapter 201: Chapter 201 The Wedding Date is Set Chapter 201: Chapter 201 The Wedding Date is Set As soon as Hope Williams settled into the car, she received a call from Alexander Knox.

Waylon Lewis, sitting beside her, noticed and instantly, the air around him turned visibly colder.

Hope held the phone to her ear, “Mr. Knox.”

“Don’t forget tonight.”

“Tonight?”

Hope quickly reviewed her memory before recalling that she had previously accepted Alexander Knox’s invitation to attend the annual banquet of the Knox Clan.

“You forgot?”

“No, I will be there on time tonight.”

“Good, I’ll be waiting for you.”

Hope Williams, “...”

Hope put down her phone but didn’t ignore the chilling coldness from the person next to her.

Waylon Lewis, “What’s the matter?”

“I had previously promised to attend the Knox Clan’s annual banquet, which I told you about.”

“Is it possible not to go?”

Hope pursed her lips, "I've promised already, it wouldn't be appropriate not to go; after all, we have to maintain appearances."

"I have plans tonight."

Hope looked at him, "Then I'll go by myself, you take care of your own matters first."

Waylon Lewis sighed softly, "Can you manage alone?"

"I can, don't underestimate me."

"I'm afraid someone will abduct you."

Hope blinked lightly, "I am always firm in my stance."

Waylon chuckled, "I'll come to pick you up later, don't wander off."

"Understood, I need to go back and change clothes."

Dusk fell, and the hotel entrance was crowded with guests.

As one of the premier wealthy families, the standards of the Knox Clan's annual banquet were naturally high.

The banquet hall in the hotel was decorated luxuriously, filled with the aromas of red wine and fresh flowers.

On the elevated stage at the front, a large LCD screen showed the development history of the Knox Clan.

Alexander Knox, in a sharp suit, had a gentle smile on his handsome face as he held a wine glass and chatted amiably with the guests.

Hope Williams gracefully held her skirt while stepping off the car and ascending the steps. As she turned slightly, her gaze met that of the Fuller sisters just descending from a Rolls-Royce.

The Fullers' presence as prospective in-laws to the Knox Family was not a surprise to Hope.

Upon seeing Hope, Vivia Fuller's and Mia Fuller's gazes were initially dazzled, but the next second it turned into deep animosity.

"What business do you have here at the Knox Clan's annual banquet, Hope Williams?" With no one else around, Mia Fuller directly confronted Hope without pretense.

Hope took a step back, distancing herself.

"I am here at the invitation of Grandma Knox, why do you care? What? Miss Fuller, after meddling with the Lewis Family's matters, you want to interfere with the Knox Family's as well?" Hope responded coldly.

"You..." Mia Fuller, disregarding her gown, was about to charge forward but was held back by Vivia Fuller.

Vivia Fuller, clenching her teeth and smiling slightly, "Miss Williams, I apologize, Mia is just a bit impulsive."

Hope lightly raised her eyebrows and continued upward with her dress.

"Sister, that wretch is too arrogant," Mia said angrily, stomping her foot.

"Keep yourself in check today. Don't cause trouble in this setting, especially since you are to be the future Knox Family matriarch. The Knox Family is already displeased with you; if you cause more trouble, do you really want to be called off the engagement?"

"If it comes to that, then so be it. Do you think I care for Alexander Knox?" Her heart was filled with Waylon Lewis, her lifelong dream to marry into the Lewis Family and become its matriarch.

Who would willingly marry Alexander Knox?

Though the Knox Family was influential, they were no match for the leading wealthy Lewis Family.

"Just because you've been in jail, you should be grateful any prestigious family wants you. Don't be picky, just get out of the country," Vivia harshly scolded Mia, trying to give her a wake-up call.

Hope Williams had already annoyed her enough today, and here was this fool causing more trouble.

The Fuller Family had spent a lot of money to cover up Mia's prison stint previously, using the pretense of studying abroad to preserve her reputation.

But just because others didn't know didn't mean the Knox Family was unaware.

They knew all about Mia; their decision not to expose her simply stemmed from not having caught her red-handed and the fear of offending the Fuller Family.

Once Mia was caught, the Knox Family would not hesitate to call off the engagement.

It would be not just Mia's face that was lost, but the entire Fuller Family's face.

Vivia hadn't planned to come tonight, but fearing this fool might cause trouble, she followed anyway, especially since the family patriarch hoped to use this chance to expose Mia's engagement to Alexander Knox.

If things weren't settled, she feared the marriage would be called off.

Mia glared at Vivia disapprovingly, but didn't dare say much.

She had known her sister's tactics since they were children, so she didn't dare act rashly.

She had no choice but to suppress her anger and follow behind Vivia.

When Hope Williams appeared at the door, she naturally attracted plenty of attention. Dressed understatedly in a light-colored, fitted dress that just passed the ankle and without any extra adornments, her look was conservative, simple, and elegant.

Her makeup was light and unobtrusive, enhancing her delicate features, which were cool and detached.

The Fuller sisters, Vivia and Mia, appeared right behind her at the doorway.

Mia in a black mermaid dress and Vivia in a fitted white gown, both boasted delicately beautiful features of high quality.

Alexander was mingling with guests, and a distinct noise at the door attracted his attention. He lightly excused himself to the person he was talking to, "Excuse me."

He then headed towards the door.

While Alexander might not compare to Waylon Lewis, he was definitely among the elite of the nobility, and he confidently moved towards the entrance.

Seeing him approach, Vivia hooked her lips into a smile, tugging at Mia, who was still glaring fiercely at Hope. In a cold voice, she said, "Young Master Knox is coming this way, so perk up. Grandfather said, the announcement of your marriage should be made tonight, and the wedding date set quickly. Once the date is fixed, the Knox Family won't be able to call off the engagement, got that?"

Mia also noticed Alexander approaching. This man, after all, was the most desirable bachelor present tonight, and naturally, she, Mia Fuller, should be the woman by his side.

"I get it, sister. Don't worry," she responded.

If she couldn't marry Waylon Lewis, reluctantly marrying Alexander Knox was still acceptable.

"Those two must be the Fuller sisters, absolutely stunning indeed."

"I heard that Second Miss Walker has an engagement with Young Master Knox, surely a match of equally talented individuals."

"Did you all not notice the lady in the light purple dress?"

"Of course we did. Her demeanor and looks are simply incredible, easily overshadowing the Fuller sisters. But who is that lady? Do you know?"

"I don't know, but just from her demeanor, she's certainly from a prestigious and influential family."

"I agree."

Alexander continued his steady walk towards the entrance.

Mia smiled tenderly, her heart racing with excitement.

Regardless, she was still a Miss of the Fuller Family, and Alexander would certainly give her face; he would definitely come to her.

Mia's lips curved upward as she sensed envious glances from around, regaining her confidence with a proud smile.

Alexander walked straight toward them, his gaze placidly falling on Hope.

As Alexander drew closer, Mia gracefully picked up her skirt, assuming a proud stance, and took two steps forward, "Alex..."

"Miss Williams isn't very punctual, is she?"

"Sorry, I was delayed on the road."

"It's alright, it's just that Grandma has been going on about you, thinking I didn't invite you. She almost made me go pick you up."

"Mr. Knox, you're joking."

Alexander chuckled, "Just speaking the truth."

Mia's steps abruptly halted, her eyes narrowing sharply.

Chapter 202: Chapter 202: Use Their Own Methods to Counter Them Chapter 202:
Chapter 202: Use Their Own Methods to Counter Them She was standing right there
when he went to speak to Hope Williams, totally ignoring her!

Did he think she was dead?

Hope, that bitch, having Brother Waylon wasn't enough, now she's here to seduce
Alexander Knox.

That bitch, she's just here to disgust her on purpose!

Endless humiliation hit her face, and Mia Fuller didn't care about Vivian Fuller's attempt
to stop her. She lifted her skirt and strode forward, raising her hand, and harshly
slapped her down.

"You bitch!"

Hope saw her coming out of the corner of her eye and marginally dodged, allowing the
infuriated Mia to miss. She furiously grabbed a nearby wine glass and splashed the red
wine at Hope.

"Mia Fuller!"

Alexander shouted angrily, his arm blocking much of the wine, but still, a lot splattered
on Hope's dress.

"What are you crazy?" Alexander, unable to suppress his anger, grabbed Mia's hand.

Mia shook off Alexander's hand, and another slap flew towards him.

"Alexander, do you think I'm dead?"

Everyone was shocked.

Everything was fine moments ago, and the sudden outburst left everyone unable to
react.

What made Mia Fuller suddenly lose it?

A slap turned Alexander's face, and he pressed his tongue against the numb walls of
his mouth, his expression instantly freezing.

“Hope, how can you be so shameless, seducing my fiancé right in front of me? Are you that desperate for men? Huh? Seducing every man you see, you’re just a shameless whore!”

Mia clenched her fists tightly and cursed furiously.

Hearing this, a chilly glint flashed in Hope’s eyes.

“I’m seducing your fiancé?” Hope smirked coldly, “Which eye of yours saw me seducing your fiancé?”

“Bitch, you still want to argue? Just now your laugh was so provocative; you must be a social butterfly, right?”

Vivia clenched her teeth hard, stepped forward, and fiercely grabbed Mia, her face terrifyingly cold, “Mia Fuller, shut your mouth.”

Vivia turned to Alexander, Hope, and everyone else, trying to smile apologetically, “I’m sorry, my sister is a bit drunk. She didn’t mean it; I apologize on her behalf.”

She then tried to drag Mia away.

“I’m not drunk!” Mia felt as if her face had been rubbed into the ground by Hope. Infuriated beyond measure, she recklessly pushed Vivia’s hand away.

Tonight, she wanted Hope to be utterly discredited.

All these men flocking around Hope? Why? She was the noble Miss Fuller. What did Hope have to compare with her?

Why do all men protect her?

Enough.

She’d had enough, she wanted Hope to suffer as she did.

“Don’t you see? That bitch was seducing Alexander just now! And Alexander is my fiancé, a fact known to all. Her seducing a married man, what else could she be if not a bitch?”

“You keep saying I seduced your fiancé? Who saw it just now? What did I do wrong?”

Hope questioned coldly.

“What have you done? You don’t know? You dare say you didn’t seduce him, that he would ignore me and be all smiles with you?”

“So your reasoning is that Mr. Knox coming to talk to me means I seduced Mr. Knox?” Hope sneered, her eyes filled with contempt, “Mr. Knox’s fiancée is truly fearsome. It seems in the future, Mr. Knox has to think twice before talking to any woman, lest he be accused of seduction, you whore, you shameless woman.”

Mia, furious, retorted, “Stop twisting my words. When did I say that?”

“Was I mistaken? Okay, then tell me, apart from talking to Mr. Knox, what inappropriate thing did I do that made you misunderstand? Say it, and I will apologize.”

“You!” Mia glared fiercely at Hope, her mind racing, but she couldn’t think of anything to say.

Hope let out a soft laugh, her voice rising slightly, “Everyone’s here, did anyone see anything inappropriate between me and Mr. Knox just now?”

“I don’t know which eye of Miss Fuller saw it, but we definitely didn’t.”

“I didn’t see it either. Just now, the lady and Young Master Knox were merely engaging in the most normal conversation, without even any physical contact. I really don’t know where Miss Fuller’s so-called seduction comes from.”

“I was terrified just now,” Miss Fuller slapped her right away, and anyone who didn’t know better would think she was out of her mind, “Just now this lady did nothing improper with Young Master Knox, otherwise I’d eat shit standing on my head.”

“Not really crazy, right? If just talking is flirting, and you get called a slut or a bitch, then we better all stop talking.”

“Exactly, let’s all be mute and stop interacting.”

Mia Fuller’s eyes swept fiercely over the few people who were speaking, “What’s it to you, shut up.”

“The mouth on Miss Fuller, as if it’s attached to us, too controlling.”

Someone next to the speaker tugged at them, “Stop talking, be careful or she’ll come and slap you.”

Mia Fuller was so angry that her whole body shook violently.

Hope Williams stood quietly, her face expressionless as she watched Mia Fuller become the target of everyone’s arrows.

No one knew how much Vivia Fuller wanted to go up and slap this fool to death.

If she weren't part of the Fuller Family, Vivia would have left this idiot and walked away.

But since she was part of the Fuller Family, no matter how angry or hateful she felt, she couldn't leave.

Taking a few deep breaths, Vivia stepped forward, "Miss Williams, this is a misunderstanding. Mia was just being impulsive and wronged you."

"I and Mr. Knox were open and honest, yet slandered to this extent, and Miss Fuller thinks a simple 'misunderstanding' will cover it all?"

Hope Williams blinked gently.

Vivia Fuller's gaze sharpened, "Then what would Miss Williams like to do?"

Hope Williams looked past Vivia Fuller to the gritting Mia Fuller, smiled lightly, leisurely picked up a wine glass, and walked toward Mia Fuller.

Mia Fuller glared at Hope Williams, her chest heaving with anger, "What are you trying to do..."

Her words suddenly stuck in her throat, her whole body stiffened.

The coldness hit her head and the icy red liquid slowly slid down from her head, quickly covering Mia Fuller's entire face.

Her finely groomed long hair became limp after being drenched with wine and fell over her shoulders, the wine continuously flowing down her hair strands.

Total chaos.

"Holy fuck!"

"My God!"

A wave of disbelieving exclamations.

"Ah!" Mia Fuller clenched her fists tightly, letting out a piercing scream, "Hope Williams!"

Vivia Fuller's face darkened instantly as she looked at Mia Fuller in disarray.

"Miss Williams, isn't your behavior a bit too much?"

Hope Williams slammed the wine glass down on the table with a "thud," looking up with a cold gaze that met Vivia Fuller's.

“Too much? Are you ladies meeting me for the first time? I’m known for an eye for an eye; didn’t you know that?”

She splashed me, I returned it to her. It’s only fair, right?”

Vivia Fuller was speechless as she looked at Hope Williams.

This woman is indeed ruthless!

Mia Fuller could already imagine how disheveled she must look; she was about to go mad.

This bitch!

She lunged at Hope Williams like a madwoman, but Vivia Fuller grabbed her, sternly scolding, “Enough! Isn’t this embarrassing enough?”

Hope Williams stood there, a scornful sneer curling at the corner of her mouth.

“Who is causing trouble at my Knox family’s banquet?” Old Lady Mrs. Knox, dressed in a classic elegant cheongsam and draped in a fur stole, approached slowly in her wheelchair.

Vivia Fuller immediately pulled Mia Fuller behind her and quickly went forward with a forced smile, “I’m sorry, Grandma Knox. Mia was being unreasonable, causing some conflict, but it’s resolved now. I’m deeply sorry for disrupting the banquet.”

Old Lady Mrs. Knox’s piercing gaze swept over Vivia Fuller, then fell on the disheveled Mia Fuller, glanced at her grandson, and finally her eyes rested on Hope Williams, she reached out to Hope, calling affectionately, “Little Hope, come here.”

Hope Williams’ beautiful face showed a slight smile, although her dress was stained, she remained graceful and composed as she stepped forward and took the old lady’s hand, “Grandma Knox, I’m very sorry for the disturbance.”

“It’s okay, you were just responding in kind; what’s wrong with that?” Old Lady Mrs. Knox looked at Hope Williams’ delicate and lovely face, her eyes full of affection.

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203 Calling Off This Marriage**

Chapter 203: Chapter 203: Calling Off This Marriage Chapter 203: Chapter 203: Calling Off This Marriage “It’s fine, you’re merely fighting fire with fire. What’s wrong with that?” Old Lady Mrs. Knox looked at Hope Williams’s delicate and pretty face, her eyes full of affection.

“Come, it’s not often we get the chance to talk. Stay and chat with grandma.”

Hope Williams smiled slightly and stood behind Old Lady Mrs. Knox, slowly pushing the wheelchair away.

Vivia Fuller’s face turned exceptionally gloomy, and her brow twitched violently in anger.

It couldn’t have been clearer that the old lady was protecting Hope Williams, blatantly disrespecting her.

Detestable.

Utterly detestable!

As Vivia struggled to maintain her composure, Mia Fuller didn’t stop causing trouble for her in the background.

“Alexander Knox!” Mia Fuller abruptly grasped the departing Alexander’s arm. “Can’t you see that I’m your fiancée? I’m being bullied like this, and you’re just standing there, indifferent?”

“Fiancée? You know better than I do how our engagement has endured until now. I’m already giving you face by not exposing you on the spot. Don’t push your luck!” Alexander’s voice was chillingly cold.

“What do you mean? I’m not the one breaking off our engagement, and now you want to break it off with me? Alexander Knox, I am a daughter of the Fuller Family. If anyone should be talking about breaking off the engagement, it should be me to you. What right do you have to break it off with me?”

Mia wore a haughty expression, her voice shrill with indignation.

Alexander Knox snorted coldly, filled with nothing but disgust for such a Mia Fuller.

Arrogant and condescending, as if everyone should revolve around her.

“Yes, you’re a daughter of the Fuller Family; my Knox Family couldn’t possibly reach your high standards. Please, high-and-mighty Miss Mia Fuller, get out of my Knox Family’s banquet. There’s no room for a big Buddha like you here.”

Alexander walked several steps past Mia, whose gaze seemed murderous. He turned back coldly and added, "And one more thing, this marriage is off."

The marriage is off!

Panic surged in her heart as she stared at Alexander's retreating silhouette, her body involuntarily stumbling backward two steps.

No.

She didn't want to be dumped.

Everyone knew they were to be married.

If she were dumped now, where would she put her face?

She, a daughter of the Fuller Family, couldn't possibly be dumped.

If anyone should initiate a break-up, it should be her. She couldn't, no matter what, be the one who was dumped.

"Sis, sis, help me. Alexander said he's calling off the marriage, I don't want that. I can't be dumped." Mia rushed to Vivia Fuller, clutching her hand desperately, her face streaming with tears, pleading bitterly.

Vivia clenched her back teeth, her face dark as storm clouds.

Mia's hand was flung away forcefully.

"You dimwit, I swear I want to slap you to death."

Mia felt a lump in her throat as she looked at Vivia, her hand frozen in the air where it had been slapped away.

All she could see in her eyes was boundless panic and bewilderment after her impulsive act.

"No, sis, I know I was wrong. I should have listened to you. I won't act recklessly anymore; I really don't dare. Please help me. I am a daughter of the Fuller Family; I can't let myself be dumped. It's not just an insult to me but also a disrespect to the Fuller Family."

She knew Vivia cared deeply about face. Vivia was to be the future Family Head and would not tolerate anyone tarnishing the Fuller Family's reputation.

She would help her; she had to.

“Sis, if you don’t help me, tonight’s incident will also bring shame to the Fuller Family. I’ll go and cry to grandpa, and he’ll blame you too, so you have to help me.”

Vivia’s expression darkened, “You dare to threaten me?”

“It’s not a threat; we’re sisters, both members of the Fuller Family. A daughter of the Fuller Family can’t be dumped; it’s a disgrace not just to me but also to you. So, sis, saving me is saving yourself. You are the future Family Head; think of the bigger picture,” Mia’s voice trembled but was ferociously determined.

Vivia glared at her ferociously, “I won’t allow the Fuller Family to be stained, but Mia Fuller, do you know how troublesome you are? Rather than solving the problem, I prefer to completely remove the stain.”

Mia’s pupils suddenly constricted.

She understood perfectly well what Vivia meant.

“You! I’m your own sister.”

“Anyone who stands in my way deserves to die. And you are no exception.”

Mia stared at Vivia in disbelief, her lifted hand not daring to touch Vivia again.

“What? Scared?” Vivia suddenly grabbed Mia’s hand.

It hurt where she was gripping her wrist.

“Remember this, I’m giving you one last chance. If you dare to cause trouble again, I’ll kill you.”

Mia’s chest heaved violently, looking at the figure before her, almost seeing a devil in her terror.

“Did you hear me clearly?”

Mia swallowed hard, her voice trembling, “...Yes, I heard you, clearly.”

It was only then that Vivia released Mia’s hand, straightening her dress lightly, “Go clean yourself up.”

Her gaze shifted thoughtfully towards Hope Williams and others not far away, her eyes emitting a fierce light, “The marriage can’t be saved, then let it be called off, but he must be made the guilty party.”

Mia squinted, “What do you mean?”

“Since he likes Hope Williams, let’s indulge him. With all this media around, it should be enough to ruin both their reputations. Pre-marital infidelity, what do you think?”

“You’re suggesting...”

A glint of understanding flashed in Mia’s eyes.

Two birds with one stone.

Hope Williams and Alexander Knox—one a future Young Madam of the Lewis Family, the other a married man. An affair, infidelity, don’t let it be too thrilling, too spectacular.

By ruining Hope Williams, Alexander would become the guilty party, having no right to call off the engagement with her.

Thinking this way, Mia’s heart finally felt liberated.

It seems that, when it comes to ruthlessness, Vivia Fuller has the upper hand.

After Mia cleaned herself up in the restroom and came out, Vivia Fuller was toying with a small bottle of pills in her hand.

Chapter 204: Chapter 204: Breaking Off the Engagement, I Agree Chapter 204: Chapter 204: Breaking Off the Engagement, I Agree “Grandma Knox, I specifically brought Mia here to apologize to everyone. Mia is impulsive, and I have seriously scolded her. I hope you can understand.”

Old Lady Mrs. Knox was having a cheerful conversation with Hope Williams when she looked up and saw the Fuller sisters, her gaze darkening instantly.

“Miss Fuller, Second Miss Walker is a lofty young lady, and our Knox family’s humble abode cannot accommodate such a grand Buddha statue. I was just discussing with your grandfather about calling off Alexander’s marriage to Second Miss Walker.”

Vivia’s face stiffened, “Grandma, this... The marriage alliance between the Fuller and Knox families was set years ago and is now well-known. Suddenly calling it off doesn’t seem appropriate.”

“There’s nothing inappropriate about it—I will explain to the media when the time comes.”

The Knox family was extremely dissatisfied with Mia, almost desperate to break off the engagement as soon as possible.

Vivia still maintained a proper smile, ignoring Old Lady Mrs. Knox's words, and handed Mia a glass of wine, "Maybe Grandma Knox is just speaking out of anger? If Grandma Knox is still angry, let Mia drink three glasses as an apology."

"Mia!" Vivia turned her head slightly.

Looking at Vivia, Mia bit her lip and stepped forward pitifully, "Grandma Knox, please calm down. I apologize to you and the Knox family for my impulsive behavior today."

After saying that, Mia drained the wine in her glass and then poured two more, forcing herself to drink them down, "I hope you can forgive me. It really was just a moment of impulsiveness, not intentional."

"It wasn't intentional yet you still acted out. What would it be if it was intentional?" Hope Williams remarked indifferently.

Vivia tugged at her lips, seeing Hope look so frustrated that her back teeth were nearly clenched in anger.

"Miss Williams is right. When we get back, I will certainly discipline Mia well and ensure such incidents never happen again.")

Vivia turned to look at Old Lady Mrs. Knox, her face still wearing the most appropriate smile, "Grandma, please don't take it to heart because of the younger generation."

Mia's apology was so sincere, and she had lowered her posture enough that in this setting, Old Lady Mrs. Knox would seem too aggressive if she said anything more.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox saw through Vivia's intentions and snorted quietly, "Quick-witted, aren't we?"

Vivia smiled gently, "Grandma Knox wants to call off the wedding simply due to their issues. Why not let them talk it out themselves and come to a resolution? If it indeed doesn't work out, then calling off the wedding is also fine."

At that, Mia, looking conflicted, walked up to Alexander, "Alexander, can we talk alone for a moment?"

Mia's temper was evident as she had been infuriated just moments ago, and now she was coming over to apologize with wine.

There's something fishy going on when things don't add up like this.

Hope Williams watched Mia's every move quietly.

Alexander, with a heavy expression, followed Mia to the side.

“What do you want to say?” Alexander’s face was expressionless.

“Alexander, I know I’ve made many mistakes, and it’s only natural for you to want a divorce,” Mia sighed softly, “I know you love Hope Williams, so if you want a divorce, then let’s end it.”

Alexander’s eyes narrowed slightly, “What trick are you trying to play now?”

“I’m not, I really just want to let you go and free myself as well,” Mia said helplessly, shaking her head sincerely. Picking up a glass of wine, she added, “Since we’re ending the marriage, I’ll toast to you. If we can’t be husband and wife, being friends is also good.”

Alexander’s gaze remained intensely on Mia, yet he couldn’t read anything from her face.

It was as if she really had come to terms with it.

Alexander took the wine glass from Mia’s hand and downed it, “It better be.”

After speaking, Alexander turned and left.

A triumphant smile appeared on Mia’s face, and she exchanged a look with Vivia, who smiled lightly.

...

“Miss Williams, Mr. Knox is looking for you for something.”

Hope Williams was already planning to leave, but a waiter suddenly stopped her.

Hope Williams turned around, “Alexander Knox is looking for me? Where is he?”

“Please follow me.”

“Wait a moment,” Hope Williams said coldly, “If he’s looking for me, why doesn’t he come find me himself instead of sending you?”

“It’s like this, Miss Williams. Mr. Knox was looking for you but couldn’t find you, so he instructed us to keep an eye out and inform you when we saw you,” the waiter explained convincingly.

Hope Williams frowned slightly, scanned the surroundings, and as the waiter beckoned her to follow, she walked with them.

The elevator reached the third floor.

Since the third floor was all rooms and everyone was gathered on the second floor, not many people filled the third floor. As Hope Williams walked a few steps, she suddenly stopped, “Are you sure Mr. Knox is looking for me?”

“Yes.”

Hope Williams’s face turned cold, knowing how thorough Alexander normally was; under no circumstances would he arrange to meet her alone in a room at this kind of event.

Realizing something was wrong, Hope Williams turned to leave, but suddenly two men in black appeared behind her, and a hand with a cloth suddenly covered her mouth and nose.

Hope Williams’s vision blurred slightly as she felt her strength ebbing away, losing consciousness almost instantly.

The men revealed sinister smiles, “Carry her in.”

Hope Williams was carried into a room where only a warm yellow light was lit. She was thrown onto the bed, and the men quickly exited.

A restless Alexander Knox stepped out of the bathroom only to see a voluptuous woman lying on the bed.

With a sliver of sanity, he approached, his pupils dilated—it was Hope Williams.

He immediately turned away, his hands pressed against the wall, his Adam’s apple moved, his fists clenched tightly, his eyes closing deeply as the heat within him surged.

The room was filled with a woman’s faint body fragrance continuously entering his nostrils, incessantly overruling his reason.

His body’s restlessness needed release; his burning gaze was terribly tangled as it fell on Hope Williams.

He reached out, his fingers tenderly touching Hope Williams’s delicate, pale cheek.

Then, he abruptly withdrew his hand and harshly slapped himself.

Wake up.

If he did this, she would hate him for the rest of her life.

But...

He really wanted her, so badly he could go insane.

He liked Hope Williams, very much.

At that moment, in the same room, she was right there on his bed.

He knew he had been drugged, it was a trap, but he couldn't restrain himself at that moment.

After tonight, Hope Williams would be his, a voice in his mind told him.

He wanted her, indeed he wanted this woman.

Her allure deeply attracted him.

If she became his woman, he would marry her, he would be responsible.

He had thought through all the reasons, unable to resist, he leaned down and his kiss fell on Hope Williams's neck...

Chapter 205: Chapter 205: Is Waylon Lewis's Wife Together with Mia Fuller's Fiancé?
Chapter 205: Chapter 205: Is Waylon Lewis's Wife Together with Mia Fuller's Fiancé?
After trying in vain to resist, he finally gave in to desire, leaned down, and his kiss landed on Hope Williams' neck...

His reason ultimately surrendered to his cravings.

"Miss Williams has taken care of everything," exclaimed the waiter who had just been serving in front of Mia Fuller, seeking praise for his service.

Mia's face broke into a satisfied smile, "Well done."

As she spoke, she removed the bracelet from her wrist and handed it to the waiter, "This is for you. You know what to do next."

The waiter held the high-end bracelet joyously, nodding repeatedly, "I know, I know, Miss Fuller, rest assured."

"Go on then."

Mia's lips continued to curve upwards.

This time Hope Williams, you're definitely going to be ruined.

How could such an opportunity to expose her not be worth capturing on camera?

Thinking this, Mia excitedly took her phone and pushed the door open.

She had expected to see Hope Williams entangled with Alexander Knox.

But...

"Ah!" Suddenly, pain shot through her scalp, her hair was yanked back, and she was pulled backward, leaving her eyes wide with fear.

"Hope Williams, you!"

"Surprised?"

"You were just clearly..."

"Clearly drugged by you, wasn't I?" Hope's eyes were full of contempt, "Sorry, but when I deal with lowlifes like you, I always take precautions."

The waiter had pressed the button for the third floor, and she had sensed something was off. She was curious to see what they were up to.

Once on the third floor, she stayed alert.

When the drug-laced towel covered her mouth and nose, Hope had already held her breath and pinched her fingers tight to ensure she stayed conscious.

"You wench, did you guess our plans and play along with us on purpose?"

"Yes."

Hope snatched Mia's purse with a cold laugh. She opened it and sure enough found a small bottle of medicine inside.

If Alexander had been drugged, then the drug would definitely still be on the perpetrator.

"What are you going to do?" Mia looked at Hope in horror, as the latter played with the medicine bottle in her hand.

Her jaw was seized, and as she opened the bottle cap, Mia struggled desperately, her face filled with terror.

"I've said it before, I'm very vengeful. I like to pay back in kind."

"You dare, if you touch me, the Fuller Family won't let you off," cried Mia, her scalp numb as her hair was pulled, she struggled desperately against the woman in front of her who was like a demon.

“Let’s find out.”

...

A prestigious Rolls-Royce Phantom pulled up steadily in front of the hotel.

Dressed in a dark grey suit and radiating nobility, Waylon Lewis got out with Luke and Willow. As the two little ones charged in like wild horses, Waylon casually grasped hold of them.

“What did we agree on before coming here?”

“...Not to run off.”

“Good to know,” said Waylon, leading the way.

Luke puffed his cheeks, following behind, with Willow behaving as if sealed by a spell beside their father.

“Look, isn’t that... Waylon Lewis, ah! It’s President Lewis, Waylon Lewis, he is actually attending the banquet.”

“Oh my god, am I seeing right? It’s really Waylon Lewis, I’m going to faint, does he still not have a girlfriend, do I still stand a chance, ah...”

“No! You have no chance at all, look at those two kids behind President Lewis, the little boy’s face is a carbon copy of him, oh, those must be his kids!”

“President Lewis has kids?”

“Help, save me, I’m going nuts, President Lewis actually has two kids, ah, my heart is breaking, but those kids are so adorable.”

“President Lewis is only showing up now, it seems unlikely he’s here for the Knox Clan banquet.”

“Yeah, bringing the kids to the hotel this late, could it be to meet their mother?”

“Let’s hurry up and follow.”

Where there’s a focal point, you’ll never lack an audience.

Waylon Lewis entered the banquet hall and scanned the room but did not see Hope Williams.

His arrival brought the event to a climax, with many people coming up to greet him and everyone surprised by the two children behind him.

Luke and Willow, accustomed to the attention, calmly raised their heads looking around for their Mommy.

Waylon Lewis didn't have time for pleasantries and kept calling Hope Williams's phone.

At this moment, Vivia Fuller saw Waylon Lewis and felt a burst of joy in her heart. The waiter who had taken Hope Williams to the third floor couldn't find Mia Fuller, so he turned to Vivia Fuller.

Vivia Fuller looked at the waiter with a surprised and conflicted expression after he finished speaking, "Did you really see that?"

"I saw the Miss Williams you were looking for going to the third floor, and she entered Young Master Knox's room," the waiter said firmly.

Vivia Fuller's face showed surprise, and the people around her heard as well. There had already been a commotion tonight, and everyone had gotten an understanding of who Hope Williams was—the most beautiful lady with the best temperament.

But hearing the waiter say this, it seemed that Miss Williams was actually involved with Young Master Knox, and everyone knew that there was a marriage agreement between Young Master Knox and the Second Miss Walker.

Suddenly, everyone looked at each other in disbelief.

Thinking back to the scene that Miss Fuller had caused at the beginning of the banquet, so it was true?

That woman was actually having an affair with Young Master Knox?

If this was really the case, it would be too despicable.

Everyone harbored deep doubts, their thoughts already flying to the third floor.

A hint of pleasure surged in Vivia Fuller's eyes as she pretended to say, "The matter involves Miss Williams's reputation. Everyone shouldn't guess rashly. Maybe this waiter saw wrongly."

The waiter, having been paid, naturally wanted to handle the matter properly and immediately said, "I didn't see wrongly. I am absolutely sure I saw her going in with my own eyes."

“But you didn’t see with your own eyes what they did. What if Miss Williams had something to discuss with Mr. Knox?” Vivia Fuller defended Hope Williams with a conflicted look.

“You’re too naive, Miss Fuller. A woman sneaks into a drunken man’s room when no one is paying attention. Apart from that matter, what else do you think could happen?”

“Maybe it’s that Hope Williams who wants to climb up the social ladder and become a phoenix. She took advantage of Young Master Knox’s drunkenness to seduce him.”

“Such a woman is too scheming. It’s disgusting.”

“All... all these are still just conjectures,” Vivia Fuller hurriedly said.

Meaning, why don’t you go and see for yourself to believe.

Sure enough, as soon as her voice fell, someone immediately replied, “Whether it’s true or false, we’ll know if we go up and look.”

“Yeah, where is the Second Miss Walker?”

“Her own fiancé cheated, she must feel ashamed. We really wronged Second Miss Walker just now.”

“Shut up.”

An icy and extremely low voice suddenly exploded.

Vivia Fuller startled and turned around to see the grim-faced Waylon Lewis.

A streak of malice swiftly passed through Vivia Fuller’s heart—Heaven was helping me.

Hope Williams, you’re definitely done for tonight.

After tonight, will Brother Waylon still want you?

Vivia Fuller bit her lip and stepped forward with a sorrowful manner, “Brother Waylon, Miss Williams, she...”

“Shut up, you are not allowed to slander my Mommy!” Luke frowned tightly.

“Thomas Hughes,” Waylon Lewis barked.

Thomas Hughes immediately stepped forward, his large hand suddenly grabbing the waiter’s collar and delivering two unceremonious punches.

The waiter didn't even have time to cry out in surprise.

The people around became fearfully anxious and retreated repeatedly.

Thomas Hughes stood in his place, his icy gaze sweeping over everyone as he said coldly, "Anyone who dares to slander my Young Madam again, this will be your fate."

All hearts shivered fiercely.

Doubts one after another hovered in everyone's minds.

Does Waylon Lewis have a child?

Does Waylon Lewis's child call Hope Williams Mommy?

Does Waylon Lewis's assistant call Hope Williams Young Madam?

These questions turned into the final answer: Hope Williams is Waylon Lewis's wife!

Waylon Lewis's wife!

Heavens!

What on earth is going on?

Waylon Lewis's wife with Mia Fuller's fiancé?

How did the situation become so complicated!

The crowd was too shocked to speak.

Vivia Fuller's facial expression was not looking good, her wits shaken as she glanced at the waiter on the ground several times. Then she turned her head, furrowed her brows, and angrily said to the people, "Right, things have not been clarified, no one should spread rumors anymore."

Then she turned to Waylon Lewis and said, "Brother Waylon, I believe that Miss Williams wouldn't do such a thing, but..." Vivia Fuller paused, seemingly in great turmoil, "but the situation has developed to this point. To really prove Miss Williams's innocence, perhaps someone really needs to go up there and see."

**She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor #Chapter
206 - 206 President Lewis Was Actually Cuckolded -**

Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

Chapter 206 - 206 206 President Lewis Was Actually Cuckolded

Chapter 206: Chapter 206: President Lewis Was Actually Cuckolded Chapter 206: Chapter 206: President Lewis Was Actually Cuckolded Waylon Lewis's gaze turned icy as he slowly shifted it onto Vivia Fuller's face, "She doesn't need any proof. She is innocent."

A statement so steadfast it carried immense momentum.

Vivia Fuller's complexion paled, unable to believe that even at this moment, he still trusted her that much.

Vivia Fuller bit her lip hard.

It didn't matter, she believed that once he saw Hope Williams entangled with another man later, he would be disappointed.

He would cast Hope Williams aside harshly.

She was waiting to see Hope Williams's downfall.

Vivia Fuller sneered inwardly, but her face exuded great concern, "Brother Waylon, I know you believe in Miss Williams, and I would like to as well, but it doesn't mean others will. My suggestion just now was considering Miss Williams's best interests. The rumors have already started, and if we don't clarify things, they won't stop. This is the best way to prove her innocence."

Vivia Fuller appeared to be genuinely considering Hope's well-being, her arguments logical and flawless.

This was indeed the best way to prove innocence.

Everyone nodded in agreement.

The waiter who had just been punched twice by Thomas Hughes was covering his face, wailing in pain, and kept crying out, "I didn't lie, I really didn't, I saw it with my own eyes."

Seeing the waiter so adamant, everyone actually had their answer.

If he hadn't truly seen something, he wouldn't have insisted so firmly under these circumstances.

It seemed that the matter was true.

Involuntarily, everyone turned their sympathetic gazes to Waylon Lewis.

Even the great President Lewis had apparently been betrayed.

This was likely to be the biggest and most explosive news lately.

“Why don’t we go up and check it out? If it’s not true, it’ll prove Miss Williams’s innocence.”

Those who love drama never think the show is too big, and as one spoke up, others followed suit.

“Yes, otherwise this false accusation could turn into truth.”

“Right, let’s go take a look.”

The excitement of catching someone in the act was undeniable, and everyone felt a hidden thrill.

But the most excited was Vivia Fuller. She hid the smirk in her eyes and stepped forward, cajoling, “Brother Waylon...”

“What do you want to see?”

A clear voice drifted from the entrance.

“Mommy~” Luke and Willow ran excitedly toward Hope Williams.

Hope Williams bent down and opened her arms to embrace the two little ones, “Did you miss Mommy?”

“Missed, I almost missed you to death.” Luke and Willow planted a kiss on Hope Williams’s cheek.

Waylon Lewis strode toward Hope Williams and gently wrapped the woman in his arms, “Wearing so little? What if you catch a cold?”

Hope Williams tilted her head up slightly, her beautiful eyes shining with a brilliance greater than the stars and the sea, “Knowing you were coming, I didn’t even bring my coat.”

“You are clever to a fault.” Waylon Lewis laughed helplessly as Thomas Hughes passed him the coat Waylon had prepared in advance.

Waylon Lewis helped Hope put it on, then took her back into his embrace.

Hope Williams had never felt as warm as she did in this moment.

She had heard it all; when everyone doubted her, he was unwavering in his trust.

The look in Old Lady Mrs. Knox's eyes flickered with satisfaction and understanding.

It seemed her grandson really stood no chance.

This man truly loved Hope Williams; he engraved all his love in the smallest details.

What was more incredible was that he asked nothing about the recent incident.

That is to say, he trusted her from beginning to end.

His presence, his every word and deed told everyone he loved this woman, and he trusted her without reservation.

Who could shake such love?

The people who had just concluded that Hope Williams was involved in a clandestine affair in Alexander Knox's room froze and their faces stiffened.

Their expressions were all worthy of the description "dumbfounded."

But the one with the ugliest expression was Vivia Fuller. She suddenly turned to look at the waiter, her eyes blazing with fury and filled with accusation.

The waiter, too, was stunned in place, utterly disbelieving.

Hope Williams's gaze lightly swept over Vivia Fuller, "Miss Fuller, what was it you wanted to check just now?"

Vivia Fuller was startled by Hope Williams's questioning, a reflex born of guilt; she stiffly forced a smile, "Miss Williams, where were you just now?"

"Me?" Hope Williams pursed her lips, feigning ignorance, "I was with Grandma Knox the whole time, what's wrong?"

"That's impossible, I really saw her enter Young Master Knox's room," the waiter said loudly.

Waylon Lewis's gaze turned colder still, and Hope Williams's hand gently covered his, patting lightly.

The man, whose eyes had been murderous just moments ago, instantly softened.

Hope Williams took a couple of steps forward, her voice ethereal, “Are you saying you witnessed me entering Mr. Knox’s room with your own eyes?”

Under Hope Williams’s indifferent gaze, the waiter’s voice began to tremble.

“Yes, that’s right, I saw it with my own eyes.”

Hope Williams gave a light smile, “But I’ve been with Grandma Knox all along.”

“That’s right, Little Hope has been with me the whole time,” Old Lady Mrs. Knox calmly stated.

No one dared question Old Lady Mrs. Knox’s corroboration.

Vivia’s teeth were almost grinding to pieces, “Are you sure you saw Miss Williams enter Young Master Knox’s room?”

“I’m sure, I’m really sure,” the waiter affirmed once more. He had personally let her in, so of course he was certain, but why was she here now? What was happening exactly?

He was also baffled when he saw Hope Williams appear.

“But Miss Williams is here, and she’s been with Old Lady Mrs. Knox all along, how do you explain that?” Onlookers who enjoyed the drama chimed in.

“Could it be a case of mistaken identity?” someone else asked.

“Why don’t we go up and see to clear the doubt? If it was a mistaken identity, it can’t be mistaken whether somebody went in or not, right?”

Hope Williams’s delicate eyebrows slightly raised, “Well, since there’s doubt, let’s go have a look.”

“Indeed.”

Everyone was talking, about to move upstairs, and Vivia bit her lip hard, dialing Mia Fuller’s phone over and over again, but no one answered.

She had a very bad feeling.

With everyone heading upstairs, Vivia had no choice but to reluctantly follow.

On the third floor, just as everyone reached the corridor and passed by a room, the open door revealed a sound that made everyone blush.

Pleasured gasps grew more intense.

Vivia suddenly stopped in her tracks, legs weak, a string in her heart snapping.

That sound!

It couldn't be anyone but Mia.

Her mind went blank, and the situation in the room was clear.

A soft laugh reached her ears.

Vivia stiffly turned her neck to see Hope Williams standing by her side, her indifferent eyes filled with mocking mirth.

As though everything was under her control.

And they were like clowns to her, ridiculously hopping before her.

Sounds too obscene to describe continued unabated from the room, while people at the doorway whispered amongst themselves, "Isn't that Second Miss Walker, Mia? God, this is just too promiscuous."

"Right, the person in Young Master Knox's room is clearly Second Miss Walker, why does that waiter keep insisting it was Miss Williams?"

"Exactly, isn't this blind accusation and framing?"

"Is that man inside Young Master Knox? It doesn't look like him, does it? Did you see?"

"I didn't get a good look, that man was straddled by Mia, his face invisible, and with the licentious scene ongoing, it's not good for the eyes. To engage in such affairs without even closing the door, that's shameless enough."

The sounds of ecstasy continued to emanate, Mia, like one who had lost all reason, straddled the man, madly seeking satisfaction, unaware that the doorway was now filled with people.

Those at the door felt increasingly uncomfortable.

"This Second Miss Walker and Young Master Knox are playing too boldly."

"It's simply too shameful to watch."

Vivia took a couple of deep breaths, reminding herself there was nothing to worry about. Mia and Alexander Knox were engaged; it was no big deal for them to be together.

In another sense, they were making a done deal out of a raw deal.

In this light, they weren't losing.

It was merely that Miss Williams had dodged a bullet.

"What's everyone doing here?"

The sudden low, mellow voice shocked Vivia, her body went rigid, her face paled, and her eyes widened to their limits.

Chapter 207: Chapter 207: Setting a Trap Chapter 207: Chapter 207: Setting a Trap At the moment a deep, mellow voice had rung out, Vivia Fuller's body suddenly stiffened, her complexion drastically changed, her eyes widened to the utmost.

"My god, why is Young Master Knox here? Isn't that him in there with Second Miss Walker?"

"Damn, I'm shocked; it's not Young Master Knox!"

"Who is it?"

Hope Williams' lips curved into a slight, beautiful arc. If they wanted to play her, how could she let them succeed?

Vivia's legs went weak, she steadied herself against the wall, and her self-comforting thoughts collapsed at that moment.

The man inside wasn't Alexander Knox.

Mia Fuller was in Alexander Knox's room, sleeping with another man.

What in the world was going on?

The people inside should have been Hope Williams and Alexander Knox!

Instead, it was Mia Fuller; how on earth had it turned out like this? Where did things go wrong?

Vivia's mind was in total chaos.

"Surprised?"

Hope Williams watched Vivia's reactions as if she were watching a clown.

Seeing Hope, it took Vivia a moment to realize, they had been played by her.

Their supposedly perfect plan was effortlessly dissolved by Hope, who had been merely playing along with them all along.

Mia was done for.

The marriage alliance between the Fuller and Knox families was over.

Not only would Mia be broken off, but the entire Fuller Family would be nailed to the pillar of shame alongside her.

The sounds of a woman's pleasure had reached its climax in the room, Alexander Knox's brow furrowed deeply with tension.

They were all adults; even without seeing what was inside, the sounds were telling enough.

Vivia felt a chill throughout her body.

Probably hearing the noises, the man under Mia pushed her off in haste, his pants still down, he shoved through the crowd and vanished without a trace, leaving Mia alone.

At that moment, Mia fell to the ground, the pain snapping her instantly back to reality.

"Ah! Ah!"

"Don't look, get out."

"Get out!"

Terrifying shrieks emanated from the room as Mia desperately pulled her torn dress to cover herself.

How could this happen?

Why had it turned out this way?

Collapsed on the ground, Mia couldn't cover her exposed body, sitting there in total disgrace, wishing she were dead.

"Mia Fuller!" Alexander's voice was full of fury, "You are utterly repulsive."

"No, it's not like that," Mia sobbed uncontrollably, her mind blank, utterly clueless on what to do.

“Cheating before marriage, it’s disgusting, especially with another man in your fiancé’s room. Is this seeking thrills?”

“She is shameless; she used to claim that Miss Williams was stealing her fiancé, but it turns out, she was the one fooling around with another man. It’s like the pot calling the kettle black.”

“Exactly, she was moaning so loudly just now. Young Master Knox is so pitiful, cheated on before the wedding. This kind of woman should be dumped immediately, why keep her around for the New Year?”

“Shut up, all of you shut up, I did not, it was her, it was her setting me up!” Mia rushed toward Hope, pointing at her viciously, “It was supposed to be you in this room!”

“It was supposed to be you who turned out like this, Hope Williams, you ruined me!”

Mia roared loudly.

“Mia Fuller, you shut your mouth.”

Vivia, sweat breaking out all over her at Mia’s words, quickly grabbed Mia’s hand, “Shut up, let’s talk about this at home.”

Mia had ruined everything, truly ruined everything; she violently wrenched free from Vivia’s grasp, her eyes bloodshot with fury, losing all sense of reason.

“It was you, Vivia, it was all your idea, why wasn’t it you undergoing this ordeal?”

Vivia’s complexion went deathly pale.

“What’s going on, I’m a bit confused by how this event is unfolding.”

“Was it Miss Fuller who came up with the idea?”

At that moment, someone smart pieced together the event and spoke up.

“Initially, someone wanted to frame Miss Williams, right? That’s why this waiter was so sure it was Miss Williams who entered Mr. Knox’s room.

But what he never anticipated was that Miss Williams was with Old Lady Mrs. Knox the whole time, which directly refuted his lie once verified by her.”

“Who planned it?”

“She just said it herself, it was Miss Fuller’s idea...”

“Wait, but wasn’t Miss Fuller defending Miss Williams downstairs just now?”

“Who knows, who can’t act? These two sisters have been attacking Miss Williams since the start of the banquet; maybe they hate her and intentionally framed her.”

Some direct, contemptuous looks were directed at Vivia.

Cold sweat dripped down Vivia’s face, a chill enveloping her.

She clenched her back teeth and suddenly stepped forward two paces, grasping Mia strongly, “Mia Fuller, have you gone mad? What nonsense are you spouting? You bring shame upon yourself, and now you want to drag me down with you? How could you be so malevolent?

What scheme did I plot? Hmm? I’ve always urged you to respect yourself, but what did you do? Your actions have brought immeasurable shame upon the entire Fuller Family.

How is grandpa supposed to face people now, do you want to kill grandpa? You better tell the truth and apologize properly now, or if this gets out of hand, I won’t be able to help you.”

Mia was utterly stunned; she hadn’t expected Vivia to say this.

She was completely transferring all the blame onto her.

And she was threatening her, continuing on, and she’d let her be destroyed.

Grandpa would not spare her.

She would thoroughly become the Fuller Family’s stain, the abandoned child of the Fuller Family.

No, she didn’t want that, Mia’s face turning deathly pale.

At the door, Hope Williams suddenly let out a cold chuckle.

Very clever.

Clearing herself completely clean, yet not forgetting to blackmail Mia.

Chapter 208: Chapter 208 Not Qualified to Like Her Chapter 208: Chapter 208 Not Qualified to Like Her Mia Fuller’s expression was one of panic and cluelessness; she bit her lip so fiercely it seemed she wanted to draw blood, her legs gave way, and she slumped to the ground.

“...I’m sorry, sister, I...I was just speaking recklessly in a moment of desperation, I didn’t mean to slander you...”

Her voice was filled with the suppressed rage of someone gritting their teeth.

The future of the Fuller Family rested in Vivia Fuller’s hands; offending Vivia was tantamount to a death wish.

Impulsively she had acted, but now, with her calm returning, she felt as though the blood in her veins was congealing.

Vivia’s threat had indeed hit Mia where she was most afraid.

Vivia’s heart relaxed a little.

“Have you caused enough trouble?” Old Lady Mrs. Knox reprimanded angrily, her wheelchair pushed into the center of the crowd by a servant.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox’s face was dark with displeasure, not giving Mia another glance, as if looking at her would dirty her eyes.

“Call off the engagement. Even if my Knox Family is worse off than your Fuller Family, I will never allow such a woman to enter my Knox doors.”

Old Lady Mrs. Knox’s voice was firm, leaving no room for negotiation.

Mia’s face went pale as she shook her head, unable to utter a single word.

Those cold stares pinned her down like nails, and in panic, she looked towards Vivia, her face devoid of color save for utter helplessness.

She couldn’t just ignore her.

Vivia clenched her teeth, her eyes burning with anger and helplessness.

How had things come to this? What could she possibly do now?

Being jilted was her only fate.

Moreover, today’s event was attended by renowned figures from all walks of life, including a significant number of media reporters. Mia Fuller’s reputation was completely ruined.

It was one thing for her own name to be tarnished, but unfortunately, as a Fuller, her disgrace would drag the Fuller Family along with her, making headlines and becoming the talk of the town.

Vivia gripped her clothes tightly, her gaze shifting to the face she loathed with a vengeance.

Hope Williams!

She truly wished she could kill this detestable woman.

Hope squinted, looking at Vivia with an undisguised smile and eyes swirling with cold light.

"Today is the Knox Clan's anniversary banquet, and it's been completely upended by you two sisters. You're not welcome here, please leave," Old Lady Mrs. Knox glared at them, her voice stern.

Vivia's expression grew even more forbidding.

Being asked to leave was a great humiliation for Miss Fuller of the Fuller Family.

She glanced around and saw everyone looking at them with disdain.

"Get moving. You've turned a fine banquet into a mess; aren't you ashamed?"

"Off you go; stop causing a scene. You're really bringing misfortune to another's house. How unlucky."

It was clearly all Mia's fault, yet why was she being dragged into this mess?

All because of this waste of space.

Vivia's anger surged, then subsided, surged again, and finally, she clenched her molars and, amid the sounds of the crowd ushering them out, she dragged Mia away in disgrace.

"They were planning to frame you tonight," Waylon Lewis said, his gaze dark and treacherous.

"Mm, but I still won," Hope said with a light smile.

Waylon's face was not looking good.

"What's wrong?"

"I shouldn't have been late."

He shouldn't have let her face all this alone.

Upon hearing Waylon's words, Hope paused and then smiled, "It's not late, I think the timing was just right. I could handle the two of them."

"I know you're the smartest," Waylon said as he gently touched Hope's head, "but there were risks."

It was a relief that it had been resolved, but had she really fallen for their plot, Waylon didn't even want to contemplate.

Hope lifted her hand and pressed the center of Waylon's forehead, "I know you're worried. Next time I do something, can I tell you? That way you can be my solid support. If I really do lose, I'll still have you to protect me, and then I'll have nothing to fear."

Her soft voice gently swept by, and Waylon's slightly knotted brows and eyes gradually relaxed, contentedly placing a kiss on her forehead, "Okay."

Hope's smile was gentle, "It's late; let's go home."

After a night of trouble, face-slapping and ripping into others was mentally exhausting; Hope yawned lazily as she leaned into Waylon's embrace.

"Mm, let's go."

Hope went over to bid Old Lady Mrs. Knox farewell, giving Alexander Knox who was standing behind her a cursory glance, coldly withdrawing her gaze, and then turning to leave.

Alexander's gaze was profound; Hope's candid eyes made him feel deeply uncomfortable, and the coldness dug sharply into his heart.

"Alexander."

"Grandmother."

"Go and make things clear to Little Hope, some words, if held in too long, will do harm."

Old Lady Mrs. Knox shook her head helplessly, knowing that such a good girl was ultimately not meant for their family.

All she could say was that the young lad from the Lewis Family was lucky, and she hoped he would cherish her.

...

"Hope Williams."

Hope Williams was just walking out to the gate with Waylon Lewis and the two little ones.

She slowly turned around, her gaze falling on Alexander Knox who had come after her.

Alexander's eyes were filled with painful indecision as he glanced at Waylon Lewis.

Hope slightly furrowed her brow and turned to Waylon, "Take Luke and Willow to the car to wait for me."

Waylon gave Alexander a hard look, heavy with warning, before finally taking his eyes off him and leaving.

Alexander stood in place, and as his eyes met the woman's indifferent ones, a sense of indescribable panic began to rise in his heart.

"...Thank you."

It took him a long while to muster just two words.

Hope regarded him coldly with a lift of her beautiful eyebrow, her tone distant, "You're welcome. Saving you was just to avoid you interfering with my plans."

A bitter look flashed in Alexander's eyes. "Do you have to be so blunt?"

"I'm someone who likes to tell it like it is."

Had it not been for fear that his reaction to the drug might delay her plans, she wouldn't have bothered to save him considering what he had tried to do to her in the room.

"I'm sorry."

"Mm, got it." Hope looked at him squarely, not wanting to say more and nodded slightly, "I'll take my leave."

Under Hope's utterly straightforward gaze, Alexander felt increasingly like a villain.

A villain taking advantage of someone's vulnerability.

He no longer even had the right to like her.

"Hope Williams."

Hope's steps slowed slightly, she merely glanced to the side, giving him no more attention than that.

The stifling pressure in Alexander's chest hovered, the words on his lips wavering for a long while before he finally said, "...Never mind."

The mere two words seemed to take all his strength, and as he watched her retreating back, Alexander forcefully closed his eyes and said in a husky voice to himself, "I wish you happiness."

Waylon Lewis had been waiting by the car for a while, and as Hope approached, he reached out his hand to her, seeing the sweet smile on his little woman's face, his own face was filled with tenderness.

The familiar scent drew near, and Hope leaned slightly against Waylon's sturdy chest.

"Feeling good?"

Hope nodded, not denying, "Of course, how could I not in my husband's arms?"

A storm of emotion surged in Waylon's dark eyes, "What did you call me?"

Hope smiled again, tiptoeing and whispering into Waylon's ear, "Husband."

"..."

"Say it again."

"Didn't you hear me?"

"No."

"Husband!"

"Say it again."

"..."

Hope raised her hand to pinch Waylon's ear, "Waylon Lewis, are you deaf?"

"I still want to hear it."

Waylon was beyond pleased.

"I'm not saying it anymore."

"Baby, say it one more time."

"No way!"

“Daddy, Mommy, you two are really too much.”

The gaze of Hope and Waylon paused.

“Showing off your love in front of us every day, humph, especially you, Daddy. Mommy called you ‘husband,’ we all heard it.”

Chapter 209: Chapter 209: I’m Just Taking Back My Own Wife Chapter 209: Chapter 209: I’m Just Taking Back My Own Wife Hope Williams’s cheeks reddened, as she turned her face to one side, and to her surprise, the two little ones had overheard.

Waylon Lewis’s lips curled into a slight smile, “Congratulate me.”

“What do you mean?” Luke and Willow didn’t understand at all.

“Didn’t you hear what my wife called me? Shouldn’t you congratulate me?” Waylon Lewis said, as Hope Williams gave him a gentle push, feeling like his tail might wag right up to the heavens.

“What are you doing? Isn’t that so?” Waylon Lewis bent down to give Hope Williams a peck on the lips, his voice filled with a pleased chuckle.

“We’re still children.” Luke and Willow laughed, covering their small eyes with their hands.

Hope Williams quickly pushed him away, “Waylon Lewis, that’s enough...” How could he be so brazen and set a bad example for the kids?

“I’m simply exercising my exclusive rights.”

“...”

“Baby, call me that again.”

“No!”

“Then I’ll kiss you.”

“You can sleep on the floor tonight.”

“Doesn’t matter, you can’t stop me.”

“You try.”

...

Waylon Lewis, who was forcibly pushed out of the bedroom when he was about to cuddle up and sleep with his wife...

The two little ones stood before him with their hands on their hips, insistent. Luke said, "Humph, Mommy said she would sleep with us tonight. Go wherever you're comfortable."

Willow nodded vigorously: Exactly, exactly, Mommy is ours tonight.

Hope Williams, freshly bathed and still toweling her hair, had a smile on her face that suggested she was watching a good show.

"My wife!"

"Doesn't matter, Mommy already promised us, right, Mommy?"

The two pairs of expectant little eyes blinked pleadingly at her, and of course, Hope Williams could not bear to refuse. She laughed, "That's right."

Waylon Lewis, "..."

His handsome face grew as dark as the night outside.

"Bang."

The door shut in front of him, as Waylon Lewis twisted the doorknob in annoyance.

Locked...

Waylon Lewis took a deep breath, his head aching from frustration.

It was hard enough getting his wife, and he hadn't even had enough time with her before the two little usurpers took her away.

Luke and Willow happily jumped into bed, hugging Hope Williams on each side, "Mommy, let's sleep."

"Did you lock the door?"

"Yep, what if the bad daddy came in and fought us for you?"

They were too clever for their own good.

Hope Williams could already imagine how dark Waylon Lewis's expression must be.

She pulled up the blanket for the two little Babies, "Then, let's sleep."

Just let that person stay by himself for the night.

"Mommy, can you tell a story?"

"Of course, sweetie, what would you like Mommy to tell you?"

Surrounded by Hope William's tender voice, it didn't take half an hour before Luke and Willow fell asleep. Hope Williams checked the blankets of the two little ones before she closed her eyes and quickly fell asleep.

As for the person whose wife had been snatched away, he spent a sleepless night alone, surrounded by a haze of smoke in the dark study.

Glancing at his watch, it was midnight.

He had let those two have his woman for a whole two hours.

In the darkness, the man extinguished his cigarette and stood up, walking outside.

He held the keys and quietly opened the bedroom door.

Hope Williams was cuddled up with Luke and Willow, the three of them sound asleep.

How annoying.

His wife!

His wife, indeed!

Waylon Lewis bent down, gently lifted Willow's small hand from Hope Williams and then scooped up Luke's little body, moving him to the side.

Then he directly carried Hope Williams away.

After reclaiming his wife, Waylon Lewis took her straight back to his room.

He laid her down gently and slowly, but the slight movement still woke Hope Williams.

The familiar scent hit her, and Hope Williams's eyes snapped open, looking bewildered at the handsome outline of the man before her.

"Waylon Lewis?! What are you...?"

"Sorry for waking you up."

Hope Williams felt the bed, not finding the two little ones, "Why did you carry me over here?"

"You're mine after all," Waylon's deep voice was full of assertion.

"Why are you so stingy? Luke and Willow will cry if they wake up and can't find me. Let me go back."

"No, I already gave them two hours. You've been with them for two hours; that's enough. They should learn to sleep by themselves."

"Why can't you learn to sleep by yourself?"

"Because I'm a man with a wife."

Extremely proud and entitled.

Hope Williams...

"What am I supposed to tell them tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow is tomorrow's problem."

Hope Williams felt utterly helpless.

Waylon Lewis bent down, his kiss landing precisely on Hope Williams's lips, "Go to sleep; if you don't sleep, we could do something else. Choose one or the other; I'm hoping you choose the latter."

"I choose the former," Hope Williams said, pulling up the blanket over herself completely, not giving him any chance.

Waylon Lewis chuckled softly and lay down next to her, pulling her into his arms.

The next day.

Waylon Lewis sat at the dining table, impeccably dressed, reading the newspaper leisurely with a cup of coffee in hand.

Two mournful stares were directed straight at him.

Waylon remained composed, as if unaware.

Hope Williams helplessly watched the scene, gently rubbing her forehead and served each little one a custard bun, the sweet aroma of the custard buns failing to divert the children's gaze from Waylon Lewis.

“What’s with Luke and Willow? Has your dad grown flowers on himself?” Alitzel Williams also noticed something was amiss.

They looked as if Waylon Lewis had stolen some precious belonging from them, both angry and sorrowful.

They were truly upset.

To wake up first thing in the morning and find Mommy gone, and to find she was in the bad daddy’s room, in the bad daddy’s arms!

Ah, infuriating!

Even a locked door couldn’t keep this scoundrel out!

“He stole Mommy, the villain!” Luke exclaimed with indignation.

Willow scribbled furiously on paper, the scratching of the pencil against the paper loud and clear, showing the extent of the little one’s anger.

Willow wrote: Bad daddy, st*** Mommy, ugh, so mad.

“Waylon Lewis, what are you doing?” Alitzel Williams glanced at the two little ones who seemed on the verge of steaming, and he was still there, sipping his coffee.

“Waylon Lewis,” Hope Williams called him softly.

Waylon sat up straight, looking toward Hope as she gave him a meaningful look.

Luke and Willow’s two angry little faces finally got some attention in front of Waylon Lewis.

“Don’t agree with me?”

“Why do you get to steal Mommy? Even when she’s asleep, you come and steal her, you ‘old six,’” Luke blurted out using internet slang, too angry to make complete sense.

“Old six?”

Evidently, Waylon Lewis didn’t understand what it meant.

Hope Williams blinked and explained by the side, “It roughly means… you played dirty.”

“It’s not playing dirty; I was just taking back my own wife.”

Chapter 210: Chapter 210: Remarried Chapter 210: Chapter 210: Remarried Hope Williams...

"It's okay, you always end up quarreling with them," Hope Williams shook her head helplessly, "Luke, Willow, don't be mad anymore, okay? Don't act like him."

But she was still very upset.

Still, since Mommy asked them not to be mad, alright then, Luke and Willow gave Hope Williams a big smile.

Then they bowed their heads to eat, but looking at the piggy custard bun in front of them, it was as if they saw the bad face of their bad daddy.

It wasn't appetizing anymore...

After breakfast, Hope Williams had to go to the hospital to work, and Waylon Lewis stood up and grabbed Hope Williams' hand, "I'll take you."

Hope Williams nodded, "Okay."

Hope Williams picked up her coat, and kissed the two little darlings on their faces, "Babies, be good and wait for Mommy to come back home, okay?"

"Alright."

Waylon Lewis walked out holding Hope Williams' hand, "Do you have any surgeries today?"

"Just two in the morning, but they're not major surgeries. Do you have something else?"

"Yes," Waylon Lewis said, "the Civil Affairs Bureau."

Hope Williams, "..."

Waylon Lewis was really insistent, afraid that if he didn't get the certificate, she might run away.

With various things piling up, it had already been delayed by several days. He was almost dead from worrying.

Hope Williams gave a slight smile, raised her hand to check her watch, raised her eyebrows, and thought for a moment, "Pick me up at noon."

Getting the marriage certificate shouldn't take much time.

Waylon Lewis' lips curved into a smile, the clouds in his brow instantly dispersing, his gaze tender, "Okay."

Hope Williams looked up, her clear eyes gazing at him, wondering why it felt like he was just waiting for her to say that.

...

Outside the hospital, the car came to a steady stop.

"Holy shit, Rolls-Royce Phantom... Did some billionaire come to our hospital?"

Inside the car, Hope Williams reached out to open the door, but Waylon Lewis held her hand.

Hope Williams' lovely eyes flickered, she glanced hurriedly at him and turned to look outside, as flashy as this guy's car was, "In front of the hospital, what are you trying to do?"

Waylon Lewis' smile deepened with a smirk.

"What do you think?"

"Kiss me."

"Okay."

Waylon Lewis' lips curled up, the joy seemingly ready to spill from his eyes.

Hope Williams paused, immediately realizing what she had said, "No, no, no, I mean... mm..."

She didn't even get a chance to finish speaking before her lips were dominantly sealed by the man.

Hope Williams' mind heated up, and she pushed him away in a panic, quickly covering her mouth, her face blushing.

Although the windows were closed, many people were looking inside; seeing that no one had gotten out of the car yet, some even stopped to stare.

"Waylon Lewis," Hope Williams covered her lips, preventing someone.

Waylon Lewis' deep voice carried a pleased chuckle, "I'm just exercising my rights."

Ever since she agreed to remarry him, this man really had let loose.

"You should still consider the setting before exercising your rights; so many people watching."

"Does that mean if no one's around, I can exercise my rights whenever?"

Hope Williams' face blushed, "Is that what we're discussing now?"

"That's what you mean."

"I didn't."

"Doesn't matter; that's how I understood it."

Hope Williams...

"Why isn't the big shot in the car getting out yet? I really want to see who this big shot is, driving a Rolls-Royce Phantom, a luxury among luxuries, first time in my life seeing one."

"Me too, me too, just don't know who's sitting in there."

Ellie Field was passing by, and her gaze was inevitably drawn to the luxurious car at the door, her eyes lighting up. Although she didn't know much about cars, having been to the Lewis Family's place a few times, she recognized at a glance that this was the Lewis Family's car.

Not only that, but it was Waylon Lewis' car.

So, the person inside was Waylon Lewis?

Ellie Field bit her lip, wondering why Waylon Lewis had come.

Could it be because of some issue with Old Master Lewis' health, hence he specifically came to pick her up to help treat Old Master Lewis?

It must be so.

Otherwise, why come to the hospital first thing in the morning.

Ellie Field raised her chin, her heart bursting with joy, hearing the whispers around her, she sneered with contempt.

Hmph.

Wait until she gets in that car, the rest of these bumpkins just keep watching.

Thinking of it made her even happier.

"This is the Lewis Family's car," Ellie Field straightened her back, her chin raised, her tone lofty.

"The Lewis Family's car? Doctor Cynthia, how do you know?" Everyone pricked up their ears.

Ellie Field smiled smugly, "Because it came to pick me up."

"Ah? Doctor Cynthia, do you know the person inside? So envious, truly worthy of being Cynthia, knowing all the big shots from various circles."

"Exactly, no wonder the person inside has not gotten out yet, they've been waiting for Doctor Cynthia."

"Doctor Cynthia, what's your relationship with the person inside? They even came to pick you up personally, it must be something special, right?"

All kinds of envious gazes were cast, Ellie Field hooked her lips into an extremely proud smile, her entire being seemed to be floating.

"Yep, of course, well, I won't talk any longer, ask for a leave for me later, I need to go out for a while; I can't keep them waiting, I'll go first."

Ellie Field gathered her elegantly styled long hair, raised her sharp chin, and swaggered towards the prestigious Rolls-Royce.

At that moment, the car door slowly opened, and a man stepped out.

Donning a deep gray suit, tall and imposing, his aura powerful, exuding an air of nobility.

"Ah... so handsome, is he getting out of the car to greet Doctor Cynthia because he saw her approaching?"

"Really enviable, he's going to open the car door."

Ellie Field bit her lip. As expected, he had come to pick her up and even personally got out of the car to open the door for her, making her heart feel like it was about to leap out of her chest.

Every time she saw this man, she fell madly in love.

"Waylon..."

The man extended his hand, and a woman elegantly got out of the car. Her exquisitely perfect face was adorned with a helpless smile as the surrounding shocked gazes continuously cast their way.

Hope Williams looked up at Waylon Lewis, "Your charm is really something."

"Did it charm you?"

Hope pursed her lips, "Stop teasing."

"Alright, no more teasing. Go on, I'll pick you up at noon."

"Okay, you should head to work too."

Ellie Field was completely stunned.

The crowd was even more incredulous. The man gently ruffled Hope's hair before turning to leave, got into the car, started it, and drove off, all in one fluid motion.

He didn't leave behind a single lingering gaze.

The woman engulfed with such attentive care by the man was... Hope Williams!

And Ellie Field, who just a moment ago had almost etched 'triumph' across her face, stood there dazed, inhaling a trail of exhaust.

So that man had come to bring Hope Williams to the hospital, not specifically to pick up Ellie Field as she had claimed!

Taking advantage of the moment while everyone was still shocked, Hope quickly walked into the hospital.

It took a long while for everyone to recover from this twist.

Someone in the crowd couldn't help but laugh out loud intentionally, "Eh? Doctor Cynthia, didn't you just say that car was here to pick you up? Why did it leave just like that?"

Ellie Field clenched her teeth hard.

"That's right, Doctor Cynthia, didn't you just say you knew the man inside? Why didn't he even glance your way?"

The coming wave of mockery was inescapable for Ellie Field, who stood frozen, feeling a chill over her entire body.

The damn Hope Williams had ruined her plans again.

“Get lost.” Ellie, furious and embarrassed, pushed through the crowd and fled.

“Why is Doctor Cynthia getting so irate?”

Aurora Wood popped up from nowhere, expertly wrapping her arm around Hope Williams, who jumped, “Where did you come from?”

“You move like a monkey; I could barely keep up,” Aurora laughed, “Was that guy who just dropped you off your boyfriend?”

“No.”

Hope pursed her lips and smiled, “He is... my future husband.”

“Really!” Aurora exclaimed excitedly, “You’re getting remarried?”

Hope quickly covered Aurora’s mouth, “Shh, keep your voice down, or the whole hospital will hear.”

“Remarriage.”

Good heavens!

Aurora was utterly shocked. Their department’s top beauty, she had always thought she was unmarried, yet she was actually about to remarry!

“That guy just now...?”

“Ex-husband.”

“You got back together?”

“Yes.”

Aurora felt like she had stumbled upon a huge piece of gossip today.

“Is he the one who organized your birthday party? And the one who came looking for you at the hospital that day?”

“Looking for me?” Hope paused.

“Yes, didn’t you know? It was the night you went missing during a night shift. He came to the hospital to find you. You didn’t see how anxious he was; it was beginning to get

cold, and he was just wearing a white shirt. He must have run here in such a hurry he didn't even grab a coat."

Hope listened, her gaze flickering.

"That kind of worry and concern can't be faked. Although I don't know why you divorced before, now even an outsider like me can see that he deeply loves you."

Deeply loves you!

Waves of emotion surged in Hope's heart, and she smiled gently, her eyes brimming with unshed tears.

She nodded.

"Thank you, Aurora."

...

Hope Williams had two minor surgeries in the morning which she completed effortlessly, even faster than anticipated, and they were very successful.

Hope was in a good mood today, and even the patients could tell.

During her rounds, an elderly lady, observing Hope's gentle smile, couldn't help but ask, "Doctor Williams, is there something joyous?"

"Ah?" Caught off guard, Hope was slightly startled.

Beside her, a doctor teased, "Doctor Williams, you might as well write 'joyous mood' on your forehead."

Hope Williams...

A few doctors laughed, "We all noticed, Doctor Williams, something's off with you today, something's off, tell us what's the great news?"

Hope, still smiling, replied, "Nothing really, get back to your work."

"Look at that, Doctor Williams is even shy," the crowd joked.

...

Waylon Lewis arrived early, and when his car appeared, everyone knew he was there to pick up Doctor Williams.

Hope descended the stairs, and Waylon had been waiting for quite a while.

Hope looked at the man standing by the car, his gaze already fixed on her, and her smile became more tender, "Have you been waiting long?"

"Is half an hour considered long?"

Hope blinked; she had been very punctual this time, not delayed by anything. It was just that he had arrived early.

Waylon teased Hope's pretty nose-tip, "Get in the car."

...

Coming out of the civil affairs bureau, Hope looked at the two red marriage certificates, feeling joyful yet somewhat melancholic.

They had finally come back together.

It had been eight years since she married him, how quickly time had passed. Hope still remembered when they had gotten their marriage license; Waylon had been forced by Elder Lewis, and his gaze toward her was incredibly distant and cold.

He had a gloomy expression that nearly made the staff cry, and they hastily processed their marriage certificate. Before leaving, Hope even overheard a few quiet conversations.

"You'd think they were here for a divorce."