

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

## **#Chapter 231 – 240**

### **231 Plagiarism Expelling Hope Williams - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 231 - 231 Plagiarism Expelling Hope Williams**

Chapter 231: Chapter 231 Plagiarism, Expelling Hope Williams Chapter 231: Chapter 231 Plagiarism, Expelling Hope Williams “Yeah, no matter what, you can’t just do anything to win.”

“Doctor Williams is just too much, even plagiarism is something she would do.”

“What kind of person is she? I used to admire her for that surgery she did on Old Lady Mrs. Knox. I had no idea she was like this.”

“I know you really want to win, Doctor Williams, but there are many ways to do so, yet you chose the most shameless one.” Ellie Field glared at Hope Williams, speaking with righteous indignation.

“Are you sure it’s me who plagiarized you?” Hope Williams stood tall, her aura cold and intimidating.

Ellie Field, confident in today’s situation, scanned the room with a sneer, “Or what, if not you plagiarizing me, could it possibly be me plagiarizing you?”

“Are you certain the plagiarist is me?” Hope Williams’s clear eyes held a bone-chilling coldness as she coldly stared at Ellie Field, exuding a formidable pressure.

Her presence was imposing and she appeared unruffled, confident, and open. Those around watching Hope Williams grew somewhat dazed.

Such composure was not fitting for someone who’d just been publicly exposed as a plagiarist.

In contrast, under Hope Williams’s gaze, Ellie Field’s expression flickered, but she, well-prepared for today, quickly scoffed, “Yes, isn’t it obvious you plagiarized me? Or do you think it’s me who copied you?”

“And isn’t it?” Hope Williams shot back coldly. “Isn’t it you who plagiarized me!”

Ellie Field’s face suddenly went pale, her eyes flashing with panic.

Everyone was shocked, watching the confrontation unfold.

Hope Williams was accusing Cynthia of plagiarizing her.

Was she joking?

“I plagiarized you?” Ellie Field looked utterly surprised by Hope Williams’s accusation, her eyes wide with astonishment, “I’m Cynthia, do I need to plagiarize from you?”

“Yeah, Doctor Williams, don’t be ridiculous. The famous Cynthia plagiarizing you? We don’t believe it when you say it.”

“Doctor Williams, don’t be stubborn when you’re in the wrong. You plagiarized, and it’s your fault, how can you have the face to turn around and bite back?”

At this point, everyone thought Hope Williams was being utterly shameless; where did she get the nerve to slander Cynthia like this?

She had loudly claimed she’d be the department head, but now she had just a few votes – already a considerable loss of face.

Now, caught plagiarizing and far from showing remorse, she was lashing out instead, which was absolutely infuriating.

Ellie Field’s lips curled into a smile, filled with malice and triumph.

Hope Williams took in Ellie Field’s expression with a glance.

As Ellie Field’s radiant smile grew, scarcely hiding it, she approached slowly, her gaze filled with mirth as she whispered, audible only to the two of them, “I told you, I would win. Going against me, you’re sure to be defeated.”

“Shameless.”

“I am shameless, so what? Are you mad? If you dare, hit me.” Ellie Field tilted her face in triumph.

Now she felt like a target of public scorn.

With so many people watching, she thought Hope Williams wouldn’t dare touch her, and Ellie Field relished the sight of her being hateful but powerless...

“Slap!”

As the words fell, a slap followed.

Caught off guard, Ellie Field toppled to the ground, howling like a stray dog, clutching her face, "You!"

Ellie Field had never imagined Hope Williams would dare to hit her with everyone watching.

The slap left her somewhat dazed.

She only felt a swelling, intense pain on her left cheek. Panicking, she covered her face; she could already feel it swelling.

Hideous. Absolutely hideous.

A pair of malicious eyes glared at Hope Williams, filled with towering rage.

Hope Williams still stood unperturbed, gazing down disdainfully at her pitiful state, "I happen to have a kind heart; if you ask for a slap, I'll grant it. You're welcome."

This bitch, was she supposed to thank her for the slap?

Bitch!

Bitch!

"My God! Doctor Williams, have you lost your mind?"

Everyone in the room had stood up, shocked by the scene before them, as they stared in utter disbelief at Hope Williams and Ellie Field sprawled on the ground.

Ellie Field scrambled to her feet, clutching her face and grinding her teeth in fury. If it weren't for all the people around, she would have loved to tear this woman apart.

But precisely because there were so many people, she had to maintain the appearance of a victim. She was just about to speak.

The cool voice of Hope Williams rose steadily, unfazed, "Whether you collaborated with Cynthia or not is another matter. But as for plagiarism, I gave you a chance."

"Doctor Williams, don't you think you're overstepping? It was clearly you who plagiarized my work, and now here you are, spouting nonsense, slandering me time and again."

Those who already sympathized with Cynthia for being plagiarized felt even more inclined to her side upon seeing her pitiable state.

A doctor, unable to contain his anger, slammed the table and stood up, “Doctor Williams, you’ve really crossed the line. Everyone knows that Doctor Cynthia has consistently been ranked first in the medical field. Doctor Williams, you keep saying she plagiarized from you—where do you get the audacity to think you’re better than Cynthia?”

“Do you think we’re all fools? We don’t believe Doctor Cynthia, but we should believe you?”

“Doctor Williams, stop joking around. Your actions today are a disgrace to our hospital. Director Woods, I propose that Doctor Williams be dismissed.”

“Director Woods, I also agree with Deputy Director River’s suggestion. Doctor Williams’ conduct is simply inappropriate for the hospital. Not only should she be dismissed, but she should also apologize to Doctor Cynthia.”

“Yes, Director Woods, Cynthia is now the head of the Cardiology Department. I think it’s time to issue the official appointment.”

One by one, people stood up to speak on behalf of Ellie Field.

Ellie Field curled her lips into a sneer, looking hatefully at Hope Williams, as if her gaze could kill.

“She doesn’t deserve that position.”

A commanding voice echoed. Director Woods, who had been sitting in his seat silently, now swept his cold gaze towards Ellie Field.

Ellie Field’s face, full of triumph, suddenly stiffened, and she stared blankly at Director Woods.

“Why?”

The words of Director Woods caught her off guard, and she retaliated with an uncontrollably piercing question.

Why? When everyone else chose her and all their votes combined couldn’t match hers alone, why wouldn’t she be given the position of the department head?

“Why?” Director Woods huffed coldly, “Don’t you know why?”

“Director Woods, I don’t understand. I only know that everyone chose me. I am Cynthia, and no one in the Cardiology Department is more suitable for the position than me,” she asked urgently and angrily.

Director Woods glared at her in fury, "You're the most brazen person I've ever come across."

Ellie Field shook her head in panic, "Director Woods, what did I do to offend you? Why are you treating me this way? Where have I been shameless? The shameless one is her."

Ellie Field pointed viciously at Hope Williams, "She plagiarized my paper, my surgical plans, and still refuses to admit her guilt. Isn't she the most shameless one?"

Those present were looking at each other, clueless as to why Director Woods would address Cynthia with such disdainful and sharp words.

"Plagiarism? You know very well who the real plagiarist is," Director Woods said, his voice filled with indignation, as he stood up with a slam on the table.

Ellie Field's face, twisted in fury, froze in an instant, her eyes glued to Director Woods. Her heart pounded like a drum, watching him warily, sensing a bad premonition.

Could he possibly know something?

Ellie Field shook her head.

No, it was impossible. Her actions were perfect, without a single flaw. He couldn't have discovered anything.

"No, the plagiarist isn't me. It's her, Hope Williams. She's the one who plagiarized from me." Ellie Field bellowed loudly.

"Hope Williams, what have you said to Director Woods? You've deceived him; you're trying to frame me. It's obvious that the plagiarist is you." Ellie Field grabbed Hope Williams fiercely.

It was impossible that anyone had found out. It couldn't be she was discovered. The plagiarist was Hope Williams; it had to be Hope Williams, and certainly not her.

She was meant to be the victor. It was fated that Hope Williams, the loser, would be expelled from the hospital. That was the deserved outcome; nothing was allowed to disrupt her perfect ending.

"Director Woods, there must be a mistake. How could Doctor Cynthia possibly commit plagiarism?"

"Director Woods, you must be confused. She is Cynthia, a legend in the medical world. How could someone so accomplished ever plagiarize?"

Even Elder Murphy spoke up, “Director Woods, you can’t keep favoring Hope Williams. I admit she is capable, but I don’t think her abilities surpass Cynthia’s.”

Elder Murphy’s statement was clear—he too was convinced that the plagiarist was definitely Hope Williams!

Chapter 232: Chapter 232: Who Plagiarized Whom? Chapter 232: Chapter 232: Who Plagiarized Whom? Elder Murphy’s words were clear; he too was convinced that the plagiarist was none other than Hope Williams!

Ellie Field stood to the side, her face filled with injustice and resentment.

Director Woods’s authoritative gaze swept over Ellie Field once more, a chilling coldness emitting from his eyes, “Are you still certain that you want to insist it was Hope Williams who plagiarized your work?”

Ellie Field grit her teeth as she looked at Director Woods, yet she felt not an ounce of confidence within her, her panic causing her body to tremble slightly.

For some reason, she always felt that this old man knew something.

She was greatly flustered.

But now she had no way out. Everyone was watching her; things had already gone this far, and she couldn’t afford to lose.

She believed that even if he truly trusted Hope Williams, there was no evidence proving that she, Ellie, had plagiarized Hope.

If there had been, he would have produced it by now; he wouldn’t have waited until this moment.

Perhaps he was simply trying to intimidate her along with Hope.

Yes, he was trying to scare her—she couldn’t fall into their trap.

Ellie Field clenched her fists. Since there was no evidence, she would still be the victor. Considering this, she would make a big scene; she wanted everyone in the hospital to know that Hope Williams was a plagiarist.

She wanted to tarnish Hope’s reputation, have everyone despise her.

She, the great Cynthia, would continue to be admired, respected, and live a life above others.

What she needed to do now was portray herself as a victim and gain everyone's sympathy.

Ellie Field clenched her teeth as tears surged in her eyes.

With a face full of sorrow, she said, "Fine, since Director Woods you trust Doctor Williams so much and think it's me who plagiarized, then so be it. Director Woods, you can't bear to let the plagiarist go, fine, I'll leave! I'm leaving, is that okay now?"

Having said that, Ellie Field walked decisively toward the main doors, and as she had expected, when she opened the double doors, there were quite a few curious onlookers gathered. Seeing this, Ellie Field cried even louder.

Ellie Field came out crying, leaving the crowd at the door all puzzled.

"What happened? Why is Cynthia crying like this?"

"I don't know, something about plagiarism, sounds serious."

"Ah? Plagiarism? How despicable!"

"Who plagiarized whom? Why is Cynthia crying?" Everyone was filled with doubts.

Several doctors from the conference room hurried out to try to stop Ellie Field, "Doctor Cynthia, please calm down, you can't leave like this. Director Woods must have been deceived by Hope Williams, that's why he wronged you. Don't act impulsively."

"Yes, yes, Doctor Cynthia, just cool down for a moment. It must be a misunderstanding. Once it's cleared up, all will be well. We all believe you, and the head of department position is yours."

Ellie Field, surrounded and coaxed by everyone, continued crying unabated, appearing as if she was the most aggrieved person in the world, "I don't understand why Hope Williams, who is clearly the plagiarist, ends up being defended by Director Woods. He even says that I plagiarized. How could I possibly do something so morally corrupt as plagiarism?

Moreover, I am Cynthia. Writing these papers and surgical plans is almost effortless for me. Why would I need to plagiarize?"

Ellie Field cried out, her voice hoarse as though she feared someone nearby might not hear her.

More and more onlookers gathered around, all following Ellie Field's narrative.

The issue of Hope Williams plagiarizing Cynthia's paper and surgical plan spread like wildfire among the crowd, with many voicing their condemnation.

Director Woods angrily stepped forward, "Where do you get the gall? You are the plagiarist, yet here you are, repeatedly slandering Hope Williams."

"I did not plagiarize, Director Woods, I'll say it again, I disdain to stoop to such lowly tactics; I am capable and honorable in my own work. I really don't know what Hope Williams told you to make you blindly believe her.

The plagiarist is her, and she dares to allege that I plagiarized her. I'd like to ask where does Hope Williams get the face to accuse me?"

Ellie Field's words were filled with righteous indignation, her eyes fiercely fixed on Hope Williams, her whole body trembling, her heart torn between nervousness and anger.

"I've tolerated you over and over again in this hospital, Hope Williams, only to be met with your increasingly severe retaliation. You've always wanted the head of department position, and isn't that why you committed plagiarism this time? But I became the head of the department instead, and your intentions are so malicious, alleging that I plagiarized you.

At this point, I will no longer tolerate you just because we are colleagues. Everyone here can attest for me, I swear on my integrity, I did not plagiarize, the plagiarist is Hope Williams."

Ellie Field, with her chin lifted and tears on her cheeks, loudly finished her speech, displaying her grievances and stubbornness in full force.

Hope Williams stood behind, sneering, "You're just convinced I don't have evidence of your plagiarism, that's why you dare to be so reckless."

"I've said it, I did not plagiarize. I am Cynthia; my identity alone proves everything. If you're capable, produce your evidence that you didn't plagiarize, prove it right here, right now."

Chapter 233: Chapter 233: The Thief Cries "Catch the Thief Chapter 233: Chapter 233: The Thief Cries "Catch the Thief "You want evidence, fine, I'll give it to you," Hope Williams said with a voice so cold it instilled fear.

Ellie Field's breathing started to quicken, but she forced herself to stay calm. She didn't believe that Hope had any evidence.

Hope walked over, picked up her phone, and projected its content onto the big screen. It was a chat record sent to Director Woods.

Ellie Field's face stiffened.

Hope glanced over mildly and said, "These two documents are what I sent to Director Woods yesterday." She lifted the two papers in her hand, "They're the same ones you submitted today. The difference is, the ones I sent included my original ideas and drafts."

The timestamp on the chat record was indeed from yesterday at 4:10 PM.

"Yes, Hope sent me these documents yesterday," Director Woods said authoritatively.

A stir went through the crowd.

"That means Doctor Williams submitted her documentation way earlier than Cynthia, so the plagiarist may not necessarily be Doctor Williams."

Ellie Field tensed up and immediately stepped forward, raising her voice, "She just anticipated this. She plagiarized my work and submitted it ahead of me to frame me at this moment."

The crowd found Ellie Field's words to have some merit.

As soon as Ellie Field finished speaking, Hope curled her lips into a cold smile. Just as she was about to speak, Elder Murphy, standing to the side, lifted his profound gaze and spoke first.

"Doctor Williams, I have a few questions that puzzle me, could you please answer them?"

Hope met Elder Murphy's gaze with composure. "Elder Murphy, please ask."

"As everyone knows, fulminant myocarditis is a very severe heart condition that can easily lead to rapid heart failure once it flares up. How can you ensure the highest success rate in surgeries for such issues?"

Hope's eyes shifted, almost without any hesitation she began to respond. Her voice was confident and steady as she clearly and thoroughly explained her approach and the pros and cons of the treatment.

The question Elder Murphy asked was directly addressed and proven in the content of the thesis.

Someone picked up the medical paper and double-checked against Hope's response. They couldn't help but be astounded. It matched the content in the paper word for word.

What was more crucial, by adding her verbal explanation, Hope enlightened the audience who were previously unclear about the problems described in the paper.

At that moment, a discordant voice rose once more, "Ha, what a joke, Doctor Williams. Elder Murphy just talked about maximizing surgical success, and what you stated is utter nonsense."

"Nonsense?" Elder Murphy raised an eyebrow slightly, a frown forming on his face, a clear realization flashing in his eyes. He nodded, then turned his gaze towards Ellie Field, "Does Doctor Cynthia have a different opinion?"

Ellie Field smiled and promptly answered, "In the case of fulminant myocarditis, surgery can be done through interventional..."

After finishing, Ellie Field lifted her head, "So the surgical method Doctor Williams mentioned is too risky. How can you ensure the patient's life? If it's not nonsense, what is it?"

Ellie Field's answer made the cardiologists present furrow their brows, whispering their doubts to one another.

Seeing the people beside her whispering, Ellie Field frowned and looked around, "Is there something wrong with my answer?"

Elder Murphy's brows tightened slightly, his gaze turned colder, "Do you truly think what Doctor Williams said is nonsense?"

"Yes." Ellie Field insisted on denying Hope's words.

She was Cynthia, and naturally what she said carried more conviction than what Hope said.

"Since you think it's nonsense, why then did you write this on page two of the thesis?" Elder Murphy asked sternly.

"What?" Ellie Field's face stiffened, panic began to surge within her, "What do you mean?"

"Are you serious, Doctor Cynthia? You don't know what Elder Murphy is talking about?" A doctor handed the paperwork to Ellie Field, asking, "You don't know your own writing?"

“The question Elder Murphy just asked was discussed in the paper. Doctor Williams’ answers matched what was written, word for word. Isn’t this what you wrote? You deny your own words? You say what you wrote is nonsense? Then why did you write it in the first place?”

Questions arose again.

Everyone was intelligent enough to sense something was amiss.

Hope could clarify what was written, yet Cynthia seemed to think it was nonsense. If she had truly written it, how could she deny it? Obviously, she didn’t know what was written beforehand.

Meaning, the thesis wasn’t written by her hand.

Ellie Field trembled slightly, “I…”

“Did you really write this paper?”

“I did write it, of course, I did!” Ellie Field’s voice turned sharp as she spoke aloud.

“But obviously, your performance just now proves you have no idea what was written. Thus, when Doctor Williams spoke, you doubted and denied it.”

Ellie Field clenched her teeth tightly, the gazes of everyone present fixed firmly upon her, her face ashen beyond recognition.

“What’s the matter, not talking anymore? Weren’t those research results yours? Can’t explain them now?” Hope Williams stood to the side, watching with icy detachment, her questions cutting through the air.

“I… I just forgot, there’s so much I wrote in there, forgetting is normal.”

“Normal? You forget the results of your own research and the upgraded techniques that you developed yourself?”

Elder Murphy questioned sternly.

Ellie’s heart quivered, she bit her lip so fiercely that she was suddenly unable to find a reply.

“God, don’t tell me she actually copied it, otherwise, how could she know nothing about the research results, the methods outlined above?”

“Can someone tell me what exactly is going on here?”

“Cynthia actually plagiarized?”

“My mind is spinning, can someone please explain what’s happening?”

“It’s quite obvious, isn’t it? The plagiarist is Cynthia. If both documents were truly written by her, she wouldn’t have just denied what Doctor Williams said. And look at Doctor Williams, reciting it without missing a beat.

Everyone here is in the medical profession and should know very well that unless those contents are ingrained in their memory, they couldn’t perfectly answer all those issues even if they tried to memorize it on purpose. Doctor Williams has truly mastered the knowledge and grasped the advanced techniques; isn’t the situation clear enough?”

“But, she is Cynthia, the famous Cynthia plagiarizing? I can’t believe it.”

“If she hadn’t just blatantly refuted Doctor Williams, I wouldn’t believe the plagiarist was her either. After all, it’s Cynthia, a legend in the medical community, the idea of her plagiarizing is unbelievable.”

“She was the one playing the victim, how despicable.”

Hope advanced towards Ellie, her eyes filled with frost, and lifted the two documents, “What else have you got to say?”

“No, it wasn’t like that, it was you, Hope, it was intentional, you’re framing me, you plagiarized my work, now you’ve conspired with others to set me up.”

“Heh.”

Hope’s laugh was heavy with mockery.

“Then tell me any content from here, just one complete sentence, and I’ll admit defeat.”

With a flick of her hand, Hope tossed the documents right in Ellie’s face.

With a sharp “smack,” the papers struck Ellie squarely, and she staggered back two steps, falling to the ground.

As papers fluttered to the floor, malice flashed in her eyes, “No, I am Cynthia, I am, who in the medical community can compare with me? How could I possibly plagiarize your work, it’s clearly you, Hope.”

Ellie remained defiant to the death, but evidently lacked any persuasive power in the face of facts.

Because of her defiance, someone raised doubts, "Given Cynthia's ability, she really shouldn't need to plagiarize."

Hearing someone say this, Ellie immediately felt a glimmer of hope, lifting her head towards that person, "Right, how could Cynthia ever need to plagiarize..."  
"So now, I'm beginning to doubt whether you are actually Cynthia."

Ellie's face, already drained of color, twitched fiercely.

"I'm also starting to wonder whether she's really Cynthia. With Cynthia's abilities, how could she resort to plagiarism? After all, we've never seen Cynthia in person. Could this person be an imposter?"

Others boldly speculated.

"Moreover, she's not just plagiarizing, but also biting back. Oh, my goodness, it's just shattering my worldview. One moment claiming she could never plagiarize and declaiming plagiarizing as beneath her, and the next, the plagiarist turns out to be her, utterly disgusting. In my eyes, Cynthia was an immensely respectable figure; she couldn't possibly be like this. I deeply doubt whether she's really Cynthia."

As everyone voiced their suspicions, Ellie's identity seemed riddled with holes.

Aside from the recommendation letter signed with her seal, she had nothing to prove she was Cynthia.

"What's everyone doing huddled up here?" A crisp, pleasant voice sounded.

Vivia Fuller had heard there was trouble and guessed it involved a clash between Hope Williams and Ellie Field.

With so many people gathered, it must be Hope who had been caught plagiarizing and had become the target of scorn. Vivia had come specifically to enjoy the sight of Hope's downfall, even calling Alitzel Williams and notifying Waylon Lewis.

She wanted them to see Hope's humiliating plight.

Instead, what Vivia saw was beyond belief; her eyes widened in shock as she looked at Ellie, crumpled on the ground in disarray.

And there stood Hope, her white lab coat pristine, her demeanor cool and aloof. Her proud and elegant stance made the figure on the ground seem even more like an insignificant ant.

The scene, so different from what she expected, caused Vivia's mocking smile to freeze harshly on her face, her composure faltering.

Chapter 234: Chapter 234: Slapping the Face Hard Chapter 234: Chapter 234: Slapping the Face Hard A scene starkly different from what she had imagined had Vivia Fuller's smile suddenly stiffening on her face, a look of panic washing over her.

"What...what happened here?"

Hope Williams' gaze coldly shifted towards Vivia Fuller, her lips slightly curling, "Miss Fuller, are you here to enjoy the spectacle? How timely of you."

Vivia gritted her teeth, unsure how the situation had evolved into this, but it was abundantly clear she couldn't let things escalate further.

Ellie Field looked at Vivia as if she was her pillar of strength, staring with eyes full of entreaty.

Vivia bent down to support Ellie Field, muttering under her breath, "Get a grip."

Vivia then turned to Hope Williams saying, "I don't know what happened here, just passed by and came over to check. Why is Cynthia in tears, did something unfair happen to her?"

"Miss Fuller, this is hospital business, what does it have to do with you?" Hope Williams sighed. "Indeed, Miss Fuller loves meddling in other people's affairs."

"How can you call it meddling? I have always been friends with Cynthia, just came to inquire after seeing her cry like this."

Hope Williams' eyes flickered as something seemed to occur to her; she nodded slowly and said, "Oh right, I just remembered this 'Cynthia.' You were the one who recommended her to treat my grandfather."

When she mentioned the name Cynthia, her voice was filled with undisguised sarcasm.

Vivia frowned and glanced at the trembling Ellie Field by her side, then back at Hope Williams, feeling increasingly uneasy. Now that she was involved, all she could do was see how things unfolded.

"That's right, is there a problem?"

Hope Williams looked indifferently at both Ellie Field and Vivia Fuller, and unabashedly declared, "This 'Cynthia' is a fraud, are you aware of that, Miss Fuller?"

Vivia was taken aback, not expecting the conversation to turn this way. Her pupils contracted, momentarily at a loss for words.

Hope Williams smiled lightly, "It seems like Miss Fuller already knew."

"I didn't know." Vivia exclaimed, her voice rising sharply.

"If you didn't know, why panic, Miss Fuller?"

"Miss Williams, do you have any evidence? How can Cynthia possibly be a fraud? You must be mistaken."

Vivia clenched her fists tightly, glaring fiercely at Ellie Field.

What a fool – what is going on?

She had assured Vivia that this time Hope Williams would be utterly discredited, yet here she was, tangled in this mess.

"We also hoped we were mistaken, but her behavior, this plagiarism incident, ha, we really can't continue to trust her as Cynthia."

"And clearly, Doctor Williams's medical paper was even recognized by Elder Murphy and the other doctors, yet this self-proclaimed 'Cynthia' found it absurd. She clearly knows nothing about these, how could she dare claim the name 'Cynthia.'"

"It's not like that, I..." Ellie Field tried to explain, but was speechless from the start.

"What else do you want to explain?"

Vivia bit her lip, finally understanding, this consummate fool had laid bare all her secrets.

Vivia wordlessly closed her eyes briefly, wishing she had never come, now how was she to disentangle herself, she could only grit her teeth and stand firm.

Her forehead throbbed painfully, "You question Cynthia's identity, then do you also doubt the recommendation letter personally signed by Director Delacey?"

Vivia's words made everyone suddenly remember. This 'Cynthia' did have a recommendation letter from Director Delacey.

A recommendation letter from Director Delacey couldn't possibly be fake; the previously suspicious crowd quieted down, looking at each other.

"One capable of plagiarism can surely steal, don't you think?" Hope Williams said with a cold laugh, her gaze flicking between the two.

Her words reminded the crowd.

“Miss Williams, speak with evidence, don’t make unfounded accusations.”

“How do you know I don’t have evidence?”

At this, both Vivia Fuller and Ellie Field trembled.

She couldn’t possibly have evidence, could she?

She couldn’t really have evidence... no, no, no...

Ellie Field’s body started shaking violently. She had suffered enough humiliation today, and if this scandal was also exposed, she truly would have nowhere to bury her dignity.

No, no, please...

“Ah...” Ellie Field clutched her head and squatted down, screaming loudly, “Hope Williams! Hope Williams...”

Her screams were filled with extreme anguish; her face turned ghostly pale, and suddenly, her eyes rolled back, and she fainted.

Seeing Ellie Field collapse, Vivia quickly spoke, “You’ve driven Cynthia to faint, Miss Williams, can we stop here for now? Let’s discuss this later.”

“Trying to escape?” Hope Williams scoffed.

“Little Hope!” Alitzel Williams hurried over, gripping Hope Williams’s hands anxiously, looking her over, “Are you alright?”

Hope Williams looked at her mother’s worried expression and paused, “I’m fine, Mom, why are you here?”

Vivia’s face paled severely, wanting nothing more than to flee the scene.

Alitzel looked at Hope, who was clearly unharmed, then at the confused Vivia, “Vivia told me you were caught plagiarizing, I was worried you were being wrongly accused.”

How could she allow her daughter-in-law to be wrongly accused?

Hope Williams’s eyes softened while also casting a knowing glance at Vivia.

“I’m fine.”

“But ten minutes ago, Vivia called me saying you were caught plagiarizing, how...”

Alitzel looked at Ellie Field lying on the ground, then back at Hope Williams, who clearly had the demeanor of a victor—not at all someone who had been caught plagiarizing.

Hope Williams nodded slightly, her eyes flashing with a hint of coldness, “Miss Fuller just said she didn’t know what happened, how could she inform my mother-in-law ten minutes ago? Unless Miss Fuller can foresee the future.”

Chapter 235: Chapter 235: Descending into Hell with Her Identity Chapter 235: Chapter 235: Descending into Hell with Her Identity Hope Williams nodded somberly, a glint of cold light flashing in her eyes, “Didn’t Miss Fuller just say she didn’t know what happened? How could she have informed my mother-in-law ten minutes ago? Could it be that Miss Fuller is clairvoyant?”

At this time, everyone looked at Vivia Fuller with deep meaning in their eyes.

Alitzel Williams also sensed something was amiss, furrowed her brows, and asked in a stern voice, “Vivia, what exactly is going on?”

“They claimed they were just passing by to see what the commotion was about, but I think they’re in cahoots with this ‘Cynthia.’ They must have known that Cynthia was going to frame Doctor Williams for plagiarism and get caught. They just didn’t expect that this ‘Cynthia’ would be incompetent and get caught for her own false accusations. This was clearly a deliberate conspiracy against Doctor Williams.”

“I think so too. The more this unfolds, the more complicated it seems. They must hold a grudge against Doctor Williams and are seizing this opportunity to slander her—truly intriguing.”

Alitzel Williams’s face was cold, her piercing gaze angrily fixed on Vivia Fuller, “Vivia, you need to explain this to me.”

Vivia Fuller’s mouth opened, then she quickly grabbed Alitzel Williams’s hand, speaking wearily and with a tinge of melancholy, “Aunt, listen to my explanation. I really don’t know what’s going on. I just heard about Miss Williams’s alleged plagiarism and immediately called you in a panic.”

“But the tone of your call was so assertive, so certain, as if you knew beforehand,” Alitzel Williams said as she shook off Vivia Fuller’s hand, already understanding what was happening in her heart.

“I... Aunt, I really didn’t have any ill intentions. I was just too anxious at the time,” Vivia Fuller desperately tried to justify herself.

Alitzel Williams could barely contain her anger, “So who plagiarized whom in the end?”

“It was this ‘Cynthia’ who plagiarized Doctor Williams’s work,” announced Director Woods, stepping forward with an authoritative voice. “I think it’s quite clear what

transpired today. The lady who claims to be 'Cynthia' has plagiarized Doctor Williams's thesis and surgical plan.

Doctor Williams's thesis and surgical plan have been discussed by our hospital's doctors, unanimously deemed flawless and perfect. So with regards to Old Master Lewis's surgery, does anyone still have any objections to Doctor Williams leading it?"

"No objections here. We've all seen Doctor Williams's capabilities, and no one is better suited to head this surgery."

"I agree, Doctor Williams is truly amazing."

Vivia Fuller clenched her fists tightly, never expecting that after all her scheming, she ended up paving the way for Hope Williams to gain acclaim.

Damnable.

Absolutely damnable.

She could not accept this. How could she possibly accept this?

"There's one more thing. Everyone has doubts concerning this 'Cynthia's' identity. The hospital will investigate this matter thoroughly and will provide everyone with an explanation. If she is indeed an imposter, we will deal with her severely," said Director Woods, his face stern, his voice carrying significant weight.

"In that case, I think it's necessary to have another election for the department head," someone suggested.

"After this incident, it's clear to all who truly has the ability. I'm voting for Doctor Williams."

"Me too. Even if this doctor turns out to be the real 'Cynthia,' she's still not fit for the position of department head, given her unethical behavior."

"I have the same thought," Director Woods said, glancing at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams stood there quietly, neither arrogant nor impatient, her gaze as still as water, without a ripple, as if everything was within her expectations.

Alitzel Williams glared venomously at Vivia Fuller and Ellie Field, raging, "She's not Cynthia?"

"Aunt, there's no evidence yet. We can't wrongly accuse anyone. Since Doctor Cynthia has fainted, let's investigate the matter before discussing it further."

No matter what, they couldn't take down Hope Williams today. It was best to leave now. Vivia Fuller did not want to stay a moment longer.

"But you recommended her. Didn't you verify her identity?"

"Aunt, she indeed proved to us that she was Cynthia," Vivia Fuller said nervously, looking at Alitzel Williams, afraid of being implicated, her face a picture of innocence.

"The most important thing right now is that the woman has fainted. Let's focus on saving her first," Vivia Fuller attempted to divert everyone's attention away from the incident.

Alitzel Williams took a few deep breaths, her irritation rising as she gazed at the woman who had fainted on the ground.

Seeing that Alitzel Williams said nothing more, Vivia Fuller breathed a sigh of relief and turned to the nearby doctors, "What are you waiting for? Doctor Cynthia has fainted; shouldn't you be treating her right away?"

Several doctors moved forward, visibly affected.

"Wait."

Hope Williams raised her hand to stop the approaching doctors, as Vivia Fuller's gloomy eyes narrowed, warily staring at Hope.

Hope looked disdainfully at the person on the ground, her voice cold, "Since she likes lying down so much, let her stay there. This weather won't freeze her to death."

There wasn't a hint of warmth on Hope's indifferent face.

Vivia literally gritted her teeth, "Miss Williams, Dr. Cynthia has fainted in alarm, why are you still babbling on?"

Hope slightly curled her lip coldly, "If a 'fainted' person isn't in a hurry, what are you anxious about? Huh?"

"She's fainted, how can she be in a hurry?" Vivia was frantically anxious inside.

Hope's gaze swept over the person on the ground, with a hint of mockery, "You tell me?"

Hope straightened the documents in her hand. If she liked lying down, then lie there. Hope was curious to see how long she could "faint."

Ellie Field lying on the ground was more than just cold on her back; she was trembling with anger.

This damn bitch was doing it on purpose.

Alitzel Williams glanced casually at Ellie Field, but then her gaze darkened, and her brows furrowed.

Ellie Field's hand clenched tightly, shaking uncontrollably!

Alitzel immediately realized what was happening, her face grew stern, and she rolled her eyes, kicking Ellie Field's sprawled body further away with her foot, filled with disgust.

What kinds of people were these?

Vivia also noticed Ellie Field's abnormality, her expression turning extremely ugly. This useless person didn't even know how to feign death convincingly.

"My God, I'm truly having my eyes opened today."

"Exactly, me too. I've never seen someone act so much, she was just confronting Dr. Williams with such bravado, and now she's pretending to faint after losing."

"Alright, Dr. Cynthia, stop pretending, we aren't blind."

Everyone was at a loss for words to describe their speechlessness at this moment.

Ellie Field kept her eyes tightly closed, but she could still feel the mocking stares all around her.

Now she lay on the ground, and not a single person came to her aid, looking like nothing more than a clown.

Ellie Field's heart twisted with bitter rage, her fingers scraping the ground, she opened her eyes and climbed up, pointing at Hope and cursing with a snarl, "Why must you make trouble for me? What have I done wrong that you won't let me go?"

Hope's gaze was icy and sharp as she stared at the raging woman in front of her, "Don't you know what you've done?"

Ellie Field clenched her fists, furiously approaching Hope and lowering her voice provocatively, "I stole your identity, yes! I took your things, yes! But! What can you do to me? Do you have evidence? No! Hope Williams, you have no proof, so this identity will always be mine.

What good does it do you to ruin me? If you destroy my reputation, you're destroying your own identity. Consider that, dear 'sister.'"

Ellie Field's lips curled up, emitting a sinister cold laugh.

This identity was hers, if Hope ruined her, it was as if she was ruining her own reputation.

If she was going down, she wasn't going to have an easy time of it!

She would die, but she would drag her identity down to hell with her.

Chapter 236: Chapter 236: Elder Gray's Beloved Disciple Chapter 236: Chapter 236: Elder Gray's Beloved Disciple She would die, but she would take her identity to hell with her.

"You think I would let you succeed?" Hope Williams asked coldly.

"Then show me the evidence!" Ellie Field sneered continuously.

The crowd only saw the two talking, but Ellie Field's voice was too low to hear exactly what she was saying; however, her arrogant demeanor made people frown.

"Nowadays, it's strange; all sorts of people exist, plagiarism, the thief crying 'stop thief,' feigning unconsciousness, and now even boasting here, I really don't know how thick her face must be."

"It's probably so thick that not even bullets can penetrate it."

Ellie Field's face still wore a look of arrogance, utterly disregarding others as if resigned to her fate, insult away, insult all you want!

After all, she was wearing 'Cynthia's' identity, it's best to tarnish this identity, ruining Hope Williams in the process.

Thinking this, a flash of pleasure crossed Ellie Field's mind, and a shameless smile appeared on her face.

"It's unexpected to find such liveliness here," a dignified and deep voice sounded.

Hearing this voice, Hope Williams's eyes flickered, and a bright light surged in her pupils instantly.

Everyone looked toward the owner of the voice and saw an elderly man in a dark Zhongshan suit, walking slowly with a dragon-head cane.

"Who is this person?"

"Isn't he that Elder..."

As a few young doctors were still recalling the old man's background, several figures had already quickly moved forward.

Leading them were Director Woods and Elder Murphy, both forward with disbelief and excitement in their eyes.

Elder Murphy rushed to the elder's front, rubbing his eyes fiercely, afraid he was seeing things.

"You... You are Elder Gray!"

Joe Gray!

Elder Gray!

"Holy shit!" Realizing who it was, everyone gaped, stunned by the scene.

If talking about respect and prestige, no one could surpass the elderly man before them, his medical prowess was unmatched, and many desired his guidance that could leap their skills qualitatively.

But he had been in seclusion for many years, with no one able to trace him, let alone meet him in person, yet here he was appearing before them.

"My goodness, am I dreaming?" someone exclaimed, "It really is Elder Gray."

"What's happening today, did my life just peak, it's really Elder Gray, I really want to go up and ask for an autograph."

Elder Murphy excitedly gathered around Elder Gray, his eyes brimming with tears, "Elder Gray, it's such an honor, I'm Jeremiah Murphy, I'm so thrilled to meet you."

Elder Gray glanced around at the crowd, but there were too many people surrounding him, and for a moment, he couldn't find the one he was looking for. Hearing the person in front welcoming him, Elder Gray smiled and nodded, shaking hands with Elder Murphy.

After the handshake, he turned his gaze toward Director Woods, who approached with an excited smile, "Elder Gray, long time no see."

"Yes, seven months and twenty-one days," Elder Gray said meaningfully.

Director Woods was startled, "How do you remember so clearly?"

"Someone took away my most cherished disciple, how could I not remember?" Elder Gray said, his expression calm as he looked at Director Woods.

Director Woods tugged at his lips awkwardly, "You really do have a good memory."

"My precious disciple must have suffered quite a bit under you," Elder Gray said, his face showing displeasure, "I've heard Benjamin talk about it."

"Elder Gray, please, your precious disciple had none but the best care under me; I wouldn't let her suffer the slightest hardship."

"I won't listen to you; I must ask her myself," Elder Gray once again turned his attention to the crowd.

The crowd fell into deep thought after his words; the precious disciple, Elder Gray's darling disciple was in the hospital?

Who? Who?! Who!

Which great person has been hidden among us?

Oh god, help.

They had been brushing shoulders with a luminary all this time.

"What were you discussing so animatedly just now?" Elder Gray inquired.

Director Woods thought for a moment, then spoke, "To be honest, there was indeed some unhappiness in the hospital just now."

Vivia Fuller observed the elder in front, knowing his prestige even without following the medical community.

Such a person was rare to encounter, she should go up to greet him and make her face known.

Thinking this, Vivia Fuller moved forward, but was suddenly grabbed by someone next to her.

"Don't go, let's leave."

Vivia Fuller turned around only to find Ellie Field trembling like a sieve, her face full of terror, as if seeing a deadly ghost.

Vivia Fuller furrowed her brows, "What's wrong with you?"

Ellie Field shook her head vigorously, "No, no, I have to leave, I don't want to stay here."

While speaking, Ellie Field tried to flee frantically.

Before Vivia Fuller could speak, a robust voice passed through the crowd, “Ellie Field, why run upon seeing your mentor?”

Vivia Fuller narrowed her eyes, only to see Ellie Field’s trembling body suddenly freeze.

Mentor!

Vivia Fuller realized something bad was happening.

But it was too late, everything was too late.

“Turn around.”

Elder Gray spoke, and everyone’s gaze turned toward Ellie Field, who stood frozen like a statue.

Under everyone’s gaze, Ellie Field’s face alternated between pale and flushed as she slowly turned around, not daring to lift her eyes, her voice weak without a hint of strength, “Master...”

“My god!”

“So, Dr. Cynthia is Elder Gray’s disciple, so she really is Cynthia then.”

“I can’t believe it, Cynthia is Elder Gray’s disciple, from Elder Gray’s tone just now, he must really dote on Cynthia.”

“Help, although this woman has poor character, what kind of incredible life is this, to be Elder Gray’s disciple.”

Chapter 237: Chapter 237: Uncover, The Whole Truth Revealed Chapter 237: Chapter 237: Uncover, The Whole Truth Revealed “Help! Although this woman has poor character, her life is like she’s somehow cheated the system, she’s actually Elder Gray’s disciple.”

“Yeah, just that alone is enough to make me die of jealousy, but why is she Elder Gray’s disciple, and also Cynthia, and then goes on to plagiarize?”

“I’m curious too, what on earth is she up to? Is this some kind of game to her?”

“Look at Cynthia, why do I feel like she’s more nervous now than when she was caught plagiarizing? She looks like a rat that’s seen a cat after seeing Elder Gray, like she wants to find a hole to hide in.”

“I think she looks guilty.”

“What do you call her?” Elder Gray narrowed his eyes, looking at the crowd and asked.

The people around were startled, then those who reacted quickly answered, “Cynthia!”

Elder Gray’s deep and serious gaze turned directly towards Ellie Field.

Cynthia!

Under such an oppressive stare, Ellie Field was so frightened that she literally knelt down, “Master, I...”

“When did you become Cynthia?”

Elder Gray’s voice was deep and serious, a powerful question that made Ellie Field keep her head down, too guilty to even dare to raise it.

“I...”

“What’s the matter with you?” At this moment, Elder Gray’s voice was filled with anger.

At the same time, these two questions immediately stirred up a huge commotion among the crowd.

“What does this mean? Is my brain failing me? Does Elder Gray mean that she is not Cynthia?”

“Someone, please explain to me, my mind is really confused – she is Elder Gray’s disciple, but not Cynthia, is that right?”

“Help, what’s happening here?”

“I just heard you talking about plagiarism, what does that mean?” Elder Gray asked in a heavy tone.

“Just now this ‘Cynthia’ doctor slandered Doctor Williams, accusing her of plagiarizing a surgical plan and a paper, but it turned out she was the one who plagiarized,” someone kindly answered.

“Hmph.”

Elder Gray snorted resoundingly, slamming his dragon-head cane onto the ground with a loud thud, a sound that proved just how furious he was.

“Do not call her Cynthia, she is not Cynthia, she does not deserve that name.”

“Boom.”

An accurate answer was given.

It was as if a boiling pot erupted among the crowd.

Ellie Field’s body collapsed to the ground, her face devoid of any color.

It’s over, everything’s ruined.

She was ruined.

Vivia Fuller was just as stunned as if struck by lightning, even with her preparations, she was taken aback.

“But didn’t you just say she was your disciple?” Elder Murphy asked, puzzled.

“She is indeed my disciple, but not Cynthia,” Elder Gray said expressionlessly.

“She really isn’t Cynthia, my God, she impersonated Cynthia, stole Cynthia’s identity, this woman must be a professional thief, it’s like shattering my entire worldview.”

“I feel the same, who could’ve imagined this woman deceiving everyone and staying in the hospital for so long, she’s disgusting me to death.”

“How can she be so shameless, she’s literally dragging the great Cynthia’s name through the mud.”

“Pah, too shameless, and most importantly, she’s been sullyng the real Cynthia’s identity, completely detestable.”

“I can’t believe such people really exist, it’s utterly disgusting...”

“Shut up, shut up, all of you just shut up.” Ellie Field covered her ears with her hands, collapsed on the floor, screaming like a madwoman.

“It’s not like that, it’s not like that at all...”

“And even now, you still don’t repent and you’re still arguing, that’s enough.”

“She’s not Cynthia, so who is Cynthia then?”

Obviously, that’s what everyone was most curious about.

Elder Gray’s eyes searched for a certain figure until he found her, and a smile appeared in his eyes; the voice that had just been dark was now much softer, “She’s right here.”

Another wave of shock caused everyone to gasp in astonishment.

Right here!

Meaning the real Cynthia was in the hospital and among them right now.

Help!

Such explosive news caught everyone off guard.

Cynthia was in the hospital, and in their cardiology department, meaning they had no idea how many times they had missed the real Cynthia.

Oh my God, could fate be so cruel.

“Is it you? Is it you?” Everyone began looking at each other, wanting to find Cynthia’s face among them.

“It’s not me, Cynthia is a girl, is it you?”

“It’s not me, I’m not worthy.”

“Then who is it?” Everyone was going crazy, desperate to know who the real Cynthia was.

“Cynthia, as your master, I’m right here if you don’t come out now, I’m going back,” Elder Gray said, his voice palpably gentler, with unmistakable indulgence.

“Master.”

A clear voice rang out...

Chapter 238: Chapter 238: The Truth, Paying the Price Chapter 238: Chapter 238: The Truth, Paying the Price Elder Gray’s gaze shifted to a place not far away, a flash of surprise flickering in his eyes as he burst into laughter.

Under the stunned gazes of everyone around, Hope Williams walked up to Elder Gray and embraced him gently, smiling, “Teacher, why have you suddenly come?”

“Your ex-husband sent someone to pick me up,” he said. “He mentioned you might run into some trouble, it seems I came at the right time.”

Ex-husband? Waylon Lewis!

Hope Williams paused briefly, then gave a resigned smile, "Teacher, he isn't my ex-husband anymore..."

At the mention of that name, Elder Gray's expression immediately became more serious, his smile fading slightly, "We'll talk about his matters later, let's deal with the current issue first."

Everyone stared, still unable to snap back to reality.

"Hope... Doctor Hope is actually... is... Cynthia?"

"Cynthia is Doctor Hope! Doctor Hope calls Elder Gray 'Teacher'! What's going on today, why one reveal after another is hitting me?"

"So, the real Cynthia is Dr. Hope Williams? Am I mistaken? I've been a colleague for seven or eight months, and only today did I find out the Celestial Deity has been right beside me."

"Oh my god, my brain really can't handle this; I've even assisted her in several surgeries! To think that I've assisted Cynthia, this surprise is absolutely unexpected."

"You've assisted Cynthia, ahhh I'm so envious."

"Dr. Hope, are you really Cy... Cynthia?" someone else asked, their voice trembling with disbelief.

"I am Cynthia," Hope Williams replied calmly with a confident smile, answering the doctor's question.

"Right, right, everything matches now. You know Silver Needle Acupuncture, can write such perfect prescriptions, and managed to save Elder Lewis when he was critically ill; I should have realized then that you were Cynthia," Elder Murphy replied, realization dawning in his eyes, the person he had been searching for had been right in front of him all this time.

Previously, he had been tricked by Joy Ward, mistaking the counterfeit for the real gem.

And this time, he had almost wronged her again.

Ellie Field and Vivia Fuller didn't dare blink at this moment, a few words continuously floating in their minds.

It's over.

Everything is finished.

The surrounding whispering continued incessantly, with Ellie Field feeling an icy chill all over her body.

"This woman is also Elder Gray's disciple, so she is Cynthia's junior sister?"

"How does she even qualify? Absolutely disgusting, to have such a shameless person."

"No wonder Doctor Hope, I mean... Cynthia was always so cold toward her when she first arrived at the hospital. It turns out this woman had stolen her identity. Who could give her a nice face? In my opinion, Cynthia's tolerance till now has been quite generous already."

"Yes, I've seen shameless people, but never someone as shameless as this; just now she was strutting around, unafraid, showing off. Truly shameless, not just copying but stealing identities, what a weirdo Cynthia has encountered."

"Ah... don't speak anymore, everyone shut up, shut up, just shut up!" Ellie Field finally broke down and screamed.

Why did this happen? Why?

Everything had seemed so flawless, so why did it end like this?

"Hope Williams, you! You wretched woman... you set me up, why did you set me up..." Ellie Field couldn't control herself and roared in a low voice.

"Set you up?" Hope Williams's voice was icy.

"You stole my identity, and I took it back, and you call that setting you up? You plagiarized my achievements, and I exposed you, and you call that setting me up? You wanted to destroy me, and I let you taste your own medicine, and you call that setting you up?" Hope Williams leaned down and grabbed Ellie Field by the collar.

"When you returned to the country, I gave you a chance. What did I say to you? I told you to take it easy, but what did you do? You wanted to completely usurp my identity, use my identity to perform surgeries you can't, use my identity to make money, use my identity to harm others, use my identity to fulfill your own greed."

"Only you're allowed to steal from me, and I'm not allowed to fight back? Huh?"

Hope Williams threw Ellie Field to the ground and stood still, staring coldly at the wretched figure on the ground.

Ellie Field gazed fiercely at the ground, her teeth clenched, filled with resentment.

She got up, pointed at Hope Williams venomously, “All of this was designed by you in advance today, right? I’m malicious, but how much better are you? You arranged everything today, just waiting for me to fall into the pit, and even brought this old fossil here, just to take revenge on me, Hope Williams, how much better are you than me?”

Ellie Field showed no sign of repentance, shouting madly.

“Why, Hope Williams, why exactly? Whatever you can do, I can too, why is it just you in everyone’s eyes, why is it only you who can be seen as a god-like figure by everyone, I can’t accept this, I can’t accept it.

If it hadn’t been for you, my life would’ve been smooth sailing, I would have been on top, it’s you who ruined everything for me, I hate you, I hate you.”

“Shut up.” Elder Gray’s voice roared angrily, “If it hadn’t been for your own crooked path trying to achieve instant success, would you have ended up like this? Think about it yourself, how can you have the face to blame Hope Williams.”

“Who are you, this old fossil, to tell me to shut up? I took a crooked path, why did I take a crooked path, wasn’t it because of your favoritism? In the end you deserve to die too, you’ve always favored Hope Williams, all the good things have gone to her, and me, I’m your disciple too, what have I gotten? Since the beginning, have you ever even looked at me directly? The things I couldn’t get, shouldn’t I go get them myself? Huh...”

A solid slap landed on Ellie Field’s face, and Hope Williams, with a face full of sinister anger, gripped Ellie Field’s neck.

Her eyes, distinct black and white, filled with a bone-chilling coldness, spreading endlessly.

“Do you know what I regret most in my life, Ellie Field? It’s saving you. I saved you, and you’ve been bent on replacing me. I saved you, and you went on to harm others. Master took you in as an apprentice on special circumstances, yet you lacked gratitude and cursed the master malevolently.

If given another chance, I would let you die on that snowy night.”

Hope Williams’s eyes blazed with anger as she threw Ellie Field aside.

At that instant, several police officers in uniform came by, scanning the crowd before immediately focusing their gaze on Ellie Field, “That’s her.”

Noticing the police officers approaching, Ellie Field frantically staggered several steps backward.

“What? What are you doing?”

“Miss Field, you are suspected of major fraud, and we are detaining you in accordance with the law. Please cooperate with our investigation.”

As the police officers’ words fell, a wave of turmoil erupted around them.

“Major fraud? This woman not only stole someone else’s identity but also committed fraud. It’s unimaginable.”

Two police officers in uniform stepped forward, one on the left and one on the right, and held Ellie Field’s shoulders.

Ellie Field struggled desperately, “I didn’t, what major fraud, I didn’t, I didn’t, let me go, do you have evidence? Without evidence, how can you arrest me?”

Chapter 239: Chapter 239 Multiple Crimes and Punishments Chapter 239: Chapter 239 Multiple Crimes and Punishments Ellie Field struggled desperately, “I didn’t commit any grand fraud, I didn’t, I didn’t, let me go, do you have evidence? Without evidence, what grounds do you have to arrest me?”

“Who reported to the police? Who wants to harm me, is it you? Is it you, Hope Williams? It must be you who wants to harm me.”

Hope Williams’ wise eyes narrowed slightly as she looked at the two police officers, “I reported to the police, but I think you have made a mistake.”

Hope Williams glanced at Ellie Field.

“It’s not just grand fraud she’s suspected of; she has stolen my identity and used it to cheat and deceive others, seek benefits, infringe on my right to reputation, and even... attempted murder.”

As Hope Williams coldly spat out the final words, Ellie Field’s body shook violently.

She looked panic-stricken at Vivia Fuller, who had stood silently by the whole time.

Vivia too shuddered, swallowed hard, and kept adjusting her breathing desperately trying to calm herself down.

She did not know where the charge of grand fraud against Ellie Field had come from, but the attempted murder...

There was no way Hope Williams could know about that; she had taken care of it very cleanly, even having professionals handle the surveillance data meticulously, nothing was discoverable at that time.

So it wasn't possible for Hope Williams to know, and even if she somehow did, Vivia ensured there was no evidence.

Without evidence, the police couldn't convict.

Right.

She was just playing a psychological game with them; Vivia absolutely must not panic now.

Vivia took a few steps towards Ellie Field, lowered her voice, and asked, "When did you commit fraud?"

Ellie Field wracked her brain but could not figure out an answer; she definitely hadn't done it—it was clearly a defamation by Hope Williams.

She furrowed her brows and shook her head desperately, "I didn't, I've never done that."

"Are you sure? I warn you not to lie to me, otherwise, just wait for your doom," Vivia grimly warned Ellie Field, glaring at her.

Ellie Field continued nodding, still very resolute, "I swear I didn't."

Then it was a defamation by Hope Williams, Vivia took a deep breath, a few dim lights reflected in her eyes, this would be easier to handle.

Defamation! They had grounds to sue her.

The chance to turn the tables had arrived.

This time it was Hope Williams who had exposed herself.

Vivia straightened her back and turned to Hope Williams, "Miss Williams, words must be supported by evidence. You claim that Miss Field committed fraud and attempted murder; do you have any evidence? Without evidence, please refrain from blindly defaming others, otherwise, we have grounds to sue you."

Hope Williams glanced coldly at Vivia Fuller, raised her hand holding a USB drive, "All the evidence is in here, check whatever you need."

Hope Williams then handed the USB drive to the police, "Please, take care of this, officers."

"Rest assured, we will investigate thoroughly."

Vivia looked at Ellie Field in shock.

Ellie Field flustered and desperate, "You're talking nonsense, I didn't do anything, you're deliberately framing me, Hope Williams, I'm going to sue you."

Hope Williams scoffed, "I'm waiting."

The police officers took out handcuffs, as Ellie Field still adamantly struggled, "I didn't, I didn't, back off, what fraud? I've never done it, I don't admit it, if you have evidence, then show it to everyone, otherwise, I won't accept it, I deny it."

"You have no shame, of course," Hope Williams replied coldly.

Hope Williams made a call, and soon Thomas Hughes arrived with freshly printed documents, "Ma'am, here are the documents you requested."

Hope Williams raised her hand to take them, pulled out three documents from the envelope, and looked through them.

She raised an eyebrow, lifted one of the documents, and gazed at Ellie Field coldly, "This one is your fraudulent report at the Gold Thai Jewelry Store claiming to be from the Lewis Family, taking away jewelry worth millions without paying."

Hope Williams flung the document in Ellie Field's face, "Is that enough for fraud?"

Ellie Field trembled violently, her whole body shaking, "I... I didn't..."

Hope Williams glanced at her briefly, then picked up another document, "This one shows you plagiarizing, stealing my identity, and during that period using my identity to cheat and deceive, stolen from inside my room were letters of recommendation and photographs."

Hope Williams flung it again fiercely in Ellie Field's face, "Is that enough to infringe on my right to reputation?"

Without waiting for Ellie Field to react, Hope Williams lifted another document, "This is the surveillance photo of you pushing Aurora Wood down the stairs."

Hope Williams once again flung it ruthlessly in her face, her voice as cold as the bottom of a glacial valley, "Is that enough?"

Ellie Field looked at the documents and photos on the floor, breathing rapidly and violently, but her chest felt like it was being crushed by a heavy stone, suffocating her.

She reached out, grabbing a document and clutching it tightly; at that moment, she could only tremble, unable to utter a word.

The most shocked were the bystanders.

Too terrifying, too horrific.

This woman is simply a demon.

“Doctor Wood was actually, actually pushed down the stairs by her, she actually wanted to kill Doctor Wood, what did Doctor Wood do to her, she actually resorted to such lethal means.”

“I can hardly believe it, she’s not human, she doesn’t deserve to be a person.”

“Plagiarism, theft, fraud, murder, she’s truly terrifying.”

“Quick, arrest her, without bringing her to justice, it’s hard to appease the public’s wrath, she’s too detestable, her level of malice has refreshed my moral standards.”

The two policemen immediately stepped forward and took control of Ellie Field.

Cold sweat streamed down Vivia Fuller’s face, staring at the photos strewn on the ground, she couldn’t believe that these pieces of evidence, which she had thoroughly destroyed, were obtained by Hope Williams.

“Vivia Fuller save me...” Ellie Field suddenly lunged toward Vivia, “You said you would protect me, you can’t leave me hanging.”

Vivia turned pale with fright as Ellie lunged forward and stepped back, falling to the ground clumsily.

Theft, premeditated murder, fraud, with so many charges stacking up, it was enough to imprison Ellie Field for life.

Ellie Field didn’t want to go to prison; she still had a whole life ahead, she didn’t want imprisonment.

“Vivia Fuller, save me, you must have a way to save me...”

“Ah...” Vivia screamed, her face whitening as she shook off Ellie Field’s hand, breathing hard, shaking her head vigorously, “No... Miss Field, what relation do I have with you? I just helped you because I felt you were wronged, I never imagined you could be so vile. Now you’ve committed so many crimes, how can I help you, just confess...”

Vivia desperately attempted to distance herself from any involvement.

Chapter 240: Chapter 240: The Lucky Star of the Lewis Family Chapter 240: Chapter 240: The Lucky Star of the Lewis Family Vivian Fuller desperately tried to exonerate herself.

"You, you clearly..." Ellie Field's eyes widened as she glared at Vivian Fuller.

Vivian Fuller cut off Ellie Field mid-sentence and took over the conversation, "Miss Field, I genuinely considered you a friend, but I never expected you to do such a thing. It turns out you've been deceiving me all along. You're simply too much."

Vivian Fuller's loud accusations left the already confused Ellie Field at a loss.

"Miss Field, admit your guilt. The error you've committed is unforgivable."

"You bitch, do you have no hand in these matters?"

Vivian Fuller gasped in shock, clutching her chest and stepping back two steps as if she never anticipated Ellie Field would say such things, looking at her as if deeply wounded, "What have I done? Miss Field, what have I done? Did I tell you to plagiarize? Did I tell you to steal someone else's identity? Did I tell you to commit fraud? Or did I tell you to murder? What wrong have I done? My only mistake was trusting you, and now you even try to push everything onto me. I misjudged you."

Having said that, Vivian Fuller grabbed her bag and left in a feigned uncontrollable rage.

Only Ellie Field was left alone on the ground, crying out and cursing exhaustively, in utter despair.

Hope Williams's eyebrows raised slightly. She had to admit, Vivian Fuller was very skilled at using others to do her dirty work. First it was Mia Fuller, and now Ellie Field, and she always managed to shift the blame and extricate herself cleanly.

But it didn't matter, her turn was coming soon.

Hope Williams looked down at the photos scattered on the ground and exhaled turbidly.

Finally, amidst her screaming, Ellie Field was taken away by the police.

Alitzel Williams blinked, suddenly coming to her senses. What had she done before?

Hope Williams had emphasized time and time again that only she could perform the surgery, yet she had refused to believe her, repeatedly misunderstanding her.

She should have realized it when Hope Williams saved Old Master Lewis for the first time.

Overwhelmed with regret, Alitzel Williams turned to look at Hope Williams.

“Little Hope,” Alitzel Williams took Hope Williams’s hand, “Mom, I’m sorry for misunderstanding you and speaking to you that way.”

Hope Williams’s fingers tightened slightly as she gently shook her head, “You were just concerned for Grandpa; it’s okay.”

Tears glittered in Alitzel Williams’s eyes as she looked at Hope Williams with increasing satisfaction, truly feeling that Waylon Lewis had good taste to have married such a wonderful wife.

Hope Williams was truly the Lucky Star of the Lewis Family.

“Mom, let me introduce you to my mentor, Elder Gray,” Hope said, and then she looked at Elder Gray, “Mentor, this is my mother-in-law, Mrs. Lewis.”

“Hello, Elder Gray. I’ve long admired your reputation. I never imagined you were Little Hope’s mentor. You’ve taught her medical skills very well. Thank you,” Alitzel Williams said to Elder Gray with a lift of her hand in a polite and respectful gesture.

Elder Gray glanced at Alitzel Williams with a distant expression, not intending to shake hands, simply stating, “You don’t need to thank me. Little Hope’s medical talent is her own, the result of her innate giftedness and diligent practice. I merely gave her some guidance.”

Alitzel Williams’s attempt at familiarity was blocked. She looked at Hope Williams, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

Hope Williams noticed that Elder Gray was evidently distant and even hostile toward Alitzel Williams.

But according to what Hope knew of Elder Gray, he was usually a very calm person.

“Madam, Young Madam, Elder Gray, the Old Master wants to see you,” a messenger from Old Master Lewis arrived.

“Alright, we’ll be right there,” Alitzel Williams replied.

It wasn’t surprising that the Old Master had heard about the commotion.

“Elder Gray, would you like to visit Old Master Lewis’s ward? He would surely want to thank you for the years of care you’ve given to Little Hope.”

“That was exactly my intention.”

Just then, Hope's phone rang. A smile spread across her face as she spoke, "Mentor, please go ahead with Mom. I'll take this call and be right over."

Alitzel Williams led Elder Gray to Old Master Lewis's ward, while Hope Williams walked to the window to answer her phone.

A deep, pleasant voice came from the phone, "How did things go?"

Hope Williams looked out the window and smiled gently, "Everything's resolved."

Hearing the woman's joyful voice rise, Waylon Lewis's lips curled into a smile, "That's good."

"How did you think to bring my master here?"

Hope Williams was quite surprised when she saw Elder Gray appear.

"He can directly prove your identity."

"But I never mentioned him to you."

"As a qualified husband, if I don't even know my wife's master, what am I good for?"

Hope flashed a smile, "My master is meeting grandfather now, but I think he seems to have some hostility toward your mother."

"He is worried about you."

Hope believed Elder Gray had heard about what happened to her since her return to the country: her dearest pupil had been bullied time and again. It would be surprising if he could show a good face to Alitzel Williams.

"Then you should be careful," Hope Williams reminded with a lift of her lips.

"I should be careful, indeed. I wonder if begging for forgiveness in front of the old man would do any good," Waylon Lewis sighed helplessly.

"My master won't fall for that. Think carefully about how you'll deal with it. I'm hanging up now."

"I'm coming over."

Hope paused for a moment, "Okay, I'll wait for you."

After ending the call, Hope made her way to Old Master Lewis's hospital room. As soon as she reached the door, she heard Elder Gray's deep voice.

“This pupil of mine is clever in all things, but emotionally, it has been the only blunder in her life.”

“This... Waylon did do wrong before, but now he has completely corrected himself.”

“Whether he has truly made amends, only time will tell. Old Master Lewis, please don’t blame me for meddling. Little Hope is my pupil, and like a father to her for a lifetime, I cannot stand to see her repeat past mistakes.”

“On that point, you can be at ease. If Waylon dares to let Little Hope down again, I will personally break his legs before I close my eyes...”

Hope’s heart softened a little. Elder Gray truly treated her like his own daughter.

She knew why she had chosen to go abroad pregnant and alone; her master was aware and had bluntly stated that he wanted to return to the country to give Waylon Lewis a few good knocks to the head to bring him to his senses.

Now that Waylon Lewis had personally brought her master back from abroad, his old anger over Waylon’s past actions had not subsided.

It seemed that Waylon might really have to face a trial this time.

Hope curled her lips into a smile. Her master was not easy to fool. She felt a hint of wicked satisfaction at the thought of Waylon being “tormented” because of his past behavior.

With these thoughts, Hope knocked on the door and entered.

“Grandfather, master, mother,” she greeted softly as she approached Old Master Lewis’s bedside.

“Little Hope, you really don’t show your true face, do you?” Old Master Lewis teased with a smile.

“Grandfather, I didn’t mean to hide it from you; it’s just that I never found the right opportunity to tell you,” Hope apologized.

“No harm done, no harm done. I am proud and delighted of your achievements,” Old Master Lewis said with a beaming smile.

Elder Gray stood up, nodded politely, “Take care of yourself; I shall take my leave now.”

After that, he glanced at Hope, “You, come with me.”

Seeing Elder Gray stand up, Hope quickly offered her arm to support him, "Master, are you in such a hurry to leave?"

"Elder Gray, let's have dinner together tonight," Alitzel Williams also quickly approached.

"No need. I have matters to attend to and must leave now," he replied, then said to Hope, "You, follow."

With that, Elder Gray walked toward the door, his spirit undiminished despite using a cane, and his presence nothing short of extraordinary.

Hope bade farewell to the old master and Alitzel Williams, then quickly followed Elder Gray out, catching up to his pace, slowing her footsteps to walk arm in arm with him, and smiling helplessly, "Master, I heard everything you just said, but actually Waylon and I are doing quite well now. He's different from before."

"No matter what you say, I want to see what he does."