

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

- Chapter 256 – 270

Chapter 256 Chapter 256 Are You Satisfied

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.

Chapter 257: Chapter 257: Dream On About Having a Proper Wedding Chapter 257: Chapter 257: Dream On About Having a Proper Wedding Hope Williams had thought she was already quite adept at shopping for the children's necessities, but Alitzel Williams proved to be even more extravagant.

As soon as they entered the mall, Alitzel focused solely on picking out clothes for the kids.

"This outfit would look so lovely on Willow...."

"Wow, Luke looks so handsome in a little suit...."

"These, these, and those over there, we'll take them all."

With no need for further thought, the many large and small packages were gathered amidst a flurry of compliments, and both kids seemed quite willing to cooperate with trying on the clothes.

Leaving the children's section, they had originally planned to choose a gown for Hope, but then they heard a commotion.

"Why shouldn't I go?" Mia Fuller demanded with an angry face, confronting Vivia Fuller.

"Haven't you embarrassed the Fuller Family enough? Can't you just stay home and avoid making a scene in public?" Vivia replied with a frosty tone.

"I embarrassed the Fuller Family? What about you? The cooperation that grandfather prized so much was lost because of you. Who was it that said they could definitely secure the deal? And after failing, you have the nerve to shift the blame onto others."

Mia seemed to have touched on Vivia's sore spot and didn't hesitate to retort sharply.

The two sisters were bickering in the street, clearly unable to stand the sight of each other.

Hope and Alitzel both merely raised an eyebrow without showing much reaction, with no intention of getting involved; they turned to leave.

Little did they anticipate that Vivia would catch sight of them in her direction.

Vivia's face turned pale; they must have overheard the conversation.

Damn it, she had made a fool of herself in front of Hope again.

Gritting her teeth, she still called out to them, "Aunt Lewis, Miss Williams."

Hope and Alitzel exchanged a helpless glance, silently lamenting that they could not avoid the situation.

Now that they had been addressed, they couldn't pretend not to hear and stopped, along with Luke and Willow in tow.

Alitzel put on her trademark insincere smile and asked amiably, "What's the matter with you two sisters? Having some kind of disagreement?"

Vivia composed herself, walked over, and took Alitzel's hand with a look of utter helplessness and sighed.

"Aunt, I apologize for the spectacle. Vivia and I had a disagreement, but it's nothing serious."

Mia forced a strained smile in agreement.

In this, the sisters unexpectedly showed unity, fearing that Hope would laugh at their squabble; they put their argument aside.

Hope, with an expression that betrayed nothing extra, said to Alitzel, "Mom, let's go."

Upon hearing Hope mention leaving, Alitzel, who was anxious about finding an excuse to depart, promptly nodded, "Okay, let's go."

They turned and said politely to the sisters, "Please continue, we'll be on our way now."

Please continue!

“ . . . ”
“ . . . ”

Mia glared at Vivia with a snort full of anger and resentment.

Vivia gave her a scornful look as her pent-up rage found no outlet, “What’s the use of competing with me? Hope and Waylon Lewis are getting married soon, and you’re still challenging me, you fool.”

“What did you say?” Mia’s brow furrowed deeply in anger, “When did this happen? How come I don’t know about it?”

“The old Master Lewis said it himself, probably next month,” Vivia said bitterly, eyeing the departing figure of Hope with a gaze filled with grief.

How infuriating it was to let her triumph for so long.

“Ultimately, that wretched woman has won.” Mia clenched her fists, seething with resentment and unwillingness.

Because of Hope, she was in this plight; now that she was jilted, not only could she not marry into the Knox Family, but the scandal was too big, known by countless people, and no prestigious family would want her.

And all her miseries, all caused by Hope.

“What’s wrong? You’re giving up just like that?”

“I’m not! I’m not willing to, but I don’t know what else I can do to get rid of her right now.”

“Don’t worry, it’s not over yet. She thinks she can secure her position as Mrs. Lewis with ease, but she won’t be able to enjoy her wedding day.”

Saying this, Vivia Fuller followed the departing figures with her eyes before stepping forward to follow them.

Alitzel Williams really just wanted to have a nice shopping day today and had no interest in getting involved in anything else, but she still ran into those two bizarre sisters fighting like cats and dogs. It was truly distressing.

“Mom, I want to help Waylon pick out some clothes,” Hope Williams said as she unconsciously lingered in the men’s section.

Naturally, Alitzel Williams had no objections, and the group headed toward a top men’s fashion brand.

Hope Williams noticed that Waylon Lewis usually wore suits and that she seldom saw him in casual attire.

So Hope Williams wanted to buy him some casual clothes and was already looking forward to seeing Waylon Lewis wearing the clothes she would pick out.

An enthusiastic salesperson approached them and asked, "Ladies, what type of style do you need? Let me make some recommendations for you."

"Something casual."

"Madam, right this way, please."

Hope arranged for Luke and Willow to stay in the rest area, and she followed the salesperson toward the casual clothing section. It was unclear when the Fuller sisters had already surrounded Alitzel Williams.

Hope shook her head helplessly as she saw her mother Alitzel's face, which was fraught with annoyance yet resignation.

The relationship between the Lewis and Fuller families was not simple.

Because of this, Alitzel Williams, even though thoroughly fed up with the sisters, chose to maintain a superficial harmony.

Having one more friend in the business world is often much more beneficial than one more enemy.

Hope's expression was calm; she blinked gently and called out to Alitzel Williams, "Mom, can you come over and help me see what you think of this set?"

Alitzel Williams immediately complied and went to join Hope.

The Fuller sisters clenched their teeth and followed swiftly.

Vivia Fuller looked at the clothes Hope Williams was selecting and asked, "Miss Williams, are you buying these for Brother Waylon?"

Hope's attention was already on the clothes, "Or else?"

Vivia gave a faint smile with a hint of mockery in her eyes, "Miss Williams, I'm afraid you don't understand Brother Waylon. He has never liked to wear such casual clothing."

Alitzel and Hope both frowned.

“Brother Waylon prefers to wear suits, and this type of suit also suits his steady and dignified temperament more,” Vivia Fuller said, picking up a suit and smiling as she gave Hope Williams her suggestion.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, and a hint of coldness appeared in her eyes, “Miss Fuller, you seem to know my husband very well?”

Vivia Fuller said proudly, “I grew up with Brother Waylon, so I naturally understand his tastes and habits.”

Hope continued to hold the chosen clothes in her hand, her smile slight, “Well, I’m sorry, Miss Fuller, but he is my husband now.”

“So what? Brother Waylon’s preferences aren’t going to change, no matter who he’s with, so I still advise you to choose this,” Vivia Fuller said, her triumphant look undiminished.

No matter how much time this woman spent with Waylon Lewis, she couldn’t surpass her understanding of him.

“Aunt, how do you know for sure that my daddy wouldn’t like the clothes my mommy has chosen?” Luke asked directly, unable to listen any further.

Vivia smiled, “Because your aunt understands your daddy’s tastes.”

“So you mean to say that my mommy doesn’t understand?” Luke countered.

Vivia Fuller was taken aback, the tone of the question having changed, “Your aunt didn’t mean that. I just think this set is more suitable for your daddy.”

“Who are you to my daddy? Why are you picking clothes for my daddy? And questioning the choices my mommy has made?” Luke looked at Vivia Fuller with a face full of questions.

Vivia Fuller’s eyelids twitched imperceptibly as she stood there, at a loss for words in response to the questions posed by a five-year-old child.

“My mommy and my daddy are the two people who live together. Could there really be someone who understands my daddy better than my mommy?”

Chapter 258: Chapter 258: Waylon Lewis’s Wife Chapter 258: Chapter 258: Waylon Lewis’s Wife “My mommy and daddy are the ones living together; could anyone possibly know my daddy better than my mommy?”

Vivia Fuller clenched the black suit in her hands tighter.

"That's right, Vivia, I have to say, you can't compare to Hope Williams, who lives with Waylon; what kind of clothes she buys for her husband is her own business."

Vivia's face changed color, "I'm just afraid that Miss Williams might buy something Brother Waylon doesn't like."

"That's between Hope and Waylon; it's none of your business either way."

Vivia's face turned even paler, holding the black suit in her hand, she was at a loss whether to keep it or put it down, and forced a smile on her stiff face, "I've overstepped."

The sales clerk nearby couldn't help but mutter to herself upon seeing this scene.

This woman was really too much, trying to question Hope buying clothes for her own husband.

It was too much.

Hope was very careful in her selection, considering the style, fabric, and size meticulously. It was her first time buying clothes for Waylon Lewis, and she was worried about getting the wrong size, making him uncomfortable.

But the main concern was still the style; Hope was indeed worried that Waylon might not like it, so she was even more careful.

Alitzel Williams watched Hope's meticulous and slightly worried demeanor, knowing what she was thinking, and couldn't help but laugh, "Whatever you choose, even if it's a burlap sack, my son would cherish it."

Hope, who felt her thoughts were seen through, smiled slightly, "Mom, you exaggerate too much."

"I'm telling the truth. Why don't you try buying that burlap sack and see."

Hope raised an eyebrow, and actually, couldn't help but imagine Waylon in a burlap sack.

The thought made Hope burst into laughter.

Thinking about Waylon's stern handsome face coupled with a burlap sack was a pretty amusing image.

After picking and choosing, Hope selected two more outfits, three suits and pairs of pants in total. She was quite satisfied and planned to have Waylon try them on when he got back, her smile growing warmer at the thought.

“Just wrap up these three sets for me.”

“Of course, madam.”

Vivia stood by, watching Hope’s selections with a curl of her lip.

She had never seen Waylon wear these styles.

And they were so casual; there was no way Waylon would like them.

Only this woman would be satisfied with her own meddling choices, ignorant and yet stubbornly foolish.

The sales clerk packaged Hope’s clothes, completed the transaction, and the two little guys volunteered to carry the bags for Hope.

She had planned on choosing evening gowns, but with the two sisters following, Hope lost interest. Besides, there were already gowns at home; it was no big deal not to pick more.

Alitzel didn’t enjoy being with the two sisters either. When Hope mentioned going home, Alitzel readily agreed.

As they walked away, Mia Fuller approached Vivia and said coldly, “Weren’t you full of ideas? How come you can’t even outdo Hope’s son?”

Vivia bit her lip hard, clenched her fist, full of repressed frustration and humiliation.

Night fell.

Hope, in a silver-white mermaid dress, with its fitted design accentuating her perfect, tall figure.

Her styled hair was pulled back, revealing a graceful neck and delicate collarbones.

Her flawless face was lightly made up, clean and gentle.

The simple yet understated attire was still elegant, stunningly beautiful.

Alitzel’s eyes flickered with satisfaction as she gazed at Hope.

Indeed, beautiful and well-proportioned people do not need much adornment to be incomprehensibly exquisite.

Tonight, Alitzel dressed Luke and Willow in little suits and princess dresses, planning to take the two little ones with her.

She muttered to herself, "Let's see who dares to say I don't have grandchildren now."

Hearing Alitzel's muttering, Hope raised an eyebrow and smiled, shaking her head, letting Alitzel go on.

All the ladies and madams attending the evening banquet were from prominent and noble families, making for a grand scene with dresses swirling, toasts exchanged, and laughter mixing in the air.

Vivia, in a water-blue evening gown, and Mia in a light yellow dress, arrived early, elegantly holding champagne glasses and basking in everyone's admiration.

The Fuller Family, despite their scandals, were second only to the Lewis Family in Emperor Capital City.

It was important for them to maintain appearances.

Even if no one admired Mia, Vivia was still there, the future head of the Fuller family.

"What have you been up to lately, Vivia? I wanted to go shopping with you, but couldn't find you at all."

"Yeah, Vivia, since you've been back we haven't spent time together, you're so busy we hardly see you."

"Miss Fuller is different from you all. She is going to be the head of the Fuller Family; naturally, she has a lot of responsibilities, unlike you who have so much free time."

"Miss Fuller works harder because she is capable. She will be the future family head. Look at all the daughters here; who can match Miss Fuller in both talent and beauty, and come from a family that knows how to nurture such traits?"

Amidst the ongoing compliments, Vivia's smile grew brighter, but Mia clenched her teeth in a corner, unattended to and seething with hatred.

"Does Miss Fuller have any marriage prospects? My family..."

"What nonsense are you thinking? A toad lusting after swan meat? With her talents, Miss Fuller naturally needs to match with Emperor Capital City's finest man, Young Master Lewis. Besides, the Fuller and Lewis families have been close for generations.

Who could compete with the Fuller Family for such a perfect daughter-in-law as Miss Fuller?"

Vivia's face changed unnaturally upon hearing their conversation.

Waylon Lewis's marriage wasn't public.

However, quite a few people knew that there was a woman by Waylon Lewis's side, and they had even heard that Waylon Lewis already had two children, except they were illegitimate, whether it was true or false was unknown.

However, no one dared to casually inquire about news concerning the Lewis Family, so the current situation of the Lewis Family was unclear.

"Everybody, don't talk nonsense... Brother Waylon and I are just friends..."

"There's nothing now, but the future is uncertain. Miss Fuller, with your status, abilities, and looks, which woman could outshine you? You are truly the most suitable match for Young Master Lewis."

This statement made Vivia Fuller raise her chin with approval. She had always thought so too; in her mind, no one was more fitting for Waylon Lewis than herself.

It was just unfortunate that Waylon Lewis had that shameless Hope Williams by his side, unfit to be presented in public.

Thinking this to herself, Vivia Fuller still wore a humble smile in front of everyone and said with a laugh.

"Everyone should stop saying things like that, there are always people better and skies beyond skies. There are plenty of people more outstanding than me..."

Before Vivia Fuller could finish speaking, the gazes of the few people in front had already been diverted, and they couldn't help revealing looks of astonishment.

"Isn't that Mrs. Lewis? Who's the woman with her? She's so beautiful."

"Hey wait, why does that woman have two children with her..."

"My God, that little boy looks so much like Young Master Lewis, have I discovered something?"

"Let's go over and take a look."

The arrival of the prestigious Lewis Family's Madam Lewis with a beautiful lady and two little ones immediately attracted everyone's attention.

People couldn't help crowding around to find out more.

Alitzel Williams greeted the oncoming people with skilled warmth.

Everyone's gaze involuntarily first swept over Alitzel's companions, Hope Williams, Luke, and Willow, with shocked expressions, and then turned to Alitzel Williams to exchange pleasantries.

"Mrs. Lewis, long time no see, you're looking younger and more beautiful."

Alitzel Williams smiled lightly, "Not at all, you guys are just joking."

"Mrs. Lewis, who is this?"

Alitzel Williams immediately took Hope Williams's hand and said, "Let me introduce you to my daughter-in-law, Hope Williams."

As soon as she spoke, a wave of astonishment swept through the crowd.

Daughter-in-law!

Someone couldn't help but nervously ask, "Mrs. Lewis, is she Young Master Lewis's wife?"

Alitzel Williams found this question quite amusing, "Of course, she's Waylon's wife."

Everyone was even more shocked.

She was actually Waylon Lewis's wife.

They hadn't expected things to progress so quickly.

Indeed, everyone knew that there was a woman with Waylon Lewis, but having a woman by his side was completely different from having a wife.

Waylon Lewis having a wife meant that they were married.

Alitzel Williams's personal acknowledgment meant that the Lewis family had accepted her.

Heavens.

That meant other people truly had no chance at all.

In silence, countless hearts were shattering.

“Moreover, the wedding is set for next month, and you’re all welcome to come for the wedding feast,” Alitzel Williams said, laughing as she pulled on Hope Williams’s hand.

“So, these two little ones couldn’t be your grandchildren, could they?” a few society ladies asked, refusing to give up hope, their eyes on Alitzel Williams.

Alitzel Williams’s face remained smiling, an expression she couldn’t shake off. She nodded, “Exactly, their names are Luke and Willow, and they’re five and a half years old this year.”

It had long been said that Young Master Lewis had two illegitimate children; so it seemed it was these two.

But they clearly didn’t seem like illegitimate children at all. Whose illegitimate children could be brought out so openly without fear of ridicule?

But what surprised people even more, was that the wife of the Lewis family’s helmsman had not chosen Miss Fuller. Considering family background, the Fuller Family was most matched with the Lewis Family.

If they were to form an alliance through marriage, it would be a powerful union. But unexpectedly, it hadn’t happened, and instead, they had chosen a lady whose family was unknown to them.

It seemed that even a lady of great family stature couldn’t compare to this unknown lady in the eyes of the Lewis family.

So, what everyone had just said was indeed wrong, and the looks on people’s faces as they turned to Vivia Fuller inevitably changed.

Vivia Fuller clenched her glass tightly, her good mood instantly swept away, leaving her face dark with hatred as she watched this scene, maddened with rage.

The crowd surrounded Hope Williams and the two little ones, lavishing praise upon them.

“Young Madam Lewis is truly beautiful, and her demeanor is impeccable.”

“These two little ones are just too adorable. If I had grandkids this cute, I’d wake up laughing in the night.”

“Exactly, exactly, Mrs. Lewis is so fortunate that Young Master Lewis married such a beautiful wife. Whose daughter is she?”

Before Alitzel Williams could respond, an untimely scoff emerged.

Mia Fuller, already overshadowed by Vivia Fuller to the point where not a glimmer of light could shine through, upon witnessing Hope Williams's dazzling presence, could no longer suppress the fury in her heart and briskly approached, her high heels clicking urgently.

Chapter 259: Chapter 259 Matriarch Lewis Chapter 259: Chapter 259 Matriarch Lewis
"What a privileged miss, this woman is nothing but a penniless wretch who stayed by Waylon Lewis's side by nagging and pestering him incessantly."

"What?" Everyone was shocked and looked at Mia Fuller who had blurted it out.

"Otherwise, how could Waylon Lewis have fancied such a woman? She used all means in the Lewis Family, bore two children, and managed to stay in the Lewis Family. Aunt Lewis, isn't it just because this woman bore two children for your Lewis Family that you acknowledged her?

Otherwise, I don't believe your Lewis Family would agree to let such a woman become the future Matriarch Lewis."

Mia Fuller's loud questioning made everyone around look at each other.

There are so many scandals in wealthy families, but for the sake of face, everyone tends to tacitly agree not to discuss them.

Now that Mia Fuller had shouted it out loud, it certainly provided everyone with gossip material.

"Shut up." Alitzel Williams's face immediately looked displeased, "This is my Lewis Family's business, what nonsense are you talking about? Hope Williams is my family's daughter-in-law, recognized by my Lewis Family, she did not get there by any means. Miss Fuller, stop spouting nonsense and confusing others."

Regardless, Mia Fuller scoffed coldly, "Aunt Lewis, you must be defending Hope Williams just because of these two children, do you really think highly of her?"

Alitzel Williams glanced back at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams stood calmly, her face expressionless, her eyes coldly watching Mia Fuller.

"It all comes down to you looking down on me."

Mia Fuller sneered directly, "Of course I look down on you, who do you think you are?"

Hope Williams stepped forward and said with a slight smile, "What can I do, you look down on me, but I am already the Young Madam Lewis, whether I used means or not."

Hope Williams continued with a smile, "Miss Fuller of the Fuller Family looks down on me, the Young Madam Lewis, could it be that you think the Lewis Family is inferior to the Fuller Family?"

Hope Williams asked in a light tone.

Mia Fuller bit her teeth and was stunned.

Not just Mia Fuller, but Vivia Fuller was also taken aback and couldn't help but come over.

Alitzel Williams's face also showed a hint of coldness.

"It seems that your Fuller Family really wants to overshadow our Lewis Family, casually uttering sarcasm about our people, the Fuller Family is really impressive," Alitzel Williams said coldly.

Vivia Fuller immediately came forward, adjusting her emotions, "Aunt Lewis, Mia didn't mean that, Miss Williams, please don't misinterpret her words, everyone knows what kind of presence the Lewis Family is, how dare we say we could overshadow the Lewis Family."

"Oh? Did I misinterpret? But just now Miss Fuller said she looks down on me, am I not Waylon Lewis's wife, the Young Madam Lewis of the family? She looks down on me, doesn't that mean she looks down on the Lewis Family, thinking the Fuller Family is superior?"

"This..." This being explained by Hope Williams meant that's exactly what Mia Fuller intended.

The surrounding people couldn't help but whisper among themselves.

Hope Williams nodded, "I see, she not only looks down on me, she looks down on the Lewis Family and also thinks Waylon Lewis is blind and foolish."

Vivia Fuller's eyes widened, "Miss Williams, Mia didn't say anything like that."

"You bitch, you're slandering."

"I'm slandering?" Hope Williams's expression turned instantly icy, "You look down on me, but Waylon Lewis chose me, doesn't your statement suggest he's blind? You say I used tactics, doesn't that mean Waylon Lewis is foolish, unable to see through even a woman's simple schemes?"

The expressions on the Fuller sisters' faces were rigid, and indeed, Mia Fuller had said those words, which really implied that meaning.

They couldn't find any flaws in Hope Williams's words to refute, which frustrated Mia Fuller, who initially wanted to expose and embarrass Hope Williams.

"You bitch, I'll tear your mouth apart." Mia Fuller desperately tried to rush forward, but Vivia Fuller held her back.

Hope Williams stood coldly in place, smirking, "Everyone must have heard, she even called me a bitch. What I like most is to complain in front of my husband, you all know he has a bad temper, especially when it comes to my matters, I will definitely cry and tell everything to my husband."

Seeing Hope Williams acting as if she had strong backing, the sisters grew angrier, but Vivia Fuller could only suppress her anger forcibly. With so many people around, she couldn't possibly charge forward like the foolish Mia Fuller, ready for a life-and-death struggle with Hope Williams.

This woman's skills, she had witnessed, were not something she could contend with.

It was infuriating—unable to win verbally or physically.

They had no advantage.

This woman was extremely vengeful, tolerating no slight against herself.

"Miss Williams, Aunt Lewis, please don't take offense, this matter with Mia was unintentional."

She's been unintentional many times, speaking ill of Hope Williams and our Lewis Family. Vivia, your sister really needs to be disciplined."

Vivia Fuller's mouth twitched, and she smiled harmlessly looking at Alitzel Williams, "Aunt Lewis, you're right, Mia really lacks discipline."

"Bullshit, I spoke the truth," Mia Fuller shouted.

Hearing this, Alitzel Williams's face became even colder.

"Mia Fuller." Vivia Fuller gritted her teeth, then turned to Alitzel Williams and Hope Williams, apologizing on behalf of Mia Fuller, "I'm truly sorry, Mia seems a bit out of her senses, I will take her back home, sorry Aunt Lewis."

Alitzel Williams's expression did not soften.

Seeing the atmosphere stalled, a lady of quality next to her, quick-witted, immediately stepped forward to mediate.

“Let’s not ruin the harmony, everyone here is a friend, and Fuller Family’s second miss really doesn’t know better. I always thought Young Madam Lewis is generous and elegant, in no way inferior to other wealthy young ladies.”

“Exactly, exactly, we think so too.”

Alitzel Williams smiled faintly and walked over to Hope Williams, taking her hand.

“My daughter-in-law indeed is not a wealthy young miss, perhaps not as precious as the two Miss Fullers, but she is the Matriarch of the Lewis Family, the most honorable woman in the Lewis Family. If anyone still wants to compare, start with comparing your family background with ours, see if you’re even qualified.”

As soon as Alitzel Williams’s voice came out, no one in the crowd dared to speak.

Her words made it clear—Hope Williams is the female head of the Lewis Family, and anyone who wants to compare should first check if they are qualified.

“And another thing, maybe you don’t know, our Little Hope has another name... ‘Cynthia.’”

Upon hearing this, there was a considerable stir around.

Chapter 260: Chapter 260: Wronged Chapter 260: Chapter 260: Wronged Cynthia’s reputation precedes her.

She is an unattainable presence in the medical field, secretly sought after by many wealthy families who wish to have her treat them or perform heart surgery on their sick relatives.

However, her whereabouts are extremely secretive and very hard to locate.

Unexpectedly, she appeared right before their eyes.

Upon hearing Alitzel Williams’ words, Hope Williams’ expression subtly changed, and she sighed softly but did not say anything further.

Hope Williams did not want to disclose her identity; first, to avoid trouble, and second, indeed, if her identity were revealed, some matters could become uncontrollable.

Revealing it in such a setting would spread from one person to ten, from ten to a hundred, and afterward, it would likely leave her without a single quiet day.

“Really? Is she the famous Dr. Cynthia?”

“Yes,” Alitzel Williams affirmed proudly, looking at Hope Williams. “Our Old Master Fuller’s life was saved by Little Hope.”

“It’s unexpected that the famous Dr. Cynthia is so young. It’s definitely shocking to us.”

“Yes, yes, Young Madam Lewis is so young and capable, beautiful too, Alitzel, you are really blessed to have such a wonderful daughter-in-law.”

“That’s great.” A distinguished lady came forward, and in excitement, even pushed Alitzel Williams aside to grasp Hope Williams’ hand. “Dr. Cynthia, my heart has been uncomfortable for a while. Could you check it when you have time?”

“I feel the same, Dr. Cynthia. I’ve been feeling heartsick recently, and I don’t know why. Please take a look.”

Amidst various adulating voices, Hope Williams reluctantly tugged at the corner of her lips.

Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller, the two sisters, were pushed to the back of the crowd. Mia Fuller even fell embarrassingly, furious at the situation.

The banquet concluded.

Hope Williams and Alitzel Williams returned home with the two little ones, and as soon as they entered, they sensed something was amiss.

In the Lewis Family main hall, Christopher Lewis sat on the sofa, his expression grim and autocratic. Old Master Fuller and Isaiah Lewis sat on one side, their faces equally gloomy.

Seeing Hope Williams, Christopher Lewis’s eyes grew colder.

Alitzel Williams’ eyes shifted, blinking.

“Well? What brings Old Master Fuller here in such high spirits so late at night to visit the Lewis Family, and yet no one had the decency to entertain him properly?” Alitzel Williams said as she politely motioned the servants to serve some refreshments.

“Mrs. Lewis, don’t bother; we’re here today because there’s something we need to clarify. Please sit first.”

Alitzel Williams subtly tugged at Hope Williams’ sleeve, signaling that nothing good could come from these three being together.

Surely, they were here because of Hope Williams.

Alitzel Williams managed a forced smile and glanced at Isaiah Lewis. "Isn't this the big brother who was driven out by the Lewis household? How come, even before the Old Master is dead, his word has already become worthless in your opinion?"

Isaiah Lewis bit his cigarette and chuckled, "Little sister-in-law, let's not dwell on past grievances. We are still family, why differentiate so strictly?"

"Who's family with you?" Alitzel Williams rolled her eyes coldly and took Hope Williams' hand. "Come, let's go upstairs."

"Wait." Christopher Lewis spoke sternly. "Who gave her permission to leave? I'm not dead yet."

Alitzel Williams pushed Hope Williams upstairs. "I give permission."

Hope Williams raised her eyebrows slightly, patting Alitzel Williams' hand to reassure her.

Since they were targeting her, what use was there in hiding?

Alitzel Williams couldn't be at ease; their intentions were obviously directed at Hope Williams. With Waylon Lewis not at home, she had to protect her.

"Mom, please take Luke and Willow upstairs first," said Hope Williams.

"No." Luke and Willow clung to Hope Williams from each side, sensing the ill intentions of the group of 'bad uncles' determined to stay to protect Mommy.

"Christopher Lewis, if you have something to say, just say it," Alitzel Williams said irritably. "Stop causing constant unrest at home every day."

"I'm causing unrest?" Christopher Lewis instantly grew furious upon hearing this. "Ask your precious daughter-in-law what she has done, who really is the one causing unrest in this household."

Hope Williams furrowed her brows slightly, her voice distinctly cold as she asked, "I'm not aware of anything noteworthy I've done, please enlighten me."

"Still pretending to ask?" Christopher Lewis glared at Hope Williams with a chilling, oppressive demeanor. "Just because you hold a personal grudge against the Fuller Clan's heiress, did you or did you not instigate Waylon to refuse a collaboration with the Fuller Clan in front of him?"

Hope Williams frowned, "I haven't heard of any collaboration, and I don't know about it."

Pausing, Hope Williams continued, "Regarding where you heard such a thing, perhaps you should first verify what really happened with that person."

"You're still arguing? Dare to do but not to own, what sort of character is that?"

His words dropped, and the atmosphere in the living room instantly turned icy.

Christopher Lewis found Hope Williams increasingly displeasing.

This woman of no renown and influence was originally not worthy of their Lewis Family.

Considering she bore Waylon two children and saved the Old Master, he had reluctantly agreed to let her stay by Waylon's side. Yet, now she dared to take charge of corporate affairs. A few more years and she might climb over his head, and he couldn't tolerate that.

"I'm not making excuses, I truly do not know about the matter you're discussing."

"Hmph," Old Master Fuller snorted angrily. "So you mean to say my granddaughter is lying to me, slandering you, is that it?"

"Old Master Fuller, let's not jump to conclusions on whether it's slander. I'm completely unaware of the matters you speak of. You accuse me based on a few sentences, should I just accept the blame?"

Hope Williams stood her ground, her voice strong and unyielding as she challenged them.

What a composed and articulate woman.

In a brief moment, Old Master Fuller chuckled darkly.

"You are a smart woman, but you've misused your intelligence. There are no walls without cracks in this world; you know what you have done yourself, there's no need to play dumb."

Hope Williams looked at Old Master Fuller with a steady gaze, "I'm someone who dislikes beating around the bush; if you have something to say, please speak directly."

Chapter 261: Chapter 261: Serious Situation, Hope Williams is Driven Out of the Lewis Family Chapter 261: Chapter 261: Serious Situation, Hope Williams is Driven Out of the Lewis Family "Yesterday, Vivia had a quarrel with you at the hospital, and because of that, you harbored a grudge and complained to Waylon. Waylon was initially very

satisfied with Vivia's proposal, yet there you were, constantly bad-mouthing it, inciting Waylon not to cooperate with our Fuller Clan.

You even said that our Fuller Clan cannot compare to the Lewis Clan, and that cooperating with us is a favor to us. That's what you said at the time, wasn't it?"

Hope Williams's sharp eyes narrowed, feeling incredulous about the whole matter even as she listened.

What cooperation?

What bad-mouthing?

She hadn't even touched the edges of this cooperation, yet out of the blue, she was accused of such a huge wrongdoing.

Hope Williams tugged at the corner of her mouth, pondered for a moment, and she might have understood, "All this was told to you by Vivia Fuller, right?"

"Indeed, this cooperation is extremely important for both our Fuller Clan and the Lewis Clan. You, woman, understand nothing and just..."

Hope Williams cut him off directly, "I understand nothing, but could it be that Waylon Lewis understands nothing? Let's not talk about whether I really incited Waylon. Just based on Waylon himself, doesn't he have a brain? Can't he make his own judgments?"

If he truly was committed to your cooperation, would he really cancel it because of a few provocative words from me?

Do you believe this explanation yourselves? In your eyes, does the CEO of his company lack the ability to discern right from wrong?"

Hope Williams laughed, her laughter filled with extreme sarcasm.

She mocked their pig-like brains, which Vivia Fuller played like a fiddle.

Christopher Lewis's eyes shifted slightly as he watched Hope Williams's mocking face turn a few shades darker, but inside, he acknowledged her point.

How could his son be so mindless, to listen to a woman on everything, putting the company second?

He turned to Old Master Fuller and questioned, "Old Master Fuller, could there be some misunderstanding in this matter?"

“Misunderstanding? Are you implying that Vivia from our family is lying? Vivia is someone you watched growing up; don’t you know her character?”

After hearing this, Christopher Lewis was displeased. His granddaughter never lied, so what Hope Williams had suggested—that his son was brainless—was true?

“Old Master Fuller, are you actually suggesting that our Waylon is brainless?”

Old Master Fuller narrowed his sharp eyes forcefully, “When did I ever say that?”

“Just now, that’s what you implied. I know Waylon, and he wouldn’t do anything to harm the company’s interests.” Christopher Lewis, of course, would not allow anyone to speak ill of his most favored son.

Old Master Fuller slammed the documents on the desk hard, “You’ve seen the cooperation proposal yourself. Is there anything wrong with it? Then tell me, why won’t Waylon cooperate with our Fuller Clan? Could it be that you have a better partner than our Fuller Family?”

Old Master Fuller was extremely angry about this issue and wouldn’t give in the slightest.

He simply couldn’t believe that the Lewis Family could find a better partner than his Fuller Family—Old Master Fuller was incredibly confident in this.

“Since this matter came from Miss Fuller, why don’t you ask your precious granddaughter exactly what’s going on?” Hope Williams glanced at Old Master Fuller’s face.

“Vivia has already told me all about it, what else is there to ask?”

“Then let her confront me face-to-face.” Hope Williams remained calm.

“Unrepentant.” Old Master Fuller called Vivia Fuller, who arrived quickly.

Upon entering and sensing the atmosphere in the room, Vivia Fuller put on an innocent look, blinked her eyes quickly, and hurried to Old Master Fuller’s side, “Grandfather, what’s going on?”

“Tell us the truth about what happened when you went to the Lewis Clan to discuss the cooperation, just tell it as it was, don’t worry, I’ll back you up.” Old Master Fuller’s face looked a little better seeing Vivia Fuller.

Vivia Fuller bit her lip, turned her head and looked helplessly at Hope Williams before speaking.

"Yesterday, I went to Brother Waylon to sign the contract. Although everything was previously agreed upon, Brother Waylon refused in the end. He was actually very satisfied with my proposal, but perhaps because Miss Williams was still upset about our argument at the hospital that morning, she bad-mouthed throughout and wouldn't let Brother Waylon sign the contract. That's what happened."

Vivia Fuller sighed helplessly as she looked at Hope Williams.

"Miss Williams, if you were really angry, you could have just taken it out on me. What you shouldn't have done is to involve both companies in your revenge. Don't you agree?"

"Revenge on you?" Hope Williams laughed, "You think too highly of yourself, actually believing you're more important than two companies."

Vivia Fuller bit her teeth and shook her head, "Miss Williams, I know I can't beat you in an argument since you're too sharp-witted. I only speak the truth, and if anything caused you discomfort, I apologize."

"The matter is simple, to know who's lying, just call Waylon and ask." Alitzel Williams glared at Vivia Fuller.

"Vivia, I think it's better for you to tell the truth. I don't believe that Hope Williams would do anything to harm the interests of the company just to get back at you. You're not that important in her eyes."

Vivia Fuller turned pale, startled by Alitzel Williams's suggestion.

With a look of grievance, she gazed at Alitzel Williams, "Auntie, why don't you believe me? What I said is all true."

"Compared to you, I totally trust Hope Williams." Alitzel Williams was blunt.

Vivia Fuller bit her lower lip firmly, staring intently at Alitzel Williams. She felt extremely nervous deep down, but there was no way she could admit now that she was lying.

"Auntie, I'm really telling the truth..."

Alitzel Williams pulled out her phone and immediately dialed Waylon Lewis's number.

Vivia Fuller's heart clenched tightly, watching Alitzel Williams with high anxiety.

Her hands were clenched to death, every minute and every second was torture.

After about thirty seconds, Alitzel Williams tried another call, still no answer.

Alitzel Williams frowned.

Vivia Fuller, however, heaved a huge sigh of relief and asked innocently, "Auntie, Brother Waylon didn't pick up?"

"He might be busy."

"Then you can call him again later," Vivia Fuller said, feigning composure.

Old Master Fuller then spoke up, "I think there's no need to ask. Vivia's explanation has already been very clear.

I think Waylon has lost his mind too, to listen to this woman and lose his rationality. Christopher, such a woman cannot stay by Waylon's side. She will become a source of trouble."

Christopher Lewis's savvy eyes narrowed. That statement struck deep in his heart. The men of the Lewis family should not be manipulated by any woman.

"Yes, indeed, younger brother, your daughter-in-law is quite powerful. That day, she was able not only to drive our grandfather out of the house but also went after Isaiah afterwards. You saw for yourself what a state Isaiah was in."

Isaiah Lewis sat on the side, adding fuel to the fire.

Christopher knew about Isaiah getting beaten up later and had investigated. It wasn't entirely Hope Williams's fault, so he couldn't wrongly accuse her of that.

But one thing was undeniable, Waylon Lewis could lose his rationality because of her minor matters, even disregarding his image to fight for her in public.

She had become Waylon Lewis's Achilles' heel, a weakness others could exploit to attack him.

He would not allow the heir of the Lewis family to have such a weakness.

This woman could no longer stay in the Lewis household.

Christopher Lewis thoughtfully picked up the teacup in front of him, took a sip, and lifted his eyes that were filled with a cold glint, staring at Hope Williams, "As of today, you are to move out of the Lewis household."

There was silence in the air for two seconds.

“What did you say? Christopher Lewis, have you gone mad? You want to drive Little Hope away?” Alitzel Williams walked over, her face filled with disbelief as she looked at Christopher Lewis.

“Your son has already lost his senses because of this woman. Do you still want to keep her around as a calamity?” Christopher Lewis was so angry his voice trembled.

“You! You are beyond help. I think you just can’t let go of secular prejudices. That’s why you keep on finding faults with Little Hope.” Alitzel Williams was furious.

Christopher Lewis clenched his teeth, and due to the presence of outsiders, he did not continue to argue with Alitzel Williams. Instead, he insisted in an uncompromising tone, “She must leave Waylon.”

Hope Williams stood there calmly, her gaze as tranquil as when she first came in.

She gave a slight smile.

Her voice was very light, but it was laced with mockery, drawing the attention of everyone in the room to her.

“Alright, I can leave.”

Hope Williams spoke softly.

“Little Hope, don’t be impulsive,” Alitzel Williams was really anxious.

Hope Williams took hold of Alitzel Williams’s hand and patted it comfortingly, pursing her lips and shaking her head.

Alitzel Williams saw a firm pride in her clear eyes.

Hope Williams wasn’t the type to cling desperately; if people were driving her away, she certainly wouldn’t insist on staying.

“I can go.” Hope Williams repeated, her eyes coldly sweeping over the people in front of her, “But I will not leave Waylon Lewis. He and I are legally married, and unless he gives up, I will never let go of him.”

“You must get a divorce from Waylon.”

Chapter 262: Chapter 262: Child, You Can’t Take Them Away Chapter 262: Chapter 262: Child, You Can’t Take Them Away “You have to divorce Waylon.”

“Why should I?”

“Because I am Waylon’s father, and I do not agree with you marrying Waylon.”

Hope Williams nodded, “You’re Waylon’s father, so I’ve been tolerating you, otherwise I would never be as polite as I am now. You can stick to your stance, but divorce is a matter between two people, once you can persuade your son to divorce me, I’ll sign the divorce papers without hesitation.

Of course, if you can’t, please stop coming here to trouble me repeatedly.”

Having said that, Hope Williams was ready to leave.

“Mommy, take us with you.” Luke and Willow hugged Hope Williams, afraid of being left behind.

Hope Williams squatted down, taking a child in each hand, “Of course, mommy will take you both with her.”

The children were hers, she naturally would not leave them here, she must take them, there was no doubt about that.

“Luke and Willow, you’re not allowed to take them away,” Christopher Lewis stood up to stop her.

Hope Williams’s gaze turned cold, “Why not?”

“They are children of the Lewis Family, why should you take them? What are you guys standing there for? Bring the children over,” Christopher Lewis roared angrily, several servants exchanged looks, feeling the pressure still stepped forward.

Two servants stepped forward to pull Luke and Willow, who clung to Hope Williams even tighter, “I’m not leaving, let me go, I don’t want to leave my mommy, I’m getting angry.”

“Let go,” Hope Williams commanded.

“Young Madam, please don’t make it difficult for us.”

The two servants looked troubled.

“I said let go,” Hope Williams’s face turned stern.

“Christopher, what on earth are you going crazy about?” Alitzel Williams stepped forward and shielded Hope Williams and her children behind her.

"These two children are the progeny of the Lewis Family, why should this woman take them?" Christopher Lewis yelled furiously.

"Because the children are hers," Alitzel Williams glared, confronting Christopher Lewis.

"You are being unreasonable, are you going to just watch as the progeny of the Lewis Family end up stranded?" Christopher Lewis was so angry that veins popped on his forehead, pointing at Hope Williams he shouted:

"And how can this woman adequately protect the two children? If something happens, I see where you will go crying then."

Hope Williams's expression faltered, she pursed her lips.

Her heart shook at that moment.

Regardless, Christopher Lewis was right, the children staying here would be safer than with her.

Alitzel Williams frowned deeply, silently glancing at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams deeply closed her eyes, pain crossing her eyes as she slowly squatted down in front of Luke and Willow, looking at the two chubby faces, her heart ached as she wiped the tears from their cheeks.

"Luke, Willow, be good and stay here with grandpa and grandma, mommy will come back to pick you up later, okay?"

"No, no, we want to stay with mommy."

Luke and Willow refused to agree, tears streaming down, "Mommy, do you not want us anymore?"

"How could mommy not want you? It's just..."

Just not wanting the past events to happen again.

She was really too afraid.

Luke and Willow clung tightly to Hope Williams's neck, "Then mommy, don't leave us here, Luke and Willow want to stay with you, you promised us, you'd never leave us no matter what."

The two little ones were irreconcilable.

Children dependent on their mother, and they were only five years old, always living with Hope Williams, how could they possibly leave her.

Christopher Lewis's face darkened.

What kind of children had this woman raised, only seeing her, she's doing this on purpose.

Christopher Lewis waved his hand, the servants had no choice but to step forward again, forcefully pulling the two children away from Hope Williams.

"Little master, little miss, be good..."

"Mommy~"

Luke and Willow stretched their hands to grab Hope Williams's hand, but were dragged away by the adults, no matter what, they couldn't get back to her.

"Let me go, bad people, bad people!"

A shrill, angry cry rang out.

Everyone was stunned.

"Bad people, you are bad people, you want to drive away mommy, I'm going to tell daddy, I'm going to tell great-grandfather," Willow, with her big eyes staring at Christopher Lewis, cried out.

Because of not having talked for a long time, her speech was slightly unclear, but one could still understand what she was angrily saying.

The living room was silent for a few seconds, everyone staring blankly at Willow.

"Willow?" Hope Williams rushed to Willow's side, murmuring in surprise, "Willow can talk now, say something again."

Willow rushed into Hope Williams's arms, nestled in her embrace and cried, "Willow doesn't want to leave mommy, doesn't want to leave."

Tears burst from the corners, yet her lips couldn't help but curve up, Hope Williams emotionally hugged Willow tightly, "Willow can talk now, Willow finally can talk."

This call of 'mommy', Hope Williams really waited such a long time.

"Luke doesn't want to leave mommy either."

Hope Williams hugged both children, listening to their cries, Hope Williams's heart shattered.

"Okay, mommy won't leave you here, be good, don't cry."

Christopher Lewis, too, was taken aback for several seconds before snapping back, his former anger resurfacing, speaking in an unquestionable tone, "If you insist on taking them away, we can only go through legal proceedings."

Hope Williams stood up, lifting her gaze, "Why must you pressure me with this, to leave the children with you, you also have to see if the children are willing."

"Whether or not the children want to stay here is our business, not yours, you just leave the children, we will always find a way to make them agree."

"I am not willing."

At this moment, Hope Williams was steadfast, there was absolutely no room for negotiation regarding this matter for her.

Christopher Lewis held his breath, "You..."

"Do whatever you have to, but I will not let you have the children."

Hope Williams took Luke and Willow by the hand, "Let's go."

"Stop right there."

"What else do you want? Had enough?" Alitzel Williams blocked Christopher Lewis.

Wyatt Lewis had come back and was standing at the entrance, having heard quite a bit.

Seeing Hope Williams about to leave, Wyatt Lewis immediately stepped forward to stop her, his gaze coldly fixated on Christopher Lewis.

"Dad, what are you messing around for again? If my brother finds out, you chased sister-in-law away, you know what his temper is like."

In a few brief sentences, but with a bone-chilling cold tone, Wyatt Lewis's expression was extremely similar to that of Waylon Lewis.

"Your brother is bewitched by this woman, he listens to whatever this woman says, he has lost even his reason. Look what this woman has turned this family into since she came."

Chapter 263: Chapter 263 All Were Driven Away Chapter 263: Chapter 263 All Were Driven Away "Your brother's just been bewitched by that woman, follows everything she says, and lost all reason. Look what's become of this house after she arrived."

“When sister-in-law was here, this household was fine. Ever since you came back, it’s been a mess.”

Wyatt Lewis disregarded the rest, stepping forward to shield Hope Williams and the others behind him, his voice a contrast to the previous low tone, “Sister-in-law, are you okay?”

Hope Williams shook her head.

Christopher Lewis slammed the table, “You! You ungrateful child, what are you saying?”

Wyatt’s face darkened, “I’m making myself perfectly clear, you’re hardly ever home all year, how can you have the face to drive people out as soon as you return?”

Having said that, Wyatt swept his icy gaze over the rest.

“And you lot, thinking of rebelling? Taking advantage of my grandfather’s illness and my brother being on a business trip to cause a ruckus, where were you earlier? Ganging up to pick on one woman, are you even human?”

Christopher was so angry he clutched his chest, his heart pounding violently, fingers trembling as he pointed towards the door.

“You! Get out of here.”

“If I have to leave, I’d love nothing more than not to share a space and breathe the same air as you.” Wyatt Lewis bent down to pick up Luke and Willow, glanced at Hope Williams, “Come on sister-in-law, I’ll take you.”

“Okay.” Hope Williams nodded.

Seeing Wyatt lead Hope and the others out, Alitzel Williams breathed a sigh of relief, at least they had someone to support them and their children.

Alitzel turned around only to lock eyes with Vivia Fuller’s smug face.

Sensing Alitzel’s gaze, Vivia immediately changed her expression, looking woeful and helpless.

Alitzel’s expression grew colder.

“Are you satisfied now?”

“Madam, what are you saying? I don’t understand.”

Watching Vivia’s feigned innocence, Alitzel got angry.

"You don't understand? Fine, no matter. I'll tell you, even if Hope leaves, you'll never enter the Lewis Family's home. Do you understand?" Alitzel asked coldly.

Vivia's brows twitched fiercely.

"Madam, you..."

Alitzel glanced coldly at Christopher Lewis, "Are you satisfied now? Your son, daughter-in-law, grandchildren, you've driven them all away, just get ready for a lonely old age."

With that, Alitzel didn't give the group another glance and tossed her hands, going upstairs.

The deep furrows on Christopher's forehead only deepened as he clutched his chest, unable to breathe.

Isaiah Lewis lounged on a single sofa with his legs crossed, raising his eyebrows in a light, careless smile.

There was a smugness in his laughter, as if he'd just enjoyed a good show. Looking at Christopher's state, he mockingly offered comfort as he got up, "Christopher, it's fine, a son will return if he leaves, and grandchildren with the Lewis blood can never run away. If your daughter-in-law leaves, there's still Miss Fuller, right? Miss Fuller is much more suitable than that Hope Williams."

Christopher glanced at him, said nothing, and walked upstairs.

Isaiah lifted his chin smugly.

Buckling his seat belt in the car, Wyatt Lewis was about to call Waylon Lewis.

Hope Williams raised her hand to stop him, "Never mind, he must be busy right now, and since we've already left, let's just wait until he gets back."

Wyatt raised an eyebrow, looked at her, and said, "This time my brother is probably going to die of anger, went on a business trip and almost lost his wife."

"Who says lost? I haven't divorced him."

"Well, that's true. Where to? To my brother's villa?"

Hope Williams shook her head, "Back to my own place."

Wyatt put away his phone and started the car.

At Hope Williams's apartment, she got out with Luke and Willow and waved at Wyatt, "Drive carefully on your way back."

"Don't worry, sister-in-law, call me if you need anything."

"Okay." Hope nodded.

Taking Luke and Willow home, Hope noticed the two little ones were downcast and gently rubbed their cheeks, "What's wrong? You've both been so quiet all the way."

Luke pursed his lips and finally squeezed out a few words, "It's too much."

Willow, "Exactly."

Hope pressed her lips together, unable to deny it, but still as gentle and calm as ever in front of her children, "Are Luke and Willow very angry?"

"Of course we are."

Hope smiled, "But is it Luke and Willow's fault?"

Luke and Willow looked at each other, clearly unsure why Hope was asking as they honestly replied, "No."

"So if it's not Luke and Willow's fault, why should you be angry? Why should you punish yourselves for someone else's mistake?"

"Mommy~" Luke and Willow were smart; they understood as soon as Hope explained.

But what to do? They were still so angry. Those mean people...

They really wanted to tell daddy so he could come back and punish the wrongdoers.

"Alright, let's go wash up now and then sleep. After a good sleep, everything will be better tomorrow, okay?"

"Okay." The two chimed in unison.

Hope watched Luke and Willow head to the washroom before allowing herself to show a hint of vulnerability.

The quiet living room was disturbed by a phone ring.

Hope glanced at the phone, composed herself a bit, and answered.

"Hello?"

“What are you doing?” The mellow voice of Waylon Lewis came through.

Hope pressed her lips, softly saying, “Getting ready to put Luke and Willow to bed, and you?”

“What happened?” His voice deepened.

Hope blinked and paused, surprised his ears hadn’t missed it. A softness filled Hope’s heart as she spoke gently, “Really, it’s nothing. Are you busy over there?”

“A bit, but I can still take care of your issues.”

Hope picked up the cup of tea in front of her, took a sip, and smiled slightly, “Then finish up your work first, come back soon. We can talk when you get back.”

If Hope told him now about moving out of the Lewis home, he probably wouldn’t focus on his work and would come back right away.

Better not to distract him.

Waylon’s brows furrowed slightly; the tone of his voice shifted as he simply said, “Okay, I’ll come back once I finish. Wait for me.”

Hope, “Okay, I will.”

The call ended, and Waylon’s smile faded; he lifted his hand, his slender fingers curling slightly.

“Boss.”

Thomas Hughes promptly stepped forward.

“Check what happened tonight.”

Her voice couldn’t hide sorrow, and Waylon’s profound eyes darkened even more.

“Yes.”

Hope tossed her phone casually onto the sofa, leaned back exhaustedly, took a deep breath, and let it out heavily.

After sitting quietly on the sofa for a while, Hope stood up and walked to her room.

Chapter 264: Chapter 264: No One is Allowed to Bully You Chapter 264: Chapter 264: No One is Allowed to Bully You Willow had been sitting quietly on the sofa when she stood up to go to her room.

Just as she took a few steps, a knock came from the door.

Who could it be at this hour?

Willow's heart raced as she called out, "Who is it?"

No response.

Willow blinked, and the knocking persisted, as if whoever it was would keep knocking until she opened the door.

Her brows furrowed tighter, and after scanning the living room, she grabbed something handy for safety and approached the door with both hands.

"Bang, bang, bang."

The knocking grew more urgent, the person on the other side seemingly out of patience.

Willow peeped through the door's peephole on tiptoes, quietly looking outside.

"Mommy, what are you doing?"

Luke and Willow appeared, catching Willow crouched by the door like a thief.

"Shh," Willow quickly gestured for them to be silent.

Luke and Willow immediately covered their mouths, curiously watching Willow.

Willow looked toward the door again, only seeing a black figure swaying.

The person outside grew impatient, the knocks becoming more frequent, "Hope Williams, open the door."

That voice sounded so familiar.

Willow's frowned brows relaxed, and upon opening the door, she saw, "Liam Cloud!"

Liam Cloud leaned against the doorway, a cigarette in his mouth, looking at her with a lazy slant, his unruly silver hair as arrogant and scattered as ever.

He smirked lightly.

“Not bad, I’ve been knocking for five minutes.”

“Are you sick?”

“Just found out today?”

Willow clicked her tongue in speechlessness, “Aren’t you supposed to be in Y country, what are you doing here?”

Liam Cloud’s eyebrows quirked mischievously, and he smirked, “You like talking in the doorway?”

“...”

Willow stepped back, letting him in.

“Uncle Liam Cloud.” Seeing Liam Cloud, the two kids excitedly crowded in front of him.

“Tsk.” Liam Cloud clicked his tongue lightly, bending down to look at the two kids, “Has your mom been feeding you like pigs? How did you get so chubby?”

“Hmph, hmph.” Luke and Willow huffed indignantly, “Not at all, Uncle Liam Cloud, you’re still the same as before.”

“The same how?”

“The same ‘always speaking out of turn.’”

“...”

Hope closed the door, crossing her arms and looking at him helplessly, “Alright, tell me, what brings you here in the middle of the night?”

“I just got off the plane tonight.”

“Oh, and then?”

Liam Cloud pulled out a cigarette, glanced around, put it down, and looked expressionlessly at her, “Then I went to the Lewis Family to find you, only to see you’d been kicked out.”

Liam Cloud stared at her, flames dancing within his icy gaze.

“Tell me, how were you wronged?”

Hope blinked, deliberately avoiding Liam Cloud’s intense stare, “It’s nothing.”

“It’s nothing?”

Liam Cloud scoffed.

"It's nothing, yet you look like a mess."

"Can't you speak normally?" Hope was speechless.

Liam Cloud's lips were tightly pursed, clearly suppressing anger, and with a long arm he stretched out and grabbed Hope by the collar forcefully, "Come with me."

Hope felt herself being lifted by this man, and immediately panicked, "Where? Let go of me."

"Whoever bullied you, I'll take you to bully them back."

Seeing his glum expression, Hope knew he was serious.

Hope's back stiffened immediately; if this guy went there, the situation could be disastrous.

Hope quickly raised her hand to refuse, "I'm not going, let go of me, Liam Cloud, can't we handle this calmly?"

"I am calm, if I weren't calm I would have blown up the Lewis Family instead of coming to find you first."

Hope's face darkened slightly, "You better let go of me first."

"I won't."

"It's killing me."

"Where does it hurt?" Liam Cloud immediately let go.

Hope smartly took a step back, creating a safe distance between them.

Realizing he had been tricked, Liam Cloud's face darkened further.

Hope watched as Liam Cloud stood still before lowering her guard and speaking, "This matter is complicated; violence won't solve anything, it'll only add more conflicts."

"Add more conflicts?" Liam Cloud chuckled, "Just dealing with it once and for all is clean, no more conflicts possible."

Hope rubbed her temples, "Can't your brain have fewer thoughts of violence?"

"Can't."

“ ... ”

Hope held the glass of water in front of her and took a sip, her expression deeply troubled.

“Uncle Cloud, you still haven’t said why you came here,” Luke cleverly diverted the conversation.

“Uncle Cloud, are you here for Mommy?”

Seeing the kids divert the topic, Hope also quickly changed tack and asked, “Right, why did you suddenly come?”

Liam Cloud’s gaze shifted slightly, “It’s not sudden, I’ve moved my affairs from overseas here in these past few months, I’ll be staying here from now on.”

“What?” Hope looked at Liam Cloud, clearly unsettled.

“What’s the matter?” his voice deepened slightly, “Are you not pleased?”

This guy was back in the country, and furthermore, right in Emperor Capital; there was always the possibility of running into Waylon Lewis.

Hope couldn’t imagine what it would be like if these two men met.

But whatever it was, a storm of blood and strife was inevitable.

“Why are you returning to the country?”

“Because I wanted to be closer to you.”

Chapter 265: Chapter 265 Don’t Bother Me, I’m Annoyed Chapter 265: Chapter 265 Don’t Bother Me, I’m Annoyed Hope Williams pursed her lips, not knowing what to say to Liam Cloud.

“I’m taking you somewhere,” Liam Cloud said, clutching Hope’s hand.

“No, it’s too late. Luke and Willow need to sleep,” Hope immediately refused.

“It’s barely evening. Going to bed so early will turn those two into little porkers.”

“ ... ”

“You promised me last time.”

“What did I promise you?”

Liam Cloud’s brows slightly knitted, “Hope Williams, this way you’ll easily accumulate debts of gratitude.”

“... But I really don’t remember what I promised you.”

Liam Cloud’s aura lowered slightly, chillingly cold.

Forgotten by this woman again, this feeling really fucking annoyed him.

Hope Williams blinked, sensing his change in mood, subconsciously stepping back, not out of fear, but upon seeing his saddened expression, her mind raced, trying to recall everything from the past few months, yet she couldn’t figure out what she had agreed to.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, when had her brain malfunctioned and agreed to something with this guy?

“Um... was it to treat you to a meal?”

Liam Cloud’s chilly demeanor eased slightly as he glanced at her, “Thank you for remembering.”

“...”

It had been several months ago, why was he still holding onto this?

Hope Williams awkwardly smiled, having made a promise, she couldn’t just renege, “So, what would you like to eat? I’ll treat you tomorrow...”

“Today.”

“Today? This late at night, what am I supposed to feed you, lint?”

Liam Cloud furrowed his brows, “Today.”

Hope Williams rubbed her forehead.

“Let’s go.” Liam Cloud bent down, not giving Hope Williams a chance to refuse, and hoisted her onto his shoulder, “You two follow.”

“Liam Cloud!”

Downstairs of the apartment building.

Hope Williams quickly wriggled down from his shoulder, and Liam Cloud let her.

Hope Williams, "Are you sick?"

Liam Cloud echoed, "Are you sick?"

Hope Williams took a deep breath, "You!"

Liam Cloud smugly arched his eyebrow, clearly in a good mood.

"Big Sister!"

A call came through.

A row of car headlights lit up in front of her, about a dozen cars neatly parked by the roadside.

Blinded by the headlights, Hope Williams blinked as the man from the lead car stepped out, walked up to her with a smile, and respectfully called out, "Big Sister, please get in the car."

"Don't call me that." Hope Williams frowned at the man.

Their Big Boss was Liam Cloud!

Wesley Ruiz was unbothered, "What's the problem with calling you Big Sister?"

Those in the cars behind were all Liam Cloud's brothers, most of whom Hope Williams recognized; they got out and joined in the teasing.

Hope Williams turned back to glare at Liam Cloud.

Liam Cloud was hooking his lip, slightly raising his eyebrows. Seeing Hope Williams staring, he slightly curtailed the smile on his lips and reprimanded Wesley Ruiz, "Just think it, don't say it."

"Big Sister, the Big Boss really only has eyes for you, he's even moved his base back to the country for you," a cheeky girl stepped forward and affectionately patted Hope Williams's shoulder, jokingly.

"..." Hope Williams's face darkened, "I have nothing to do with him, I have a husband, don't matchmake."

Liam Cloud's expression darkened instantly.

The atmosphere suddenly grew tense, those who were teasing straightened their faces, not daring to make a sound.

“Sister Hope, our bad, our bad, let’s not talk about it anymore, let’s get in the car.” The girl who had just joked, Aaron Ruiz, quickly intervened to defuse the tension.

Since everyone was here, Hope Williams didn’t say much more, not wanting to dampen everyone’s spirits after being apart for so long.

Wesley Ruiz opened the car door, and Hope Williams got in with the two youngsters.

Liam Cloud stood still, his tall, sturdy figure slightly somber, Hope Williams could see that he was obviously upset.

She felt somewhat helpless.

Aaron Ruiz glanced at Hope Williams, pressing her hands together in a pleading gesture.

“Liam Cloud,” Hope Williams called out.

“...” He didn’t move an inch.

“Are you coming or not?”

“...”

He still ignored her.

Hope Williams took a deep breath.

Everyone who dared not speak hurriedly made pleading gestures, looking earnestly at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams opened the car door and got out, patted his back, and said, “Just a moment ago you dragged me out here like it was a matter of life and death, now you’re not leaving?”

Liam Cloud glanced at her sideways, avoiding her hand.

“Stop bothering me, I’m really annoyed.”

Hope Williams frowned slightly, “Then just stand here by yourself, I’m going back.”

“Come back.”

Liam Cloud grabbed Hope Williams’ hand, took a deep breath, and suppressed his emotions, “Can’t you just coddle me a little?”

“How old are you to still need coddling?”

Liam Cloud gritted his teeth; he could never outdo this woman, he only got frustrated by her.

“Are you getting in the car or not?”

“Yes.”

Liam Cloud turned away and took the passenger seat.

Aaron Ruiz secretly gave Hope Williams a thumbs up, having realized early that she was the only one who could handle Liam Cloud.

Inside the club.

Liam Cloud had booked a large private room, crowded with brothers he had been through thick and thin with. The club had arranged for several beautiful hostesses, but Liam Cloud had sent them away.

Luke and Willow were not uncomfortable at this gathering; from a young age, they had roamed wild with them, and the two kids were very familiar with everyone. They were quickly surrounded by everyone calling them ‘brother’ and ‘uncle,’ endearing even the toughest men.

“Come on, bring out the drinks, Sister Hope, you don’t know, since you were away, our Big Boss almost moved his lair here.”

“It’s hard enough to meet up, tonight no one is going home sober.”

“No going home sober, no going home sober.”

Everyone enthusiastically egged on.

Liam Cloud was not in high spirits; he leaned back on the sofa as soon as he arrived, under the warm yellow lights, his silver hair shining, his collar open, adding an air of casual defiance.

Listening to everyone else urging Hope Williams to drink.

His dark eyes deepened, slantingly fixing on Wesley Ruiz, the most vigorous in egging on, “Drinking what?”

“Alcohol.”

What else would they drink here but alcohol?

Liam Cloud remained silent, staring at Wesley Ruiz; the atmosphere weirdly quieted down, everyone's gaze fixated on his clearly troubled face.

"Switch to juice."

"..."

"..."

"..."

Juice?

Those holding their drink cups stiffened, all eyes locked on Liam Cloud, then collectively turned to Hope Williams.

Are they kidding!

A bunch of grown men out to have fun drinking juice?

They still had to toast to Hope Williams, with juice?

Liam Cloud glanced at her, and not hearing any objection from Hope Williams, returned his gaze to Wesley Ruiz.

Wesley Ruiz shuddered and quickly said, "I'll go switch it right now."

Reluctantly, everyone put down their drinks.

Hope Williams, seeing them looking like they were being robbed of their love, smiled helplessly, knowing it was because of her, and said, "It's fine, carry on with your drinking, don't mind me."

"No, no, no, drinking juice... is actually pretty good, it's healthy."

"Luke, Willow, what will you drink?" Aaron Ruiz holding Willow, asked Luke.

"Is there milk?"

"Of course."

Someone quickly went to prepare milk for Luke and Willow, pouring each a glass, "Thanks, Sister Ruiz."

"No need to thank me, have Luke and Willow gotten fatter?"

“Grandma says fat is cuter and prettier.”

Hope Williams gently shook her head, it seemed these two kids had really been fattened up by Alitzel, their little faces looking much rounder.

“Grandma? Where did you two get a grandma from?”

Aaron Ruiz instinctively blurted out, because in her mind, Hope Williams had always been taking care of the two children alone.

“Grandma is daddy’s mommy, don’t you know, Sister Ruiz?”

“Daddy? Who is your daddy?”

“Cough, cough!” Wesley Ruiz coughed loudly to remind Aaron Ruiz.

“Bang!”

The crystal teacup was heavily placed on the glass table.

Everyone was startled.

Hope Williams was also startled by this guy, as Liam Cloud nonchalantly poured himself a full glass of juice, then downed it in one gulp.

Chapter 266: Chapter 266 Hope Williams, You’re Doomed This Time Chapter 266: Chapter 266 Hope Williams, You’re Doomed This Time Wesley and Aaron’s brows jumped fiercely, and they instinctively moved toward a corner.

Only Hope Williams dared to sit beside this guy, who emitted an aura of chilliness.

Liam Cloud glanced at the empty wine glass on the table, took it, and poured a glass of juice for Hope Williams, then personally handed it to her.

“Don’t you want a drink?” he asked.

Hope took the glass, looked at him, “Why are you in a worse mood than me?”

“I’m upset.”

“Who made you upset?”

Liam stared at her.

Hope pursed her lips and, holding the juice, said, "Fine, I apologize to you, okay?"

"No need."

"Why are you so contrary?" Hope said helplessly and drank down the juice in her glass.

"My biggest hobby is being difficult, and my biggest illness is being crazy, do you have a problem with that?"

Hope was taken aback by his emotion for a moment and then, coming to her senses, shook her head, "No problem, as long as you're happy."

"I'm not happy."

A bit helpless!

"I'm going to the restroom."

Hope put down her glass and walked out.

Liam watched Hope's leaving figure, his eyes deepened further, and he poured another glass for himself and drank it all at once.

Wesley, garnering some unknown courage, moved closer to Liam, "Big Boss, if you like her, just tell Sister Hope, and pursue her."

Liam, always bold and unrestrained, suddenly felt inhibited, cradling his anger with a glass of juice.

Liam glanced at him casually, his gaze was icy.

"Big Boss, why are you looking at me like that?"

"You think I need your advice?"

"Uncle Liam, you can't pursue our Mommy," Luke kindly reminded.

"Why not?" Liam lifted his gaze.

"Because Mommy already has our daddy..."

One spoke, and the other nodded in agreement, both children protective as ever.

Oh, our ancestors!

Aaron quickly covered the mouth of the little guy whose snack-eating couldn't settle him down.

The chill on Liam's face spread a thousand-fold across the private room.

Wesley's spine stiffened, wishing he could just disappear.

Liam stood up, and Wesley dodged back with the speed of flight.

Liam stepped straight out of the room.

The door slammed shut, shaking the doorframe.

Luke and Willow blinked helplessly, "What's wrong with Uncle Liam?"

"He... spilled the vinegar."

...

Hope went to the washbasin to wash her hands and tidied up her hair in front of the mirror before leaving the restroom.

The moment she stepped out, another person came out, Mia Fuller narrowed her eyes and hurriedly followed, muttering to herself, "Hope Williams!"

Mia furrowed her brows, watching Hope's retreating figure, "What is she doing here."

But she had heard that she was kicked out by the Lewis Family, which really delighted her.

She came to the club to play, wondering if Brother Waylon knew.

Mia curled her lips and quickly followed.

She indeed wanted to see with whom this woman was out so late.

It was getting late, Hope planned to take Luke and Willow home and had just reached the private room door when she saw a tall figure in the corridor.

Leaning casually against the wall, Liam, with his silver hair catching the light and his black shirt collar still rebelliously open, stood smoking nonchalantly, the yellow light accentuating his handsome profile. Clad in black, his swagger was evident. Standing at the door to the private room, he drew the frequent glances of passing girls.

Liam noticed her too.

"Leaving?" he asked.

"It's getting late, you continue to have fun."

"What? Does Waylon Lewis not allow you to go out?"

Hope could not miss the resentment in his tone when he mentioned Waylon.

"Nothing like that."

"So, what's the hurry?"

"Indeed it's late, I have work tomorrow," Hope said lightly, biting her lip slightly, "and Luke and Willow need to sleep."

Liam straightened up and moved a few steps closer to Hope.

Such proximity made Hope wary.

"What are you avoiding?" Without allowing her refusal, he reached out, grabbed her arm, and pulled her into his embrace.

Hope, scared by his sudden action, struggled to get out of his arms, "What are you doing?"

"I just want to hug you."

Liam firmly held the squirming woman in his arms, his sharp gaze directed toward the direction opposite to Hope's back, his eyes narrowing darkly with rage.

Mia Fuller, hiding behind a wall, covered her mouth in disbelief.

Hope Williams actually meeting a man secretly.

This woman finally showed her true colors.

Mia's lips curled up, her heart pounding with excitement; she had finally caught her.

The opportunity couldn't be missed; she immediately pulled out her phone, snapped two photos of Hope and the man, and sent them to Waylon without a second thought.

Hope, you're done this time!

Hope struggled to push Liam away, her brows deeply furrowed.

Liam, not surprised at being pushed away.

...

The phone on the table rang twice, indicating a message.

To respond promptly to messages and calls from Hope, Waylon Lewis always kept his phone close at hand.

Hearing the sound, he thought it was a message from Hope.

Immediately picking up the phone, his face darkened instantaneously.

The sudden change in mood made the entire meeting room fall silent, the atmosphere turning eerie.

He gripped the phone tightly, abruptly standing from his chair, his formidable presence filling the room with a chilling air.

The executives sitting opposite were bewildered looking at Waylon.

Carefully, they asked, "President Lewis, is there a problem?"

Waylon clenched his jaw, said nothing, and left swiftly.

Thomas Hughes had just come with investigative results, and upon arriving, he found the people in the meeting room bewildered and Waylon radiating a spine-chilling presence.

Thomas hurried after Waylon, "Boss..."

"Return home."

"But..."

Waylon had already entered the elevator with a stern face, Thomas opened his mouth uncertain whether he should report to Waylon about what had happened at the Lewis Residence tonight.

Thomas hurried into the elevator after Waylon, rationality telling him now was not a good time to talk.

Waylon at this moment looked downright murderous.

Could something have happened worse than the President's Wife being bullied?

Chapter 267: Chapter 267: I Don't Like You Lying to Me Chapter 267: Chapter 267: I Don't Like You Lying to Me Could anything be more serious than the President's Wife being bullied?

Hope Williams had just returned home and before she could catch her breath, she received a call from Waylon Lewis. Looking at the phone, she smiled faintly.

He must have just finished his work.

Hope immediately answered, "Hello?"

"Where are you?"

A chill traveled through the phone. Hope, with her keen senses, hesitated for a moment before replying, "At home."

"At home? Since when did you learn to lie?" His tone was not as gentle as usual, carrying a hint of anger and more than a little accusation.

His icy tone left Hope somewhat at a loss.

"What's wrong with you?"

A stretch of silence ensued.

The two of them, quiet and still, could feel each other's intense presence through the phones.

Waylon gritted his teeth, "Hope, I don't like it when you lie to me."

Hope pursed her lips, looked down at the sleek, cold marble floor, and began, "I am indeed at home, just at my own home."

"What does that mean?"

"...I moved out of the Lewis Family home."

Waylon clenched his phone, his narrowed eyes filled with wrath.

Without hearing any response, Hope sighed lightly. It would have been better not to mention it at all—once she did, vulnerability overwhelmed her. She wanted to tell him about the night's events, share the wrongs she suffered, but before Hope could speak...

"To better meet with Liam Cloud privately?"

His chilling voice made Hope's heart jolt, and she was at a loss for words due to his accusation.

"What did you say?"

"Am I wrong?"

Another lengthy silence followed.

A suffocating sensation enveloped them.

Hope only felt as if her heart had been harshly jabbed when he asked that question.

"Meet privately? What do you mean, Waylon?"

What did "meet privately" mean?

Secret appointments between a man and a woman, affairs!

How could he use such words to describe her?

His words were like salt on her already open wounds; her sense of grievances suddenly erupted.

Waylon furrowed his brow, realizing he had spoken too harshly and was about to retract his words when he heard the incessant beeping from the phone.

His hand holding the phone tensed with visible veins.

Hope sat on the sofa, raised her hands, bowed her head, held her forehead, took a deep breath, her body trembling slightly.

Waylon stood below Hope's apartment, relentlessly smoking one cigarette after another.

After an indeterminate amount of time, he looked up at the light in the apartment above that hadn't gone out, gritted his teeth, and finally walked up.

Hesitating at the door, Waylon suppressed all his anger and walked in.

The moment he entered, his gaze immediately fell on Hope, sitting on the sofa, head slightly bowed, cradling her forehead.

Seeing her exhausted and upset, a pang of heartache surged through Waylon, and he couldn't help but blame himself.

Hope heard the sound of the door opening but did not move.

Waylon closed the door behind him and approached her.

With his familiar scent drawing near, Hope slowly lifted her head. There was no surprise in her eyes when she looked at him.

Since he knew she wasn't at the Lewis Family home and asked about Liam, it meant he knew some things. As to why he suddenly came back, Hope gave a mocking smile.

"Did you hurry back from abroad just to interrogate me?"

Waylon's dark eyes fixed on her, her icy tone wiping all expression from his handsome face.

Both appeared utterly calm, but inside, one had a thousand unasked questions while the other had countless grievances she didn't want to voice.

A wave of suffocation hit, and Waylon Lewis spoke in a heavy voice, "Explain."

"What should I explain?" Hope Williams's distinctly black and white eyes looked at him calmly and coldly, "Going out with Liam Cloud?" Hope paused for a moment, "He returned to the country today and asked me out, and I owed him a meal which I couldn't refuse. We didn't go out alone; there were many other people. Luke and Willow were there too. I did nothing to let you down. Are you satisfied with that explanation?"

The deepest thorn in Hope's heart today was Waylon Lewis's questioning and distrust without clearing up the situation.

She thought there was one hundred percent trust between them.

But she never imagined he would hurt her with the words "private meeting."

"He hugged you," Waylon gritted his teeth. "How do you explain that?"

Hope's brow furrowed tightly as she stood up to face him, "Are you having me followed?"

"So you admit it?"

The two stared intently at each other.

Hope bit her back teeth hard, her nose suddenly reddened, and a layer of crystal-clear moisture quickly covered her bright eyes.

"Yes," Hope nodded frankly, "But it's not like what you're imagining!"

"What am I imagining?"

“ ... ”

“You should leave first. We are both not in a good mood, and I don’t want to talk to you.”

Hope turned around to wipe away tears, but was abruptly pulled back by Waylon. His strong arms encircled her waist and lifted her onto the table.

He took off his black coat and threw it on the sofa, then tore open his collar and pinned her hands by her side. His pitch-black, bottomless eyes locked onto her as he said coldly, “You’re not going anywhere tonight until you explain things clearly.”

Hope stared at him, “What more do you want me to explain? It’s just like I said. Do you trust me so little?”

“How can I trust you when you’re full of lies?” Waylon retorted.

“Waylon, your words really hurt.”

“Moving out of the Lewis Family, meeting with Liam Cloud, letting him hug you—Hope, did you ever consider my feelings when you did these things?”

Waylon’s gaze was locked tightly on Hope as he questioned her with an oppressive chill, “Am I so unimportant to you? Or is Liam Cloud so important to you that you would always choose him over me? Do you have him in your heart?”

Hope stared back, a sharp pain crossing her eyes. She had remarried him; how could she possibly have another man in her heart?

“In your eyes, am I such a fickle woman, Waylon? What are you suspecting today? Are you suspecting me of infidelity?”

“ ... ”

“Mommy, Daddy, what are you arguing about?”

Luke and Willow stood at the door rubbing their eyes, looking timidly at their parents, clearly a bit frightened.

Hope pushed away from Waylon’s hold and quickly went to Luke and Willow, embracing them and comforting softly, “My darlings, be good. Mommy and Daddy are discussing things; we’re not fighting. Did we speak too loudly and disturb you?”

“Then why is Mommy crying?” Luke raised a small hand to wipe away the tears from Hope’s eyes.

Hope lowered her head and sniffed, then wiped her face clean, still smiling at the two children, "It's nothing. Mommy will go to sleep with you two."

Hope took Luke and Willow into the room.

Waylon stood in place, closing his eyes hard. His anger still unsubsidied, his face remained tensely handsome, and a cold shadow lingered in his brow as he stepped out, walking away with furious strides.

Though Hope didn't say it, Luke and Willow knew their parents had argued.

And it was a fierce one.

Mommy was upset by Daddy again because of Uncle Liam Cloud—Luke and Willow couldn't understand the complex emotions between the adults.

The next day, when Hope emerged from Luke and Willow's room, she didn't see Waylon's figure.

Her expression was heavy. Pouring herself a cup of hot water, she walked to the window and looked down. Her eyes slightly widened in surprise—Waylon's car was still parked downstairs.

He hadn't left; he had stayed downstairs all night.

The hand holding the teacup tightened, her heart sank to the bottom of the lake. No matter what, she couldn't adjust her emotions that pressed down on her.

It wasn't until she arrived at the hospital for work that her coworkers could feel Hope's low spirits.

"Director Williams, what's wrong? Are you not in a good mood?"

Hope's gaze landed on the doctor speaking to her, "What did you call me?"

"Director Williams, aren't you aware? The hospital held a recount, and you passed with unanimous votes. You truly deserve to be the head of this department, and the hospital director has officially appointed you. So congratulations, Director Williams."

Hope forced a polite smile, her response lackluster, devoid of any excitement, "Hmm, thank you."

The doctor speaking to Hope couldn't help but silently criticize her in his mind, worthy of being Cynthia—indeed composed and calm.

Chapter 268: Chapter 268: Waylon Lewis in a Car Accident Chapter 268: Chapter 268: Waylon Lewis in a Car Accident At that moment, two tall men sat opposite each other, silent, yet the invisible smoke of tension spread endlessly.

“Did you come just to stare at me?” Liam Cloud played with the dagger in his hand, smirking, “What’s the matter? Do you find my face much more handsome than yours?”

“Stay away from Hope Williams.”

Waylon Lewis’s eyes lifted, a deadly gaze sweeping towards Liam Cloud.

Liam Cloud scoffed, “Can’t do that.”

Right after Liam Cloud’s words fell, the men behind Waylon Lewis instantly drew their guns.

And without hesitation, so did the men behind Liam Cloud.

In an instant, both sides were in a standoff, guns drawn, with a chilling hostility emanating from the cold barrels.

“You’re looking for death,” Waylon’s eyes were filled with icy ferocity.

Liam’s expression cooled and, while expertly spinning the dagger, he looked directly at Waylon without flinching, “You’re not worthy of having her.”

“And you are?”

“More than you are.”

“Whether I am worthy or not, she’s mine.”

Liam’s hand, playing with the dagger, fiercely gripped the handle, his cold eyes gleaming, “Now she is, but who knows about the future.”

“What’s mine is always mine,” Waylon’s expression turned colder.

Liam’s eyes were full of mockery.

“As far as I know, your father has been making things difficult for Hope Williams. Last night, he even kicked her out of the Lewis family over some trumped-up charges. Do you know about this?

Can’t even protect your own woman, so what makes you think you’re worthy? Does it even matter to you that she’s unhappy?

What even is the Lewis Family, huh? On what grounds do you look down on her?

Right after she saved your family's elder, is this how you repay her? Is throwing her away after she's served her purpose really how you operate?"

"You really can't protect her, can you? That's why she gets hurt over and over again?

So tell me, how are you worthy?"

Liam spoke faster and faster, the irony in his eyes intensifying.

Waylon's brow twitched fiercely.

Seeing his reaction, Liam grew even angrier. Clearly, he was oblivious to last night's events. That foolish woman liked to keep things to herself, never shared with him.

If that's the case, he saw even less reason to leave her here.

The resolve to take Hope Williams with him grew stronger and more potent.

Waylon's eyes turned bloodshot, and he threw a glance back at Thomas Hughes.

Thomas Hughes, with trepidation, lowered his head. The boss had sent him to investigate what had happened to the lady, and he had found out. But, seeing the boss hurriedly returning to the country, he assumed the lady had already told him. So, under that oppressive atmosphere, he didn't dare to add fuel to the fire.

Now, it dawned on him that the boss was completely in the dark.

This was bad, very bad.

A chill ran down Thomas's spine.

Waylon's fingers clenched into a fist, his gaze dark and brooding.

So she moved out of the Lewis family because of this.

He had wronged her so much last night.

Waylon stood up and strode out without hesitation, and Liam didn't stop him, his lips slowly curving into a smile that didn't reach his cold eyes.

Waylon moved quickly, and Thomas, steeling himself, hurriedly followed.

"Speak," Waylon commanded furiously.

Thomas's mind worked quickly as he relayed the events of the previous night to Waylon, leaving out none of the details, not daring to miss a single word or person.

Waylon clenched his teeth tightly, his face dark as ink, his eyes filled with self-reproach.

She had suffered such grievances, and not only had he not learned of them immediately, he had wronged her, misunderstood her, and wounded her with such hurtful words.

"Bang."

Waylon clenched his fist and smashed it straight into the wall.

Thomas trembled in fright.

"Boss, you..." Calm down.

"Get lost!" the man growled deeply.

Thomas shrank back into a corner, terrified. A furious Waylon was indeed terrifying.

He wondered what kind of death awaited him today.

He'd truly thought the lady had spoken up herself, that's why he hadn't said anything.

Now, what to do? The woman treasured by the boss had been so wronged...

This spelled trouble!

The elevator reached the parking garage. Thomas didn't dare to delay and quickly opened the car door, but Waylon directly opened the driver's door and climbed in.

"Thud," the sound of the door shutting reverberated with discomfort.

Before Thomas could react, Waylon's car had already sped away.

Thomas didn't dare linger and hurried into the driver's seat of the car behind, quickly following.

Waylon gripped the steering wheel with both hands, his face grim, the cabin filled with surges of coldness.

In such a short time he was away, so much had happened.

He could never have guessed.

Hope Williams moving out of the Lewis family had been the handiwork of Christopher Lewis in conjunction with the Fuller Family.

They even wanted her to divorce him and strip her of the right to raise Luke and Willow.

The woman had been so alone and targeted by so many.

Thinking of this, Waylon felt even more unworthy.

His car sped along, emotions churning in his chest; at that moment, he just wanted to see her faster.

Suddenly,
“Screech...”

Waylon’s pupils constricted as a truck suddenly burst forth from the side, and he couldn’t dodge in time, slamming the brakes beneath his feet.

In an instant,
A loud crash echoed.

The car was forcefully struck.

Following in the car behind, Thomas’s pupils sharply contracted.

Meanwhile, just off the operating table, Hope Williams felt a sudden sharp pain in her chest. She raised her hand to cover her heart, took several deep breaths, but still couldn’t breathe easily.

What’s happening?

Hope steadied herself against the table, wondering why her chest suddenly hurt so much.

Chapter 269: Chapter 269 Must Get Divorced Chapter 269: Chapter 269 Must Get Divorced Hope Williams steadied herself using the table in front of her, the sudden pain in her chest was unbearable.

“Director Williams, are you all right?” Seeing Hope’s complexion worsen, the doctors who came out with her quickly gathered around to support her.

Hope Williams raised her hand and shook it, “I’m fine.”

“Director, there’s still a major surgery scheduled next. Can you hold on?”

Clenching her teeth, Hope Williams replied, "Yes, go ahead and prepare."

After taking a few deep breaths to calm her nervously anxious mood, she re-entered the operating room.

Meanwhile, Waylon Lewis was rushed into the emergency room. When the surgical lights were switched on and the doctors examined him, they discovered a tricky problem: the windshield had shattered in the collision, and a piece of glass had inserted itself precisely into the chest, right at the heart—it was the largest point of bleeding and the most critical wound.

The emergency room nurse came out to explain the situation.

The news almost knocked Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams, who had arrived in haste, off their feet.

The news of Waylon Lewis's car accident had spread widely. None of the Lewis family members, with their ulterior motives, missed the news, and they came over under the guise of concern.

If Waylon were to die this time, the anchor of their family would truly be gone, and seizing control of the company would be a piece of cake.

Vivia Fuller stood by, her face anxious, supporting Alitzel Williams. Alitzel shrugged off Vivia's hand, moved forward, and fiercely grabbed the nurse, "Hope Williams, where is Doctor Williams? Call her over. Have her perform the surgery."

No matter what, considering Hope's capabilities, she was indeed the most suitable person for the operation. Alitzel turned and grasped Thomas Hughes, "Go, quickly find Hope."

By the time Thomas Hughes arrived, he had lost count of how many calls he had made to Hope, but all were unanswered.

"Director Williams entered the operating room an hour ago," the nurse quickly reminded.

"Even if she's in the operating room, get her out now," Christopher bellowed.

What was she thinking, doing surgery for someone else while her own husband lay critically injured in the operating room?

"Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis, please calm down. We have sent someone to notify Director Williams, but ultimately it depends on how she arranges her schedule."

After all, Hope had just started a heart transplant surgery, and it was unlikely she would be able to leave.

Alitzel sobbed helplessly, "Good, good, quickly notify her. Tell her that Waylon is waiting for her to save his life. She will come; she must come..."

The nurse hurried to Hope Williams's operating room and quickly approached her, whispering the situation to the director.

Hope's hand suddenly stopped moving, her pupils shrank dramatically, and she looked up at the nurse, unable to recover from the shock of the news.

The nurse was frightened by Hope's gaze and continued quickly, "Director Williams, the family is repeatedly requesting your presence in the operating room. President Lewis's condition is very critical."

Hope's face turned pale, a buzzing noise filling her ears.

"Beep—"

The piercing sound of the medical alarm echoed in her ears, as if urging Hope to make a decision.

"Director, the patient's blood oxygen saturation is decreasing."

"Director, will you go over there? Should I find Doctor King to replace you?"

The nurse felt that with her husband in a car accident, teetering on the edge of death, Hope would surely rush over immediately, and she was ready to notify other doctors to take over the surgery.

After a full two seconds of pause, Hope clenched her teeth, gripped the scalpel tighter, and her voice came out devoid of warmth from behind the mask, "Call other doctors to the emergency. I... can't leave here."

"But Director Williams..."

"The surgery continues," her voice trembling slightly, her attention wholly returned to the task at hand.

The surgery had already begun; it was a heart transplant operation, the patient's chest had been opened, she was the chief surgeon, and this was the most critical moment. Her departure could likely lead to the patient's operation failing and consequent death.

She, as a doctor, had to be responsible for every patient.

"Director Williams, are you alright?"

The doctor across saw Hope Williams's hand trembling as she held the scalpel, a sign of extreme tension.

Hope Williams closed her eyes tightly and then opened them as clear and determined as ever, "Continue."

The nurse hurried back in a panic; Alitzel Williams didn't see Hope Williams and kept looking back anxiously. She grabbed the nurse's wrist with a blank stare, "Where is Hope? Where is she?"

"The director is still in surgery and can't come down. The hospital has already arranged for other doctors to operate. Mrs. Lewis, please don't worry."

"Does she not want to come over?" Alitzel Williams's frown deepened, "Did you tell her that Waylon Lewis was in a car accident?"

Alitzel Williams couldn't believe it; shouldn't Hope Williams drop everything to come at a time like this?

That was her husband.

How could she not care about her husband?

"I told the director, but... I'm really sorry, Mrs. Lewis. The director is in the middle of a heart transplant; she really can't leave," the nurse repeated patiently.

Alitzel Williams stepped back with a frozen expression, "How could she be so heartless."

Christopher Lewis heard this and instantly became furious.

"That's her husband, waiting for her to save his life, and she could actually ignore him."

"How can Miss Williams be so insensitive to the urgency of the situation? Brother Waylon is in such a state, and she actually has the heart not to come and operate on Waylon," Vivia Fuller added fuel to the fire and spoke up, "I'm going to find her."

"I'm sorry, Miss, but you can't enter the operating room."

A cold sneer flashed in Vivia Fuller's heart, yet her face was full of anger, "Then you go find her; tell her to come quickly."

The nurse was clearly troubled.

Christopher Lewis's fist slammed against the wall, his face full of anger.

"Divorce. Once Waylon wakes up, he must divorce this woman; heartless and unprincipled, I think she doesn't love Waylon at all."

Director Woods, who had just arrived, couldn't stand listening anymore, "Everyone, I can understand your feelings at this moment, but as a doctor, Hope Williams's responsibility is to save the life of every patient. She has indeed started the surgery, and as the chief surgeon, if she leaves the operating table rashly, it could indeed lead to the patient's death. Please try to understand."

Inside, Director Woods admired Hope Williams even more.

She was a doctor, and there was nothing wrong with her actions, but as an ordinary person and as a wife, to make such a decision, Director Woods held a lot of respect.

The life of every patient mattered; as a doctor, she had no reason to abandon another person's life.

However, considering the current situation, no matter whether President Lewis was in trouble or not, Hope Williams would face serious issues, Director Woods pursed his lips and fell into deep thought.

Five hours of surgery ended, and although there was a complication, Hope Williams quickly resolved it. As soon as she left the operating theater, with no time to catch her breath, she immediately rushed to Waylon Lewis's emergency room.

Many people surrounded the entrance to the emergency room.

When Hope Williams arrived in a rush, before she had a chance to speak, she was met with a blow to the face.

With no place to dodge, a slap landed heavily on her face.

"How dare you show up, get out!" Christopher Lewis clenched his fists, veins bulging with rage as he glared at Hope Williams.

Already exhausted, Hope Williams staggered back from the slap and fell to the ground.

"What are you doing, Chairman Lewis?" Director Woods and several doctors quickly went over to help Hope Williams up.

Chapter 270: Chapter 270 Mind Your Own Business Chapter 270: Chapter 270 Mind Your Own Business "Chairman Lewis, what are you doing?" Director Woods hurried over with a few doctors to help Hope Williams up.

A dense tingling sensation spread across her face, and with her vision blurring and doubling, Hope Williams only felt her head heavy with dizziness.

She knew it was a sign of extreme fatigue.

“Hope?”

“Is Director Williams all right?”

“Director, are you okay? You should rest for a bit.”

As medical professionals, they all recognized the anomaly in Hope Williams; anyone would be exhausted after several consecutive surgeries.

They all admired Hope Williams, and Christopher Lewis’s slap had angered them. No matter what, it wasn’t acceptable to hit someone just like that.

Especially since Hope Williams hadn’t done anything wrong.

“Let me... let me go see Waylon.” Hope’s voice was faint. She disregarded everything else; her only desire was to see Waylon Lewis, to go into the operating room.

Vivia Fuller stepped forward, directly blocking Hope’s path, and said sarcastically, “Miss Williams, I advise you not to go in now. When you were summoned earlier, you didn’t come. Now, your presence here isn’t needed either, please leave.”

“He is my husband, what right do you have to stop me?”

“So Miss Williams does remember that Brother Waylon is your husband. Yet earlier, you neglected Waylon’s wellbeing for someone else. Did you think about the fact that he’s your husband then?”

I think you don’t care about Waylon at all, or else you wouldn’t have done what you did.”

Vivia watched Hope Williams with disdain, her question brimming with righteous indignation.

Guilt filled Hope’s eyes. She knew her decision was a betrayal to Waylon Lewis, but under those circumstances, she couldn’t possibly ignore the life and death situation of a patient.

“What’s wrong? Lost for words? If you have nothing to say, then please leave. Don’t stand here and be an eyesore.”

At that moment, the doors to the emergency room opened, and a doctor came out, taking off his mask.

Hope Williams was the first to rush forward, “How is he?”

“Director Williams, you can relax, the surgery was a success, President Lewis is no longer in danger.”

The heavy weight that had been choking Hope lifted instantly. Her eyelashes trembled nonstop as she bowed her head, tears falling down her face large and fast, unable to speak.

Thank goodness, he was okay.

No one could remain indifferent with their husband in critical condition, but she had her duties, the lives of others mattered too.

Waylon Lewis was taken to the ward, but Hope was stopped by Christopher Lewis, his sinister gaze piercing cold as ice.

“Since you don’t care about Waylon, then you don’t need to cling to him. Leave him; you both must get a divorce.”

Hope hung her head, and after a long silence, she lifted it to ask with a tremble in her cold tone, “On what grounds? By what right? Even if you are his father, have you asked if he agrees? By what right do you make decisions for him?”

Christopher Lewis’s anger surged, “You think you’re worthy of Waylon? Waylon needs a woman of equal standing by his side, and that’s not you. He needs a woman who can support him, not someone like you who only looks out for herself at times of life and death.

Today, when Waylon was in trouble, it was Vivian who stayed by his side. And you, when someone was sent for you, you ignored Waylon completely. We, the Lewis Family, don’t need someone as heartless and disloyal as you. Get out.”

“I won’t leave,” Hope Williams stated directly, ignoring the furious face of Christopher Lewis. She forced a smile, “I’ve said before, if you want a divorce, fine. If you can convince Waylon to personally discuss it with me, if he brings it up, I’ll leave without a moment’s hesitation.

But if you’re unable to do that, then please stop giving me a hard time over and over again.”

“You!” Christopher Lewis raised his hand, pointing angrily at Hope Williams, and scoffed coldly, “When Waylon wakes up and hears about this, I’m sure he’ll be disheartened and see your true colors.”

“That’s enough, don’t say anymore.”

Although Alitzel Williams was furious about Hope's actions this time, she knew that Waylon Lewis's biggest wish was to have Hope by his side.

She glanced at Hope indifferently, "Go."

Hope Williams knew what Alitzel Williams meant and didn't hesitate for a second before entering the room.

"Alitzel Williams, are you still protecting her? You saw for yourself today how she treated Waylon."

"Maybe she has her difficulties too." Alitzel Williams took a deep look at the door to the ward.

In the ward, Vivia Fuller was taking care of Waylon Lewis, who had still not woken up.

Vivia Fuller gazed at Waylon's handsome face, her eyes shining with light.

This time it seemed even Heaven was helping her, and she didn't believe that Hope Williams would be able to stay in the Lewis family after this.

She leaned down, her fingers gently caressing Waylon's cheek, filled with a crazy love, "Brother Waylon, you will be mine soon."

"Click," the door opened.

Seeing Hope Williams enter, Vivia Fuller's gaze turned cold, and she straightened up.

"What are you doing here?"

Hope Williams went straight to Waylon's side, sparing no extra glance for Vivia Fuller.

"You get out, Brother Waylon doesn't welcome you here."

"Has Miss Fuller cleared up her identity? By what right are you telling me to leave?" Hope Williams lifted her hand to adjust Waylon's IV drip.

"Where do you get the face to stay here, Hope Williams?"

"Is it any of your business?"

"You!"

"Whatever I did wrong is between my husband Waylon and me; is it appropriate for Miss Fuller, a stranger, to meddle over and over again?"

Hope Williams fixed her gaze upon Vivia Fuller, her voice laden with frost.

Vivia Fuller stood in place, shaking with anger, yet unable to utter a word, only able to stare at Hope Williams with eyes like those watching the murderer of her father.

Hope Williams spared her no further attention, focusing all her attention entirely on Waylon Lewis, her expression neutral, but her eyes were full of heartache.

“Hope Williams, one day you will lose to me.”

Vivia Fuller clenched her fists, her carefully manicured nails digging deeply into her flesh.

The moment she turned to leave the room, a look of grievance immediately spread across her face.

This scene happened to catch the eyes of Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams at the door.

Vivia Fuller sniffled, wiping away tears with a contrived air of sorrow, performing a series of actions that made her appear full of grievance and stubbornness.

“Vivia, what’s wrong?” Christopher Lewis asked upon seeing Vivia Fuller in this state.

Vivia Fuller bit her lip, shaking her head as she looked down, “It’s nothing, Uncle.”

“Did Hope Williams give you a hard time again?”

Vivia Fuller still kept her head down, her lower lip tightly bitten, showing a world of grievance.

“What exactly happened?”

“I was worried about Brother Waylon and wanted to stay to care for him, but Miss Williams said I have no right to stay and chased me out. I...” Vivia Fuller teared up as if on the verge of crying, “But I’m really worried for Brother Waylon... Ah, forget it. Since Miss Williams doesn’t like me here, I’ll just leave. I won’t be in her way anymore.”

The more Christopher Lewis listened, the more his brows furrowed, “Don’t you leave. If anyone is going to leave, it should be her, not you.”

“But Uncle, what if Miss Williams...” Vivia Fuller appeared very troubled as she lowered her head.

“Since when does she call the shots in our Lewis family? You stay; don’t mind her.”

