

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 251 – 256

251 Let me introduce my - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 251 - 251 251 Let me introduce my

Chapter 251: Chapter 251: Let me introduce, my granddaughter-in-law Chapter 251: Chapter 251: Let me introduce, my granddaughter-in-law Waylon Lewis's face was so dark that it could drip ink. She argued with her husband, so why incite his wife to run away from home?

...

A week later, Old Master Fuller had recovered very well and was able to get off the respirator. Hope Williams spent most of her time in the hospital, constantly observing Old Master Fuller's condition. Even though the surgery was successful and Old Master Fuller was no longer in danger, she did not dare to slacken at all.

Hope Williams sat beside Old Master Fuller's bed, meticulously peeling an apple with a small knife.

"Little Hope," Old Master Fuller sat up in bed and looked at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams looked up, "What's the matter, Grandpa?"

"Grandpa wants to thank you. If it wasn't for you, Grandpa this time would have really..."

Hope Williams pursed her lips, "Does Grandpa not consider me family?"

"How could that be, Grandpa how could I possibly not think of you as family."

Hope Williams cut the peeled apple into pieces, then handed them to Old Master Fuller, with a slight smile, "Since Grandpa considers me family, there's no need to say thank you between family members. Moreover, you were trying to save me, and Ellie Field came rushing because of me too—it was I who implicated you. "

Old Master Fuller shook his head, his expression tinged with bitterness, "Don't blame yourself, it's Grandpa who has gotten old and useless."

"Where has Grandpa gotten old? I haven't noticed," Hope Williams teased.

“You’re just sweet-talking,” Old Master Fuller said with a loving smile. “Let’s not talk about these things anymore, Little Hope. Before the surgery, we agreed that once Grandpa’s operation was successful, you and Waylon would get married. You can’t deceive Grandpa.”

“Of course I’m not deceiving Grandpa. But you haven’t fully recovered yet. When you do, you’ll have to be there to witness it in person,” Hope Williams said with a smile.

As she was chatting with Old Master Fuller, a knock sounded at the door.

Hope Williams’s smile faded as she went to open the door. At that moment, her delicate brows slightly raised, her expression immediately froze.

“How’s Elder Lewis recovering?”

It was Vivia Fuller helping Old Master Fuller come over. Old Master Fuller greeted Elder Lewis warmly upon seeing him.

After all, their families had been friends for many generations, and Elder Lewis also had known Old Master Fuller for who knows how many years. Even if there had been unpleasantness, the affection was still there.

Elder Lewis straightened himself and greeted with a smile, “Oh, what brings you here?”

“It’s all Vivia’s fault, she was so worried about you that she didn’t even tell me about your incident until now, leaving me only finding out at this moment. Vivia really ought to be punished,” Old Master Fuller said, smiling and nodding at Vivia Fuller.

Vivia stood aside, also responding with an apologetic smile, “I apologize, Grandpa. I didn’t consider everything thoroughly.”

Hearing the grandparent and granddaughter sing the same tune, Elder Lewis had to save face and laughed it off, “No harm done, Vivia was just concerned for you.”

“Yes, her heart is in the right place. You know how understanding and kind-hearted Vivia has been since she was little.”

Elder Lewis simply responded with a smile and did not speak.

Hope Williams slightly furrowed her brows. The first time she had met Old Master Fuller, she found this man inscrutable, a true smiling tiger.

And now he was praising Vivia Fuller left and right—what did that mean?

Seeing that Elder Lewis just smiled, Old Master Fuller continued to show concern, “How are you feeling now? Much better?”

Elder Lewis nodded, "Much better."

"That's great. Vivia has been really worried about you. These days, I've always seen her anxiously fretting. I had to ask her to find out it was because she was worried about you. You know this child, she has always admired you the most, even more than she does her own Grandpa."

Old Master Fuller said, pretending to be a bit jealous.

Elder Lewis looked past Old Master Fuller at Vivia Fuller and nodded with a faint smile, "She's thoughtful."

"Yes, the child certainly regards you as her own Grandpa..."

Old Master Fuller beat around the bush with a lot of words, but Elder Lewis just kept nodding and smiling, "Old man, just say what you want to say."

Old Master Fuller was slightly taken aback for a half second, then continued with a laugh, "Well, I've come to know this child's thoughts. As her grandpa, I always wish for my descendants' happiness and fulfilling lives. That's why I'm here to discuss with you about Vivia and Waylon's matter."

A chill flashed in Hope Williams's eyes. Here it comes.

"Vivia likes Waylon, and the two of them grew up together, sharing the affection of childhood sweethearts. I believe they understand each other better than anyone. Why not have our families become relatives by marriage, add more ties to our relationship."

"Grandpa..." Vivia Fuller called out shyly, seemingly not expecting Old Master Fuller to bring up this matter.

"Look, the child is even blushing."

The light in the depths of Hope Williams's eyes darkened for a moment. She, as Waylon Lewis's legitimate wife, stood right there, and yet Old Master Fuller dared to speak so directly—just how confident was he in his granddaughter?

The smile on Elder Lewis's face was gone without notice, and he raised his eyes to look at Hope Williams, stating directly, "Let me introduce you to my granddaughter-in-law, Hope Williams. She's the one who pulled me back from the brink of death. If not for her, you probably wouldn't have the chance to see me now. She is Waylon's wife, and just before you arrived, I was discussing with her about when to hold their wedding."

Elder Lewis purposely brought up Hope Williams in the conversation.

The implication was clear: Waylon Lewis already had a wife in Hope Williams, whom he also recognized as his granddaughter-in-law, meaning there was no opportunity for his granddaughters.

Old Master Fuller's gaze shifted, and with nothing but a look of surprise on his face, he asked knowingly, "Granddaughter-in-law?"

"Yes, my one and only recognized granddaughter-in-law."

Chapter 252: Chapter 252 One Causes Trouble, Another Indulges Chapter 252:
Chapter 252 One Causes Trouble, Another Indulges Old Master Fuller was slightly stunned and glanced up at Hope Williams, who stood silently beside him.

He had met this woman once before, a woman with methods, and he had also investigated her. She was a woman without power or influence, one with no family background, and such a woman was not worthy of the Lewis Family.

The more Old Master Fuller thought about it, the angrier he became. Just for such a woman, Waylon Lewis had refused his Fuller Family's precious daughter, which was an utter disgrace to the Fuller Family.

His granddaughter Vivia Fuller had the family history, the looks, and the abilities. He had even personally lowered his pride to come and discuss the matter, yet he found it incomprehensible why his offer was so categorically rejected.

Could it be simply because this woman had given birth to two children for the Lewis Family that he would have to assert such children were unworthy of inclusion in the Lewis Clan's genealogy?

The Lewis Family must have rust in their brains to accept such a woman, someone so mismatched in terms of social status.

Old Master Fuller gave another glance to Hope Williams and saw that the woman quietly stood her ground, prompting him to scoff disdainfully.

The scoff wasn't loud, but Hope Williams heard the contempt in it clearly.

Her delicate eyebrows arched slightly, and she seemed to understand where the haughty attitudes held by the Fuller sisters, Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller, came from.

Their Fuller Family's ethos were so imperious and self-important, as if their own people were of unsurpassable nobility.

Old Master Fuller sighed heavily. “Old Lewis, I still advise you to consider more thoroughly. When choosing a wife, one must choose wisely—someone who matches in terms of social standing to avoid unnecessary ridicule later on. I am confident in Vivia’s capabilities, and only my Fuller Family’s lineage could possibly match with yours. You should persuade Waylon, and please give it some more thought yourself.”

Old Master Fuller’s deliberate utterances in front of Hope Williams was tantamount to showing her no respect. Not only was Hope Williams affronted, but Old Master Lewis’s face darkened instantaneously, his body radiating with anger.

“If you accepted this woman just because of those two children, I can assure you, once Vivia marries into your Lewis Family, she will certainly treat them as her own.”

“It seems Old Master Fuller has considered everything for the Lewis Family. You’ve gone to great trouble, indeed. Your Fuller Family really lives up to the reputation of being nosy.”

Hope Williams spoke lightly, “I’m sure you have also thoughtfully prepared an exit strategy for me, haven’t you? Perhaps a generous sum of money I could never spend in a lifetime to make me leave the Lewis Family, correct?”

Her tone was mild, yet it carried a momentum impossible to overlook, with a tinge of sarcasm that displeased Old Master Fuller.

“Children should not interrupt when their elders are speaking. Is this the kind of upbringing one gets from an insignificant family?”

Old Master Fuller mocked her, his disdain stark.

“The Fuller Family’s revered upbringing couldn’t be that exceptional either, could it?” Hope Williams replied, her voice still gentle, as though it held no threat, yet it made one’s hands clench in rage.

Layers of coldness settled in Old Master Fuller’s eyes, and his towering anger dispersed.

Those long used to high positions always carried a potent sense of intimidation; a mere look could make one’s legs tremble.

Yet Hope Williams met Old Master Fuller’s gaze unflustered. He gritted his teeth, “You certainly have a sharp tongue.”

Hope Williams hooked her lips coldly, “I’ll take that as a compliment. Thank you for the praise, Old Master Fuller.”

“Humph.”

Old Master Fuller snorted heavily, the sound echoing with his anger.

Vivia Fuller, standing by the side, tightened her grip continuously, furious that this despicable woman had rendered her grandfather speechless.

“Miss Williams, I think that in any case, you shouldn’t keep backtalking in front of an elder.”

“Miss Fuller calls Waylon ‘Brother Waylon,’ so I suppose I am entitled to be called your sister-in-law. By that logic, I am your elder,” Hope Williams said with a cold smile, “So please, in my presence, keep your mouth shut.”

“You!” Vivia was furiously at a loss for words, unable to retort.

Old Lewis, lying silently on the hospital bed, sipped his tea without a sound, corners of his mouth lifting in amusement, indulgent of whatever Hope Williams said.

“Old Lewis, your granddaughter-in-law truly has no manners.”

“In the Lewis Family, the elders are never wrong, and the younger generations cannot refute them for their own sake.”

Grandpa Lewis chuckled, “Old Fuller, if you came especially to see me today, then I am very pleased. But if it’s for something else, there’s no need to open your august mouth. I indulge my own granddaughter-in-law. If you have any dissatisfaction, direct it at me. Don’t make it difficult for the younger ones.”

Old Master Fuller stood up angrily, his aged face so creased with anger that new lines seemed to form, and his mouth twitched with fury.

“The exception will be Little Hope and Waylon’s wedding, which will take place next month. If you are free, you are welcome to attend.”

After Grandpa Lewis spoke, he motioned to Hope Williams, “Little Hope, I’m tired and need to rest.”

Grandpa Lewis’s intention to see the guest out could not have been clearer.

Hope Williams went over, adjusted Grandpa Lewis’s hospital bed to a flat position, tucked him in with a blanket, and then, with neither arrogance nor servility, raised a hand towards the door and said, “Please.”

“Stubborn and foolish,” spat Old Master Fuller before stormily walking out of the hospital room with Vivia Fuller.

“This is outrageous, my Fuller Family’s daughter is apparently worth less than a coarse and vulgar woman in the eyes of the Lewis Family,” Old Master Fuller fumed.

Vivia Fuller pursed her lips and said helplessly, “Grandpa, don’t be angry. That woman must have used some kind of witchcraft, since even the Lewis Family has accepted her. Grandpa Lewis, I’m afraid, is also deeply bewitched by her, that’s why he acts this way.”

Old Master Fuller narrowed his eyes slightly, “I will have someone investigate her background. Sooner or later, the mask will slip. How are the negotiations with the Lewis Clan going?”

“They’re still in talks, but there shouldn’t be any big problems. We should be able to clinch it soon.”

Only then did Old Master Fuller nod in satisfaction, “Hmm, secure this cooperation first, let them see your capabilities, and by the time they regret it, it will be too late.”

Vivia Fuller obediently nodded, “Understood, Grandpa. I will do my best.”

...

It was a rare day when Hope Williams got off work early, so she stopped by Waylon Lewis’s company.

These days, she had been busy at the hospital during daylight hours and spending evenings with Luke and Willow, thus had somewhat forgotten about a certain CEO.

As usual, the receptionist lit up like she saw her own mother upon seeing Hope Williams and enthusiastically greeted her, then personally escorted her to the elevator.

In the vast office, Waylon Lewis was sitting at his desk in a video conference.

Hope Williams approached his office door and gently knocked.

Seeing the door was unlocked, Hope Williams went straight in.

The man looked up with his cold eyes.

Hope Williams’s gaze just happened to collide with Waylon Lewis’s icy stare.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, pausing for a moment.

When he saw the woman who briefly paused, the expression in Waylon Lewis’s eyes instantly dissolved.

In its place was a faint surprise and delight.

"I knocked and saw the door was unlocked, so I came in. Did I disturb you?" asked Hope Williams in a gentle voice.

Waylon Lewis gestured for her to come closer, and after saying something in fluent French to the person on the computer, he shut the laptop.

Pulling Hope Williams by the hand, Waylon sat her in his embrace very candidly and nodded, "I was in a meeting."

Chapter 253: Chapter 253 The Woman in Waylon Lewis's Restroom Chapter 253: Chapter 253 The Woman in Waylon Lewis's Restroom I guess that means I'm being a nuisance.

Hearing the man's response, Hope Williams stood up from his lap. "Then I'll be on my way."

Waylon Lewis smiled helplessly, caught her wrist, and pulled her back into his embrace. Holding her small hand, he asked, "Does it still hurt?"

Hope pursed her lips, not looking at him, and answered, "It's almost all better now. You can go back to being busy, I'll be on my way."

Seeing her really about to get up and leave, Waylon Lewis smiled and tightened his arm around her waist. "I'm not busy now."

"Surprised you came. Did you get off work early today?" Waylon Lewis gently lifted his large hand to arrange her long hair.

Hope looped her hands around Waylon Lewis's neck, pursed her lips, and said, "Just missed you, so I came. It's rare that I think of you first thing after getting off work early, but someone wasn't too happy just now."

Saying this, Hope's voice carried a faint whiff of grievance.

Waylon Lewis smiled and affectionately kissed her lips, "Not at all."

"Yes, there was."

"Alright, my fault. How should I be punished?"

A mischievous smile flickered in Hope's pretty eyes. "How about making you sleep on the floor tonight?"

Waylon Lewis hugged her tightly. "Would you really be able to?"

"I would, indeed."

Waylon Lewis laughed. "Such a merciless woman."

Hope's slender arms were wrapped around Waylon Lewis's neck, her lips curling into a shallow smile that carried an unintentional and endless allure. "So you better not make me angry, or the merciless woman won't care if you find the floor cold."

Waylon Lewis smiled helplessly.

"Okay, I came to see you, but since you're busy, I'll head home."

Waylon Lewis wrapped his arm around the woman's waist without letting go, looking at her dissatisfied. "You're in such a rush to leave?"

"You were busy."

"When you're here, no matter how busy I am, I can stop."

Hope tugged at her lips. "Then wouldn't I become a seductress causing chaos?"

"I like it."

Waylon Lewis stared at her flushed lips for a long time before leaning down to kiss her, his arms tightening around her waist, drawing her entire body close to him.

Hope felt the heat radiating from his body through their clothes.

In the brief pause, the man's tongue tip had already skillfully pried open her teeth and swept over her sweetness.

Hope blushed, her grip on the man's hand unconsciously tightening. This was his office, with so many people passing by outside; what if someone came in?

Hope quickly pushed herself off Waylon Lewis's shoulders, pushing him away, her face burning red.

The unsatisfied Waylon Lewis looked at her in astonishment. "What's wrong?"

"This is your office, what if someone comes in?" Hope propped herself up on his shoulders to prevent him from doing anything else.

"They won't."

"Just in case, I should head home. You work hard."

Hope hurriedly stood up, grabbed her bag, and headed straight for the door, barely clutching the doorknob when a large hand appeared beside her, pressing the slightly open door shut.

The familiar breath enveloped Hope, the man's firm chest pressing against her back as he pulled her back into his embrace.

"Now that you're here, do you think you can leave so easily?"

The low, husky voice, full of seduction, rang in her ear. Hope bit her lower lip, sensing the impending danger and quickly said, "I still shouldn't disturb your work. Go on, work hard, ha."

Hope reached to pull the door, only to have it pushed shut again.

"Is work more important than me?"

Hope Williams's brow twitched.

In an instant, she felt weightless as the man easily swept her into his arms.

Unable to suppress a yelp, Hope found herself carried into his resting room.

Before she could react, her chin was hooked by the man's large hand, and Hope's eyes darted around in disarray.

Observing the woman's panicked demeanor, Waylon Lewis curled his lips with interest.

"No one will come in here."

"But..."

Silencing her protests, he tilted her head back with his hand and planted a warm kiss on the lips he had longed for.

Hope's heart trembled under his kiss as her defenses steadily crumbled.

At that moment, a knock sounded at the door.

"Boss, Miss Fuller is here." Vivia Fuller had arranged to discuss a project with Waylon Lewis.

The secretary and Vivia, hearing no sound from inside, furrowed her brows, "Are you sure Brother Waylon is in the office?"

The secretary nodded confidently; she hadn't seen the Boss leave, so if he wasn't in the office, where else could he be?

Vivia Fuller pursed her lips and, holding the document in her hand, said indifferently, "Alright, I understand, go ahead with your work."

The secretary glanced at the firmly closed office door. Without the Boss's permission, no one was allowed in, but Miss Fuller had an appointment.

Torn for a moment, Vivia had already pushed the door open and entered.

She surveyed the office and not finding Waylon Lewis anywhere, softened her voice and called, "Brother Waylon, are you there?"

Perhaps he was in the resting room. Vivia paused and, lifting her hand, she tidied her carefully groomed long hair and walked towards the resting room.

Just as she reached out for the doorknob, a tall figure emerged from inside.

"Waylon..." Vivia Fuller was taken aback.

The man was without his suit jacket, donning only a shirt. The crisp, white cuffs rolled up, revealing a solid forearm, and the collar was loosened, displaying wheat-colored skin.

Vivia Fuller's eyes widened, her grip tightening at the sight of faint lipstick traces at the corner of his mouth.

A wave of irritation surged in her chest as her head instinctively turned away towards the resting room, where she saw a delicate foot move on the bed.

Obviously, it belonged to a woman.

Shock flashed across Vivia's heart.

Before she could glimpse further, the man had already closed the door. Vivia quickly averted her gaze and looked up to meet Waylon Lewis's handsome and icy face.

He gave her a glance, his gaze piercing and chilling to the bone.

Vivia, panicking, realized this was the first time she had been so close to the man.

His icy aura enveloped her, completely mesmerizing her.

Knowing that Waylon Lewis had a woman in his resting room filled Vivia's heart with an inexplicable satisfaction.

At least he didn't solely belong to Hope Williams, which meant that if other women were possible, so was she.

She was well aware that a man like Waylon Lewis could never be content with just one woman in his lifetime; if she could marry him, she wouldn't mind if he had other women. This kind of man was beyond her control.

"What is it? Speak!" Waylon Lewis moved to his executive chair and sat down, lifting a hand to massage his temples, his face exuding an aura of being interrupted.

Vivia Fuller glanced at the closed door briefly, then hurried to Waylon's side and placed the document she had brought in front of him. Biting her lip, she tucked her hair behind her ear and leaned over; the neckline of her V-neck top slipped down further, exposing a tumultuous cleavage.

With alluring lips curled, Vivia seduced, "Brother Waylon, this document has been revised according to your instructions. Please take a look."

Chapter 254: Chapter 254: Hope Williams Explodes Chapter 254: Chapter 254: Hope Williams Explodes Vivia Fuller curled her red lips seductively, "Brother Waylon, I revised this document as you instructed, please take a look."

Waylon Lewis lowered his eyes, his slender fingers flipping open the document.

Vivia Fuller pursed her lips, straightened her body, and walked around the large office desk to Waylon's side. Bending over, she asked in a soft voice, "Brother Waylon, is there anything else that needs to be modified?"

Vivia Fuller's heart kept pounding; it was truly the first time she was this close to Waylon Lewis, inhaling the unique scent of this man, Vivia felt her desire to become his woman grow ever stronger.

She even thought, even if she were just his lover, she would be willing.

Thinking so, Vivia unconsciously placed her hand on Waylon's broad shoulder.

But in the next second, his gaze turned icy and piercing. He lifted his eyes, his gaze devoid of any warmth, chillingly swept over her.

Vivia Fuller was greatly startled.

His voice, dark and ominous, rang out.

"Stay away from me!"

Vivia Fuller's heart trembled; she hastily retracted her hand and took a step back in fright.

His gaze was so cold it seemed to freeze her to the bone.

Waylon Lewis, with a look of disgust, snapped the file closed, threw it onto the desk, and coldly commanded, "Get out."

"Brother Waylon—" Vivia's face turned pale; she didn't know what she did wrong to make him change his expression so suddenly.

She bit her lip, her eyes glistening with tears as she blinked steadily at Waylon.

She looked utterly pitiable.

"Brother Waylon, did I do something wrong? Or is there a problem with the project?"

"Get out," Waylon Lewis repeated, "Don't make me say it a third time."

His voice carried a bone-chilling coldness that clearly displayed his anger.

Vivia Fuller felt aggrieved. Was he really this angry just because she had gotten close to him?

But he clearly could be with other women, so why not her?

She, the esteemed Miss Fuller, had looks, figure, and family background. Even if she couldn't compare to Hope Williams in his eyes, could she really not match any of those other women?

Vivia Fuller felt deeply humiliated.

She refused to believe she held no allure for this man.

She clenched her teeth, stepped forward, and directly embraced Waylon Lewis, "Brother Waylon, I like you, let me be your woman, please? I really like you, I have everything Hope has, everything she can do, I can too..."

Before Vivia could finish, Waylon abruptly grabbed her hand and yanked her away from him.

Vivia Fuller stumbled back two steps before she managed to stabilize herself, and panic-stricken, she looked up at him, only to see a furious storm swirling in his eyes.

"Have you lost your damned mind?" Waylon Lewis spat, disgusted.

Vivia Fuller, shoved away so bluntly by him, froze where she stood, unsure how to react.

She felt an overwhelming sense of humiliation.

"I'm not crazy, Brother Waylon, I really like you. Why can you touch other women but refuse to touch me? How am I worse than them?" Vivia Fuller shouted.

"What did you say?" Waylon Lewis gritted his teeth.

"Isn't that the case? There's a woman in your resting room, you can touch other women behind Hope's back, why can't I?"

Vivia Fuller walked chaotically closer to Waylon again, "Brother Waylon, I also want to be your woman, even if... even as a lesser one, I am willing. Trust me, Brother Waylon, I am surely no less than Hope."

Waylon Lewis's brows twitched uncontrollably.

A chilling wind swept through the vast office.

Inside the resting room, Hope Williams had just adjusted her clothes and hadn't planned on going out, but then she heard the noise outside. Even without seeing, she could imagine what happened.

A coldness surged in her eyes as she stood up and strode out.

"Miss Fuller wants to sneak around with my man, and she didn't even ask if I would agree?"

Hope Williams leaned against the door, arms crossed, her face cold as she lifted her eyes to look at her.

Vivia Fuller's eyelids twitched fiercely twice, and slowly, reluctantly, she turned her head only to see the person she least wanted to see watching her.

Hope Williams!

Vivia Fuller felt something explode inside her instantly, shattering her pride.

The woman in Waylon Lewis's lounge was actually Hope Williams.

She had been there all along, hearing all her disgrace and humiliation loud and clear.

Vivia Fuller clutched her chest, feeling her breath becoming rapid, a suffocating sensation spreading continually across her chest.

Thinking of Hope Williams hearing her words, Vivia Fuller felt like she was about to break down.

“You...”

Vivia Fuller stared at Hope Williams but couldn't utter a word. Humiliated, she turned and ran quickly toward the door, not daring to look back even once.

Hope Williams coldly withdrew her gaze, turning to look at Waylon Lewis.

“Let's go home.” Waylon Lewis grabbed her wrist, his face still dark with anger.

The first thing Waylon Lewis did when they got home was to strip off his shirt and head into the bathroom to thoroughly wash off the scent of perfume from his body, only then did his complexion slightly improve.

Vivia Fuller went crazy, smashing things around in her room.

She had never felt as humiliated as she did today.

That bitch was in the room, yet she kept silent, probably just to make a mockery of her.

That bitch, despicable.

Vivia Fuller's eyes crazed with resentment.

“Ah! Go to hell!” She violently swept all the cosmetics off her dressing table.

Even that wasn't enough to vent the anger in her chest.

Old Master Fuller's face was grim as he walked up to Vivia Fuller's room, where a group of bewildered servants gathered. Seeing Old Master Fuller, they quickly stepped aside.

Old Master Fuller raised his hand to twist the doorknob but didn't open it; his expression grew even grimmer.

“Vivia Fuller, I'm giving you five minutes to get yourself together and come downstairs,” Old Master Fuller commanded in a deep voice.

Old Master Fuller sat down on the living room sofa with a document in front of him.

Vivia Fuller, not daring to disobey Old Master Fuller, sat down on the sofa with a cold face.

Old Master Fuller directly slapped the document in front of Vivia Fuller.

“This is the project document returned by the Lewis Clan, and they have officially notified us that they won’t be cooperating with us this time. Didn’t you say there would be no problem? What exactly happened?”

Old Master Fuller was furious, as this cooperation had been so important that he had entrusted it to Vivia Fuller.

He never expected that his most proud granddaughter would bring back a result of unequivocal non-cooperation.

What a capability!

How could she even have the face to go mad at home?

“Can you explain to me what happened?”

Vivia Fuller’s face turned pale as she looked at Old Master Fuller and suddenly knelt on the floor, crying out, “Grandfather, it wasn’t like that, it wasn’t like that. Brother Waylon had really already agreed...”

“Then tell me why he suddenly changed his mind?” Old Master Fuller slammed the table.

Vivia Fuller, kneeling, crawled closer to Old Master Fuller, grasping his hands, “It’s... it’s because of Hope Williams...”

Old Master Fuller’s deep eyes narrowed, “What does this have to do with that woman?”

Chapter 255: Chapter 255: Taking Punishment Voluntarily Chapter 255: Chapter 255: Taking Punishment Voluntarily Old Master Fuller’s deep-set eyes narrowed, “What does this have to do with that woman?”

“Grandpa, do you remember the quarrel we had with her at the hospital? After that, she immediately ran to Brother Waylon to complain. Brother Waylon was originally very satisfied with my proposal, but Hope Williams kept egging him on, and he listened only to her. Hope incited Brother Waylon not to cooperate with us, the Fuller Clan. She also said...”

Vivia Fuller bit her lip fiercely, as if she couldn’t bring herself to say what came next.

By this point, Old Master Fuller’s inner rage had reached its peak, and through gritted teeth, he asked, “What else did she say?”

“She also said that our Fuller Clan simply couldn’t measure up to the Lewis Clan, and that working with us was doing us a favor... Grandpa, that’s exactly what she said at the time, and that’s why Brother Waylon refused to cooperate with us.”

Vivia Fuller said loudly, fuming. Of course, she would never admit that it was her failed seduction of Waylon Lewis that had angered him and led to this outcome.

Vivia Fuller knelt on the ground, trembling, and after she finished speaking, Old Master Fuller slammed his teacup onto the table with a heavy thud.

“That woman is preposterous, daring to belittle the Fuller Clan like that! Who does she think she is? She’s indeed a deeply calculating woman.”

Vivia Fuller’s eyes were downcast, filled with unshed tears as she continued, “Grandpa, but I also have to blame myself for not securing the collaboration. It’s my fault. Punish me, it’s because I’m too incompetent to argue with that woman.”

Old Master Fuller glanced at Vivia Fuller with heavy eyes, a touch of sympathy rising in his heart.

It was all because Hope Williams had deliberately driven a wedge between them, and now Waylon Lewis was deeply trapped in it. It seemed that no matter how hard she tried, it would be to no avail.

Old Master Fuller sighed and helped Vivia Fuller to her feet, “Alright, stop crying. You can’t blame yourself for this. She intended to create trouble, and what could you do? But I really underestimated that woman’s capabilities.”

Wiping the tears from her face and sniffing, Vivia Fuller said, “I didn’t expect her to lack such an overall vision, to ruin the company’s collaboration for her selfish gains.”

Old Master Fuller huffed heavily, “I will have a talk with Christopher Lewis tomorrow and see if he still has any control over his son and daughter-in-law.”

A swift shade of malice flickered across Vivia Fuller’s face.

After dinner, Hope Williams was watching cartoons in the living room with the kids but noticed that Waylon Lewis hadn’t come down.

Luke and Willow looked curiously upstairs, “Mommy, why isn’t Daddy clinging to you anymore? Doesn’t he usually love to cling to you the most?”

Chewing on a strawberry, Hope Williams paused and unintentionally glanced upstairs herself before replying, “He’s probably also dealing with some annoying issues, ‘emo,’ you know.”

“‘Emo’?”

“It means he’s feeling depressed.”

“Why is he depressed? Did you bully him again, Mommy?” Luke asked curiously.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, thinking about how to answer Luke’s question, “He’s probably feeling bad about something he did wrong and is reflecting on it.”

“Sigh, Daddy just doesn’t learn, always messing up, not like Luke and Willow, who are so well-behaved.”

Hope Williams chuckled and ruffled the two soft little faces, “Yes, yes, you two are the best. Alright, my well-behaved children, it’s nine o’clock. Isn’t it bedtime?”

“But the cartoon isn’t over yet.” The two little ones were still engrossed and looked at Hope Williams with puppy-dog eyes.

Seeing their bright, imploring eyes, Hope Williams couldn’t refuse and indulgently agreed, “Alright then, but you must go to sleep after this episode is over.”

The kids’ eyes sparkled, and they quickly agreed, “Okay.”

With a tender smile, Hope Williams noted that the cartoon ended quicker than expected, and though not yet sleepy, the kids obediently went back to their room to sleep.

Hope Williams stayed with them for a while before returning to her own room.

In her room, she didn’t find Waylon Lewis; he was probably in the study. Without overthinking, Hope Williams switched off the lights, sat on the bed, and turned on a nightlight to wait for him.

A short while later, the door opened.

Hope Williams looked up and saw Waylon Lewis coming in with a blanket in his arms. She watched, puzzled, as he spread the blanket on the floor and lay down, the movement coming so naturally to him.

Hope sat up and looked down at him with a confused expression, “What are you doing? Why aren’t you coming up to the bed to sleep?”

“...I don’t deserve to.”

“...”

Hope tugged at her lips, “Is this some kind of self-imposed punishment?”

Waylon replied, "I'm trying to get off with a lighter sentence."

Seeing his pitiable appearance, Hope couldn't help but let out a chuckle, "I'm not blaming you, nor did I say it was your fault; you don't need to be so self-aware."

"You're angry."

"How can you tell?"

"Your look at me was very cold."

Hope blinked her eyes, realizing that it was because of that one look she had given him, he had been under the impression that she was angry over Vivia Fuller hugging him, so he had taken it upon himself to be punished.

Waylon's self-awareness brought a twinge of heartache to Hope.

After a moment's thought, Hope got down from the bed and snuggled into the makeshift bedding on the floor, deftly squeezing into his arms.

Caught off guard by her soft and fragrant embrace, Waylon lifted his head and kissed her on the jaw, then nestled into his chest and asked with a resigned air, "Can't I just be jealous?"

With his eyes deep as ink, Waylon stared intently at her and hugged her body tight, "You're only jealous?"

"Yeah, seeing another woman hug my man, of course I got jealous. At that moment inside, I really wanted to come out and tear Vivia Fuller apart, but then I thought about it being your company; it wouldn't look good to make a scene. Otherwise, it would just be a laughing stock."

Hope laughed, "So I chose the calmest method to handle it, and it worked quite well. Vivia Fuller was so embarrassed she could hardly find a hole to crawl into."

Waylon breathed a sigh of relief, tenderly stroking her hair, "My wife is the most sensible."

Hope licked her lips, thought of something, and sat up to straddle him. She bent over, playfully pinching Waylon's face with both hands, and leaned on him, staring intently into his eyes.

Waylon's heart skipped a beat at Hope's sudden action.

"Waylon Lewis~"

"Hmm?"

"I've come to realize your face really has the potential to be that of a playboy. Look at how many women are fond of you. Vivia Fuller is even willing to be your mistress. I bet if you weren't so wealthy, there'd be a bunch of rich women fighting to keep you."

"What did you say?" Waylon's eyebrows furrowed.

"A bunch of rich women fighting to keep you," Hope continued her candid remark, "But luckily you're wealthy. Otherwise, I wouldn't have the money to keep you, and you'd probably belong to someone else."

Waylon took her hand that was lightly pinching his face and held it, while his other arm wrapped around her body, pulling her even closer to himself.

"Should we then be thankful together that I'm wealthy?"

Seeing the exasperation in his eyes as she teased him, Hope burst into laughter, "Yes, we should be thankful."

Waylon lifted his hand and gently tapped her nose, saying with resignation, "You're such a tease."

After a moment of contemplation, Hope fearlessly continued to ask, "But Waylon, I'm quite curious, Vivia Fuller might be a bit off-putting, but she's got the looks and the body. How did you resist such a seductress throwing herself at you?"

Chapter 256: Chapter 256 Are You Satisfied? Chapter 256: Chapter 256 Are You Satisfied? "Or is it that you actually do have feelings, but you just don't have the guts because I'm here?"

Hope Williams tugged on Waylon Lewis's ear, her demeanor unreasonably questioning, but her tone not quite accusatory, instead it carried a hint of playfulness and charm.

Letting the woman do as she pleased, Waylon Lewis did not get angry but laughed instead, "Do you really want me to say it?"

Hope's retort caused Hope to pause, and after a moment, her little face turned furious. It couldn't be that he really had desires but no courage?

"Say it."

Waylon smiled, lowered her body close to his, and whispered close to her cheek with a deep and husky voice that slowly spilled out.

"I only have feelings for you, I only want you."

“ ... ”

Hope was taken aback, and then a flush of red spread across her face.

“Are you satisfied with that?” Seeing her reaction, Waylon curled his lips.

Hope stiffened, her gaze shyly darting away.

She had meant to tease Waylon, but she hadn’t expected to be counter-flirted by him.

“Hmm?”

Waylon’s dark, deep eyes looked at her, filled with tenderness and love.

Hope bit her lip, and under the man’s intense gaze, she slowly spoke, “... Satisfied.”

“What? I didn’t hear clearly.”

“I said! Satisfied!”

Waylon let out a low chuckle from his throat, smooth and rich to the ear, like the sound of a cello.

Hope was embarrassed by his teasing laughter, realizing she was not getting the upper hand, and quickly backed out, “I’m not playing with you anymore, I’m sleepy, going to bed.”

She hurriedly got off Waylon, but she was pulled back by the man with a tug, pressed against him, “You want to run after just teasing?”

“I really... I’m sleepy!”

“You were just energetic.”

“No, no, no, not energetic anymore.” Hope quickly nodded like she was beating a drum.

Seeing her cute and flustered look, Waylon couldn’t hide the smile on his face, obviously, he had no intention of letting her go, “Then let’s do what was left undone during the day to refresh yourself, shake off the drowsiness.”

Hope smiled helplessly, holding her forehead, “Why are you so obsessed with this?”

“Do you give in?”

“You really want it?”

“Isn’t it obvious?”

Hope curved her lips, leaned down, and planted a kiss on Waylon’s lips.

With the silent consent, the already bold Waylon became even more unrestrained.

He turned the tables, gripping Hope’s hand and fiercely kissing her lips. He did not press her down as he had before, but allowed her to sit atop him.

Waylon held her hand, the other hand stroking her beautiful long hair, “Today, you can be the queen on top.”

Hope looked at him with flushed cheeks, “... I don’t know how.”

...

“Waylon... Waylon...”

A satisfying confrontation came to an end.

Hope leaned in Waylon’s arms, letting the still energetic man take her into the bathroom to clean up before bringing her back to bed.

Hope lazily rested her head and didn’t want to move, waylon brought her in close, and as she stayed amidst the familiar scent, drowsiness swept over her.

“Waylon~”

“Hmm?”

Waylon bent his head and lightly kissed her on the lips.

“I feel like every time, you’re going to play me to death.”

Looking at Hope, who was clearly tired and sleepy, her voice soft and light yet trying to get her complaint across, a touch of distress crossed Waylon’s eyes, “I’ll be more careful next time.”

Hope couldn’t be bothered to argue with him. This kind of thing, this big oaf would say this now and forget about it the moment he turned around.

She quickly fell into a heavy sleep.

...

Hope Williams was woken up early in the morning by the ringing of her phone, she fished out her hand from the covers and searched for it on the bed, skillfully swiping to answer the call.

“Hello?” she uttered lazily, her voice heavy with sleep.

The other party was silent for two seconds before finally realizing, “President... Mrs.?”

“Mm,” Hope responded languidly.

“Good morning, Mrs. Is the president there?”

Hope lifted her hand to feel the spot next to her, “He’s not...”

She moved her lips to continue speaking, but suddenly sat up sharply, noticing the unfamiliar caller ID, and realized this might be Waylon Lewis’s phone.

Hope smacked her forehead, chiding herself for her grogginess. It could be something urgent from the company. She propped herself up and managed to get out of bed, “Wait a second.”

As soon as Hope got off the bed, she saw Waylon emerge from the bathroom. She handed him the phone, “Your call.”

“Did I wake you? Go back to sleep for a bit,” Waylon suggested as he took the phone, drew her close, and tenderly kissed her forehead.

“No need, answer your call. I’ll go see if Luke and Willow are awake.”

“Okay.”

Waylon took the call to the study, probably for some emergency. After Hope washed up and changed her clothes, she went downstairs but didn’t see Luke and Willow, instead finding Alitzel Williams bustling about in the living room.

Hope approached and sat next to her, “Mom.”

“Little Hope, perfect timing. Are you working today since it’s Saturday?”

“I’m not working, what’s up?”

Alitzel seemed to have found a companion and started chatting, “That’s great! I was just thinking about who to take to tonight’s banquet with me. It’d be so boring to go alone, so you accompany mom, okay? I can’t always keep my beautiful daughter-in-law hidden at home; I need to show you off a bit.”

Hope arched her delicate eyebrows, "What banquet?"

"Just a gathering where the socialites and ladies of prestige come together to chat and have tea. Don't be nervous, but as my daughter-in-law, you naturally have to dress up dazzlingly, make a stunning entrance. Come, let's go choose an evening gown later."

Hope smiled slightly, not rejecting Alitzel's proposition.

"By the way, when can the old master be discharged from the hospital?" Alitzel suddenly remembered to ask.

"Pretty soon, grandpa has been recovering quite well lately. He can be discharged after a few more tests show no issues."

Alitzel was relieved and smiled, "That's wonderful, though next month will be busy."

"What's happening?"

"The old master's seventieth birthday and the marriage ceremony between you and Waylon, both are big events for the Lewis Family, needing careful planning."

Hope clicked her tongue lightly; she had almost forgotten about the old master's seventieth birthday.

"Let's handle grandpa's birthday banquet first," Hope suggested.

"That's what I was thinking. The wedding has many more elaborate ceremonies and lots of things have yet to be selected and prepared. The old master's birthday is at the beginning of the month, and he will likely be discharged by then, perfect timing for a celebratory family gathering.

Now, with grandpa recovering and your wedding approaching, our Lewis Family really is welcoming double happiness."

"Mm." Hope nodded, in sync with Alitzel's thoughts.

In the midst of their chat, Waylon had changed into a suit and came downstairs. He walked towards Hope, looking at her tenderly, "There's an urgent matter, I need to go on a business trip soon. Since you're not working today, rest well at home."

Hope blinked, "A business trip? Is it an emergency? Where to, and how many days will it take?"

Waylon quite liked the small woman's concerned demeanor, his eyes filled with a tender smile, "Yes, probably about a week. I'll come back as soon as possible."

Hope lowered her gaze and nodded slightly, feeling a bit reluctant.

Waylon, clearly perceiving her subtle mood, embraced her waist and affectionately nuzzled her forehead, "Be good, wait for me."

Hope lifted her eyes, obediently nodding, "Yeah, just drive safely."

"Will do," Waylon assured her with a gentle smile, leaning in to place a kiss on her forehead.

The couple exchanged simple farewells but ended up being affectionately silly for ten minutes, until Alitzel couldn't stand watching anymore. She curled up her lips, sipping her rose tea without making a sound, internally marveling.

She had never imagined that her usual decisive and quick-tempered self would have such a clingy day.

Unable to resist, she spoke up, "You two are done being lovey-dovey, right? Take your wife with you on the business trip then."

Waylon actually entertained the idea; this woman was like poison – he didn't want to be apart from her for even half a moment.

Hope blushed and gave Waylon a light shove, "Alright, you better go, take care."

Waylon ruffled Hope's hair affectionately and turned to leave.

He was afraid if he stayed any longer, he'd truly lose control and pack her up to take with him.

In the morning, Hope and Alitzel took Luke and Willow for a visit to the old master. In the idle afternoon, they went shopping – of course, Luke and Willow were a must to accompany.

Hope had always thought she was quite adept at picking out stylish outfits for the kids, but to her surprise, Alitzel was even more extravagant.