

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 241 – 250

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

“Dad, do we have a grudge against Elder Gray?” Alitzel Williams looked utterly bewildered.

Elder Gray’s hostility was obvious.

Old Master Lewis laughed and shook his head, “Try imagining how you would feel if the treasure you held in the palm of your hand was let down by someone else’s son, who then left pregnant; wouldn’t you be upset?”

Alitzel suddenly realized and smacked her thigh, it was related to that little bastard Waylon Lewis again.

“His old man actually cares about Little Hope, he’s upset, and that Waylon boy deserves it for what he’s done before. It’s good to learn a lesson. Let them deal with it.”

Alitzel nodded, “You always see things more clearly.”

By the time Waylon Lewis arrived at the hospital room, he did not see Hope Williams.

Alitzel sat beside Old Master Lewis’ hospital bed, peeling an apple. She knew without Waylon needing to say a word; she knew his first question would definitely be about Hope’s whereabouts, “Old Master Gray took her away, you better hurry after your wife.”

As soon as Alitzel finished speaking, Waylon nodded and left with a slightly somber expression.

“Look at that boy.”

Alitzel could not help but smile helplessly; she had never imagined that her son, who had always been cold and ruthless, would one day fall so deeply for a woman.

Waylon hurriedly called Hope Williams, as if he was afraid Hope had run off with Elder Gray.

Elder Gray had a villa in the country, which was always maintained by servants. Having sent Elder Gray back, he asked Hope to stay for a meal. Hope wanted to spend more time with her mentor and did not decline.

She thought about calling Waylon Lewis to join them – it would be a good opportunity for him to make an impression. The next second, his call came in.

“Where are you?”

“I’m at my mentor’s place. Bring Luke and Willow over for dinner tonight; I’ll send you the address.”

“Okay.”

After hanging up, Old Master Gray happened to come out, “Did you call that boy?”

“Yes, master, let’s have dinner together tonight. I asked him to bring Luke and Willow over; they’ve missed you and haven’t seen you in a long time.”

Hearing Hope say this, Old Master Gray’s brows relaxed slightly.

“When he comes later...”

“Are you afraid I’ll eat him?”

“No, no...”

“The master knows moderation, don’t worry.”

Hope exhaled a turbid breath, she did not know why, but she was actually nervous over something that was Waylon’s issue.

When Waylon Lewis arrived with Luke and Willow, luckily they were there, and Waylon managed to enter the house smoothly.

“Grandpa Gray, we missed you so much.” Luke and Willow rushed into the house and gave Elder Gray a big hug.

Seeing the two lively children made Elder Gray instantly happy, “Grandpa Gray missed you too. Let me see if you’ve grown taller.”

“Grandpa Gray, we’ve been eating well, so we’ve grown taller.”

Previously, when Luke and Willow had been naughty, they liked to hide at Elder Gray's place. With Elder Gray doting on them, Hope couldn't do much about it, so the twins were very close to Elder Gray.

Waylon headed straight for Hope and pulled the woman he hadn't seen all day into his arms.

Hope quickly pushed against Waylon's chest, "Ahem... my mentor is here, be mindful and greet him first."

"He took you away."

"Well, I've called you over now, you jealous guy. Besides, my mentor isn't easy to deal with; you need to soldier on," Hope said with a look of amusement at Waylon's predicament.

"Little Hope." Elder Gray called Hope with a heavy tone, "What's going on with Willow?"

Evidently, Elder Gray had noticed something amiss with Willow.

Hope's heart tightened, and she hurried over, followed closely by Waylon.

In a low, heavy voice, Hope sighed with frustration at being touched on a sore spot, "Master, Willow had an accident before and suffered psychological trauma, so she hasn't been willing to speak. But don't worry, we have consulted a psychologist for treatment, and her condition has improved a lot."

Willow had obviously been smiling a lot more recently and had become as lively as before. This was the best news Hope had received recently.

Hope rubbed Willow's little head; even mentioning this matter made her heart ache for her.

Elder Gray looked at the little girl's sparkling, smiling eyes and felt a strong pang of pity.

He had already disliked Waylon quite a bit, but now even more so.

He couldn't even protect his daughter—what kind of father was he?

Noticing Elder Gray's gaze on him, Waylon stepped forward and called out politely, "Elder Gray."

Elder Gray hummed coldly and ignored Waylon's gesture.

Hope raised her eyebrows slightly; if Elder Gray hadn't shown a good face to Alitzel just now, then to Waylon, he was even too lazy to show any expression.

Hope did not know what to do, feeling like she was bringing a boyfriend home, only to realize he wasn't favored by the family.

Hope had never expected Waylon to go through this experience.

"Come with me to the study," Old Master Gray called to Waylon.

Hope watched Waylon with a smile and let them go.

...

"You're not worthy of Little Hope," Elder Gray said sternly, showing no trace of fondness for Waylon.

"I will try until I am worthy of her."

Waylon stood up straight, facing Old Master Gray with a solemn and serious look on his handsome face.

Elder Gray glanced at him.

"How will you try? The moment you abandoned your wife and child, in my eyes, you lost all qualifications."

Old Master Gray walked over to the tea table with steady steps, sat down, and began to prepare the tea.

"I treat Little Hope as my own daughter, and I can't ignore her matters. Although it's harsh to hear, it is the truth—I don't think highly of you. You abandoned her, hurt her, and even after she gave birth to your two children, when she returned to the country, your mother made things difficult for her many times, didn't she?"

Waylon's brows furrowed, and he nodded, "Yes, the mistakes of the past were mine."

"The mistakes were yours, you owe her, and you haven't fulfilled your role as a husband or a father."

Waylon knew all this—he knew he had let them down too much and had always been trying to make amends.

Elder Gray skillfully brewed the tea, and soon the aroma filled the room.

Chapter 242: Chapter 242 He has bet everything on her Chapter 242: Chapter 242 He has bet everything on her He sighed deeply, "Although Little Hope has forgiven you, but..."

"I understand what you want to say. I do not seek forgiveness for what happened before, and I will not make any promises now, but I will prove through my actions that her choice wasn't wrong."

His husky voice interrupted what Elder Gray was about to say.

Elder Gray's eyes slightly narrowed.

"She is as dear to you as a daughter, but to me, she is my life."

Elder Gray stared into Waylon's deep eyes, listening to him, and his brows relaxed slightly.

"You can rest assured, I have transferred all of my personal property into Hope's name..."

Elder Gray's hand holding the teacup paused, and he looked at Waylon in shock, "You?"

That meant if one day Hope wanted to divorce him, he would be penniless!

How could he dare to do that?

He had gambled everything he had on her.

Elder Gray looked at Waylon, and the sternness in his eyes gradually faded, "Does Little Hope know about this?"

"She doesn't know."

"You've done so much, why not let her know?"

Waylon's eyes deepened; he chuckled, his laughter laced with a hint of helplessness.

"If one day we really part ways over something, I do not want this to be a burden on her."

Life is long and full of unforeseeable accidents; he couldn't guarantee that they wouldn't part, but he could guarantee that he would always love her.

Half an hour later, Waylon came downstairs with a composed gait, and Hope stood up from the couch, walking towards him.

“How is it?”

Waylon took Hope’s hand, “Don’t worry.”

Hope glanced upstairs, “Have you convinced my master?”

“I’m still being evaluated.”

Hope blinked, raised her hands to Waylon’s shoulders, and smiled gently, “Waylon, I feel like I’m bringing a boyfriend to meet the parents, and he hasn’t been approved yet, still under evaluation. So, I’m wondering if I agreed to remarry too soon.”

“Regret it?” Waylon held her waist, bowed his head, and pecked her lips, “What’s mine is mine, stuff regret back inside.”

“You really are domineering, I didn’t say I regretted it...”

Waylon chuckled softly, “You also won’t have a chance to regret it later.”

During dinner, Waylon drank quite a bit of alcohol with Elder Gray, mostly it was Waylon who drank. Hope was in good spirits today and had a couple of drinks too, but Waylon stopped her at the third.

“Alright, my dear, no more drinking.” Waylon’s tender hand gently rubbed Hope’s head.

Hope wasn’t much of a drinker; two drinks in, she felt a bit buzzed, her cheeks flushed, and she leaned on Waylon’s shoulder.

Seeing Hope tipsy, Waylon raised his hand protectively to prevent her from falling.

“Is Mommy drunk?” Luke and Willow immediately snuggled beside Hope.

Hope muttered softly, “Mommy... isn’t drunk, master I can still drink a few more with you.”

As she spoke, Hope tried to sit up straight from Waylon’s embrace and reached for the wine glass unsteadily; Waylon quickly caught her hand, “You’re drunk.”

“Bullshit!”

“Now you’re cursing too.” Waylon smiled helplessly, downed the drink Hope was reaching for, and turned to Old Master Gray, “She’s drunk, I’ll take her home first.”

Old Master Gray looked on warmly, his expression more amused, “Alright, go make her some sobering soup.”

“Alright.” Waylon bent down, picked up Hope, and nodded slightly to Old Master Gray, “Goodbye.”

After saying that, he carried Hope towards the door.

Luke and Willow hurriedly picked up their things and said goodbye to Elder Gray, “Goodbye Grandpa Gray, Luke and Willow will come to see you again.”

“Alright alright, hurry up, your father is already far ahead.”

Luke and Willow glanced at Waylon Lewis as he walked away and gave a soft snort.

“He’s always like this, only has eyes for Mommy, we’re all used to it.”

Used to it!

Elder Gray looked at the two adorable little ones with a resigned demeanor and smiled helplessly yet tenderly.

After speaking, Luke and Willow briskly chased after him with small steps.

Only the sound of a car starting was heard, and from afar, Boss Gray still heard Luke’s disgruntled complaint.

“Bad Daddy, don’t you want your son and daughter anymore?”

“Sorry, I forgot about you.”

“...”

“...”

He was really afraid he’d have to walk back home by himself if he were a second late.

Unable to resist, Elder Gray followed out, his heart throbbed suddenly, realizing he shouldn’t worry about Hope Williams, but he should worry about the two little ones.

Back home, Waylon Lewis carried Hope Williams in front, with the two little ones each holding a bag and the shoes Hope Williams had kicked off in the car, trotting behind.

Waylon Lewis gently laid Hope Williams on the bed, touching the soft, comfortable bed, Hope turned over and comfortably closed her eyes.

Waylon Lewis tenderly covered her with the blanket, and Luke and Willow climbed onto the bed with hands and feet, but Waylon Lewis picked them up one by one and took them back to their room.

“Sleep.”

“Mommy’s drunk, we need to take care of Mommy.”

“Take care of yourselves first, I’ll take care of her.”

Back in the room, Waylon Lewis’s gaze fell on the bed, but no sight of Hope Williams there.

His gaze searched around the room, then he saw a small bundle rolled down to the floor, wrapped in a blanket, revealing a fuzzy little head, with eyes tightly shut and pale cheeks slightly red, her sleeping face serene and beautiful.

A smile glinted in Waylon Lewis’s dark eyes as he leaned over, picking up both the blanket and the person.

“Waylon Lewis~” Hope’s soft voice murmured his name.

Even drunk, she was still calling his name.

Not bad.

“Hmm?” Waylon Lewis replied with a slightly hoarse voice, tinged with mild pleasure.

“Bad person!”

“...”

Waylon Lewis raised his eyebrow, “Am I the bad person?”

Hope pulled her hands out of the blanket, lazily lifting them to wrap around his neck, her fuzzy head resting on his shoulder.

Skin against skin, her little head rubbed against his neck nuzzling, and she softly responded, “Mm.”

Waylon Lewis’s body stiffened slightly, and his hands tightened a bit.

He had never seen her drunk like this, so soft in his arms.

Hope blinked her somewhat misty eyes, her lips parted as if recalling something sad, and her voice took on a note of grievance.

“Since I was little, my dad abandoned my mom and me. My mom raised me alone, and then she also passed away when I was eighteen, leaving me completely alone.

Later, Grandpa took me in and had me marry you. At that time, I thought of you as my entire world, my home, but you abandoned me. I was carrying a child overseas, and you made me feel unworthy of love.”

Hope sniffled, “So I forced myself every day to become stronger, to be independent. Later, I met my mentor, met Liam Cloud, and I desperately had Luke and Willow. I returned to the country and met you again.

Waylon Lewis, just three months ago, you were not part of my future life plans.”

Waylon Lewis’s pupils shook, his large hand stroking her hair, his gaze deep.

Hope raised her head, her eyelids heavy, but she looked at him very seriously. Her eyes were filled with tears, showing deep sadness.

“I don’t want to suffer the same old wounds, don’t want to be hurt again. I’ve armored myself with swords to protect myself, but you still arrogantly stormed into my world, telling me, ‘I love you.’”

Chapter 243: Chapter 243 Hope Williams Vomited Chapter 243: Chapter 243 Hope Williams Vomited Hope sniffled slightly and smiled.

“I always felt like I had nothing, but today I realize I have so much. I have you, Luke, Willow, the master, grandpa, and Mom...” Hope counted on her fingers, her eyes brimming with tears as she laughed, and she couldn’t help but feel vulnerable.

“I suddenly feel like I’m not alone... and it feels really good.”

His heart ached severely as he pulled her back into his arms.

He didn’t know how he could ever make up for even one ten-thousandth of the hurt he had caused her.

“From now on, you have me. You will never be alone,” he comforted her softly.

Looking down at the woman nestled meekly against his chest, he sighed softly, lifted her back onto the bed, and was about to get up when Hope’s grip on his hand tightened, unwilling to let go.

Waylon’s eyes softened immensely as he smoothed her disheveled hair and lightly caressed her cheek before placing a kiss on her smooth forehead, whispering, “Behave, I’ll make you some sobering soup, or you’ll have a headache tomorrow.”

Hope frowned slightly, her grip not loosening, and she nuzzled into his chest. "No, I don't want it."

Her voice was irresistibly soft.

Waylon, watching the woman who didn't want to let him go, felt a stirring of emotion, his nose filled with her faint fragrance.

His sexy Adam's apple bobbed as his fingers gently glided over her flushed lips, his voice slightly hoarse.

"Hope, I won't be able to control myself if you keep this up."

They had both been drinking, and the quiet room was filled with rising passion.

Hearing his husky voice, Hope blinked drowsily, Waylon's strikingly handsome face before her, his eyes flickering as they watched her.

"Looking at what?"

"Looking at you...you're so handsome."

Hope's praise pleased Waylon, and he involuntarily curved his lips.

She tilted her head up and planted a soft kiss on his lips, light as a dragonfly's touch, sparking the last vestige of gentlemanly restraint in Waylon.

He lifted his hand and cradled her chin.

"Seducing temptress."

"So, have you been seduced?"

"I have," Waylon admitted, leaning down to return Hope's kiss.

The deep kiss caught Hope off guard; she tilted her head back, submitting as Waylon audaciously pried her teeth apart, sweeping through her sweetness.

"Shall we do something else?"

Hope, already dizzy, became even more so from the kiss, only hearing Waylon talking, not catching what he said.

"If you don't say anything, I'll take that as a yes."

Her lips were kissed again, leaving Hope with no way to escape...

The next day.

A familiar sense of being ravished washed over her; Hope tiredly climbed out of bed. She intended to grab some clothes from the wardrobe, but as she passed the mirror, she saw the scattered hickeys on her body.

Hope's face darkened and then flushed; Waylon had nearly devoured her.

"What are you looking at?"

"Just checking if I'm missing any parts."

A warm and broad chest pressed against her back from behind, enveloping her in an embrace.

Waylon kissed her cheek and chuckled softly, "Funny."

Hope turned within his arms, her eyes a mix of irritation, embarrassment, and helplessness.

"I need to change, go out."

"What's the difference now between you being naked and changing clothes?"

Waylon chuckled softly.

Hope pursed her lips, her face blazing red, darting her eyes about, realizing she had nowhere to escape, she looked up at him helplessly and called him, "Hooligan."

"Only for you."

They entered the bathroom together, and after some playful moments, Hope complained about Waylon's 'misdeeds' in an annoyed voice...

Dressed and downstairs.

The breakfast table was already set with a sophisticated spread, Luke and Willow sat at the table, spooning porridge with exaggerated cuteness.

Seeing Hope, "Mommy~"

Seeing Waylon, "..."

Hope glanced back at Waylon, "Are you fighting with them again?"

Waylon glanced sideways at Luke and Willow.

“Nothing, Mommy, Daddy is really nice.”

Luke earnestly covered for Waylon, “He just almost forgot to bring us home last night.”

Really, it’s nothing!

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

“Waylon Lewis!” Hope glared at Waylon.

Even forgetting to bring their own son and daughter home!

“Sorry, I’ll be more careful next time.”

Next time I’ll be more careful!

Hope’s temples throbbed, truly wondering if these two treasures were really his.

Waylon picked up a spoon to serve Hope some seafood porridge.

Hope stirred it with her spoon and was about to take a bite when her stomach suddenly churned, she put down the spoon and hurried to the bathroom, covering her mouth.

Waylon’s eyebrows furrowed deeply as he quickly followed, supporting Hope and asking anxiously, “What’s wrong?”

Hope threw up for a while before feeling a bit better, shaking her hand, “It’s nothing, probably because I drank last night.”

Hope had a history of stomach issues, probably for this reason.

Waylon still looked worried, his brows tightly furrowed, grabbing Hope’s hand, “I’ll take you to the hospital.”

Hope raised her hand to refuse, “I’m really okay, just need to eat some breakfast, don’t worry.”

Waylon supported her, observing her complexion before letting it go, “Don’t drink next time.”

Hope obediently nodded, “I know, I usually don’t drink much, don’t worry.”

Seeing Hope come out, Luke and Willow eagerly gathered around, “Mommy, are you feeling unwell?”

Hope smiled and shook her head, “No, I’ll feel better after some breakfast.”

Hearing this, Luke immediately went to get porridge for Hope, who took the seafood porridge from him, lifted the spoon to her mouth, but felt nauseous again.

What’s going on with her?

She slightly furrowed her brow.

Noticing the three pairs of worried eyes beside her, Hope bit her lip, forced herself, and downed several mouthfuls of the soft, comforting porridge. Her stomach felt much better.

Seeing Hope finish her porridge, the three finally relaxed.

After breakfast, Waylon and Hope visited the old master before heading to the company.

Hope was also busy, with two surgeries in the morning, leaving her somewhat fatigued.

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Chapter 244: Chapter 244: Design, The Grand Show is About to Begin Chapter 244: Chapter 244: Design, The Grand Show is About to Begin Hope Williams was busy since the early morning, engaging in two surgeries, and felt quite exhausted afterward.

She rested her hands on the sink, pulled down her mask, and lowered her head to take a couple of deep breaths, still feeling nauseous.

A passing doctor noticed Hope’s poor complexion and approached her with concern, “Doctor Williams, are you alright? Are you feeling unwell?”

Hope lifted her hand and shook it, “I’m fine, probably just a bit of food poisoning, don’t worry.”

“Have some water,” the considerate doctor beside offered her an opened bottle of mineral water.

Hope took it with her hand, "Thank you, but please, just call me Doctor Williams like before."

Hope felt that sounded more pleasant to her ears.

"Yes, Doctor Williams, did you know that the woman who impersonated you, Ellie Field, is still in the hospital?"

Hope's brows drew together slightly, "Wasn't she taken away by the police?"

"The woman has quite the thick skin," the doctor chuckled dryly, "She deliberately slammed her head against the wall and ended up with a concussion. She woke up only this morning and is now playing dead, using her injury as an excuse to stay in the hospital."

I have never seen such a wicked woman in my life. Doctor Williams, you should be careful. She hasn't been jailed yet, she might try to retaliate."

The female doctor's words served as a reminder to Hope, who gathered her thoughts and nodded, "I understand, thank you for letting me know."

Hope had not scheduled any surgeries for the afternoon and reluctantly ate some lunch before heading to Aurora Wood's hospital room.

Upon seeing Hope, Michael Wood wiped the tears from the corners of his eyes and stood up, "Doctor Williams."

Hope nodded slightly, looking at Aurora Wood, who showed no signs of awakening, her brow furrowed deeply.

It was because of her that Aurora had ended up like this, and self-reproach filled Hope's eyes.

"Vice Chancellor Wood, I'm very sorry..."

Michael Wood sighed deeply, his eyes hollow, his voice husky, "Don't blame yourself, you are a victim in this matter too. Aurora always said her greatest admiration was for you, and you didn't let her down. I should be thanking you for investigating clearly. If it weren't for you, the culprit harming Aurora would still be at large."

Hope pursed her lips and took out a business card from her pocket, handing it to Michael, "This is my senior colleague, Benjamin Myers, whom you've met before. He might be able to help Aurora, though he is currently abroad. If you are willing to take Aurora overseas for treatment, I can contact him to make arrangements for you."

Michael's eyes were deep, every expression showing his fatigue. He clenched the business card, looked up at Hope, paused for a few seconds, and then said, "Even if there's only a slight chance, we will try our best, Doctor Williams, please assist us."

"Alright, I'll arrange it as soon as possible."

After leaving the hospital room, Hope's chest felt heavy. She took a few deep breaths before returning to her office.

Old Master Lewis's surgery was scheduled for the day after tomorrow, and Hope had to stay in the hospital these next few days to carefully monitor Old Master Lewis's condition. The surgery allowed no room for error.

...

Ellie Field lay in her bed, her face deathly pale and her eyes vacant, looking utterly soulless, yet her teeth clenched tightly as she gripped a photo that she had mangled, which unmistakably showed Hope Williams.

Vivia Fuller walked in to see Ellie in this state.

Her expression turned cold, and she removed her mask before sitting down beside the bed and glaring at her.

Ellie's eyes flickered to the corner, and upon seeing Vivia, she seemed to see hope, her emotions quickly intensifying.

"Vivia Fuller!" The raspy voice, barely recognizable, called out Vivia's name.

Ellie struggled to sit up from the bed, "There are police at the door, how did you get in?"

"I have my ways," Vivia Fuller sneered coldly. "Who could have imagined that the once renowned 'Cynthia' would end up looking like this. It's both pitiable and sorrowful, truly heartbreaking to look at."

Ellie Field's body stiffened, and she gritted her teeth fiercely, "If you're here to mock me, just get out."

"I'm not here to mock you; I just feel it's unjust for you. You had already secured the identity of 'Cynthia,' and the position of department head was basically a done deal. Who expected Hope Williams to mess it up?" Vivia Fuller sighed, "I feel sorry for you."

While receiving her IV, Ellie Field clutched the bedsheets tightly, "It's all this bitch's fault, all her fault. I can't let her get away with this. You must help me, Miss Fuller. I have to get this off my chest, or I'll die unsatisfied."

Vivia Fuller furrowed her brows, "I'd like to help you, but I'm afraid with your current condition..."

Ellie Field grabbed Vivia Fuller's hand urgently, "I'm fine; I'm totally fine. As long as I can kill Hope Williams, I can handle anything."

Now in this state, with all the incriminating evidence piling up, her life was essentially over.

If she was going to suffer, Hope Williams shouldn't expect to get away either.

If it meant going to hell, then so be it, let's go to hell together.

Ellie Field's eyes were full of a venomous malice.

Vivia Fuller smiled subtly; with Ellie Field acting as the dagger, she wouldn't need to lift a finger herself.

Hope Williams, just wait, the show is about to start.

Vivia Fuller clasped Ellie Field's hand back, with a concerned look, "Alright, I'll help you, but you must be careful yourself."

"I know; it turns out you're the only one willing to help me now," Ellie Field said, looking at Vivia Fuller, somewhat moved.

With a generous look, Vivia Fuller replied, "I just can't bear to see you destroyed by Hope Williams."

Vivia Fuller glanced towards the door, "I shouldn't stay here too long. I need to go now."

Vivia Fuller turned her head and left, a triumphant smile curving her lips momentarily.

Inside Old Master Lewis's hospital room, Hope Williams walked over and gently patted her slightly exhausted mother, Alitzel William's shoulder, "Mom, you should go back and rest. I'm here with grandpa."

"Listen to Hope, go back and rest," Old Master Lewis urged.

Since Old Master Lewis had been hospitalized, Alitzel had been tirelessly taking care of him, and he couldn't bear to let her stay on.

Alitzel paused briefly, then without further argument responded, "Alright, I'll go back now and come back later to switch with you."

Hope Williams nodded in agreement.

Hope Williams pulled a chair over and sat beside Old Master Lewis, speaking gently, "Grandpa, I've scheduled the surgery for the day after tomorrow at noon. Because it's general anesthesia, you'll need to fast for 8-12 hours beforehand.

Additionally, you need to undergo some tests tomorrow, which I will accompany you for. Please also tell me if you feel uncomfortable in any way during this time.

Lastly, please trust me. We'll work together, and I'm sure you'll get better."

Old Master Lewis's deep eyes shimmered with a loving smile, raising his hand to gently touch the top of Hope Williams' head, "Hope performing my surgery? I naturally trust you one hundred percent."

Old Master Lewis looked at Hope, sighing softly, "Hope, grandpa knows this surgery is stressful for you. If, if something really did happen to grandpa..."

"Grandpa," Hope Williams' gaze dimmed, looking earnestly at Old Master Lewis as she quickly interrupted what he was about to say, "that won't happen, trust me, you won't have any problems..."

Old Master Lewis gazed into the distance, letting out a soft sigh, filled with countless worries.

If he really were to pass away, he truly feared she wouldn't be able to handle it.

And the Lewis Family, that bunch of restless people, would surely become chaotic.

Chapter 245: Chapter 245: One Must Die Tonight Chapter 245: Chapter 245: One Must Die Tonight The Lewis Family, with their worrisome bunch, would surely be in chaos.

"Great-grandpa."

A milky voice rang out.

Hope Williams turned around and saw Luke and Willow running in. She stood up, and her waist was immediately encircled by a strong hand. Waylon Lewis looked down at her with dark eyes, deeply gazing into her own, "Does your stomach still feel uncomfortable?"

Seeing Waylon Lewis, Hope Williams's gaze softened, and she pursed her lips, saying, "Much better now."

That simple conversation eased the day-long worries of Waylon Lewis.

Old Master Lewis couldn't stop smiling as soon as he saw the two little ones.

The two kids always found a way to make Elder Lewis happy.

“Great-grandpa, Mommy said you’re going to have surgery. Are you afraid it will hurt?”

“Great-grandpa doesn’t need to be scared, oh, because Mommy is very amazing. Mommy has saved lots of people. With Mommy here, you will definitely get better,” Luke said, while Willow vigorously nodded in agreement.

Elder Lewis laughed heartily, “When great-grandpa sees you two little ones, eh, any illness will be cured.”

“Then we’ll come to keep you company every day, and great-grandpa won’t get sick anymore.”

Elder Lewis, looking at the two children, had a twinkle in his eye, full of loving kindness. A surge of emotion welled up in his throat, and he quickly turned his face away, covering his mouth to cough lightly a few times.

Hope Williams silently pushed Waylon Lewis from behind. Waylon stepped forward, glanced at Elder Lewis and, with his long fingers, took a teacup, poured a cup of warm water, and handed it to Elder Lewis.

Elder Lewis looked at Waylon with slight annoyance, but still took the water offered by him.

Waylon’s expression was soft, “If you’re uncomfortable, don’t hold it in. Speak up early; don’t wait until the surgery to cause complications.”

Elder Lewis frowned, “You punk, are you hoping I feel unwell?”

“How dare I.”

Waylon responded softly and raised his hand silently to adjust the air conditioning temperature up a few degrees.

Looking at Waylon, Hope Williams’s eyes grew tender, and she couldn’t help but let a slight smile curl up at the corners of her lips.

Although he looked indifferent and detached, he obviously cared a great deal about Elder Lewis.

Otherwise, he wouldn’t be so meticulous.

It’s just that he was stubborn about it.

The four stayed with Elder Lewis until nightfall. Waylon ordered dinner to be brought in, and after dining with Elder Lewis, reluctantly, but under Elder Lewis's insistence, they took the kids home to rest early.

Hope Williams planned to stay the night with grandpa, but was refused by Elder Lewis.

"It's alright for me to be here alone, I have someone to look after me. You should go back and rest too. Don't forget you're the chief surgeon. You have to be well-rested to operate on me, right?"

The words of Elder Lewis made a lot of sense.

Waylon softly embraced Hope Williams's shoulders, his voice gentle, "Your main task is to rest well and perform the surgery. Staying here will just make the old man worry about you."

After some persuasion, Hope Williams agreed to go back with Waylon Lewis, but she didn't know why she'd felt a bad premonition all day.

She felt empty and uneasy inside.

It was really an unpleasant feeling.

Before leaving the sickroom, Hope Williams looked back at Elder Lewis with a furrowed brow. Elder Lewis waved at her with a kindly smile.

Hope Williams nodded, responded with a faint smile, turned around, and closed the sickroom door. Seeing her disturbed expression, Waylon knew what she was thinking and comforted her in his deep, mellow voice, "Don't worry too much, trust in your abilities."

Hope Williams's worry didn't diminish, "It's not that, I just feel uneasy inside, and I don't know why."

"Are you putting too much pressure on yourself?"

Hope Williams took a deep breath, "Maybe."

"Don't think too much. Set those thoughts aside for now. Go back and get some good sleep. Only then will you have the energy for tomorrow."

Hope Williams nodded. Perhaps she really was being too sensitive. She reached into her pocket to feel for her phone, but it wasn't there.

It must have been left at Old Master Lewis's.

Hope Williams halted in her steps, "My phone must be left at Grandpa's, you go ahead to the car with Luke and Willow."

With that, Hope Williams turned and hurried back to the ward.

At that moment, a pair of malicious eyes from the shadows were closely watching Hope's retreating figure and silently followed her.

Hope hurried back, her hand gripping the doorknob, and the moment she opened the door,
a sharp scream rang out from behind her, "Hope Williams!"

Hope's brow tightened, giving her no time to react to anything, a strong gust of wind blew at her from behind.

In the moment Hope slightly turned her head, a scalpel swiftly grazed past her cheek.

Hope started, her heart suddenly racing.

"Hope Williams, you made me suffer like this, don't you think you can get away with it."

Beneath the black duckbill cap were a pair of eyes filled with malevolence, staring at her like a vengeful ghost.

As the voice faded, Ellie Field raised her hand again, the scalpel slashing in front of Hope's neck.

"Ellie Field, have you gone mad!"

"I have gone mad, all thanks to you, I'm already like this, I have nothing to care for anymore, so I will destroy what you care about, I want you to be in agony just like me."

Saying so, Ellie Field suddenly pushed Hope Williams, who's pupils constricted, and she immediately raised her hand to block Ellie Field.

Ellie Field, with the desperation of one with nothing to lose, flailed the knife wildly.

Hope's right arm was viciously slashed, blood flowing freely in an instant.

Hope furrowed her brows, she already knew what Ellie Field was planning, and disregarding the pain in her hand, she bit down hard and charged forward.

"What are you doing?"

The nanny caring for Elder Lewis saw the bloody knife in Ellie's hand, panic flashing through her eyes as her whole body started trembling.

“Get out of the way.”

The nanny was powerless and frightened, completely unable to resist.

Ellie Field curved her lips, “Hope Williams, I want to watch you in pain, I want you to end up just like me.”

As the voice dropped, she clenched the knife and thrust fiercely towards Old Master Lewis.

Hope Williams’s eyes widened as she grabbed Ellie Field’s wrist, her eyes chillingly cold, “Ellie Field, you’re seeking death.”

Ellie Field, gripping the knife, pressed down with all her might. Hope clenched her teeth, forcefully holding back as pain from the wound in her arm shot through her.

Her hand trembled continuously, and as the knife neared Old Master Lewis, the pain caused Hope’s hand to weaken.

“Go get help, go quickly.”

The nanny finally came to her senses.

“Hope Williams, die, die, just die.”

Ellie Field’s knife tip suddenly changed direction, pressing fiercely towards Hope, who was forced to retreat several steps.

“Someone... Quick, someone, there’s a murder, there’s a murder...” The nanny ran out desperately shouting.

Ellie Field, biting down hard on her molars and grimacing, held the knife and pressed harder towards Hope.

If people came, she would have no chance.

No, today either this old man or Hope Williams must die.

Elder Lewis pulled out the needle from his hand and struggled to get up from the bed.

“Let go of Hope Williams, you...”

Elder Lewis had always had trouble with his legs, he picked up his walking stick to support his body, and hurriedly, yet falteringly, went to help Hope.

Chapter 246: Chapter 246: The Old Man Faces More Danger Than Fortune Chapter 246: Chapter 246: The Old Man Faces More Danger Than Fortune Old Master Lewis grabbed Ellie Field's hand with all his strength and tugged, "Let her go, let her go..."

"You old fool, courting death."

Ellie Field's gaze hardened as she violently turned around.

"Don't..."

Hope Williams's pupils constricted drastically, but it was too late for her to intervene.

Only to hear a "swoosh" sound.

The blade effortlessly pierced through the thin fabric of the clothing, stabbing into the flesh and emitting a terrifying noise.

At that very moment, Waylon Lewis entered the room, his pupils suddenly contracting.

A harsh buzzing filled Hope's ears...

The air seemed to stand still.

The pristine white walls were splashed with a striking red from the blood, and the clock on the wall ticked loudly, as if counting down to the end of a life.

Only the sound of a body hitting the floor was heard, and before his mind could even react, Waylon rushed forward to support Old Master Lewis's body.

His deep eyes narrowed, sharply exuding a chill.

Almost the second after Ellie Field pulled out the knife, she violently and crazily aimed the sharp blade at Hope.

"Hope Williams, you die too..."

The next second.

A hand gripped her wrist fiercely, causing Ellie Field's body to tremble, her whole body engulfed by an intense premonition of death; her heart skipped a beat.

The man's gaze flickered like ghostly flames from the netherworld, radiating a terrifying chill.

"Crack" a sound made.

The noise of bones being crushed harshly resonated.

“Ah...” Ellie screamed like a slaughtered pig, as Waylon flung her aside with one hand, causing her to slam violently against the bed frame, pain flooding her mouth with a metallic sweetness.

“Operating room! Quick, to the operating room!” Hope knelt on the ground, pressing desperately against Old Master Lewis’s wound, shouting repeatedly.

The surrounding doctors didn’t dare delay, rapidly moving the hospital bed, and together they hoisted Old Master Lewis onto it.

“Doctor Williams, you are injured,” a doctor reminded Hope, frowning.

She was the lead surgeon.

But her hand was injured!

Blood had soaked her entire arm red, the amount indicating the depth of her knife wound.

“Bandage, stitch, quickly!” Hope did not dare delay for even a second.

“Okay, swiftly get the anesthesia,” a group of people clearly assigned their tasks.

“It’s too late, too late,” Hope shook her head desperately, she must perform the surgery on Old Master Lewis immediately, “Just stitch it.”

Anesthesia would take ten minutes to take effect, and with disinfection, stitching, and bandaging, it would take at least twenty minutes.

Old Master Lewis couldn’t wait that long.

“Just stitch,” Hope gritted her teeth, making this decision without hesitating for even half a second.

Several doctors looked at Hope in shock; stitching directly on the wound, without anesthesia, was unimaginably painful.

“Hurry,” Hope urged anxiously.

“Administer the anesthesia and treat the wound, another doctor can perform the surgery.”

An unyielding, icy voice emerged as Waylon emotionlessly grabbed Hope’s hand, “Administer the anesthesia and treat the wound now.”

Hope suddenly pulled back her hand, "The surgery must be done by me."

"You can't do it with that hand," Waylon gritted his teeth.

"I can," Hope's eyes tightly focused on Waylon, "I can, Waylon Lewis, you have to trust me, I really can, only I can perform this surgery."

Waylon's eyes swirled like a storm, seething rage burning as though it could obliterate everything.

Hope knew he was deeply pained by her injuries, and more anxious for Old Master Lewis.

Hope was also anxious.

So this matter was beyond dispute; once Hope decided on something, no one could change her mind, not even Waylon.

"Stop the bleeding, disinfect, quickly!"

Hope commanded coldly, glancing at the nearby doctors.

Just that one look had the previously indecisive doctors immediately react; they bit down and came over to treat her wound.

"Doctor Williams, it will be very painful, bear with it."

"Mm," Hope clenched her teeth.

The deep knife wound shockingly stretched across her delicate arm, and as the disinfectant touched the wound and the needle pierced through the flesh, she instinctively trembled with pain, her hands clenched into fists turning white, yet she didn't retract them because of the pain.

Waylon's eyes were full of pain as he placed his hand on her shoulder, his deep, dark eyes fixed on her wound, unable to move.

Each time Hope trembled slightly, Waylon's hand hanging by his side tightened even more.

It took only a few minutes to treat the wound, yet to Waylon, it felt as long and enduring as a century.

Hope's face, covered in cold sweat, showed no sign of relief as she stood up and looked back at Waylon.

The subdued Ellie Field on the ground let out a cold laugh.

“No surgery has ever defeated me, huh? Hope Williams, today I’ll let everyone see how their goddess Cynthia falls from grace. I want you to watch with your own eyes as your most respected grandfather dies on your operating table.

I want the memory to torment you for life.

Don’t worry, Hope, he won’t survive, hahaha.

Seeing your pain really makes me incredibly happy, I told you if I’m not okay, neither will you be.”

Ellie Field’s eyes, filled with malice, still stared venomously at Hope Williams and she shouted like a madwoman.

Hope Williams paid her no heed and immediately rushed into the operating room.

Inside the operating room.

The surgery had to be started ahead of schedule. Old Master Lewis had been stabbed unexpectedly and Hope Williams had to change the original surgical plan.

She looked at Old Master Lewis, who lay pale-faced on the operating table, and felt her heart tighten.

Outside the operating room, the Lewis family arrived in full force at the door of the operating room.

Alitzel Williams, still panting, rushed over and anxiously grabbed Waylon Lewis’ arm, “How is Old Master doing?”

Waylon Lewis, supporting Alitzel Williams, had an expressionless face, “He’s been stabbed in the chest and just went in an hour ago.”

Alitzel Williams’ eyes widened in disbelief, and she staggered. Fortunately, Waylon Lewis supported her, preventing her from falling.

“Hope Williams, where is Hope? Is she...”

“She’s inside.”

“But the call said she was injured in the arm.”

“She insisted on performing the surgery.”

Alitzel's face grew even more panicked. A major surgery was difficult enough, but now with Old Master Lewis stabbed and Hope Williams injured, the surgeon's hands were undoubtedly crucial.

This was complicating an already difficult situation.

"How could this happen? Who did this?" Alitzel Williams was frantic.

Everything had been fine before she left, but now everything had changed drastically.

Alitzel Williams covered her mouth, sobbing uncontrollably.

"Your family is really something, Old Master Lewis is with you and yet he is both seriously ill and stabbed. Is this how you take care of him?"

In the midst of chaos, there is always someone who incites more trouble. Isaiah Lewis scoffed coldly and deliberately spoke up.

Once someone started speaking, a few other faint-hearted people also started chiming in.

"What if something happens to Old Master? How have you been taking care of him? Did you even care at all?"

"Old Master Lewis is already of such an age, with severe heart problems, and now he's been stabbed. I fear it looks more bad than good. This is your family's responsibility."

"Yes, right, Old Master Lewis favored your family the most, giving all the good things to you, and now you, ironically, have killed him. If Old Master really passes away, we might need to redistribute the inheritance..."

"All of you shut up, grandfather isn't dead yet. Say another word, and I'll tear your mouths apart," Wyatt Lewis said with an icy demeanor.

"What did we say wrong, Wyatt Lewis? Didn't Old Master Lewis get into this mess under your care? Didn't he favorably give all the good things to your family? We need to rethink the distribution of his inheritance..."

A loud "bang" echoed.

The person speaking was suddenly flung against the wall.

Waylon Lewis raised an eyebrow and scanned the scene, his icy gaze solidifying the air around him.

Those who were shouting fell silent instantly, looking at each other, and quietly backed away from the man.

Old Master Lewis wasn't dead yet. Some things still couldn't be said outright. But if he died, especially under surgery by their daughter-in-law, then they would be indirectly culpable for his death. They would see how this family could stand tall after that.

The only ones pleased were Isaiah Lewis and his family. They had already stirred everyone up, just waiting for Old Master to die so everyone together with the company's shareholders could overthrow Waylon Lewis.

Just wait, it wasn't far off, good days were coming.

Director Woods and Elder Gray received the news and quickly arrived at the operating room door.

Seeing Elder Gray approach, Alitzel Williams hurried forward, crying, "Elder Gray, please save our Old Master Lewis."

"Mrs. Lewis, isn't Little Hope already inside?" Elder Gray frowned.

"But..."

Elder Gray, perhaps seeing Alitzel Williams's concern, took over the conversation.

"Not meaning to hide anything from you, though Little Hope is my disciple, her ability is not less than mine. If she isn't sure about this surgery, then I believe even if I took over, it would be very precarious."

"...It's not that I doubt Little Hope's abilities, it's just... her arm is injured, and I'm worried..."

Elder Gray narrowed his eyes slightly, a trace of concern fleetingly crossed his expression, but was quickly replaced by determination, "Since she chose to continue with the surgery, she must be confident. What we can do now is believe in her."

Inside the operating room, five hours later...

Hope William's cap was soaked with cold sweat, and her assistant had to wipe her forehead periodically.

This surgery was a tremendous test of the lead surgeon's physical endurance.

A keen-eyed doctor noticed faint crimson blood emerging from Hope William's injured arm.

The doctors exchanged glances, then looked at Hope Williams. Her focus was entirely on the task at hand, the surgical scalpel held steadily in her hand, cutting and stitching each step precisely and cleanly, nearly perfect.

They couldn't help but be deeply impressed.

Waylon Lewis still stood at the door of the operating room. Another two hours had passed.

Another nurse hurried out to fetch more blood packets.

Blood packets had been prepared before the surgery started, and this was the second time they were needed.

This indicated that Old Master Lewis's blood oxygen saturation was dropping, or he was bleeding heavily.

Alitzel Williams anxiously surrounded the nurse, "How is it? What's the situation inside now?"

The nurse quickly said, "Doctor Williams is still trying to save him."

Saving him!

Seven hours now!

Alitzel Williams's heart was fluctuating nervously, almost leaping to her throat.

The group around her, hearing this news, subtly curled their lips.

It seemed Old Master Lewis was truly about to pass away.

Chapter 247: Chapter 247: Achieved It Chapter 247: Chapter 247: Achieved It It seemed that the old master was really about to pass away this time.

"Ha ha ha, Hope Williams is so capable, isn't she? Why can't she even save her own family member? What kind of Cynthia is she?"

Don't worry, you'll get to claim that old man's corpse soon."

Ellie Field, who was being held on the side, let out a sinister cold laugh, her face almost maniacal.

Alitzel Williams bit her teeth fiercely, strode over, and slapped Ellie Field's hateful face, "You vile woman, it's all because of you, all because of you. Why did you harm our family's old master, why, you vile woman."

Ellie Field was still laughing obliviously, "To take revenge on you, to take revenge on Hope Williams. Why should only I suffer? I want to drag you all down with me, ha ha ha ha ha."

The piercing laughter enraged Alitzel Williams even more, and she fiercely slapped her twice more, "You just wait, the Lewis Family will never let you off."

"Beep! Beep! Beep!"

The machine emitted a cold alarm.

Hope Williams' brow twisted fiercely.

"Doctor Williams, the patient's blood oxygen saturation is continuously dropping."

"Doctor Williams, the patient isn't breathing..."

"Doctor Williams, the patient's heart has stopped..."

...

At nine in the morning, a group of people waiting outside the operating room, each with their own thoughts, were all exhausted, anxiously sitting in chairs.

After such a long time without any news, everyone knew that they might really need to prepare for the end.

Alitzel Williams didn't know how many tears she had shed.

Elder Gray and Director Woods both sighed helplessly, their faces full of melancholy.

Standing at the door, Waylon Lewis hadn't moved at all. He hadn't said a word throughout, his icy gaze fixed on that door.

Then, the door of the operating room opened.

Everyone stood up, eagerly awaiting.

Hope Williams slowly walked out from the operating room, her eyes lowered, and her face covered by a mask that hid all her emotions.

Waylon Lewis quickly stepped forward, raising both hands to support her, "How did it go?"

His voice was very soft, carrying a hint of cautiousness and an unnoticed gloom when he asked this question.

Perhaps he had his answer in his heart.

Hope Williams removed her mask, lifting her eyes to look at him, each movement showing extreme fatigue.

Waylon Lewis' dark eyes were profound and unlit.

"Waylon," Hope's voice choked.

People nearby had already started cheering in their hearts.

Alitzel Williams' heart felt cold, covering her chest as she staggered backward.

Hope Williams pursed her dry lips, "I did it, grandfather's surgery was successful."

Hope Williams' eyes were continuously moistening, tears falling heavily.

She did it, the grandfather was fine, the surgery was successful.

She wept for joy.

Waylon Lewis was stunned for a moment, then he suddenly pulled her into his arms, kissing her cheek vigorously, "Hope, thank you."

For nine hours, his girl accomplished the surgery everyone thought was impossible.

The old master's surgery was successful.

Alitzel Williams suddenly straightened up from Wyatt Lewis' support, looking at the two closely embracing people with smiles, she was taken aback...

"What did Little Hope just say?"

Wyatt Lewis excitedly responded to her question, "Grandfather's surgery was successful, sister-in-law saved grandfather."

Alitzel Williams hadn't snapped out of the huge disparity.

"Really?"

“Really!”

Alitzel Williams blinked furiously, overcome with tearful happiness.

“How is that possible?” Isaiah Lewis widened his eyes, froze on the spot, completely disbelieving the news.

The surrounding families were also looking at each other, their plans foiled, their expressions uncontrollably showing disappointment.

“It’s impossible, impossible, how could she manage that, she must be lying, she’s deceiving you, that old man must be dead, she’s lying.”

Ellie Field couldn’t accept the fact; all the effort she had put in, she had gambled her own self, how could it not result in death.

“It’s not true, it can’t be, Hope Williams you are lying, aren’t you? You’re lying...”

Ellie Field suddenly rushed toward Hope Williams, grabbing her hand and demanding loudly.

Waylon Lewis raised his hand and immediately protected Hope Williams behind him, his gaze turning cold and distant the moment it shifted from her face.

“Mr. Lewis you have to believe me, this woman must be lying, she must be...”

Ellie Field violently fell to the ground, her head lifting in panic to look at the expressionless man.

Thomas Hughes immediately led people forward to detain Ellie Field.

“Take her to prison, take good care of her.”

The man coldly spat out a few words, and as Ellie Field tried to speak, Thomas Hughes ordered her mouth to be covered, and she was directly dragged away.

Waylon Lewis turned around instantly, only to hear the sound of a person falling behind him. He turned to see Hope Williams collapsing to the ground, her complexion deathly pale.

His heart sank suddenly, his strong arms immediately embracing her, his expression frantic, “Hope!”

The woman in his arms had her eyes tightly closed, her complexion terrible, her lips devoid of any color.

His hand touched her green surgical gown fabric, it was damp, and lifting his hand revealed a patch of blood.

Waylon Lewis' pupils abruptly constricted.

...

Hope Williams fainted due to excessive stress and fatigue, and her wounds on her hands caused significant blood loss.

When she woke, it was three in the afternoon.

Chapter 248: Chapter 248 Borrowing a Knife to Kill Someone Chapter 248: Chapter 248 Borrowing a Knife to Kill Someone When she woke up, it was three in the afternoon.

Miss Williams's butterfly-like lashes trembled gently, and her eyes were greeted by a pristine white ceiling. She tried to sit up straight, but Waylon Lewis quickly stepped over to support her.

"Do you still feel uncomfortable anywhere?"

Miss Williams looked up with a gentle smile, "Much better. How long was I unconscious?"

"Not long, six hours."

"Okay." Miss Williams lifted the blanket, preparing to get out of bed.

"What do you want to do?"

Miss Williams blinked, "Go to the bathroom."

Waylon Lewis bent down and picked up Miss Williams, carrying her straight into the bathroom, and then reached out to pull down her pants.

Miss Williams was startled, a blush instantly flooded her cheeks, and she quickly held onto her pants, looking at him in surprise, "What are you trying to do?"

She was still injured; he didn't have to be such a beast...

Waylon Lewis met her gaze, Miss Williams blinked and looked at him. His eyes were very calm, devoid of any desire.

Miss Williams paused, and Waylon Lewis curled his lips into a smile.

“What do you think I want to do?”

Miss Williams shyly dodged his gaze twice. Him starting to take off her pants, it was natural for her to have misconceptions.

Waylon Lewis looked down at her hand gripping her pants tightly, stretched out his hand to hold her small hand, and said with increased gravity, “The wound has already torn open once. If you want to continue ending up on the operating table, stop exerting yourself now.”

“I can do it myself, I can.” Miss Williams waved her hand, signaling Waylon Lewis to go out.

“You are my wife, what’s there to be shy about me helping you use the restroom?” Waylon Lewis said with a helpless smile, “Call me when you’re done.”

“Okay.”

Miss Williams sighed with relief, but just as she had finished using the bathroom and washed her hands, Waylon Lewis came in again. He carried her out of the bathroom, placed her back on the bed, and covered her with the blanket.

Miss Williams...

It wasn’t just about moving her hands; she didn’t even have the privilege to move her own feet now.

“Waylon Lewis, I only injured my hand, my legs are fine, I can walk. The injury on my hand isn’t serious either, I can move it myself,” Miss Williams said helplessly.

“The doctor said your body is weak.”

That meant she wasn’t allowed to do anything.

Miss Williams touched her forehead.

“Are you hungry?” Waylon Lewis’s voice was very low, his tone exuding extreme tenderness.

Miss Williams licked her lips, “A bit.”

Waylon Lewis walked to the table, his slender fingers picked up a small bowl and spoon, and poured some porridge previously prepared in an exquisite insulated box.

Waylon Lewis didn't hand the bowl to her; his handsome large hand supported the side of the bowl, his fingers pinching the spoon to scoop up the porridge, cool it down with a blow, and then brought it to her mouth.

"It's not hot," he reminded, meaning it was safe to eat.

Seeing the man looking at her with serious concern, Miss Williams curved her lips into a smile, feeling a warm sentiment wash over her heart, and obediently opened her mouth to eat.

"How is Grandpa doing?"

"He's recovering well, woke up once and has gone back to sleep, Elder Gray is keeping watch, you can rest assured."

"But I want to go see Grandpa."

Waylon Lewis continued to bring the porridge to her mouth, "You need to rest."

"I'm not feeling bad anymore."

"First finish the porridge."

Miss Williams pursed her lips.

"Sister-in-law."

A call came from the doorway of the sickroom, Miss Williams slightly furrowed her eyebrows.

Wyatt Lewis and Aria Richardson came in with two little ones.

"Why did you all come?"

"We heard you fainted, I was scared to death. Let me see where you are hurt," Aria Richardson said with worry, trying to pull Miss Williams's hand in a fluster, only to be stopped by a chilling gaze slashing across like an ice blade.

Aria Richardson raised her hand, froze, and glanced out of the corner of her eye to see the source of that look.

Her body stiffened, and with an awkward turn, she retracted her gaze, placing her hands down in embarrassment.

" ... "

Seeing Aria Richardson's rigid expression, Miss Williams turned her head to glance at Waylon Lewis and glared at him, then reassured Aria Richardson, "Don't worry, I am fine, much better now."

The two little ones' concern was evident as they leaned on the edge of Miss Williams's bed, their eyes blinking filled with heartache and worry, "Mommy, are you still hurting?"

Miss Williams raised her uninjured hand and gently rubbed the little heads of her beloved children, softly saying, "Babies, don't worry, mommy isn't hurting anymore..."

"First finish the porridge." Waylon Lewis's long fingers holding the spoon continued to move the porridge towards Miss Williams's mouth.

Hope Williams paused as she looked at the few people surrounding her.

"What's wrong?" Waylon Lewis asked, lifting his gaze toward her.

"...Waylon, maybe I should eat by myself."

It didn't seem to bother Hope when it was just her and Waylon alone.

But now, with so many onlookers, having Waylon feed her made Hope somewhat embarrassed.

"No."

Hope looked helplessly at Waylon and then swept her gaze over the people gathered in front of her.

Detecting something, Waylon's cool gaze swept over the few people, the chilliness dissipating, and Wyatt Lewis, jolted, picked up Baby and took Aria Richardson by the hand.

"Brother, you guys carry on, we'll go out first."

When it came to escaping from Waylon Lewis, nobody could beat Wyatt Lewis.

"..."

After finishing her porridge, someone knocked on the door to the hospital room.

Hope said faintly, "Come in."

Vivia Fuller walked in with a bouquet of flowers, and upon seeing her, Hope's expression chilled instantly.

“Miss Williams, I heard you were injured. Are you okay? Is it serious?” Vivia casually put down the flowers, her smile seemingly gentle and harmless.

“Miss Fuller sure is well-informed,” Hope, holding a cup of warm water, lifted her hand to her lips and took a gentle sip.

Vivia smiled slightly, “I came to visit Grandpa Lewis. I only learned about Miss Williams’ injury from my aunt.”

“Oh, is that so?” Hope nodded meaningfully. “Then I misunderstood. I thought Miss Fuller had purposely sent someone to spy on me.”

Vivia’s eyes flickered imperceptibly as she involuntarily glanced at Waylon beside her.

“...How could that be, Miss Williams is surely jesting.”

With a faint smile, Hope gestured as if to get out of bed, and Waylon immediately came over, lifting his hand to support her.

“I want to get out of bed and move around a bit. It’s uncomfortable lying down for too long.”

Waylon didn’t stop Hope, and quietly bent to pick up her slippers, one by one helping her put them on before helping her up.

Vivia’s pupils suddenly constricted, watching this scene in disbelief.

Was the man who had just bent to put shoes on for a woman really Waylon Lewis?

Vivia remembered Waylon as a man who was too proud and aloof to ever bend for anyone.

Watching him take such meticulous care of Hope, being extra cautious as if afraid she might bump or fall, filled Vivia’s eyes with nothing but endless envy and hatred.

How did Hope Williams deserve this?

How did this woman without any family background deserve such a good man?

In her mind, in this world, only she, Vivia Fuller, was worthy of this man!

Filled with unwillingness, Vivia clenched her fists tightly.

Hope, lifting her head unconsciously, saw the venom in Vivia’s eyes. Her delicate eyebrows raised, a deep chill settled in.

Turning to Waylon, Hope spoke tenderly, “I have some things I’d like to discuss alone with Miss Fuller, Waylon, could you step out for a bit?”

There was a hint of pleading in her soft voice.

Waylon cast a cold glance at Vivia then nodded at Hope, “I’ll just be outside.”

“Yes, go ahead.”

After Waylon had left, only Hope and Vivia remained in the originally spacious hospital room.

Vivia glanced at the tightly closed door then turned back to face Hope, her eyes instantly filled with coldness, no longer bothering to pretend.

She crossed her arms in front of her and looked down at Hope with arrogance, lifting her chin, “What is it? Speak.”

“You’ve got quite the scheme, Miss Fuller,” Hope said, her clear black and white eyes icily fixated on Vivia.

Vivia’s eyes narrowed slightly, “What do you mean?”

“Ellie Field was your doing, wasn’t she? You instigated her, didn’t you?” Hope got straight to the point.

Vivia’s brows furrowed in an instant as she glared at Hope and retorted, “What are you talking about? I don’t understand a word, Hope Williams, don’t try to slander me. I am not Ellie Field.”

Hope’s lips curled coldly, “Slander? Vivia, where do you get the nerve to accuse me of slander?

At first, you helped Ellie. She ‘committed murder,’ and you ‘disposed of the body,’ helping her, simply using her as a tool to eliminate me.

Unfortunately, she was exposed in public, and at that point, you wanted to abandon her, yet the blame still managed to reach you.

Failling the first plan, you again thought to use Ellie’s resentment and unwillingness towards me and came up with another scheme to use her as a pawn—Ellie going mad and killing me would be perfect, or even injuring Grandpa Lewis to the point of severe injury would suffice.

You devised three perfect plans: either I die, Grandpa Lewis dies, or Grandpa Lewis is critically injured and dies during my surgery. In that case, I would become the indirect murderer, and you intended to use this opportunity to drive me out of the Lewis Family.

No matter what happened here, you would win.

Vivia, you think you're so clever, believing that even if Ellie truly were exposed, no one would suspect you."

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor #Chapter 249 - 249 249 Accidentally Disgusted Oneself - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 249 - 249 249 Accidentally Disgusted Oneself

Chapter 249: Chapter 249 Accidentally Disgusted Oneself Chapter 249: Chapter 249 Accidentally Disgusted Oneself Hope Williams's voice resonated with conviction, as Vivia Fuller stared at her intently, her hands gripping her clothes and glaring at Hope with resentment.

There was no denying it, this woman had guessed everything correctly.

That was indeed what Vivia had thought.

Every scenario she had envisioned, she had come out on top.

But fate was cruel. Even as Grandpa Lewis sustained grave injuries, teetering on the brink of death, she, the lead surgeon, suffered such severe injuries herself.

Yet she managed to endure a nine-hour surgery and brought Grandpa Lewis back from the edge.

Vivia Fuller had calculated every outcome, except for this one.

Just a little bit more, it was just a small margin, and she would have won.

Damn it.

Vivia's eyes were filled with bitterness as she glared at Hope Williams.

What did it matter if Hope had figured it all out now? These were mere speculations; she had no evidence to prove any connection between her and the incident.

So Vivia wasn't afraid of Hope. Even if she told others, without Vivia admitting to it, it would remain just speculation.

Vivia lifted her chin, scoffing, "I didn't do anything. What nonsense are you talking about? How could I ever wish for Grandpa Lewis's death? I treated him like my own grandfather..."

The mockery in Hope's eyes deepened, "Treated him like your own grandfather? Vivia Fuller, you're someone who wouldn't hesitate to use and discard even your own sister. Don't you think it's laughable to say such a thing to me?"

Vivia persisted defiantly, "I don't care what you say. I never thought of harming Grandpa Lewis. And stop spouting nonsense. I didn't do anything; it was all Ellie Field's doing."

Vivia had been cautious during her meetings with Ellie Field, making sure to send everyone else away, so she didn't believe that Hope had any evidence proving that she had instigated Ellie.

"Ellie Field doesn't know anyone else here. Without help, she couldn't have left her own ward, and without help, she couldn't have reached Grandpa Lewis's ward," Hope spoke as she held a cup in her hand, advancing a couple of steps leisurely.

She looked down coldly at Vivia due to her height advantage.

"So Vivia, what else do you have to say?"

With the situation laid bare by Hope, Vivia stopped pretending and admitted with a proud curl of her lips, "So what? Yes, I admit it was I who instigated Ellie Field. That idiot was determined to kill you, and with just a few insinuations, she was willing to die for my cause. Now you know, so what..."
Hope lifted her teacup.

With a "smack," she flung the entire cup of water right at Vivia's arrogant face.

Caught completely off guard, Vivia was splashed in the face, and with the force Hope used, the tepid water felt like a slap.

Stunned, water dripped down Vivia's face, and her carefully styled long hair drooped limply over her shoulders.

Vivia's body couldn't help trembling violently.

"I am one to hold grudges," Hope said. "If you target me, or the people closest to me, you better be prepared to pay the price. This cup of water is just to wake you up, to realize the reality that what isn't yours is not yours to take. Even if it's something I care about or not, I'll make sure you end up just like Ellie Field."

Hope slammed the cup down onto the glass table with a “bang.”

“I might not have proof of your involvement with Ellie Field, but you better watch your back. If I catch you slipping up, you’re finished.”

Her slender fingers wrapped around the teapot as she leisurely poured herself another cup of warm water.

Eyes ablaze with anger, Vivia charged at Hope and violently grabbed her arm, “You wench...”

Hope’s lips curled slightly, and her bright eyes shifted just as she let go of the cup, which smashed heavily onto the floor, shattering with a piercing sound and breaking into pieces.

“You...” Vivia’s eyes widened in shock at Hope, but before she could react, the woman in front of her had already fallen to the ground.

At that moment, Waylon Lewis, hearing the noise, immediately pushed open the door and entered.

His gaze fell on Hope collapsed on the floor, his eyes narrowing, then flicked to Vivia, his chilling gaze amplifying tremendously.

“It’s not... It’s not like that...” Vivia stammered, desperately trying to explain.

But the man had no intention of listening. He strode forward, bent down, and lifted the fallen woman in his arms.

Hope didn’t quite know how she had managed the act, but the moment she saw Waylon enter, tears were already swirling wildly in her eyes.

Biting her lip, she looked vulnerable and aggrieved, yet a cunning glint passed through her eyes.

“Husband, my foot hurts. Miss Fuller, why did you push me...”
Hope’s voice was so whiny she could have gagged.

Vivia glared at Hope, incredulous, “You’re lying. I didn’t push you; you fell on your own. You’re just trying to frame me... Brother Waylon, you mustn’t believe this woman...”
Vivia’s expressions lost control as she frantically tried to defend herself, but the man only had eyes for the woman in his arms, his gaze frosty.

“Husband, I believe Miss Fuller didn’t mean to push me...”

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Vivia Fuller's eyes blazed with fury, "You whore... It was clearly you..."

"Get out," Waylon Lewis said coldly.

Vivia stood petrified, staring at Waylon, frozen in place, daring not to move.

Waylon's expression grew darker as his piercing gaze bore into Vivia.

Vivia opened her mouth, but no words came out; knowing full well she had no excuses, she clenched her molars in rage and glared at Hope Williams.

Hope's brows arched slightly, a mischievous smile that didn't belong to her reflected in her beautiful eyes.

Vivia gnashed her teeth in hatred and stormed out.

Waylon carried Hope back to the bed, his large hand holding her little foot in his palm and asked with a somber face, "Where does it hurt?"

Hope curbed the mischievous smile on her face, "It doesn't hurt; I was pretending."

Waylon's brows lifted slightly as he looked at her, a resigned smile in his deep eyes, "Cheeky."

"Ugh, isn't this what they all love to do? Whoever is the most vulnerable is the one favored. I'm just punishing them in the way they like. How was it? Did I seem like a femme fatale just now?" Hope said with a smile.

Waylon looked at her cunning expression, a resigned smile flickering in his dark eyes, "You don't need to do this; I would unreservedly take your side anyway."

Hope's heart fluttered, and her eyes blinked gently, "Even if it's really my fault?"

"The wrong is also right."

Hope nodded with a smile, "Then what if we argue in the future and I am the one at fault?"

Waylon ran his hands through her soft hair, "I would certainly be the one to apologize."

Hope beamed, nodding in agreement, "Very enlightened of you."

"Deserving of praise?"

Hope was noncommittal, "Deserving of praise."

"How should you be praised?"

Hope paused.

"Hm?" His questioning tone carried a hint of playfulness; his gaze was intense, with a strong offensive.

Hope felt a shock at the bottom of her heart and instinctively tried to retract her foot that he still held.

The man showed no sign of letting her go, and seeing her efforts futile, Hope raised her eyes to look at him.

Waylon smiled wickedly.

"Can't think of anything?"

Hope bit her lip, "Why do you always overstep when given an inch..."

As Hope's words fell, the man leaned down.

Hope's eyes widened as she was kissed, her long eyelashes trembling.

The kiss was brief.

Waylon reached out and smoothed Hope's hair, his fingertips grazing her cheeks, "That's the kind of praise that satisfies."

"...You're really quite..."

"Quite what?"

"Shameless."

"..."

Waylon licked his lips, his eyes lowered in a quiet chuckle.

Hope slightly frowned, shifting her gaze away from him, "I don't want to be with you anymore; I'm going to see Grandpa."

Hope stood up, and Waylon didn't stop her; instead, he took her hand, "I'll join you."

Hope didn't refuse.

In Grandpa's hospital room, Alitzel Williams and Christopher, who had just returned, sat with him. Although the old man hadn't woken up yet, his complexion had significantly improved.

Alitzel and Christopher sat on the sofa, incessantly praising Hope, afraid that Christopher was still not satisfied with Hope as his daughter-in-law.

Christopher's expression was indifferent, holding a newspaper without much to say, occasionally muttering an agreement.

Alitzel was somewhat annoyed, "I'm talking to you, don't just brush me off! Little Hope and Waylon have remarried, and she has borne two lovely children for the Lewis Family. This time, Little Hope has even saved the old man; she's truly our Lewis Family's Lucky Star. I've decided she's my daughter-in-law, so when you see her, don't give me any attitude, got it?"

"I get it. Little Hope, Little Hope; since I've been back, you've gone on about it hundreds of times," Christopher massaged his temples, his face a picture of helplessness.

"I'm just worried you're being obstinate again. Weren't you the one who was so keen on setting up Waylon with Vivia Fuller!" Alitzel Williams rolled her eyes in exasperation.

Christopher Lewis's face darkened.

"What's wrong with Vivia Fuller? She's going to be the future head of the Fuller Family, comes from a distinguished background, and has been involved in business from a young age. She's very capable, and she's interested in Waylon. If she became Waylon's wife, it would be of great assistance to him."

Christopher Lewis raised his hand to pick up the teacup in front of him and took a sip. Seeing him deep in thought, Alitzel Williams became even more speechless.

"In the end, you still prefer Vivia, looking down on Little Hope. Weren't our prejudices against her enough before? Now you're still holding on to your biases."

"She has no family background!" Christopher said heavily.

Alitzel Williams pursed her lips, a flash of anger rising on her face, and she stood up abruptly from the table, "Family background, family background, someone without a family background isn't good enough for the Lewis Family, is that it? If I didn't have a family background back then, would you not have married me?"

Christopher Lewis turned to glance at the old man in the hospital bed and pulled Alitzel Williams down to sit, "Why are you getting so worked up? Sit down, I didn't say that..."

“That’s what you mean, isn’t it? What? You think being in the Lewis Family really puts you above everyone else? Every day I have to face that big bunch of your relatives, especially your older brother’s family. When have they ever considered me, with them being the Big Boss? I’ve been accommodating to keep the family harmonious, giving in all the time until they’ve started walking all over me.”

Alitzel Williams was fuming with anger.

Christopher Lewis frowned deeply, a ripple of irritation crossing his eyes, “Enough! Stop talking about it, we’re getting nowhere. It’s all family; why create a fuss? Your father has already kicked the older brother’s family out of the Lewis Family. What more do you want?”

Alitzel Williams’s eyes widened in astonishment, “What do you mean? Christopher, make yourself clear. Are you saying they shouldn’t have been kicked out? They provoked me and Hope Williams, and it’s wrong for us to fight back?”

“Can’t we discuss things calmly, without resorting to violence?”

Alitzel Williams burst into rage, looking at Christopher incredulously, “They started the physical fight, why don’t you go and scold them?”

Christopher was also incensed, standing up suddenly, “I can’t be bothered to talk to you...”

“You!” Alitzel Williams clutched her chest, gasping for breath.

Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis opened the door and came in, just in time to hear the two arguing. Hope Williams looked back at Waylon Lewis, who seemed indifferent, as this appeared to be normal to him.

“What happened to mom?” Hope Williams keenly sensed Alitzel Williams turning away to secretly wipe tears.

“Little Hope, ah, your mother and you, we just have bad luck, none of those men are any good...” Alitzel Williams’s eyes brimmed with tears.

Waylon Lewis raised his handsome brows slightly, “Speak for yourself, don’t include her.”

Alitzel Williams’s mouth twitched, Christopher Lewis cast a deep look at the group, then turned to leave.

Alitzel Williams, “Look at him, that’s his attitude!”

“Can’t you just be a bit more considerate towards her?” Waylon Lewis took a step to block Christopher’s way.

Christopher, fuming with anger, his whiskers bristling, pushed Waylon aside and strode away.

“Mom, what in the world is going on?” Hope Williams asked softly.

Alitzel Williams bit her lip and looked at Hope Williams, feeling increasingly sorry for her.

Such a good girl, how could she have been so blind before to have so many prejudices against her.

Alitzel Williams patted Hope Williams’s hand, “Little Hope, your mom will certainly stand up for you. Your wedding with Waylon must be a grand affair; I want everyone to know that you are the daughter-in-law of the Lewis Family.

If that boy ever bullies you in the future, just tell me and I’ll take you away from this place!”

The phrase about running away from home was said by Alitzel Williams with a fierce momentum, yet with a hint of nonchalance, as if it wasn’t the first time she had done something like this.

Hope Williams was momentarily stunned, then, realizing, she couldn’t help but find it a bit funny and looked up at Waylon’s somber handsome face.

Waylon Lewis pulled Hope Williams close to him, his dark eyes filled with urgency, “I won’t.”

“Don’t listen to him, men always make it sound good, your father said the same things to deceive me into his clutches,” Alitzel Williams said to Hope Williams, earnest and well-meaning.

Waylon Lewis, “Don’t compare me to him.”

“You’re his spawn, you might just have inherited his scumbag genes.” Alitzel Williams was adamant on the point, today she particularly wanted to pass on the experiences of a daughter-in-law from the Lewis Family to Hope Williams.

Waylon Lewis’s face turned even darker and sourer.

To think she was actively encouraging her own son’s wife to run away from home—she was really capable.

Waylon Lewis placed Hope Williams behind him, using his body to shield her from Alitzel Williams, fearing that Alitzel would brainwash, and thereby ruin, Hope Williams.

He lowered his head and looked at Hope Williams seriously, his gaze deep and sincere, "I won't, don't listen, don't learn, it will spoil you."

Hope Williams pursed her lips, somewhat conflicted, then spoke, "I think some of what mom said makes sense."

"..."

Alitzel Williams smirked, pulling Hope Williams onto her side, "Little Hope, you're the most sensible, come, let mom tell you..."

Alitzel Williams talked non-stop, while Hope Williams listened attentively, nodding in agreement.

Waylon Lewis's face looked as if it was about to drip ink, she was fighting with her husband, why encourage his wife to run away from home?