

# **She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor**

## **#Chapter 221 – 230**

### **221 Argument - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 221 - 221 221 Argument**

Chapter 221: Chapter 221 Argument Chapter 221: Chapter 221 Argument “Don’t be angry anymore.”

Waylon Lewis gazed at Hope Williams’s pretty face with his deep-set eyes and sighed heavily, “You never thought about relying on me.”

His voice was low, and Hope couldn’t help but look serious, an uncommon annoyance on her handsome face.

Hope blinked, her voice growing a bit heavier, “I can manage on my own, why should I rely on someone else?”

Waylon’s pupils contracted slightly, his furrowed brows heavy with displeasure, “Someone else?”

He was just ‘someone else’ in her eyes!

A tightness gripped Hope’s heart as she explained, “That’s not what I meant.”

Waylon bit down on his molars and said no more, his facial expression enough to prove his anger at the moment.

“Waylon Lewis, I really didn’t mean it like that...”

Hope looked at him deeply, her expression turning serious.

“Waylon Lewis...”

“Hope Williams! Do you even see me as your husband?”

His cold voice made Hope’s hands, resting on her knees, clench tightly.

“Of course, we’ve remarried, haven’t we?”

Waylon gave a low, mocking chuckle, “Yes, we remarried, but from the moment you returned to me until now, you haven’t thought about including me in anything.”

Even though they had remarried, she still kept many things from him.

It was an unpleasant feeling.

The office air turned icy, the suffocating atmosphere spreading endlessly.

“Your work, your identity, the people you know—if I hadn’t found out myself, you would have kept them hidden from me, wouldn’t you?”

You make me feel that, even as your husband, I rank lower than Liam Cloud in your heart.”

At least Liam knew all these things and had been through them with her.

Hope’s eyes turned cold, and she retorted, “Why bring him up again? I’ve explained to you, he saved my life. I consider him family, nothing more!”

“Family? Hope, do you think he only wants to be family with you?”

“I don’t want to argue about this; we’re both upset. Let’s stop talking. You go out first, I need to work.”

Waylon stood up, his gaze turning even colder as he stared at her face for a few seconds before slamming the door behind him.

Hope propped her elbows on the desk, her hand on her forehead, exhaling deeply with frustration.

She had Waylon Lewis, and Waylon Lewis loved her.

She had been abandoned once.

No matter how much she loved, she would be cautious.

She also dared not show weakness, turning to him for everything, for fear he would become tired of her. No one likes a burden, do they?

Only when she was strong enough could she feel secure by his side.

Just like today with the Lewis Family, marrying Waylon Lewis meant she needed the capacity and ability to stand by his side and face everything.

Not to be a little woman who hides behind him and relies on him for everything.

She wanted to be strong too, strong enough to be his shield.

So how could Hope allow herself to be weak?

Hope calmed down for a few seconds, then the ring of her cellphone broke the silence.

Glancing at the caller ID, Hope slid her finger to answer.

“Hello...”

“Hope, I’ve been dumped...” Aria Richardson’s voice came through, filled with utter misery.

“When were you in a relationship?”

“I was rejected, completely... My love life ended before it even started... Wuhuu~”  
“Alexander Knox?”

“Who else could make me feel this way?”

Hope pondered for a moment but found herself at a loss for words.

“Do you have time tonight? Come have a drink with me,” Aria pleaded pitifully.

Hope took a deep breath, sounding somewhat dispirited, “Alright, I’ll see you later.”

Before leaving work, Hope visited the old man’s hospital room one more time. On her way out, she thought about sending Waylon a message to tell him she’d be home late but then decided against it—better to cool off for a while.

Tapping on her screen, she sent a message to Luke and Willow: “Babies, Mommy will be home late tonight. Your godmother is upset, and Mommy is going to keep her company.”

The two little ones replied quickly: OK.

Aria had asked Hope to meet at a well-known bar. Hope wasn’t one for crowds, and upon entering, she was met with a riot of color and a scene of revelry that made her furrow her brow lightly. Glancing towards the bar, she immediately spotted Aria sitting alone, sullenly drinking.

Aria, dressed in a strapless red dress, attracted the gazes of many men as her lovely swan-like neck tilted back to drink.

Just sitting there, she attracted quite a few men who came over to hit on her. At this moment, Aria Richardson’s temper was extremely foul, and she spat out curses mercilessly, “Scram.”

Hope Williams walked over quickly, picked up the coat that was placed to the side, and draped it over her, "Don't dress like this next time, it's dangerous."

When Aria turned her head, Hope had already sat down beside her. Seeing Hope, Aria blinked back her tears, her little face becoming fragile in an instant, "Hope, you're finally here. I'm really so pathetic."

Hope took a napkin and wiped her tears, "What happened? Tell me."

"I went to see him today, only to be thoroughly rejected. He wouldn't even deign to speak more with me. The way he was... I really stand no chance at all..."

Hope tugged at the corner of her mouth slightly, "Just because of this, you think it's worth being so sad?"

"Shouldn't I be sad? He might have broken off his engagement with that Ming girl, but, Hope, his heart still harbors feelings for you." Aria rubbed her head, completely at a loss for what to do.

She had fallen for a man who liked her own best friend.

A perfect love triangle.

Oh, God!

Aria had never felt that love matters could be so heart-wrenching.

"So, have you given up?"

"No way."

"That's right, the Aria I know isn't someone who gives up easily."

As she spoke, Hope looked down at the alcohol in front of her, picked up a glass, poured herself a drink, and took a big gulp.

"What are you doing?" Aria blinked, quickly sensing that something was off with Hope.

Hope held the glass with two fingers, staring at the liquid inside, her mood downcast.

She shook her head, "It's nothing. Didn't you ask me to come drink with you? I'll have a drink with you."

"Stop lying. When I called you before, you never drank, and besides, didn't you remarry President Lewis? Does he agree with you coming out to drink with me?"

At certain words, a shadow flickered across Hope's eyes, and her fingers gently swirled the glass.

"You didn't have a fight, did you?"

"Is it that obvious?"

"It's written all over your face."

Hope finished the drink in one go and let go of the glass. She wasn't in the mood to drown her sorrows in alcohol, "It's nothing. I can handle it."

Aria smacked her lips, "You always say it's nothing, that you'll handle everything yourself, but honestly, it's quite worrying."

Hope was taken aback by Aria's words, "Is that what you think?"

"Mhmm. Haven't you noticed? You're like this with everyone, always set on solving everything on your own."

"Is that not good?" Hope looked at Aria, thinking it's better not to trouble others, right?

Aria placed her hand on Hope's shoulder, "At least it makes me feel like you're holding back from me."

Hope's brow twitched fiercely.

So, was that how Waylon Lewis felt, too?

Her unwillingness to depend on him or trouble him was causing him insecurity, and when she said those things, she had provoked the pent-up emotions he had been harboring.

Hope lifted her hands to rub her swollen brow.

"Aria, I get it now. I've neglected some of your feelings, and I apologize. Perhaps I should go back now, explain things to my Mr. Lewis. We did fight, and it was over this issue."

Aria curled her lips into a smile, "So do I get credit for helping you solve a problem?"

"Of course." Hope responded with a smile.

"Hmm~ Then this trip wasn't a waste after all."

Both of them smiled at that.

At this moment, several men nearby were constantly glancing over at them; one man nudged the man surrounded by women on either side, "Brother Xavier, there are two gorgeous women over there, and those figures are just incredible."

The man in the main seat, accepting a drink from a woman, smiled lecherously, "Which woman doesn't look beautiful to you, kid?"

The man's comments provoked laughter all around.

"No, Brother Xavier, this time they really are two stunners. Don't believe me? Look for yourself." The man jutted his chin out in their direction.

Xavier Lewis finally lifted his eyes casually, but the moment his gaze landed on Hope Williams, he couldn't look away.

He paused in his breathing, promptly pushed away the women in his arms, straightened up, and his eyes emitted intense emotions.

"It's her."

"Brother Xavier, you know her?"

Xavier curved his lips, "Of course, I know her."

She was his cousin's wife!

He had just seen her today.

Waylon Lewis's woman!

Tsk! He wondered what she would be like in bed...

Chapter 222: Chapter 222: Born Cold Chapter 222: Chapter 222: Born Cold Xavier Lewis's lecherous eyes flickered with uncontrollable flames.

Hope Williams gently patted Aria Richardson on the shoulder, "I'm going to the restroom, I'll be back soon. Don't wander off, wait for me, okay?"

Aria seemed a bit tipsy, and squinted her eyes as she nodded, "Okay, you go ahead. Don't worry, I definitely won't run off."

Hope shook her head helplessly, asked a waiter to keep an eye on Aria, and took away all of Aria's drinks before leaving.

Xavier's gaze followed Hope's figure, and his eyes were full of desire as he muttered to himself, "If I could get her in bed, I'd die happy."

After saying that, he downed his glass of alcohol and immediately got up, following her footsteps.

Hope came out of the restroom.

Suddenly, a chest pressed against her back, and Hope's eyes went cold as she harshly elbowed the man behind her.

The man gasped in pain and instantly let go of Hope.

Hope quickly put distance between them and turned around to see a face she recognized.

Xavier Lewis – the man who had been staring at her all day in the old man's hospital room, Waylon Lewis's cousin.

"Cousin, you punch really hard." Xavier rubbed the chest where Hope had hit him, but the disgusting smile still lingered on his face.

"What do you think you're doing, Xavier?"

Hope's voice was filled with a chilling tone.

"Relax, cousin, I just wanted to connect with you a bit," Xavier shamelessly moved closer, "Did you come to the bar alone tonight because you fought with cousin Waylon? Tell me about it, let's chat."

As he spoke, his sleazy hand reached towards Hope.

Hope dodged the hand, her eyes void of warmth, "Please have some respect."

Hope turned and walked toward the bustling crowd.

Xavier had no intention of letting this opportunity slip by; he had found her extremely beautiful in the hospital room.

He had never seen such a beautiful woman.

At that moment, he had a thousand thoughts of possessing her.

Xavier quickly caught up to her, grabbing Hope's wrist, only to be fiercely shaken off, but he laughed instead of getting angry, "Even when you're angry, you look so pretty, you've completely stolen my soul."

“Get lost.”

Hope found this man utterly disgusting.

“Cousin, don’t reject me from a thousand miles away. What’s so good about Waylon Lewis? He’s cold as ice, without a shred of warmth. Aren’t you fed up following him? You might as well be with me. I can give you everything he can, how about that?”

Waylon Lewis was wealthy, and he was just as wealthy. He was overly confident that he could offer the same things to her.

Xavier shamelessly pressed on, “Cousin, think about it? I can give you more than he ever will.”

“Where do you get this confidence? Get lost, or I’ll make you end up like your mother,” Hope said, narrowing her eyes.

Xavier moved closer, grabbing Hope’s hand, “Cousin, don’t be so stubborn. What do you like about Waylon Lewis? His power? His status? I’m telling you, all of that will be mine in the future. Following me is the smart choice. Where am I lacking compared to him?”

Meanwhile, at the Lewis family mansion, Waylon Lewis had just gotten home and couldn’t find Hope anywhere in the house.

Hadn’t she come back yet?

A strong sense of familiarity surged in his heart, just like that time she had left quietly.

He spoke too harshly today. Did he make her angry? Did she leave?

The intense feeling of loss made him rush to Luke and Willow’s room.

The moment he pushed open the door, Luke and Willow, who were playing with Legos on the floor, looked up at Waylon’s anxious face. They blinked, somewhat bewildered, “Daddy, what’s wrong?”

Thank goodness!

Luke and Willow were still here; even if she left him, she wouldn’t leave Luke and Willow.

This thought made Waylon chuckle self-deprecatingly.

“Where is she?”



“You don’t know where Mommy went?”

“...”

Luke looked at his watch, switched to the location-sharing app to check, then raised his head to inform Waylon, “Godmother is upset, Mommy went with her. They’re at a bar now. Daddy, maybe you should go pick up Mommy.”

Waylon paused for a moment, frowned, nodded, and immediately left.

“Keep your distance.” Hope raised her leg, aiming a kick at the man’s groin, but he dodged it.

Xavier laughed shamelessly, “Cousin, if you don’t want to leave Waylon Lewis, that’s fine too. I don’t suggest we have an affair; it would be more thrilling, just one night with me...”

“Slap.”

Hope raised her hand and fiercely slapped his shameless face, to bring him back to his senses.

He was absolutely disgusting to Hope.

“What do you think you are? Comparing yourself with Waylon Lewis? Take a good look in the mirror and see how you measure up to him in any way, and stop calling me cousin; don’t forget, our families have already severed ties today. Every word from you disgusts me.”

“You...” Xavier raised his hand fiercely pointing at Hope, “You bitch, don’t push it...” Hope quickly grabbed his pointing hand.

Xavier was startled; he tried to grab Hope’s hand in return.

The next moment, there was a crack.

The sound of a bone breaking echoed.

“Ah...” a scream like a slaughtered pig rose.

He didn’t react in time, as Hope turned, bent down, and forcefully threw him over her shoulder.

“Bang.”

Xavier was thrown hard onto the ground.

He was confused, only the pain making him howl as he lay on the ground like a wounded stray dog.

Hope dusted off her hands and looked down coldly at the dog on the ground.

Chapter 223: Chapter 223: Standing in Your World, on Equal Footing with You Chapter 223: Chapter 223: Standing in Your World, on Equal Footing with You Hope Williams brushed the dust from her hands, looking down with cold disdain at the dog on the ground, "Keep barking."

"You." Xavier Lewis gritted his teeth, "Good, very good. Just wait until I catch you, then you're finished."

As Xavier cursed and climbed up from the ground, he fiercely spat, "To sleep with you would be your good fortune. What do you think you are? Even Waylon Lewis was just playing with you, you think you're some big shot..."

Before Xavier could finish his sentence, Hope's eyes suddenly widened in shock.

A wine bottle smashed down furiously, everything happening too quickly.

It struck Xavier on the head with a "bang."

The scent of death spread endlessly, giving Xavier no chance to plead for mercy.

The shattered wine bottle littered the ground with its broken remnants.

A man yanked Xavier's head and fiercely slammed it against the wall, blood splattering against it, stunning everyone present.

Their terrified gazes locked onto the imposing figure of the man in the center.

Everyone's eyes filled with horror as if they had seen a demon.

Xavier hadn't even time to scream before he passed out.

Silence around them was as if death incarnate.

Waylon Lewis's handsome face was expressionless, his face splashed with blood, a vivid red that created a heart-stopping beauty.

In the silent, breath-held stillness, Waylon turned his gaze to Hope standing in front of him, equally terrified by the scene.

His lips slightly parted as he strode towards her, his earlier violence dissipating the moment his gaze shifted to her.

Bowing his head, he took a deep breath and reached out to hold her hand.

“Let’s go home.”

At such close proximity, Hope could distinctly smell the scent of smoke on him. She was being pulled by him, not trying to shake off his hand.

As they entered the elevator.

The elevator doors had not yet closed when he turned around, pinned her against the wall, and captured her neck, bending down to kiss her fiercely.

The kiss was so intense and desperate, as if he couldn’t bear not to swallow her whole, eager to feel her presence.

His unrestrained force in the kiss made Hope somewhat unable to cope, her hands clutching tightly onto his clothes as she involuntarily softened her body.

A strong arm wrapped around her lower back, pressing her into his embrace.

He was breathing heavily, looking down, his eyes pleading as he gazed at her.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have lost my temper with you...”

He kissed her forehead, her eyebrows, the tip of her nose, his kisses brimming with apology and fear...

“Waylon Lewis, I...”

“I’m sorry, please don’t leave me, okay? You can hit me, you can scold me, but... please, don’t disappear from my world. I can’t bear it...”

The moment he realized she was not at home upon returning, he truly panicked.

He was genuinely afraid, fearing she would vanish without a trace like she did five years ago, and that he would never find her again.

Hope’s eyes stung with emotion at such close distance, unable to escape each other’s gaze.

His cautious tone and the hollow fear in his eyes deeply pierced Hope’s heart.

“Waylon Lewis, I apologize for what happened during the day. I neglected your feelings. You’re not someone else; you are the most important person to me.”

Waylon Lewis’s heart stirred slightly, and he reached out to touch his cheek, then leaned in once more to kiss her lips.

“I know, you don’t have to apologize, it’s my fault...”

Hope Williams took a deep breath, gently shook her head, and looked straight at him, “No, it was my fault for being too dominant and not taking your feelings into account. If it’s my fault, it’s just that, and you don’t need to accommodate me like this.”

“We are husband and wife; as long as we’re together, I won’t leave you, understand?” Hope Williams raised her hand to gently smooth Waylon Lewis’s slightly furrowed brow.

Waylon Lewis’s gaze fell on the calm face of the woman, but his heart couldn’t calm down, “Really?”

“Really, it’s normal for there to be conflicts between husband and wife. How could I leave the person I love most over something like this?”

A glimmer of light emerged in Waylon Lewis’s eyes, “The person you love most?”

Hope Williams smiled gently, placing her hands on Waylon Lewis’s shoulders, her smile serene, “What are you doubting, Waylon Lewis? Of course, it’s you.”

The fear in his eyes gradually turned into another emotion, and abruptly, Waylon Lewis pulled her fiercely into his embrace.

Hope Williams continued, “Waylon Lewis, not wanting to depend on you isn’t because I don’t love you or because I see you as someone else, but because I want to become strong. Strong enough to stand with you in your world, as your equal. I want to be able to face any danger with you in the future, and I don’t want to be a burden hiding under your wing.”

“Hope...”

Hope Williams took hold of Waylon Lewis’s hand.

She wouldn’t allow herself to become a burden to anyone.

Nor would she allow herself to live hidden under someone else’s wings; she wanted to be strong enough on her own.

“Just like today, Amelia Bailey said that I have no family background, am not a wealthy lady, and that staying by your side, our statuses don’t match, and taking me out would

embarrass you. It seems calm on the surface in the Lewis Family, but beneath there are tumultuous waves. It's the same at home, and outside, who knows how many eyes are watching.

I admit I don't have a glamorous family background, nor am I a wealthy lady. True, not being born into a wealthy family is something I can never change in this lifetime.

But I am determined to prove to everyone that your choice in me, Waylon Lewis, is not a mistake, and I won't embarrass you.

Moreover, I want to be the woman who stands by your side and matches you. I want to show them that the woman beside Waylon Lewis has to be me, and no one else."

The emotions in Waylon Lewis's pupils undulated, the woman's words resounding and startling him again and again.

I want to become strong, strong enough to stand with you in your world as your equal, to face any danger with you in the future, and not to be a burden hiding under your wing.

To show everyone that your choice in me, Waylon Lewis, is not a mistake. I won't embarrass you!

Which eye of his was blind to have lost this woman before?

Indeed, the woman by his side, Waylon Lewis, had to be her and only her.

He didn't want anyone else but her, and only she could bear it.

"You simply make me wonder how I could ever love you enough."

"That's enough... Being together, loving me deeply, and I loving you deeply, we'll face difficulties together, solve conflicts together, we'll raise Luke and Willow well together, and perhaps..." Hope Williams's face blushed slightly, "perhaps we'll have more babies in the future."

Hope Williams's eyes twinkled, filled with anticipation.

Waylon Lewis gazed at the beautiful face of the woman, his eyes softening more and more with a smile, silently listened to her continue to speak, with indulgent laughter in his eyes.

Her voice gentle continued, "Till we grow old, we'll lie together on rocking chairs, enjoying the evening breeze, watching the sunset fill the sky. By then, our children will have grown up, and we'll have adorable grandsons and granddaughters at our knees.

Or we could travel the world together as long as we're each other's company, that's the best."

Waylon Lewis once again lowered his head to kiss the woman's lips, his dark eyes burning with fervor, his voice resolutely answering her, "We will, we certainly will."

Hope Williams smiled tenderly again, "Then let's promise not to get angry over nothing next time, okay? We'll patiently sort out any issues."

"Alright, just this once, never again."

Chapter 224: Chapter 224: Courting Death Chapter 224: Chapter 224: Courting Death  
"Okay, just this once, and no more."

Hope Williams blinked gently, "Then let's go home."

Waylon Lewis kissed her forehead before letting her go, and took her hand as they walked out.

"Did the guy you beat up just now die?"

"He deserved to die if he did," Waylon thought, a chill rising in his eyes.

When he had heard those words, he had wanted to skin that beast alive.

How dare he insult his treasure, who he held so carefully and cherished so deeply?

If Hope hadn't been there, if he hadn't feared dirtying her sight, he would have truly wanted to kill that beast.

Hope startled, "He really died? If he really did, that would indeed dirty your hands."

Waylon raised an eyebrow and smiled, ruffling Hope's hair, "He won't die."

Hope thought of his words and felt nauseous.

As Hope and Waylon walked to the car, Waylon opened the door, and from behind came a soft call, "Brother Waylon, Miss Williams."

Hope's delicate brows slightly raised; that voice could only belong to Vivia Fuller.

Hope slowly turned around and saw Vivia supporting a drunken Mia Fuller behind her.

"Brother Waylon, Miss Williams, what a coincidence."

Hope glanced at Vivia, then at Mia, her gaze cold and lightly smiling, "Indeed, it's quite the coincidence to meet everywhere."

Hope's words carried a deeper meaning.

It seemed Vivia didn't understand and continued, "Mia has been drowning her sorrows in alcohol, depressed ever since that incident..."

Hope laughed coldly, "What are you trying to say? Are you suggesting I caused her condition?"

Vivia clenched her teeth, "Miss Williams, that's not what I meant."

"What are you pretending for, you vixen?" Mia wiped the hair from her face, cheeks flushed and eyes blurry from intoxication, seemingly really drunk.

She shook off Vivia's hand, staggered forward to Hope, and scoffed coldly, "What are you pretending for, huh? You were just inside seducing Xavier Lewis, and now you're in Waylon's arms. Aren't you shameless?"

Hope's face chilled, and so did Waylon's.

Vivia looked terribly frightened and quickly pulled Mia back, "I'm sorry, Brother Waylon, Miss Williams, Mia is drunk, just spouting nonsense."

Mia looked at Vivia and laughed, "Sis, how am I spouting nonsense? You saw it too. Wasn't this woman just cuddling up with Xavier Lewis?"

Mia forcefully pushed Vivia away again and looked at Waylon with adoration still in her eyes, "Brother Waylon, I saw everything crystal clear, this shameless woman was in Xavier's arms, and Xavier even said he wanted her, ha ha ha..."

Waylon's eyes filled with an icy menace, as if ready to kill anyone, landing on Mia, who, heavily drunk and intent on harming Hope, didn't even notice.

Vivia's face grew panicked as she immediately explained, "Mia! You're talking nonsense, shut your mouth."

"Shut my mouth? I'm telling the truth, why should I?"

"The situation wasn't like that, it was Young Cousin Lewis who hugged Miss Williams, and she refused," Vivia said quickly.

"Refused? Flies don't sting a seamless egg. Why didn't he hug me? Why didn't he hug you, but instead her? If not for an affair already, then what?" Mia shouted sarcastically.

Vivia smiled faintly.

Waylon Lewis's eyes grew colder and harsher, and an oppressive aura radiated around him more and more intensely.

Yet, Hope Williams gently lifted her hand and patted Waylon Lewis's hand lightly before putting it down again.

Understanding her gesture, Waylon managed to suppress the rage that had flared up within him.

Hope Williams watched coldly, as if observing two clowns.

"Enough, Mia Fuller," Vivia Fuller snapped angrily at Mia Fuller, dragging her into the car and then turned back with an apologetic look to Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams.

"Brother Waylon," Vivia glanced at Hope Williams with a look full of helplessness, then said to Waylon, "Brother Waylon, please don't misunderstand. Maybe Miss Williams and Young Cousin Lewis had a bit too much to drink, and that's why that happened. Please, don't get it wrong."

Hope Williams sneered inwardly.

Her words seemingly admitted that what Mia Fuller had said was true.

It was just drunkenness, nothing to misunderstand.

Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis and gave a faint smile.

Waylon's eyes were filled with gloom.

Vivia watched Waylon's mood and discreetly curved her lips.

"Brother Waylon, I'll go ahead," said Vivia, then looking at Hope Williams with a smirk before leaving.

Hope Williams calmly raised her eyebrows, crossed her arms, and curled her lips in a mocking and disdainful arc.

"Doesn't she just look like a clown entertaining herself?"

The funniest part is that this clown thinks she's smart, playing everyone else in circles.

"What do you plan to do?"

Hope Williams sighed gently, looked at Waylon Lewis, and smiled faintly, "One thing at a time."



Her turn would come.

...

Back at home, Hope Williams took a bath, checked on Luke and Willow, and then went into the study.

The words of Mia Fuller from today still bothered Waylon Lewis.

It wasn't that he didn't trust Hope Williams, but that beast had touched his woman and upset her.

His brows were furrowed as he emerged from the bathroom, dressed in a deep gray bathrobe loosely tied around the waist, revealing a large expanse of wheat-colored skin, his firm chest and evenly muscular, providing a strong sense of security.

Drops of water still dripped from his jet-black hair as he casually dried it with a towel, exuding an elegant and noble charm that was uniquely his.

He scanned the room and didn't see Hope Williams.

Furrowing his brows slightly, he tossed the towel aside, walked out of the room, and soon found her quietly sitting at the desk, the bright light outlining her perfectly delicate face, her slender fingers dancing on the keyboard.

She was focused on her task and hadn't even noticed Waylon Lewis entering.

"What are you doing?" Waylon lowered his voice deliberately, fearing to startle her, but the deeply involved Hope still jolted slightly.

She looked up and her gaze landed precisely on the casually loose bathrobe revealing a sexy and firm chest.

Hope was momentarily taken aback, her mind freezing as if it had glitched, leaving her momentarily unable to speak.

Chapter 225: Chapter 225: Is this how you handle your serious affairs? Chapter 225: Chapter 225: Is this how you handle your serious affairs? Hope Williams paused, her brain glitching, and she found herself momentarily at a loss for words.

"What are you busy with?"

Hope fixed her gaze on Waylon Lewis, still somewhat dazed.

Although she often leaned on his firm chest, the directness of her gaze now was...

Hope's cheeks turned a shade of pink.

"Mm?" Waylon Lewis curved his lips slightly, the amusement in his eyes growing deeper.

With just one syllable, his low, rich, magnetic voice carried a fatal seduction.

Hope blinked, her eyes dodging twice, "You..."

"What about me?" Waylon Lewis looked down at her with an inquiry.

"Nothing... nothing..." Hope fidgeted with her fingers, "I'm working on a medical paper."

Waylon Lewis walked behind Hope, his inky black eyes shifting towards the computer screen.

"About your grandfather?"

She turned her head slightly, looking up at him, and collided with the man's deep gaze.

Hope's eyes flickered, and she nodded, "Yes, Ellie Field isn't willing to give up the chief surgeon's spot, so Director Woods proposed a fair competition, which is a good idea, so naturally, I need to prepare well."

"Your skills are more than enough to crush her."

Hope smiled irrefutably, "But she insists on challenging me, so naturally, I won't let her off easily."

Waylon Lewis chuckled, mussing Hope's hair, "My wife is the best."

"Are you almost done?"

Hope tapped on the keyboard, "Just a bit left, you go to sleep first."

"I'll stay with you."

His warm breath sprayed down, and his cool lips kissed her cheek.

Hope shivered involuntarily, instinctively moving to the side.

Waylon Lewis lowered his gaze, looking at her like a startled rabbit, with a playful smirk in his eyes, "Avoiding me?"

Hope's pretty cheeks flushed with red; from the moment he entered the room, the atmosphere was off, his breath mingling with hers, too attacking...

Hope didn't know what was wrong, but her instincts told her that if the two of them stayed any longer, she'd be utterly devoured.

"Cough..." Hope, "Waylon, you go out first. I'll really be done soon. Go to sleep."

"Sending me away?"

"No."

"Why the panic?" Waylon Lewis chuckled lowly, his long finger brushing over her lips.

Hope immediately reacted, shaking her head earnestly, "I'm not panicking..."

"Then I'll stay with you, I can't sleep alone."

I can't sleep alone, I think you just can't sleep without causing some trouble.

Hope murmured to herself inwardly, leisurely leaning back to create a safe distance from Waylon Lewis, "Waylon, I'm doing important work right now, stop messing around."

His eyes grew hotter, his low, rich, magnetic voice tinged with danger, "I'll wait for you to finish your important work."

Saying this, Waylon Lewis straightened up with a smile, pulled up a chair to sit down, took a book, lifted his hand, and motioned for Hope to continue.

Hope blinked, momentarily not catching the implied meaning of his words.

Supporting herself to sit up straight, she saw the man who seemed to have all his attention on the book, so she brought her gaze back to her own business.

A medical paper was simple for Hope. Once immersed, she paid no further attention to the man beside her, only that "eager" look made Hope shake her head helplessly, smiling faintly.

An hour later.

Hope checked the paper one last time, satisfied, she nodded and stretched, ready to get up.

At that moment, a strong hand encircled her waist, and she fell onto his lap, her back against his firm chest, his familiar scent enveloping her completely.

His warm breath on her skin made Hope tremble slightly.

“Have you finished your important work?”

Hope turned in his arms, her hands encircling his neck, leaning in with a light, enticing smile, “Done, is it time for you to start your important work now?”

Holding the enchantress in his arms, Waylon Lewis’s Adam’s apple bobbed, his gaze becoming even hotter, his lips curving, “Smart...”

Hope leaned into Waylon, holding his head, and kissed him lightly on the lips.

“Is this your important work?” A mischievous glint shone in Hope’s starry eyes.

Waylon Lewis was taken aback, not fully recovering from that kiss, and thus missed the sly, foxy smile in her eyes.

“My wife is always smart.” Waylon Lewis leaned towards Hope, who raised her hand to stop his lips.

She tilted her chin, “Waylon Lewis, I’ve noticed you’re getting more and more brazen.”

“Mm?”

“Holding a book in your hands, eyes fixed on me, looking like you want to devour me—do you think I didn’t notice?”

Waylon Lewis frankly admitted, “You look after your matter, I look after my own ‘matter.’ Is there a problem?”

This reason actually stunned Hope Williams for a couple of seconds. Coming back to her senses, she curled her fingers and pinched Waylon Lewis’s handsome face, “Is there anything other than this in your head?”

“With a wife who’s like a captivating fairy in front of me, is it strange for me, a normal man, to think about this?”

Heh heh!

Hope Williams didn’t know what to say, so she could only chuckle twice to express her mood.

Suddenly, Hope Williams rose and straddled Waylon Lewis’s legs, her smile so enchanting she was the spitting image of a mischievous fairy.

Her lips pressed against Waylon Lewis's, his lips curled up slightly, his arms pulling her body in deepening the kiss, with his tongue playfully entwining with hers, the moment filled with intense affection.

Suddenly, feeling weightless, she was lifted up, and Waylon Lewis carried her back to the room, locking the door behind them due to the psychological shadow from the multiple interruptions they'd suffered previously.

Hope Williams was pinned to the bed, a smirk on her lips, "Since when have you become concerned about the place?"

His deep gaze fixated on her, growing hotter, and through their clothes, Hope Williams could feel the warmth emanating from his body.

Waylon gasped lowly and leaned in once more, the desire in his eyes surging.

Hope Williams laughed, her hand pressing against his chest, a spark of mischief flashing in her eyes.

"Waylon Lewis, I have a piece of good news and a piece of bad news for you. Which do you want to hear first?"

At this moment, still good news and bad news?

But Waylon Lewis played along, "The bad news."

"The bad news is, my period has started."

His body tensed, his face darkened.

Waylon Lewis...

"Say that again!"

"I said I got my period!" Hope Williams repeated clearly, an impish smile still playing on her lips.

Waylon Lewis clenched his molars.

"...And the good news?"

"The good news is we can go to bed early tonight."

Waylon Lewis's face turned completely black.

Seeing the mischievous smile in the eyes of the woman beneath him, in the end, he realized he was played by this little woman.

No wonder she was so proactive tonight—it was because she knew he wouldn't touch her.

With his eyes lowered, Waylon Lewis suddenly broke into an exasperated laugh.

Hope Williams wasn't about to let Waylon Lewis off so easily. She leaned in close to him and pressed, "Still want to?"

"..." Waylon Lewis sighed, adjusting Hope Williams on his lap and leaning back, "Would I be willing?"

Knowing he was too indulgent to refuse her gave Hope a sense of pride.

A deeper smile crept onto her face as she pecked Waylon Lewis's lips as consolation, and then...she was off to sleep...but then...

"Hey...what are you doing?" Hope Williams had just gotten off Waylon Lewis when he pulled her back.

Hope Williams was startled, noting the undiminished flame in Waylon Lewis's eyes.

"You?"

"You're going to help me out." Waylon Lewis carried Hope Williams into the bathroom.

From the bathroom came Hope Williams's voice, indignant and embarrassed, "Don't you have hands?"

...

When they came out, Hope Williams was fuming, flopping onto the bed. Her hands felt numb, and she didn't want to move an inch.

Waylon Lewis pulled the woman into his arms, his face showing lingering desire as he kissed her lips.

"Good girl, next time you decide to tease me during 'that time,' we'll continue."

Hope Williams bit her lip, knowing that men are always more liberal with these matters.

She could never outplay Waylon Lewis; she'd only get herself burned.

Biting down hard, she thought he was really infuriating...prompting Hope Williams to flip over in bed, bend her legs, and give him a shove with her foot against his waist.

Waylon Lewis, already hugging her at the edge of the bed, was sent tumbling to the floor with that push.

Dazed, Waylon Lewis looked up at the woman rising up with determination, glaring at him, still seated on the ground. He was at a loss.

Hope Williams leisurely straightened out the blanket, tossing Waylon Lewis's pillow down with it, "Tonight, you're sleeping on the floor."

After saying that, Hope Williams pulled up the covers with a feeling of triumph and went to sleep.

When had Hope Williams ever allowed herself to lose?

President Lewis was left in disarray on the floor, his face hit by a pillow.

The following morning, Waylon Lewis woke up in a mood.

Chapter 226: Chapter 226 The Stigma of Plagiarism Chapter 226: Chapter 226 The Stigma of Plagiarism The next morning, Waylon Lewis woke up in a bad mood.

Alitzel Williams was at the hospital with Grandpa Lewis, Hope Williams had to work, and was busy preparing for surgery, so the responsibility of taking care of Luke and Willow fell on Wyatt Lewis and Enzo White.

When Waylon came downstairs, he didn't see Hope, which made his face grow colder. Wyatt couldn't help but shiver, exchanging glances with Enzo.

Enzo shifted his eyes: "What's up with Brother Waylon?"

Wyatt twisted his lips: "He probably had a fight with his wife, should we run?"

Enzo nodded subtly: "If we don't run now, then when?"

Each of them picked up a kid, ready to escape in the low pressure.

"Where is she?"

The chilly voice tinged with hoarseness swept in, freezing their steps.

Who? His wife!

Right, thankfully, he was smart enough to figure out who it was just from the word 'brother.'

Holding Willow, Wyatt turned his head trembling, "Sister-in-law... Sister-in-law..."

Waylon's gaze swept over, and Wyatt felt a gulp in his heart, desperately looking towards Enzo for help, but Enzo quickly avoided Wyatt's pleading eyes.

Don't look at me, I just arrived.

"Uh... Sister-in-law..."

Wyatt couldn't manage to get a word out, Waylon was feeling irritated.

"Mommy went to the hospital very early today," Luke replied helplessly in place of Wyatt.

Wyatt was grateful.

Ah, Luke was his lifesaver.

"Mommy had a lot to do at the hospital. There was an emergency with a patient this morning, so she left at six," Luke added.

"Mm," Waylon responded deeply, grabbing his coat and walking out.

Leaving Wyatt and Enzo in a pool of panic amidst the cold air.

At eleven in the morning, after finishing a four-hour surgery, Hope Williams sat in her office reviewing medical records. She planned to visit Grandpa Lewis, but the office door was pushed open before she could leave.

Ellie Field walked in with her chin held high as usual, looking down on everyone.

Hope's eyes moved slightly, reflecting a hint of coldness, "What are you here for?"

"Of course, to see how you are, my dear senior," Ellie said as she flopped down on an empty chair and casually started browsing through the medical records on Hope's desk.

"There are only two days left to submit the thesis and surgical plan, you seem quite calm," Hope snapped the pen cap closed, her voice cold.

"Have you finished yours, senior?" Ellie asked tentatively.

Hope's eyes flashed, looking up at her, "Whether I'm done or not is none of your business."



Ellie adjusted her hair, "I was just asking."

Hope sneered inwardly.

She could guess what Ellie was thinking, "Oh, since that's the case, please leave, I'm very busy."

Hope stood up, holding several medical reports, but Ellie remained standing, continuously glancing toward Hope's computer screen. Hope blocked her way to the computer.

"Looking at what?"

Ellie rolled her eyes, "What a miser, it wouldn't kill you to let me look, huh, you think I'm keen on it? I've already prepared mine, just you wait to lose."

"Oh, then I'll wait."

Ellie rolled her eyes and strutted out. Hope glanced at the computer, hooked her lips, and locked the office door in front of Ellie.

Ellie's face darkened instantly, stamping her foot, "What do you mean, Hope Williams?"

Hope played innocent, "What do you mean, what do I mean?"

"Locking the door, are you afraid I'd steal your stuff?"

"Did I say I locked it because of you? Why assume such a self-serving interpretation, you fool?" Hope tossed the keys, her tone light, her eyes filled with indifferent amusement.

Ellie realized that she reacted too hastily.

She glared at Hope fiercely, suppressing her anger as she left.

Just a few steps away, she received a call from Vivia Fuller.

With leverage in Vivia's hands, Ellie's tone was unusually ingratiating, "Miss Fuller, what can I do for you?"

"Did you finish writing the thesis and the plan?" Vivia asked bluntly.

No matter what, she couldn't allow Hope to succeed with this surgery, because with her skills, she would definitely cure Grandpa Lewis, and if her identity as Cynthia was exposed, it would bring no benefit to her.

Thus, Vivia had to block her at all costs.

Although she knew Ellie was foolish, at least according to her, since she and Hope came from the same mentor, and Hope had such capability, she believed Ellie wouldn't be too far off. This was the only path she could take, so she had to take a gamble.

Ellie stuttered, "I... haven't finished yet..."

What a waste of a thesis she couldn't write.

Vivia felt a headache from her anger, "Then why aren't you rushing to write it?"

"I can't write it... I..."

A waste, a total waste!

Vivia was furious.

"Did that bitch Hope finish it?"

Ellie shivered under Vivia's loud voice, hastily spilling everything she knew, "I just came from her office, seeing how cautious she was, it seems like she has finished it."

Hope was not one to procrastinate; she always finished her tasks promptly.

So, Ellie was even more convinced Hope had completed it.

"Have you figured out what to do yet?"

Ellie's eyes hardened, "Don't worry, I already have a plan."

"Tell me."

"Since she's finished it, why on earth should I not take it?" Ellie smirked coldly, "If she gets the stigma of plagiarism on her back this time, wouldn't she be doomed forever?"

Chapter 227: Chapter 227 Waylon Lewis is Afraid of His Wife Confirmed Chapter 227: Chapter 227 Waylon Lewis is Afraid of His Wife Confirmed Vivia Fuller curled her lips in a smile, "That's right."

She was indeed clever.

If Hope Williams was exposed for plagiarism, not only would she lose her position as department head, but she also wouldn't be able to remain at the hospital.

And not just that—being Waylon Lewis’s wife, once the plagiarism was revealed, it wouldn’t only be her personal reputation at stake, the entire Lewis Family would be disgraced along with her.

A strong excitement surged within Vivia’s eyes; in such a case, even if Waylon still wanted her, the other members of the Lewis Family could drown her with their spit.

By then, Hope Williams would be doomed.

She eagerly anticipated witnessing her downfall.

Vivia clutched her phone, trembling with excitement, her gaze fierce, “You must handle this matter well, let me know if you need anything.”

“Don’t worry, I’m on duty tonight.”

Once everyone else was off work, she would have plenty of opportunities, “It’s just that I need a little help from Miss Fuller with the surveillance...”

“Don’t worry, I’ll have someone take care of that for you.”

Ellie Field broke into an excited laugh, as if everything was under her control; this time, she would definitely push Hope Williams into an abyss from which she could never return.

The two women cackled wickedly.

“Then, thank you, Miss Fuller.”

“Let me pre-wish Miss Field, oh no, Doctor Cynthia, success in bringing down Hope Williams and smoothly taking over the surgery.”

“Don’t worry, it will happen. Once Hope Williams is expelled from the hospital, we’ll celebrate properly.”

After hanging up the phone, Ellie Field felt exceptionally good; just as she was about to exit the stairwell, she suddenly saw a figure flash by at the top of the stairs.

“Who?”

Aurora Wood froze.

Ellie’s expression suddenly turned stern, her gaze fixed tightly on Aurora, as she quickly approached, “Doctor Wood?”

Aurora calmly greeted her, “Doctor Cynthia.”

Once a person is about to do something unscrupulous, they become particularly sensitive and nervous—Ellie stared intently at Aurora.

Had Aurora always sided with Hope Williams? Had she just deliberately eavesdropped on her conversation?

Had she heard everything?

That would ruin her plans, dammit—Ellie clenched her phone tightly and as she brushed past Aurora, she suddenly turned and called out to her.

“Doctor Wood.”

Aurora, who had intended to leave quickly, stopped her steps, took a deep breath, and turned back to look at Ellie, “Do you need something, Doctor Cynthia?”

Ellie’s face wore a gentle smile, “Doctor Wood, I have a question to ask you, can you come with me for a moment?”

“Uh... Doctor Cynthia, if you don’t understand it, how would I know? I have something else to attend to, I’ll be leaving now.”

Aurora tugged at her lips, having just heard Cynthia talking about kicking Hope Williams out of the hospital.

Although she didn’t catch everything else, just that alone meant she needed to hurry and warn Hope.

This Cynthia didn’t seem to be a good person; she had to alert Hope to be cautious...

Ellie, seeing Aurora’s hurry to leave, became even more convinced of her own suspicions, “Doctor Wood, what did you just overhear?”

Aurora’s expression paused, just as she was about to speak, she was suddenly pushed hard in the waist.

Standing on the step, Aurora instantly lost her balance, her body flinging backward—she didn’t even have a chance to cry for help, falling down the steps like a tumbling ball.

Aurora’s head hit the ground, blood gushing out instantly.

Ellie stood at the top of the steps, watching coldly, her eyes ruthless.

No one could stop her from killing Hope Williams; whoever tried, she would kill.

Ellie ran down to check on Aurora, who retained a trace of consciousness. Lifting her blood-drenched hand, she seemed to accuse Ellie in front of everyone.

Ellie Field's pupils dilated in terror as she watched Aurora Wood's mouth open and close, yet no sound came out.

"Doctor Wood, I'm sorry, but if you have to blame someone, blame your meddling."

Ellie Field clasped Aurora Wood's head with both hands and smashed it hard against the ground, once, twice, thrice until Aurora Wood's hands drooped and her eyes no longer met Ellie's, completely unconscious.

Ellie Field stared with widened eyes and sat down hard on the ground, trembling as she reached out to check Aurora Wood's breathing.

"Ah..."

She wasn't breathing anymore!

Ellie Field, holding her head, hastily scooted backwards on the floor—she seemed to be dead!

What do I do? She had committed a murder!

Ellie Field's body shook crazily as she hurriedly took out her phone to call Vivia Fuller; she was the only one who could help her now.

"Hello... I've killed someone!"

...

Hope Williams printed out the research paper and surgical plans she had prepared and stored them in a drawer, ready to present to Director Woods the next day.

Hope Williams hadn't seen Aurora Wood all day.

Feeling inexplicably uneasy, Hope Williams grabbed a nurse and asked, "Where is Doctor Wood?"

The nurse paused and then said, "Doctor Wood took the afternoon off."

"Okay, thank you."

No wonder she hadn't seen that girl around, who usually loved to buzz around her ears; it was unusually quiet today because she was off.

Hope Williams thought no more of it and went to the old gentleman's ward to chat with him before leaving the hospital.

As Hope Williams descended the stairs, she saw Waylon Lewis's car parked at the entrance; she smiled tenderly and walked over, leaning in to knock lightly on the window.

The car door opened, but it wasn't Waylon Lewis who stepped out.

It was Thomas Hughes.

Hope Williams felt a hint of disappointment not seeing Waylon Lewis.

Thomas Hughes perceptively caught the shift in Hope Williams's mood and tugged at his lips slightly, "Ma'am, the Boss really wanted to pick you up himself after work, but he was tied up with a lot of company issues and meetings all day and couldn't get away."

Hope Williams nodded, "Hmm."

Waylon Lewis was always very busy.

Respectfully, Thomas Hughes opened the car door for Hope Williams, and after she got in, he closed the door and took the passenger seat.

Through the rearview mirror, Thomas Hughes looked at Hope Williams and said, "Ma'am, the Boss mentioned he would be working late tonight and told you not to wait up for dinner."

Hope Williams nodded slightly, "Alright, got it."

After a moment, Thomas Hughes added, "Ma'am, the Boss has been so busy recently, he often forgets to eat."

Hope Williams blinked, slightly stunned.

Back home, Wyatt Lewis was with Luke and Willow in the garden, the three of them as dirty as mud monkeys, even the usually pristine Willow had a dirty face.

Hope Williams went over and picked up Willow, who was sitting on the ground while Wyatt Lewis and Luke were sprawled out on the grass doing something she didn't delve into.

Hope Williams let them play, sighed softly, and went back into the house to the kitchen.

It was bustling in the kitchen; as Hope Williams entered, several chefs greeted her respectfully.

Hope Williams nodded and donned an apron, adding a few of someone's favorite dishes to the existing menu.

After half an hour.

In the chilling conference room, Waylon Lewis sat at the head, his head slightly bowed as he looked at the documents in his hand. Other than one person reporting, the room was completely silent.

There had been a major screw up in the marketing department, forcing everyone to work overtime to compensate.

The Big Boss had been in a foul mood ever since he arrived today, and now everyone knew better than to provoke him—anyone who did was as good as dead.

Everyone, including the small staff outside, walked carefully, afraid their high heels would be too loud and disturb those inside.

Hope Williams entered the company lobby without anyone stopping her, walking in at a relaxed pace.

The receptionists were entangled with several elegantly dressed women.

"I heard President Lewis is still working overtime, he's working too hard. This is something I made myself, please let me go in and give it to President Lewis, please be so kind."

"Sorry, miss, our president does not accept things from outside."

"You are not your president, how do you know he definitely won't accept it? Let me go in, I'll give it to him myself, and if he doesn't accept it, I'll come out."

"I'm sorry, miss, you need an appointment to see our president."

"Appointment? I'll make one now, please make a call for me."

The several women, each holding a delicate lunch box, surrounded the two receptionists, chattering away, and the receptionists looked speechless.

Seeing this, Hope Williams raised an eyebrow.

That guy really has fortunate troubles even when working overtime.

Sighing softly, Hope Williams walked toward the elevator.

At this moment, a sharp-eyed woman pointed at Hope Williams and shouted, "Why can that woman go in?"

The woman's voice immediately attracted the attention of others, all looking toward Hope Williams.

Waiting for the elevator, Hope Williams turned slightly back.

It was clear she was the subject of discussion.

It was just the psychology of revenge, I can't get in, neither can anyone else.

Just as Hope Williams was about to explain.

The receptionist saw her and came up to her as if she had seen her own mother.

"Madam, you're here."

Hope Williams was slightly taken aback but merely nodded lightly and said, "I'm here to see Waylon Lewis."

The receptionist was extremely respectful, "He is, the president is still in the meeting room, he will be very happy to see you, Madam."

The receptionist personally escorted Hope Williams into the elevator.

The several women who had just been dealing with the receptionist for over half an hour were stunned.

That woman...

The receptionist suddenly found her confidence, chin lifted, "Did you see, ladies? Who lied to you? The woman who just passed by is outright our president's wife, ladies, you really have no chance now, please leave."

Every day, various women come to their company in hopes of running into their president and striking lucky to rise to prominence.

The receptionist was well-prepared to handle these women, but never had more confidence than this time.

Thomas Hughes quickly received the news that Hope Williams had arrived, and immediately went to the elevator to greet her, "Madam, you're here."

Thank goodness, the savior has finally come, Thomas Hughes internally screamed.



"Is he still in the meeting?"

As Thomas Hughes led Hope Williams toward Waylon Lewis's office, he replied, "Yes, the Boss is still in the meeting, you can wait in Boss's office, Madam."

"Will it be much longer?" Hope Williams looked up at her watch, it was eight o'clock.

"It might take a while."

Hope Williams furrowed her brow, "A while? An hour or two hours?"

"Uh... probably..."

Hope Williams shook her head helplessly, "Take me to the meeting room."

"Of course, please come with me." Thomas Hughes immediately led Hope Williams towards the meeting room.

Seeing Thomas Hughes escorting a woman, with her face refined and beautiful beyond reproach, dressed in a drapery apricot double-sided cashmere coat, her slightly curled hair casually draped over her shoulders, wearing low heels, walking gracefully, her demeanor was impeccable, some unaware people might think the company hired some major celebrity.

But seeing Thomas Hughes's utmost respect for her, everyone dismissed that scenario.

Probably someone important, her demeanor might be that of a major company's female president.

Otherwise, their president's assistant wouldn't be so utterly respectful to her.

The meeting room's glass was transparent, Hope Williams looked inside and saw an elegantly dignified man seated at the head, but it was clear he was in a bad mood right now, with his brow slightly furrowed, no one daring to breathe loudly below.

Not even in the room Hope Williams could feel the oppressive atmosphere.

"What's going on?"

Thomas Hughes immediately answered, "There's a problem with the project, the Boss is quite upset."

Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis and rubbed her brow, "Did he have lunch?"

"The meeting was quite urgent."

Meaning he hadn't even had time for lunch, she nodded understandingly, her face showing both sadness and concern, "I know."

This man really is...

Hope Williams walked a few steps forward and knocked on the door.

Hearing the noise, Waylon Lewis's brow furrowed further.

During meetings, Waylon Lewis disliked being disturbed, especially at times like this.

The bodies inside tensed even more, daring to disturb at this moment, were they seeking death?

Not hearing a response, Hope Williams pushed the door open herself, standing just inside.

The man looked up, the oppressive feeling suddenly becoming very clear.

Hope Williams was startled.

The coldness in Waylon Lewis's eyes immediately disappeared, replaced by a hint of surprise.

Just as everyone thought this intruder was doomed.

Waylon Lewis had already stood up and was walking toward the woman.

"Are you made of iron?" The woman looked up at the man, annoyed in her questioning yet full of concern.

Waylon Lewis's brow twitched.

Everyone was silently watching the scene.

What was happening, this woman came up and questioned their president.

Normally, shouldn't she be thrown out?

How then?

What shocked everyone even more followed.

Waylon Lewis took the woman's hand, bowing his head slightly, his eyes smiling, "No, why are you here?"

“Afraid you’d starve to death at the company, came to check on you,” Hope Williams shoved the lunch box into his arms.

Waylon Lewis looked at the lunchbox in his hands, his eyes gradually softening.

“Did you come specially to bring me food?”

“Otherwise, did I come to your funeral?”

Hope Williams knew he was busy, but being too busy to eat would eventually break his body down, clearly a loss not worth making. In the long run, no amount of money could help if his health collapsed.

Realizing this man was playing deity at the company, Hope Williams was both angry and heartbroken.

With a “snap.”

Some brave soul, frightened, made a noise as they fell to the ground.

Hope Williams glanced at the manager, “You don’t need to eat, but does that mean others shouldn’t eat either? Look, your staff is fainting from hunger.”

The “fainted” individual sitting on the ground didn’t know whether they should get up or not.

Watching the angry little woman in front of him, Waylon Lewis sighed helplessly, not knowing what to do with her but to give in.

“Alright, no more fuss, I know I was wrong, darling.” Waylon Lewis raised his hand and gently rubbed Hope Williams’s frizzled hair, then turned to the bewildered people around and said, “Let’s adjourn the meeting.”

Chapter 228: Chapter 228: Don’t Doubt, I Am Threatening You Chapter 228: Chapter 228: Don’t Doubt, I Am Threatening You Meeting adjourned!

Did they hear that right?

The meeting, which was expected to last until ten, had come to an abrupt end because of a woman’s arrival, as the president announced dismissal.

And the office temperature felt as if winter had turned to spring, with a warm breeze gently blowing.

It was then they remembered this woman was the same one who had fiercely put Miss Fuller in her place at the company that day.

She was their president's wife, she was... his majesty!

Was it still possible to curry favor now?

Waylon Lewis took Hope Williams back to his office, placed the meal box on the coffee table, and pulled her down to sit.

"Are you angry?"

Hope Williams pursed her lips, "Does it look like I'm not angry?"

Waylon leaned in close to Hope, bringing his face near, "Hit me to let off some steam."

Taking a deep breath and looking at him, Hope noticed the clear demarcation of red blood vessels in his black and white eyes.

Hope's heart softened instantly. She lowered her head to open the meal box, arranged the dishes, and then handed the food to Waylon.

Waylon paused for a moment, then realized she prepared two servings of food, obviously she hadn't eaten either.

Puffing up with indignation, Hope picked up her own food, started eating zealously, and said, "If you miss your meals again, I'm going to bring food to your company every day and eat with you. Whenever you eat, I eat; if you don't, I won't eat either. I'll suffer with you."

Looking at him, Hope said, "Don't doubt it, I'm threatening you."

She stated this as if it was only right.

Waylon was dumbstruck, staring at the small woman's face, which was angry because of him and yet tender due to concern for him.

He suddenly felt like he was the worst.

Before, when he was alone, skipping meals and dealing with it casually seemed fine, yet now that he had her, he felt like not eating was a grave sin.

Waylon pulled her into his arms and tenderly kissed her forehead.

"I won't do it again, I promise."

Hope stuffed a piece of rib into his mouth, "Alright, eat up, otherwise you really might ascend to immortality, and what would I do then?"

Hope's huffy words made Waylon laugh.

He picked up his own meal and ate with her.

After they finished eating, Hope started cleaning up the dishes, satisfied, and Waylon reached over, deftly tidying up.

Hope didn't argue. Once he had finished cleaning up, Hope stood up, "Alright, I should head back."

Waylon wrapped his hand around her waist, pulled her onto his lap, and kissed her lips lightly, "Stay with me for a bit; it won't take long for me to finish."

"Don't you still have a meeting?"

"No, let's leave it for tomorrow. It's just some documents to deal with."

Hope's hand rested on Waylon's shoulder, genuinely feeling sorry for him; he was truly so busy.

Hope didn't want him to work so hard, but he was the leader of the entire Lewis Clan Group, thousands of employees relied on him for their livelihood.

Outside, and with relatives at home, not to mention who knows how many people were watching him, eagerly waiting for him to slip up just to pull him down from his pedestal.

Considering all this, Hope felt an even stronger urge to shoulder some of the burden for him.

Hope bent down and kissed Waylon's lips, suddenly feeling a bit guilty; she had just scolded him, and last night she made him sleep on the floor...

Seeing the look in her eyes, Waylon gently reciprocated her kiss with tender affection.

"What's wrong?"

"Waylon, what do I do if my heart aches for you?" Hope's lips pouted softly, her eyes full of tenderness.

Waylon gently pulled her closer, affectionately nuzzling her cheek.

"Let's not do this anymore, let's go home."

Hope hesitated for a moment, tugged lightly at her lips, and suddenly felt conflicted. She didn't want him to continue working, yet she knew that if he didn't finish his work now, it would just pile up and make tomorrow even busier.

After thinking it over, Hope said, "I'll stay with you. Let's finish it." Helplessly shaking her head, Hope added, "If we don't finish the work, you'll still have to do it tomorrow. Plus, there will be new tasks, and piling them up will only make you more tired tomorrow."

She knew her man was the most sensible.

"Wait for half an hour, we'll head home after half an hour."

Hope obediently nodded, "Okay."

Waylon tenderly rubbed the top of her hair, then went back to his desk.

The office quieted down.

Hope's eyes sparkled as she watched the man working in tranquil concentration, his head slightly bowed, and the bright light outlining his perfect, sculpted features, his steady gaze sweeping over the documents.

A silent charm emanated from him uniquely.

Hope smiled.

No wonder so many women liked Waylon, this man's allure was simply unbelievable.

Just as Hope was mesmerized, a phone ringtone broke the silence. Fearing she might disturb Waylon, Hope quickly silenced it and then walked away to the floor-to-ceiling window to answer the call.

The voice on the phone was urgent, "Doctor Williams, Doctor Wood had an accident..."

...

With a "thud," the phone dropped from her uncontrollably trembling hands.

That dreadful word echoed in Hope's ears, reaching right into her heart, bringing about a wave of disarray and sorrow.

Chapter 229: Chapter 229: Unfortunately, She is Already in a Vegetative State Chapter 229: Chapter 229: Unfortunately, She is Already in a Vegetative State Hope Williams had rushed to the hospital, and Aurora Wood had already been taken into the ICU ward.

Mother Wood was accompanying her inside, while Vice Chancellor Wood stood outside with a vacant look in his eyes, his shoulders slumped and his temples had gone gray overnight.

Hope Williams walked over quickly, instinctively quieting her footsteps, and stood for a while before she spoke, "Vice Chancellor Wood..."

The towering figure moved slightly before he turned his head, "Doctor Williams, you're here."

Hope Williams pursed her lips, "Aurora?"

"She's in a vegetative state and not out of danger yet," Vice Chancellor Wood said, as if those few words exhausted all his strength.

Vegetative state!

Hope Williams's hands, hanging by her sides, clenched instantly.

How could this be.

The lively girl who was just in front of her that morning, had become a vegetative state in a mere few hours.

Hope Williams's heart trembled, and she could not accept this outcome no matter what.

"How could this happen?"

"She fell down the stairs, sustaining a severe head injury. By the time she was found, she had already lost a lot of blood. That she was saved during surgery was already a miracle..." Vice Chancellor Wood's voice broke increasingly, ending in sobs.

His perfectly fine daughter had suddenly turned into a vegetative state, how could he as a father accept this.

Fell down the stairs!

Hope Williams's brows furrowed deeper, under what circumstance could an adult walking properly down the stairs fall and turn into a vegetative state!

The reason was too far-fetched.

Even if it were to happen, the likelihood was too low.

"Through our investigation, we have confirmed that your daughter fell down the stairs by herself," said the police officer who came to investigate.

Michael Wood could not believe that Aurora Wood fell down the stairs for no reason, and had reported the incident, but obviously, the investigation results were not acceptable to him.

“Impossible,” Michael Wood glared, roaring, “I performed the surgery myself, the scars on the back of my daughter’s head are enough to prove that her head was hit more than once. This matter is definitely not that simple. A physically able adult wouldn’t just fall down the stairs for no reason, I cannot let my daughter lie there, I must investigate thoroughly.”

Hope Williams’s gaze deepened, if going by what Michael Wood said, someone was out to harm Aurora Wood.

But Aurora Wood had no enemies in the hospital.

Hope Williams’s gaze shifted and she saw a familiar figure walking towards them, Ellie Field with red eyes came over with a policewoman.

The policewoman shook her head and reported to the male officer, “We have already asked, this duty doctor also didn’t see any suspicious person, and the surveillance has been checked, no one else was seen in the footage.”

Ellie Field bit her lip, choking up, “I was on duty today, I heard a noise in the stairwell, went to check and just saw Doctor Wood lying on the ground, no one else around...” Ellie Field looked towards Vice Chancellor Wood and walked over worriedly asking, “Vice Chancellor Wood, how is Doctor Wood doing?”

Vice Chancellor Wood wiped the tears from the corner of his eyes, clenching his teeth and shaking his head, “She’s still not out of danger, and... in a vegetative state, afraid she might never wake up in this lifetime.”

He knew the situation best as he had performed the surgery himself.

A hint of a smile darted across Ellie Field’s eyes unnoticeably, yet her expression was filled with immense sorrow.

Vice Chancellor Wood took a couple of deep breaths, “But... thank you, child, if it weren’t for you, our Aurora this time...” Vice Chancellor Wood trembled, unable to finish his words.

Ellie Field’s face was filled with sorrow as she shook her head, “Vice Chancellor Wood, if I had discovered it sooner, seen Doctor Wood earlier, perhaps her condition would have been much better than it is now.”



Hope Williams's eyes narrowed, her gaze tightly fixed on Ellie Field. Ellie Field noticing Hope Williams's gaze, looked back and in that moment their eyes met, she averted her eyes.

The best feigned panic still has its flaws.

A trace of suspicion arose in Hope Williams's heart.

Leaving the hospital, Hope Williams was restless, this matter was definitely not as simple as it seemed, and she vaguely felt that Ellie Field was involved, yet she had no evidence.

Seeing Hope Williams come out, Waylon Lewis drove the car over.

"How's your friend doing?" Waylon Lewis asked flatly.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, exhaled a murky breath, her eyes full of distress, "Not good, fell down the stairs, sustained a severe head injury, vegetative state..."

Noticing that Hope Williams's mood was very low, Waylon Lewis furrowed his brows, "Has the culprit been caught?"

Hope Williams's brow twitched uncontrollably, she couldn't help but look up at Waylon Lewis, "Do you also think it was deliberate?"

Waylon Lewis turned his head and gave her a serious look, analyzing, "A fully-abled adult falling down the stairs and becoming a vegetable?" Waylon Lewis shook his head and chuckled lightly, "That's too unlikely, isn't it?"

Indeed.

It's unbelievable when said aloud.

Hearing Waylon Lewis say this, Hope Williams was even more certain that the matter couldn't be so simple.

Hope Williams furrowed her brows.

Waylon Lewis looked deeply into her eyes, "Don't frown."

Hope Williams turned her head to look at him.

"You being upset hurts me," Waylon Lewis said with intensity in his eyes, "Even though she is your friend, and I sympathize with her situation, I don't want to see you sad over anything as your husband. It pains me."

Hope Williams' heart fluttered, and she lowered her head without speaking, afraid that speaking would only make her more vulnerable.

Waylon Lewis slowed the car and tenderly rubbed Hope Williams' head with one hand, comforting her, "You're tired today too. Go home and get a good sleep. Let's not worry about other things, okay?"

Hope Williams stayed silent for a while, then sighed deeply and nodded.

The wind carried a hint of chill on Hope Williams' lovely face as cars and people bustled outside in the vibrant city.

Aurora Wood, only twenty-five, lay in a cold hospital bed at her best age, her body filled with tubes, reliant on machines and a respirator to survive.

How could Hope Williams not feel heartache?

The next day, Hope Williams got up early and drove straight to the hospital. The incident with Aurora Wood had caused quite a stir, with continuous private discussions among everyone.

But there were always suspicions that Aurora Wood had accidentally fallen down the stairs herself.

Hope Williams was busy all morning. After lunch, just as she was about to take her surgical plans and medical papers to Director Woods, she opened her drawer and narrowed her eyes.

Before she could think further, a nurse came over and said, "Doctor Williams, Director Woods is asking for you in the conference hall."

Hope Williams knitted her brow and picked up her surgical plans and medical papers towards the conference hall.

Not only Director Woods and several vice-chancellors were there, but Elder Murphy and several esteemed senior doctors from the cardiology department were also present.

Of course, Ellie Field was already seated, her eyes dropping a hint of provocation understood only between them.

There were two ballot boxes on the U-shaped conference table.

Hope Williams walked over calmly. Before she sat down, an old doctor from the hospital spoke up, "Director Woods, I think the outcome is already decided, voting is redundant. We all think there's nothing wrong with Cynthia's paper or surgical plan. Such a surgical scheme..."

Doctor Johnson paused, then laughed, "I'm afraid even several of us combined couldn't come up with it. It can be described as perfect, Cynthia is truly talented, and this medical paper really makes us feel inferior."

Ellie Field nodded and smiled, "You flatter me."

"No, no, not at all, you're being modest, Cynthia. Being so young and yet so profound, your future is boundless."

"Yes, Director Woods, I also think the outcome is decided. The chief surgery should undoubtedly be conducted by Cynthia, and since we've not yet decided on a head for our cardiology department, why not take this opportunity to vote for that as well?"

"I agree with Doctor Thompson's suggestion. I vote for Cynthia, she truly deserves the position of the department head."

"I concur, I too vote for Cynthia. I believe no one is more suited to be the head of this department than her."

The senior cardiologists unanimously supported her, even Elder Murphy raved about Ellie Field's surgical plans, openly expressing their views.

Director Woods, however, held the surgical plans in his hand and pondered deeply.

Hope Williams stood still and did not sit down. She lifted her surgical plans from the table, and the moment she flipped them open, her expression turned cold.

Then she picked up the medical paper, glanced at it mockingly, and with a snap, tossed her own documents onto the table.

Director Woods scanned Ellie Field with anger-filled eyes, then looked toward Hope Williams, who smiled helplessly.

At that moment, Ellie Field spoke out, "Let's not rush to conclusions. Let's look at what Doctor Williams has; she's always been confident. Maybe her medical paper and surgical plan are also good."

Ellie Field watched Hope Williams, her eyes gleaming with viciousness and smugness.

Let's see how you recover after being branded a plagiarist.

Ellie Field raised her chin and scoffed coldly.

She not only wanted to usurp her identity but also aimed to ruin her reputation and disgracefully force her out of the hospital.

Hope Williams lowered her eyes and said, “Since the senior doctors have already expressed their stance, let’s decide on the head of the department first. I have no objections.”

Chapter 230: Chapter 230: Plagiarism Controversy Chapter 230: Chapter 230: Plagiarism Controversy Hope Williams looked up slightly and said in a calm tone, “Now that the seniors have all expressed their stance, let’s proceed with voting for the head of the department position, I have no objections.”

Ellie Field smiled gently, wondering if this meant she had already admitted defeat.

It seemed that today was her lucky day.

Director Woods had no idea what Hope Williams was planning, but since she had suggested voting for the head of the department right then, he let her have her way.

Everyone in the hospital was eligible to vote for the head of cardiology, and soon the situation in the meeting room spread outside, where several senior cardiologists endlessly praised Dr. Cynthia and cast their votes for her—the news spread, and everyone began eagerly voting.

Due to the uproar, someone created an online voting link.

The director’s assistant opened the big screen and clicked on the voting link, displaying the number of votes for each person. Voting was enthusiastic, and the numbers were rapidly increasing.

Ellie Field sat in her chair, watching the number of votes under her name rise uncontrollably; excitement was irrepressible inside her.

She was closer to victory, how could she not be thrilled?

Looking at the meager number of votes under Hope Williams’ name, she was extremely pleased and let out an unmistakable sneer towards Hope.

Hope Williams had an indifferent expression, seemingly oblivious, skillfully twirling a water pen in her hand.

It was as if she already knew the result, or as if she didn’t care at all.

Clearly, Ellie Field was far ahead of everyone else, tallying more votes than all others combined.

The head of department position was obviously hers.

People around started getting up to congratulate her.

“Congratulations, Dr. Cynthia.”

“Congratulations, Dr. Cynthia, truly well-deserved.”

“Congratulations, congratulations, Dr. Cynthia, you are truly worthy of this position.”

Ellie Field smiled slightly and nodded her head, “Thanks for your support, now that I’m in this position, I surely won’t let you down.”

She then looked towards Hope Williams with a gleam of triumph in her eyes.

At this point, she naturally couldn’t just let Hope Williams off the hook, and smiling, said, “Everyone, don’t just surround me, Dr. Williams has also worked hard preparing the papers and surgical plans, let’s take a look, there might be a lot to learn.”

Ellie Field deliberately shifted the topic to Hope Williams.

Hearing Ellie Field’s words, everyone turned their gaze towards Hope, the voting results making her the biggest joke of the day.

However, everyone was colleagues, and didn’t want things to get too awkward; even if they had already seen top-tier work, they needed to save face and at least look at hers.

“Dr. Williams, we’ve already seen Dr. Cynthia’s, now it’s your turn.”

Just when Ellie Field thought Hope Williams would be too embarrassed to respond.

Hope lifted her eyes and stood up unhurriedly, gracefully sharing her surgical plan and research paper with everyone present.

Ellie Field looked at Hope, a hint of doubt emerging within her heart—she had just discovered it, so how could she now confidently display the same documents as hers?

It seemed she had given up, betraying herself.

This was even better than she had hoped; she was worried she wouldn’t dare to bring it back.

As Director Woods and several doctors opened the full set of documents handed over by Hope, they started reading through them.

Ellie Field nervously clenched her hands and watched their expressions intently.

Sure enough, the next second...

A doctor angrily slammed Hope's surgical plan onto the table.

"Dr. Williams, what do you mean?"

Hope looked towards the enraged doctor calmly.

"Your surgical plan and medical paper are exactly the same as the ones submitted by Dr. Cynthia; what do you mean by this? A blatant plagiarism?"

"Yes, what's going on, they're exactly alike, Dr. Williams, even if you plagiarize, couldn't you have changed even a punctuation mark?"

"A blatant plagiarism, and you dare submit it, do you think we are fools, easy to fool?"

"I had thought highly of your skills after seeing your surgery before, but now your character is seriously questionable."

Everyone was furious at the plagiarist, tossing Hope's documents to the ground, their eyes filled with anger and scorn.

Ellie Field stood up looking confused and unsure, picked up the surgical plan from the ground, flipped through it, then disbelief looked towards Hope Williams, "Dr. Williams, how is your surgical plan exactly like mine?"

"How can you plagiarize my surgical plan and medical paper?" Ellie Field clenched the documents, eyes full of fury as if someone had stolen her achievements.

Hope Williams gazed coldly at Ellie Field, "I plagiarized you?"

Ellie Field felt confident at this moment, questioning further, "Isn't it? Your paper, your surgical plan, they're exactly like mine, how could you do this? I know you wanted to win, but this is going too far, even if you take credit for my hard work, it still isn't yours."