

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

Chapter 301: 350

Chapter 301: The Filial Son Chapter 301: Chapter 301: The Filial Son After dinner, Waylon Lewis took Hope Williams for a walk in the garden, with Luke and Willow playfully bouncing around beside them, as the moonlight shone beautifully tonight.

Hope Williams was in a good mood, her smile tender, and when she was happy, so was Waylon Lewis.

“Luke, Willow, slow down, be careful not to fall,” Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams followed behind, watching Luke and Willow chasing each other. Hope Williams voiced a reminder.

It seemed like children had endless energy when playing.

“Tired?” Waylon Lewis held Hope Williams’ hand, always attentive to her, “Do you need to sit for a while?”

“Sure.”

Hope Williams sat down on the large rocking chair, and Waylon Lewis bent down to sit beside her. The spacious rocking chair still had plenty of room for two and was padded with a thick cushion, allowing Hope Williams to lean back comfortably.

Waylon leaned in, straightened her clothes for her, and slowly and tenderly drew her into his arms.

Hope Williams found a comfortable position, leaning on Waylon Lewis’s shoulder, and softly called out, “Waylon Lewis.”

Waylon Lewis responded.

“I feel very happy right now.”

Waylon Lewis chuckled tenderly, kissed her forehead gently, “Silly girl, you shouldn’t be satisfied so easily; I want to give you even more.”

“But I feel that having my family by my side, being with the people I love and who love me, and ensuring their safety is the ultimate happiness. I am content.”

Her family of origin was not perfect; her father died early, and her mother also passed away when she was eighteen. Thus, from a young age, Hope Williams’s greatest desire had been to have a complete family, where parents and elders are always there.

Thinking of this, a faint sadness always emerged in Hope Williams's eyes.

Waylon Lewis clearly noticed the emotions welling up in Hope Williams' eyes.

He raised his hand, his warm fingertips gently smoothed her slightly furrowed brow, tenderly massaging, "It will be, we will all be by your side, and from now on, it will only get happier."

Normally, Hope Williams appeared strong and cold, dealing with everything herself, seeming indestructible, but indeed her heart was as sensitive and fragile as a young girl's, just rarely shown.

Hope Williams smiled and nodded, her gaze filled with tenderness.

"Grandpa's birthday is coming up soon, will Mommy be too busy with the celebration? I'm just at home doing nothing; maybe I should go help tomorrow."

"Don't worry, she might not be good at other things, but she's great at this," Waylon Lewis laughed, "so your task is still to rest well, don't worry about these things."

Hope Williams sighed lightly, "Waylon Lewis, I think you are raising a pig."

Now, other than eating, all she did was rest and sleep.

Waylon Lewis chuckled lowly, his fingers caressing her cheeks, "Don't talk about yourself that way."

Hope Williams' eyes smiled gently, playfully slapping him, "And you're laughing? Are you happy about having a piggy wife soon?"

"I'm raising her, of course, I'm happy."

"In a while, when the baby in my belly gets bigger, I'll gain weight, my body will swell, and I won't look pretty anymore. Will you despise me then?"

"It's good to be a bit plump; I've said even if you were a bear I'd still like you."

Hope Williams tugged at her lip.

"Thank you."

"Alright, my beloved wife, it's nine o'clock, I'll accompany you to sleep."

Hope Williams yawned lazily; she had been sleepy lately and indeed felt tired now, she nodded, "Okay, go call Luke and Willow back, they should go to bed too."

"Hmm." Waylon Lewis stood up to find Luke and Willow.

At the moment, Luke and Willow were squatting in the bushes, as if they had discovered something fascinating.

Waylon Lewis approached, glancing up, careful not to frighten the two engrossed little ones, and spoke softly, "What are you two doing?"

"Shh, Daddy, be quiet," Luke and Willow turned back and mysteriously gestured Waylon Lewis to silence.

Waylon Lewis frowned, but curiosity led him to lean over.

Just then, Luke suddenly stood up, holding something long in his hand, "Daddy, look what this is."

Luke's sudden movement caused Waylon Lewis, who was standing close, to step back, then his expression darkened as he saw Luke holding a long earthworm.

Luke burst into laughter seeing Waylon Lewis step back, "Daddy, you're afraid of bugs."

"...Not afraid."

"Yes, you are, otherwise why did you dodge just now?" Luke observed Waylon Lewis, feeling his father was really timid; he wanted to tell Mommy.

Waylon Lewis's expression darkened; he had dodged to avoid running into him!

"Stop playing, go to sleep, let it go," Waylon Lewis said sternly.

"Oh~"

Luke squatted down, carefully placing the earthworm back on the grass.

Willow also giggled as she watched the earthworm; normal little girls would be scared of such long bugs, but Willow really wasn't afraid, "Little earthworm, we're going to sleep, you should go back to sleep too."

"Brother, do earthworms sleep?"

"They do, they'll burrow back into the soil to sleep."

"Then... Ouch, Daddy, why are you pulling me?"

Waylon Lewis sighed, looking at the two dawdling little ones, and grabbed their clothes, picking each one up by one hand.

“Daddy, let Willow go, she hasn’t said goodnight to the earthworm yet–”
“Protest, protest, smelly Daddy, let us down.”

Waylon Lewis strode forward, “Protest denied.”

The two little ones kicked their legs, still powerless in the face of absolute strength difference.

“Hmph, smelly Daddy, wait until Luke grows up and does the same to you, just you wait.”

Waylon Lewis narrowed his eyes.

Good boy.

“Filial son, I’ll wait.”

Hope Williams sat in the rocking chair, and from a distance, saw Waylon Lewis bringing back the two little ones.

With a stern face on Waylon Lewis, and the two little ones not looking too pleased either, they pouted, their faces a picture of utter dejection.

Chapter 302: Chapter 302 For Hope Williams and the Baby, He Endured Chapter 302: Chapter 302 For Hope Williams and the Baby, He Endured Hope Williams watched them with eyes filled with uncertainty, wondering what mishap had occurred to make a scene like this.

She stood up with a smile, noticing that Waylon Lewis was now holding one child in each hand. If they were to have another child in the future, would he need to tie one around his waist?

The thought made Hope laugh involuntarily.

“Let’s go, time to get some sleep,” Waylon said as he walked over to Hope.

Curious, Hope asked, “What happened just now?”

“Mommy, stinky Daddy is bullying us again,” Willow complained loudly, quick to tattletale.

Hope wanted to pick up Willow, who immediately reached out her little hands, seeking Hope’s embrace.

But before Hope could even touch the hem of Willow's garment, Waylon had already whisked her away.

Missing Mommy's hug, the offended Willow pouted, crossing her arms and kicking her legs vigorously in protest.

"They just crawled out of the mud, dirty," Waylon stated unemotionally as he carried the kids ahead.

Hope shook her head with a bitter smile and hurriedly followed.

After giving Luke and Willow a bath and changing their clothes, Hope watched as they fell asleep. She bent down and kissed their foreheads, then quietly left the room.

Seeing Hope come out, Waylon naturally extended his hand, "Are they asleep?"

"Yeah, they probably played too hard today." Hope placed her hand in Waylon's and they walked back to their room together.

The room had an exceptionally fresh and elegant arrangement—understated yet luxurious. On the glass tabletop vase were a bunch of white roses and baby's-breath that Hope liked; everything in the room was to her liking.

Clearly, someone had put a lot of thought into it.

Hope walked over, her slender fingers gently touching the petals as she bent down to enjoy the fresh fragrance.

"Do you like this room?" Waylon asked with a smile.

When Waylon asked this question, Hope could clearly sense the faint anticipation in his eyes.

Hope nodded, "Of course, I love anything you prepare with such care, thank you."

Waylon felt a surge of satisfaction from her affirmation.

Hope took a walk around the room, biting her fingertip thoughtfully, "But it feels like something's missing."

"What?"

"Our wedding photo," Hope remarked. There wasn't even a single photo of the two of them in the room, let alone a wedding picture.

Indeed, it was a pity.

"I'll take you to have the photos taken tomorrow."

Hope looked at him, "I was just saying it casually."

"I take it seriously," Waylon said as he gently tousled Hope's soft hair.

Hope's face was filled with a happy smile.

"The bath water is ready for you, do you need me to keep you company?"

Hope rapidly shook her head, "No need, no need, I can do it myself."

And with that, Hope swiftly entered the bathroom.

Watching her hurry as though she feared he might follow, Waylon couldn't help but chuckle warmly, "Take your time, be careful not to slip."

Hope tested the water in the bathtub with her hand. Waylon had set it to a nice temperature. After undressing, she submerged into the water, enveloping herself in warmth, her body slowly relaxing.

To prevent Hope from getting cold when she came out, Waylon had turned up the thermostat.

When Hope emerged from the bath wearing a robe, her body was comfortably warm.

"Why are you not wearing shoes?" Waylon asked with a slight frown.

"My feet are a bit wet," Hope said, looking down at her small feet before she had a chance to dry them.

Before Hope could react, Waylon knelt down, dried her feet with a towel, and slipped on warm, fluffy slippers for her.

"Don't do this again; you could easily catch a cold. What if you get sick?" Waylon looked at her helplessly.

Hope's gentle eyes conveyed a warm tenderness, and her fair cheeks still blushed from the bath as she gazed pure-eyed at Waylon.

She realized that being constantly cared for by her loved one felt exactly like this. She stood on tiptoe and planted a kiss on Waylon's lips.

"Waylon, you are truly wonderful."

The faint scent approached, and the soft lips touched his, causing Waylon's body to tense instantly, a hot look flashing in his eyes.

It was a brief kiss from Hope, but it ignited something deep within Waylon's eyes.

The man's sexy Adam's apple moved as Hope's subtle scent filled his nostrils. He clenched his teeth, picked her up carefully, and laid her on the bed.

Hope propped herself up on the bed, looking puzzled at Waylon as he grabbed a pillow and stood at the bed's head.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Go to sleep nicely; I'll sleep on the sofa tonight," Waylon said seriously, his face expressionless.

"You'd rather sleep on the sofa when there's a bed?" Hope was slightly stunned.

Waylon's gaze was unmistakably intense. They were both adults, and it didn't take Hope long to understand what he meant.

Waylon's brow furrowed, and he sighed.

Without realizing, Hope covered her lips with her hand, "I just kissed you once, and you..."

He leaned down and gently kissed her forehead, both helpless and endearing, "Wife, don't doubt your allure to me."

Even if she did nothing, just one look from her was enough to disarm Waylon.

Especially after what had just occurred...

But for her and the baby's safety, he couldn't.

"Be good, go to sleep," Waylon told her as he tucked her in.

Hope watched as Waylon, with her pillow in hand, moved to the sofa, his silhouette appearing quite forlorn.

Chapter 303: Chapter 303: One sheep, two sheep... Chapter 303: Chapter 303: One sheep, two sheep... Hope Williams watched as Waylon Lewis picked up her pillow and moved to the sofa, his silhouette looking rather forlorn.

Seeing him like that, she couldn't help but chuckle inwardly. Their little scuffle had banished all her sleepiness.

When Waylon Lewis finished washing up and came out, he saw Hope Williams, still very awake, leaning on the bed. Her clear eyes were watching him, and Waylon raised an eyebrow intrigued.

Caught stealthily watching him, Hope Williams embarrassingly pulled up the blanket and immediately obediently lied down to sleep.

Like a child caught not napping during naptime, panicky and flustered.

A hint of amusement flashed through Waylon's eyes as he walked over and gently patted the blanket.

"Aren't you sleeping?"

"I am, I am," came a muffled response from beneath the blanket.

Waylon curled his lips into a smile. To prevent himself from getting riled up by her again, he returned to his own sofa and casually lay down.

But Waylon didn't fall asleep. The room, lit only by a small night light, was very quiet, so quiet that he could hear Hope Williams, restless and turning over in bed.

"Waylon Lewis~" Hope Williams poked her head out from under the blanket and softly called out to Waylon Lewis.

"Mhm," Waylon responded cooperatively, "What's up?"

"Are you asleep?"

"I am."

Hope Williams rolled out of bed, grabbed her blanket, ran towards Waylon Lewis, and quickly lay down on the sofa, snuggling into his embrace in one smooth motion.

Waylon looked down at the small woman who had cozily entered his arms, surprised.

"What are you doing?"

"I just caused a fuss, and now I can't fall asleep," Hope said weakly.

Waylon looked at the small woman with a somewhat helpless indulgence, stretched out his arm to pull her a bit closer into his embrace to prevent her from falling off, closed his eyes and said in a low voice, "Be good, close your eyes and you'll fall asleep."

Hope Williams snuggled in Waylon's arms contentedly, feeling very secure in his embrace to which she had grown attached.

"Waylon, are you asleep?"

"No."

"What should I do if I can't sleep?"

"Count sheep."

"You count them, I want to listen to your voice," Hope said in a soft, sweet voice that tickled Waylon's heart.

Waylon swallowed, pressed her head back into his chest, and held her tighter.

"Close your eyes."

"Okay!" Hope obediently closed her eyes.

Initially, she didn't expect Waylon Lewis would actually count sheep for her, considering it quite a childish thing for someone like him to do.

But the next moment, she heard his low, dulcet, magnetic voice begin to sound, "One sheep, two sheep, three sheep, four sheep..."

Nestled in Waylon's arms, Hope Williams's eyes shimmered with surprise, her lips unconsciously curling into a smirk as she quietly restrained her laughter. Shifting to find a comfortable position, she soon fell asleep.

Waylon held the girl with the steady breathing in his arms, his eyes brimming with undeniable love.

He shifted slightly to gently rise, carefully picked her up, and placed her back into bed. He tucked her in and then slid into the covers himself, pulling her back into his embrace and whispering, "Good night, sweetheart."

...

The next morning, Hope Williams awoke, lazily stretching herself. She had slept comfortably through the night, dreamlessly.

No, she had dreamt of Waylon Lewis counting sheep for her all night long. She truly hadn't anticipated that he would do so, and Hope Williams smiled softly, filled with happiness.

“What are you giggling about so early in the morning?” A deep and slightly hoarse voice sounded beside her.

Taken aback, Hope Williams turned her head to look at the person beside her, her eyes widening. She was caught being lovesick and felt a bit embarrassed. “When did you wake up?”

“Two minutes before you started laughing.”

“...”

Waylon Lewis curled his lips into a smile and pulled her back into his arms, “Aren’t you sleeping anymore?”

“No more sleep. You have to go to work, so can you get off at five in the afternoon?” Hope Williams vividly remembered they had a wedding photoshoot scheduled. Girls might say they don’t care, but actually, they look forward to it quite a bit.

Chapter 304: Chapter 304: The Ignorant and Insolent Fool Chapter 304: Chapter 304: The Ignorant and Insolent Fool “I can’t sleep anymore, you have to go to work at the company. Can you get off work at five this afternoon?” Hope Williams clearly remembered that they were to take wedding photos, and though girls might say they don’t want to, they actually look forward to it quite a bit.

“Yes.” Waylon Lewis shifted his chin and kissed her hair, “Wait for me to come back.”

“Mm, then get up quickly, the earlier you go, the sooner you’ll return.”

Hope Williams sat up, tugging at Waylon Lewis’s arm, “Hurry and go to work, stop lying down.”

Waylon Lewis sat up, pulled her close to his chest, and chuckled lightly, “So you’re rushing me out?”

“No way, you haven’t been to work for so long, I’m afraid you’ll have so much to do that you can’t finish in time, and it wouldn’t be good if you have to work overtime, so go early and come back early.”

Waylon Lewis raised his hand to mess up her slightly disheveled hair, “Mrs. Lewis is right.”

“Then what are you waiting for?”

A low, mellow laugh spilled from Waylon Lewis’s throat.

Warm lips landed on the corner of her mouth and cheeks, his kisses soft and tender, filled with endless affection and gentleness.

It looked like there would be some teasing of her.

Hope Williams leaned her face toward him voluntarily, “Hurry up and kiss, I know you love kissing me, once you’ve had enough, go to work.”

Watching Hope Williams as if she would shove him straight into the company that very moment, Waylon Lewis’s eyes crinkled with amusement. As she leaned in, he made no hesitation to reciprocate, kissing her thoroughly before finally letting go.

“It’s still early, you lie down for a bit longer.”

“Okay.” Hope Williams immediately pulled up the blanket to lie down, then watched him.

Even her gaze seemed to say, I’m being good, so hurry off to work. Go early and come back soon, don’t keep me from my wedding photo shoot.

That’s how girls are — if you don’t agree to something or bring it up, they won’t think about it, but once you mention it and agree, they’ll look forward to it incessantly and won’t give up until they get it.

Waylon Lewis finally got up in the eyes of Hope Williams, washed up, changed his clothes, and went downstairs for breakfast.

Hope Williams personally stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window and waved to Waylon Lewis below.

Waylon Lewis was helplessly amused.

As soon as he got in the car, he received a call from the company and his face immediately darkened. He drove straight to the office.

...

At the Lewis Family’s old house, Vivia Fuller arrived early in the morning to help Alitzel Williams prepare for the elder’s birthday celebration.

Alitzel Williams was very annoyed – this person was like a persistent plaster that couldn’t be shaken off.

She didn’t know if Vivia was genuinely kind-hearted or if she had some other ulterior motive.

Vivia Fuller helped Alitzel Williams organize invitations, occasionally glancing upstairs, pursed her lips, and asked nonchalantly, "It's nine o'clock, Aunt, why haven't I seen Brother Waylon and Miss Williams?"

Alitzel Williams gave a cold snort, "Hope Williams was driven out by your alliance, wasn't she? How could she still be here?"

Vivia Fuller paused, her expression unnatural, but immediately replaced by difficulty and grievance.

She didn't speak, just bit her lip, the aggrieved look seemingly saying everything.

Alitzel Williams had seen many women and never bought into such acts.

"And Brother Waylon?" Vivia Fuller asked with pursed lips.

Alitzel Williams's face darkened, she looked up at Vivia Fuller, furrowed her brows slightly, it seemed she had been waiting here.

"With his wife not here, Waylon naturally stays outside with her. Could it be you expect him to break away from his wife because of some insignificant troublemakers?" Alitzel Williams spoke sharply and handed the sorted invitations to a servant with a glance.

Vivia Fuller bit her lower lip tightly.

She wasn't stupid; the insignificant troublemaker Alitzel Williams spoke of was her.

Her face paled as she stood there, completely at a loss for words.

The living room grew quiet for a moment.

It was as if only the sound of Vivia Fuller grinding her teeth could be heard.

Christopher Lewis, coming downstairs, coincidentally heard Alitzel Williams' rebuke and his face darkened, "It's early in the morning, where is all this temper coming from? Vivia is kindly helping you. Can't you speak nicely? Calling people troublemakers, how unpleasant to hear."

Alitzel Williams frowned immediately, "What are you in a hurry for? Did I name her a troublemaker? If she wants to take offense, what can I do?"

"..." Christopher Lewis pursed his lips, his brow wrinkling with frustration.

Vivia Fuller forced a stiff smile, "Uncle, Aunt, my apologies, don't argue over me..."

“Argue over you? Miss Fuller, how significant do you think you are?” Alitzel Williams glanced at her coldly.

Vivia Fuller’s hands, hanging at her sides, clenched tightly, as humiliation and hatred relentlessly assaulted her sanity.

But in the end, she took a few deep breaths and held herself back.

“Uncle, Aunt... I won’t disturb you any longer. I’ll be leaving.” Vivia Fuller said goodbye and left with a pale, embarrassed face.

“Look at how you talk, did she provoke you?” Christopher Lewis frowned deeply, looking at her helplessly, “After all, the Fuller Family will be the future family head, we’ve had decades of partnership. You should at least give her some respect.”

“Respect is earned by oneself. Even if I gave it to her, with her behavior and style, she wouldn’t take it.”

Give face but she doesn’t want the face.

Vivia Fuller stormed out of the Lewis family home, slamming the car door with such force that the driver in front trembled.

“Sluts, each and every one of them.” She tried to ingratiate herself, and yet Alitzel Williams fiercely defended Hope Williams, sharp with every word against her.

Chapter 305: Chapter 305: Scared Out of Their Wits Chapter 305: Chapter 305: Scared Out of Their Wits “Sluts, all of them are sluts.” She licked her face to please her, but she actually defended Hope Williams every sentence, choking her every word.

What is so good about that Hope Williams?

Vivia Fuller was so angry that her chest heaved violently. It took her a while to calm down and suppress her anger, then she took out her phone and dialed a number, shouting, “Go find out the exact location where Hope Williams is living now.”

Waylon Lewis had just gotten out of the car when the company’s senior executives hurried to the entrance to welcome him.

Several department directors looked left and right, anxiously asking, “Has anyone notified Young Master Lewis? Why isn’t he here yet?”

Everyone shook their heads, indicating they didn’t know.

Young Master Lewis had been at the company for so many days, and when was it ever proper to find him...

But now that the big boss is back, looking at the boss's expression... no, no, no, they dare not look...

Just under the pressure of his icy aura alone, their souls practically left their bodies.

Waylon Lewis's face was clouded, he said in a deep voice, "Where is Wyatt Lewis?"

Everyone pressed their heads down, looking at each other, and finally, all eyes turned to Thomas Hughes.

Thomas Hughes felt a sudden pang in his heart, feeling incredibly unfortunate as he lifted his head to meet the boss's stormy gaze.

What had he done to deserve this?

"Young Master Lewis, he should be in the office... maybe..."

Waylon Lewis frowned and said nothing more, striding towards the elevator.

The people behind him timidly followed.

At this moment, Wyatt Lewis was reclining in the office chair, his legs crossed on the desk, a file covering his face, appearing entirely like a useless playboy.

Waylon Lewis was still hearing his snoring as he entered the office.

His icy gaze swept around the office, directly locking onto Wyatt Lewis.

Thomas Hughes's eyes widened in shock.

"Cough..."

Thomas Hughes deliberately made a noise to remind him, "Cough cough..."

The sleeping person moved slightly, then continued to sleep.

Thomas Hughes, "..."

Young Master Lewis, good luck.

Waylon Lewis's expression grew colder by layers.

The people following behind were trembling, as if on the brink of an abyss.

Step by step, Waylon Lewis walked towards Wyatt Lewis, Thomas Hughes felt as if he was watching Young Master Lewis's life countdown.

He clenched his teeth, bowed his head, not daring to breathe out.

Sleeping Wyatt Lewis felt a chilly sensation, subconsciously shrank, moved his body, and found a new position to continue sleeping...

Seeing him like this made Waylon Lewis even more infuriated; he lifted his leg and kicked.

"Fuck..."

The office chair severely slipped sideways, and Wyatt Lewis suddenly fell to the ground, grimacing in pain, "Damn, who is it?"

"Me!" One word, extremely gloomy.

Wyatt Lewis scratched the back of his head, squinting his half-drowsy eyes, and the moment he looked up, his slightly narrowed eyes tightened instantly, his expression as if he was struck by lightning, sleepiness instantly vanished.

Not minding the pain in his buttocks, he scrambled up, "Brother brother brother... you, you, how did you come here?"

He was so nervous he almost choked on his own saliva.

Waylon Lewis pursed his lips, his face looking like a storm was about to come.

"Sleeping soundly."

"I, I, I... pretty much." Wyatt Lewis turned his head and cast a "deep loathing" glance at Thomas Hughes.

Why didn't he warn him when his brother was here, his brother must really want to kill him now.

What good would his death do for them...

Waylon Lewis sat down on a single sofa, raising his eyes and scanning Wyatt Lewis.

Wyatt Lewis stiffened his back, his toes nervously digging into the floor.

"Brother, um... are you thirsty?" Wyatt Lewis, sensing the situation, poured a cup of water for Waylon Lewis, stretching his hand far forward.

Waylon Lewis stared coldly at him.

Wyatt Lewis had already planned on buying himself a coffin.

“What have you been doing in the company recently?” Waylon Lewis's voice was faint, yet it made people even more terrified.

“I...” Wyatt Lewis scratched the back of his head.

Reading documents in the morning, sleeping, playing on the phone, sleeping, eating lunch... sleeping during meetings at noon, playing games, sleeping, finishing work...

If he said this aloud, wouldn't he even save on a coffin?

“Can't say it?”

“...Meet...meeting...” Wyatt Lewis stammered, already thinking about how to call for help.

Annoyed by his halting voice, Waylon Lewis got irritated.

“Thomas Hughes.” Waylon Lewis's voice was cold.

Thomas Hughes didn't even dare to space out, “Present.”

“Speak.”

Thomas Hughes turned his head and saw Wyatt Lewis desperately signaling him with his eyes.

Under Wyatt Lewis's earnest gaze, Thomas Hughes paused, organized his words as best as he could, but still he hesitated for a long time without opening his mouth.

Waylon Lewis gave them a light glance, his voice deep, “Go to the Z island development project.”

“No, brother...”

Waylon Lewis glanced again at Thomas Hughes, “You accompany him.”

“Young Master Lewis recently in the company, sleeping, playing on the phone, sleeping, walking around, playing games, sleeping, eating...” Thomas Hughes blurted out, not hesitating for even a second.

Wyatt Lewis was dumbfounded. Stunned.

Are you afraid that if you hesitate for a second, I won't die?

Thomas Hughes bowed his head, deeply sighed, Young Master Lewis, I tried my best.

Chapter 306: Chapter 306: Sister-in-Law Saves the Day Chapter 306: Chapter 306: Sister-in-Law Saves the Day Waylon Lewis stood up, took off his suit jacket, threw it on the sofa, and began unbuttoning his cuffs.

The vast office was chillingly cold.

Everyone else was sent out, causing Wyatt Lewis to feel a tingling on his scalp.

It's over, it's over, his brother was going to get physical today.

Wyatt Lewis turned and ran for the door, but the next moment a gust of wind hit, and Wyatt Lewis missed the perfect time to escape, despondently yelling towards Thomas Hughes.

"Find my sister-in-law, quick, find my sister-in-law... ah... help... brother... I was wrong brother, don't get heated, please don't get heated... take it easy... real brother..." Listening to Wyatt Lewis's screams, Thomas Hughes stiffened outside and hastily pulled out his phone.

Wyatt Lewis was truly dancing on Waylon Lewis's last nerve this time; it was likely that the big boss's anger wouldn't be easily quelled.

Hope Williams, having nothing better to do, was watering the plants in the garden with a small watering can.

Hearing her phone ringing on the table, she wiped her hands and walked over to answer the call.

"Thomas, what's going on?"

"President's Wife, please come and save the Second Young Master."

Hope Williams's brow furrowed slightly, "What happened? What's going on?"

Thomas Hughes hurriedly recounted the events to Hope Williams, and after hearing it, she pursed her lips, sighed softly, "Well, he kinda deserved it."

"Yes... No no no, President's Wife, please save the Second Young Master." Thomas Hughes listened to the voice, "He's really miserable right now."

Waylon Lewis's fury was not something anyone could withstand. Since it had escalated to physical confrontation, it showed just how furious Waylon Lewis was with Wyatt Lewis's actions.

Hope Williams sighed softly, "Alright, I'll come."

"I thank you on behalf of the Second Young Master."

Hope Williams quickly changed her clothes and left the house, driven by a compassionate fear that Wyatt Lewis might be beaten to death, she asked the driver to speed up.

Upon arriving at the company, Hope Williams went directly to the president's private elevator. When the elevator doors opened and she reached the office's entrance, Hope Williams paused slightly.

Normally at this time, everyone should be busy working, so why were they all gathered around the doorway?

Thomas Hughes, clearly nervous, came forward, unable to resist exclaiming, "President's Wife, you finally arrived."

"How is it?"

Thomas shook his head; he dared not enter, hence he didn't know the situation.

Hope Williams couldn't help but sigh, Wyatt Lewis had always been irresponsible, relying entirely on Waylon Lewis to handle everything, never seriously considering taking charge of the company.

But as his brother, Waylon Lewis had hoped his younger sibling would step up and manage the company.

Otherwise, Waylon Lewis wouldn't be this angry.

Hope Williams walked forward, and the crowd at the doorway immediately moved aside, orderly and respectfully greeting, "President's Wife."

"Mhm." Hope Williams nodded slightly, "Don't crowd around, go back to work."

Everyone was scared to leave, fearing that if they were called upon and not present, they'd be in trouble.

But now that the President's Wife had spoken, who in the company didn't know that the president was afraid of the President's Wife? Her arrival was literally their savior.

One by one, they thanked Hope Williams and hurried away.

Hope Williams pushed the door open.

“Get out.” An angry shout.

Hope Williams, holding the doorknob, startled, scanning the room with her amber eyes. Waylon Lewis was sitting powerfully on the sofa, Wyatt Lewis standing shakily in front of him, other than the chilling air, there were no other discrepancies, much better than what Hope Williams had imagined.

“Waylon Lewis.” Hope Williams called out softly with a gentle voice.

Waylon Lewis immediately looked up, his eyes, cold as frost, instantly melted away at the sight of the woman.

He stood up swiftly, walked towards Hope Williams, wrapped his arms around her waist with an unbelievably tender voice, “Why are you here?”

Hope Williams smiled lightly, “Because I missed you, so I came.”

A tender glow immediately spread across Waylon Lewis’s eyes, his icy demeanor turning joyful.

Waylon Lewis pulled Hope Williams to sit on the sofa, his dark eyes cautiously watching her, fearful that she might bump into the table.

Hope Williams turned back to look at Wyatt Lewis...

She pursed her lips, okay, she took back what she said...

Wyatt Lewis wasn’t doing well, his face seemed to have taken a few punches, his handsome face now a mix of blues and purples, he looked extremely miserable with his head lowered, not daring to lift it.

In fact, Wyatt Lewis’s heart was already cheering: Sister-in-law, the savior has finally arrived.

Wyatt Lewis sneakily glanced at Hope Williams, raising his hand to cover his swollen face, his pitiful appearance made him look even more pathetic.

Hope Williams tugged at her lip.

Waylon Lewis coldly glanced at Wyatt Lewis, causing him to immediately lower his hand, terrified.

Wyatt Lewis was someone Waylon Lewis had beaten from childhood, but no matter how much he was beaten, he never learned his lesson, always acting irresponsibly, which really infuriated Waylon Lewis.

Chapter 307: Chapter 307: Unsuitable for Managing a Company Chapter 307: Chapter 307: Unsuitable for Managing a Company Wyatt Lewis has been beaten by Waylon Lewis since childhood, but no matter how he was beaten, he never seemed to learn, always carrying on with that carefree demeanor, which really got on Waylon Lewis's nerves.

Hope Williams looked between the two brothers before finally speaking up, "Waylon Lewis, I think it's better if we talk things out nicely."

"That's right, that's right..." With someone backing him, Wyatt Lewis's morale suddenly surged, "Sis-in-law, you have no idea how brutally my brother hits me, I'm almost beaten to death by him."

Waylon Lewis's icy gaze instantly pierced towards Wyatt Lewis, who quickly shut his mouth, moved towards the corner, and once again sought rescue with his eyes looking toward Hope Williams.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, looking at Wyatt Lewis, "Your brother wouldn't really beat you to death."

"...Sis-in-law, you're right, there's a difference between death and being crippled."

"..."

Hope Williams paused for a moment, "Would your brother be this angry if you did something legitimate?"

Wyatt Lewis pursed his lips tightly; the reality was that just looking at documents made him sleepy, and listening to those board members and directors droning on and on in meetings, as if chanting a tightening spell, was unbearable for him.

"Sis-in-law, I'm really not cut out for managing the company..."

Hope Williams took a deep breath, her expression turning serious.

Waylon Lewis had been brought up and strictly trained by the old master from a young age, whereas Wyatt Lewis had always lived carefree and unrestrained, acting the playboy and joining the crowd wherever it was liveliest.

In such an environment, one mature and steady with exceptional ability, the other cynical and content with comfort.

But of course, Waylon Lewis hoped that Wyatt Lewis, as a member of the Lewis Family, would also shoulder some responsibility.

Hope Williams's brows furrowed with a slight worry, "Wyatt, what if one day your brother is incapacitated and you need to take over as president temporarily, and you don't have the slightest capability to sustain the company, what then? Simply hand it over to someone else?"

Hope Williams's tone was very serious.

What Hope Williams was talking about was hypothetical, as there are too many accidents in this world. Like that car accident that was unexpected, what if, one day, an accident really happened and who would shoulder the enormous estate of the Lewis Family?

The Lewis Clan hadn't been free from turmoil either. Back then, shortly after Hope Williams married Waylon Lewis, the old mistress passed away, and the master fell ill suddenly. The master fell so quickly that it caught everyone off guard, but thankfully Waylon Lewis took charge of the company, amidst both internal and external chaos.

Of course, Waylon Lewis resolved all issues smoothly, his skills and abilities gaining full respect from everyone in the company.

But if, one day, Waylon Lewis met with an accident, and the grand Lewis Clan Group lacked a leader and no one stepped up, those coveting outsiders would immediately launch an attack. If it came to that, and Wyatt Lewis had no capabilities, would the whole family just wait for death?

The light in Wyatt Lewis's eyes darkened, and his voice softened, "Nonsense, my brother won't have any accidents..."

Hope Williams took another deep breath, feeling that her words were getting nowhere. Was this her point?

Hope Williams felt like she was earnestly advising a child to study hard so they could succeed later in life, but if the child couldn't come to this realization on their own, no amount of talking would help.

Perhaps this was what Waylon Lewis also realized, hence his direct approach.

Hope Williams sighed gently, feeling extremely helpless, "You should go take care of your injuries first."

Hearing Hope Williams's words, Wyatt Lewis didn't hesitate at all, "Thank you, sis-in-law."

With a “swoosh,” Wyatt Lewis dashed out.

Waylon Lewis clenched his teeth, not stopping him, but clearly irritated.

Hope Williams looked up and gently patted Waylon Lewis on the back, “Calm down, maybe one day, Wyatt will come around.”

“I hope so,” Waylon Lewis said heavily.

“The matter’s been dealt with, you go back to work. I’m heading back now,” Hope Williams stood up.

Waylon Lewis’s expression darkened a bit more, “Didn’t you say you came because you missed me?”

Looking at his face that seemed to have been betrayed, Hope Williams smiled helplessly, “Alright, don’t make a fuss. I really did miss you, and I was also genuinely worried that Wyatt might be beaten to death by you. I can’t hold you up from work here.”

“I’ll take you back.”

“No, it’s fine, you carry on with your work.”

“I like to take you back,” Waylon Lewis stood up and took Hope Williams’s hand, leading her out.

Unable to refuse, Hope Williams could only agree.

Waylon Lewis opened the office door, holding Hope William’s hand, walking side by side as they left.

Thomas Hughes had been standing outside the door, and as Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams came out, he immediately greeted them, “Boss, President’s Wife.”

Waylon Lewis replied, “Hmm.”

Thomas Hughes raised an eyebrow; being by Waylon Lewis’s side for so long, he didn’t need to look, he could tell from the tone of voice that the Boss was in a good mood at the moment.

It was clear that the Boss was happy because the President’s Wife had come. He had thoroughly understood that with the President’s Wife’s presence, everything became negotiable, and the weather inside the Boss’s heart changed from cloudy to sunny in an instant.

“Go home and rest well, don’t overexert yourself, call me if you miss me,” Waylon Lewis said tenderly to Hope Williams as they walked, immediately cautioning her when they approached steps, “Watch your step.”

“Okay, don’t worry, I’m much better now, you don’t need to mind me too much.”

“I’ve already told the home chef to prepare something light for lunch, you haven’t had much appetite lately, but you still need to eat a bit.”

“I will, for the baby’s sake, you don’t have to worry.”

“Take good care of yourself at home.”

Employees passing by, overhearing this exchange, “...”

The President’s tone when speaking to his wife was so gentle it was like speaking to an ancestor.

Had they heard wrong? Was that really the President who, just moments before, could decimate someone with a single look?

And the President had been so angry moments ago, now there wasn’t a trace of that anger to be found.

“Assistant Hughes, this...”

Thomas Hughes lifted his eyebrows meaningfully, “You see, the President’s Wife is a life-saver.”

It had to be said that Wyatt Lewis was truly smart to have brought in such a great protector.

The staff, having somewhat calmed their feelings, couldn’t help but exclaim, “The President’s Wife is really beautiful, with an extraordinary demeanor, her presence dominating as she walks, standing next to the President they look perfect together, we don’t stand a chance.”

“Are you still dreaming of chances? Wake up, even without the President’s Wife, we are not from the same world as the President. Where would the chance come from?”

That female employee sounded somewhat unconvinced, “Who says, I heard that the President’s Wife is not some rich lady, just an ordinary woman without family background, and yet she had the chance.”

“Really? The President’s Wife’s aura seems like that of a rich lady though?”

“Don’t be in disbelief, I heard it from a friend who works at the Lewis’s old mansion, she personally heard the old Chairman Lewis disapprove of this woman because she had no family background, even driving her out of the Lewis house, and apparently, this woman is quite cunning.”

Chapter 308: Chapter 308: The Wicked Man Knocks Chapter 308: Chapter 308: The Wicked Man Knocks “Really? Is that true?”

As soon as such juicy gossip dropped, people immediately gathered around.

“Shush, keep it down.” The female employee looked around to make sure Thomas Hughes had walked away before she continued, “Of course it’s true, otherwise how could a woman with no family background possibly climb her way into the Lewis Family, and do you remember the previous collaboration with the Fuller Family?”

“The partnership that Miss Fuller personally discussed with the boss? Wasn’t that collaboration cancelled?”

“Why do you think the collaboration was cancelled?”

“How would we know, it was the boss’s own decision, but I am also quite curious, our director followed this project, it was a win-win project, it was cancelled without any reason. Are you implying you know some insider details?”

The person lowered her voice again, and as everyone leaned in closer, she continued, “It’s because the President’s Wife is jealous and overly suspicious, fearing something was going on between the president and Miss Fuller. She badmouthed in front of the president, preventing him from collaborating with Miss Fuller, leading to the cancellation.”

“What?” Everyone was shocked, “Really? Isn’t that too much? Is the President’s Wife so brainless? Because of petty jealousy between women, she even interferes with company matters and the president’s decisions?”

“Absolutely true, my friend told me herself, she heard Chairman Lewis and a few others talking, otherwise why would the chairman dislike this woman and even kicked her out of the Lewis Family, obviously because her schemes were exposed.”

Everyone had a meaningful look, as if they understood everything, “Such explosive news, worthy of a wealthy family. The President’s Wife looks so elegant and noble, but who would have thought she’s this scheming.”

“Exactly, it’s said, ‘Know someone’s face, not their heart.’ Our president is still fooled by this woman, otherwise, why would he choose a woman with no power, no status, and no family background?”

“Shush, I’ve told you, don’t go spreading this outside.”

Everyone nodded, “Don’t worry, we won’t talk about it.”

“Let’s get back to work.”

They dispersed and returned to their desks, and immediately started talking to the colleague next to them, “Hey, I just heard something really explosive...”

...

Waylon Lewis personally drove Hope Williams home, the car steadily parked at the doorstep.

Hope Williams unbuckled her seatbelt and looked at Waylon Lewis with a slight smile, “I’m going back in, drive safely on your way back.”

“Mhm.”

“Are you going to be late at work tonight?” After all, Wyatt hasn’t been doing much at the company these days, so Waylon has to handle everything himself.

“So it seems,” Waylon Lewis raised his hand and rubbed his swelling brow, “Sorry, I might come back very late. I can’t go with you to take wedding photos today.”

Hope Williams shook her head, “It’s okay, you get on with your work. We can shoot the wedding photos some other time.”

Hope Williams was always understanding. Waylon being busy yet still personally dropping her off was more than enough for her.

Waylon Lewis leaned over, kissed Hope Williams on her forehead apologetically, “My wife is the best.”

Hope Williams smiled, nodding in agreement, “Of course, I’m heading inside, bye.”

Hope Williams got out of the car, waving at Waylon Lewis, “Drive safely.”

“Mhm, go ahead.”

Waylon Lewis watched her safely enter before he felt relieved to leave.

Just after Waylon's car left, a red Maserati steadied to a stop. Vivian Fuller, wearing high heels, stepped out, her venomous eyes narrowing, this was the place.

Mia Fuller got out from the other side, arms crossed, glancing at the magnificent villa, "Why did you bring me here?"

She didn't remember the Fuller Family having the capability to buy the top villa in Emperor Perry Court, the Emperor Perry Palace.

Vivian Fuller coldly smiled, "Hope Williams lives here."

"What did you say? Hope Williams lives here?"

Vivian Fuller glared coldly at the villa, turning her head to glance at Mia Fuller, who was more envious than shocked.

"Yes, look how well she's living now, then look at us, how miserable we've been made by her."

Recently, Vivian Fuller had been brainwashing Mia Fuller every day, all for the day when Mia's hatred for Hope Williams would explode.

Mia Fuller clenched her fists, as if she wanted to strangle Hope Williams.

Vivian Fuller was very satisfied with Mia Fuller's reaction.

Only enough hatred could lead to the strongest effect, at any cost.

Vivian Fuller hooked her lips into a smirk as she walked up to the entrance where the bodyguard immediately stopped her.

"Miss, you can't go in here."

Vivian Fuller raised an eyebrow, haughtily saying, "My last name is Fuller; I am Miss Fuller from the Fuller Family."

The bodyguard looked at her strangely, "Even if your last name is Emperor Perry, it doesn't matter, you cannot go in."

"You..." Vivian Fuller gritted her molars.

"How rude can you be, bodyguard? We are Misses Fuller, have you not heard of the Fuller Family? We are here to see Hope Williams, now quickly call that woman out to greet us." Mia Fuller shouted loudly.

The bodyguard, disgusted, glanced at the woman, immediately taking his walkie-talkie, "Have some people come over, there is a disturbance at the entrance."

"Disturbance? Are you even using your eyes..."

Vivia Fuller furrowed her brows and pulled Mia Fuller forward, speaking amiably to the expressionless bodyguard, "We are friends of Miss Williams, we have come especially to see her. Miss Williams is pregnant, Mrs. Lewis specially made some soup for her to try, my sister spoke a bit hastily. Please excuse us, gentlemen."

The bodyguard glanced at the thermos in Vivia Fuller's hand and then at Vivia Fuller, who smiled gently, looking harmless.

"If you still don't trust us, you could call Mrs. Lewis to confirm."

Vivia Fuller glanced at her watch, "But you need to hurry, because if you delay, the soup will get cold, and it won't taste good, right?"

The two bodyguards looked at each other, was she just bluffing? They didn't have Mrs. Lewis's phone number.

"If that won't work, you could call Miss Williams to ask as well, just say we are from the Fuller family, I believe Miss Williams will see us."

Vivia Fuller noticed the bodyguards wavering and purposely said this, knowing that the bodyguards at the entrance couldn't possibly have Alitzel Williams or Hope Williams' phone numbers.

The two bodyguards listened to Vivia Fuller's words, which were precise, and recognizing the people of the Lewis Family, maybe she really was the lady's friend.

"We need to check this out," the bodyguard felt it was safer to make a call to inquire about the lady's intentions.

"I'll go make a call."

Vivia Fuller clenched her hands, how could they actually go make a call?

Soon, the bodyguard who went to make the call returned, "No one answered."

"You see, you've made the call, you've delayed us for so long, can we go in now?"

The two men exchanged glances, looking at Vivia Fuller; they were also troubled. If this person really was the lady's friend and they kept her outside, it would not look good if the lady blamed them.

“Alright, you may go in.”

“Thank you for accommodating.”

Vivia Fuller gave a faint smile, walking in one after the other with Mia Fuller.

Mia Fuller scoffed coldly, following Vivia Fuller in with great swagger.

“When did Aunt Lewis ask you to bring soup?”

Vivia Fuller lifted her eyes, “Are you stupid? If I didn’t say that, would these bodyguards let us in?”

Chapter 309: Chapter 309: Don’t Get Too Smug Chapter 309: Chapter 309: Don’t Get Too Smug Mia Fuller rolled her eyes, as if you’re the smartest!

Hope Williams was sitting on the second-floor open-air balcony, playing with Legos with Luke and Willow.

“Mommy, this morning great-grandpa called and asked us to have dinner at the old house tonight, we all miss great-grandpa, can we go?” Luke hurriedly informed Hope Williams, almost forgetting to mention it.

Hope Williams nodded, ruffled Luke’s hair with a smile, and said, “Of course we can, Mommy will take you to great-grandpa’s later.”

“Yay.”

Hope Williams, seeing the joy on Luke and Willow’s faces, couldn’t help but curve her mouth into a smile, slightly lifting her head, her gaze fell upon two familiar figures downstairs.

Her usually indifferent eyes suddenly flashed with a chill, her gaze became cold and distant as she stared at those two figures, her beautiful face’s smile fading, filled with the chill of someone intruding upon her territory.

“Mommy, what’s wrong?”

Sensing the change in Hope Williams’s emotions, the two little treasures immediately turned to her.

Hope Williams never liked to project her emotions onto her children. With an indifferent face and a gentle voice, she said, “It’s nothing, you guys continue playing.”

At this moment, a servant reported, "Madam, two young ladies are looking for you downstairs."

"Hmm, I know." Hope Williams nodded indifferently, but showed no interest in going downstairs.

Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller had been standing downstairs for a while, unable to help but admire Emperor Perry Court's top-notch villa, the likes of which they had never seen before in its opulence.

It was even beyond comparison with the Fuller Family's old house.

Vivia Fuller gently touched the smooth lines of a wall painting, her eyes filled with nothing but envy.

What made Hope Williams worthy to live in such a place, to become the mistress of this house, to enjoy Waylon Lewis's unrivaled affection?

How was she worthy? How was she worthy?

Those things should only be fitting for her.

And Mia Fuller felt just the same; the sisters exchanged glances, seeing the thoughts in each other's eyes.

What they couldn't have, Hope Williams shouldn't dream of having either.

After waiting for a long time and seeing someone inform Hope Williams, but with no sign of her coming down, Mia Fuller crossed her arms, stamped her foot in anger, "What's with that bitch Hope Williams? Doesn't she know to come out and greet her guests when they arrive? Just let's us wait here for so long, what does she mean by that?"

"What do you mean by coming uninvited, as if this is your own home?" Hope Williams descended from upstairs leisurely, her voice cold and thin.

Dressed in light-colored home attire, with her hair unstyled draping casually over her shoulders, Hope Williams came downstairs, embodying a trace of languor.

"We kindly came to see you, don't be ungrateful."

Hope Williams raised an eyebrow delicately, "Kindly? To use such a word to describe yourself? Fitting?"

"You!" Mia Fuller really wanted to rush up and tear this bitch apart.

Where did she get the face to act like the mistress of this place in front of them, disgusting.

Vivia Fuller shot her a furious glance, and Mia Fuller reluctantly shut her mouth. Vivia Fuller walked to the sofa next to Hope Williams and sat down without hesitation.

“Miss Williams, we really did come specially to see you; I even made soup for you. Have a taste,” Mia Fuller turned her head and instructed a servant, “Bring a bowl.”

Hope Williams raised an eyebrow, looking as if she were the mistress of the house.

Hope Williams picked up the water glass in front of her, took a sip with a mocking smile, “Does Miss Fuller think my place doesn’t have a chef and needs you to deliver a bowl of soup?”

Vivia Fuller tightened her lips, suddenly at a loss for words.

“Let’s get to the point, there’s no sense in beating around the bush,” Hope Williams’s voice remained indifferent.

With no one else around, the two reverted to their true colors, no longer pretending.

Vivia Fuller glanced at the thermos in front of her, scoffing coldly, “Hope Williams, you’re really being unsporting. What’s the matter? Afraid to drink it? Scared I poisoned it, that I’ll kill the child in your belly?”

Vivia Fuller’s cold gaze swept over Hope Williams’s stomach, a venomous light flashing in her eyes.

As if she couldn’t wait to rip out the child from Hope Williams’s womb.

Hope Williams sipped her water quietly, a frosty light in her eyes.

“You were just a woman abandoned by Brother Waylon, and after having a child, you got lucky and ended up on a high branch, becoming a phoenix. Now you’re putting on airs, being so arrogant, truly laughable.”

With a smile, Mia Fuller crossed her arms in agreement, “Sister, you don’t understand. A barnyard fowl thinks it’s become a real phoenix after perching on a high branch, but a barnyard fowl is still a barnyard fowl.”

Hope Williams’s starry eyes turned cold, so their intent was to come and make her sick because they couldn’t bear to see her comfortable.

With a thud, Hope Williams put down her cup, lifted her gaze, "What both of you ladies said makes sense. So what should be done? Whether it's a barnyard fowl or a phoenix, Waylon Lewis only loves me, and I am sitting in the very spot you both wish for.

And you? Maddened by jealousy, uninvited, causing a scene on my territory, who gave you the courage?"

"Brother Waylon is just blinded by you, this bitch, you're not at all his match."

"Match or not, he's mine, and so is all of this," Hope Williams said coldly.

"Don't get too cocky, Hope Williams!"

"I don't want to see them, kick them out immediately."

As soon as Hope Williams's voice fell, the bodyguards at the door swiftly entered, grabbing one in each hand and dragging them outside.

"What are you doing? Let go of me," Vivia Fuller reprimanded coldly.

"You bitch." Mia Fuller struggled fiercely, slapping away the bodyguard's hand and charging towards Hope Williams, ready to tear her apart.

Chapter 310: Chapter 310: Annoying People Should Know Their Place Chapter 310: Chapter 310: Annoying People Should Know Their Place Mia Fuller forcefully swung the bodyguard's hands away and charged forward, ready to tear into Hope Williams.

The bodyguard, agile and expressionless, stepped forward and pulled the woman back.

Daring to harm Madam in front of them, what audacity.

"Let go of me! I want to tear this bitch apart."

Hope Williams's eyes were cold, her voice deep, "From now on, do not let these two women in."

"Yes, Madam, it was our negligence this time, it won't happen again."

With that, the bodyguard dragged the two women outside by their arms, with Mia Fuller still cursing and swearing, her mouth full of curses aimed at Hope Williams.

Dragged outside, Hope Williams could still hear their voices.

Hearing this, two pairs of eyes on the second-floor open-air balcony glowed with cold fury.

“Again these two bad aunties, daring to curse Mommy.”

“Hmph!” Luke tightened his small face, angrily huffed, and opened the nearby computer.

Willow saw Luke type a bunch of things she couldn’t understand, and soon Luke unhesitatingly deployed his army of Brother Jimmys.

Previously he had only assembled one Brother Jimmy, but now Waylon Lewis had bought him a bunch of mechanical parts and even set up a room for him, letting Luke do as he pleased, so Luke had assembled a bunch of Brother Jimmys.

Luke was smart, he had modified the original design, so now the Brother Jimmys were not like before.

Luke wickedly curled his lips, operating on the computer, the eyes of the Brother Jimmys instantly emitted red light, rushing towards the target Luke had set.

“Ah! What are these things.” The cursing voices of the two women downstairs were quickly replaced by panicked screams, which sounded much more pleasant instantly.

The Brother Jimmys continuously attacked, chaotically bumping and biting at Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller. Although it didn’t hurt, it was very irritating, and the sight of a large group of mechanical dogs was quite intimidating.

“Brother, brother, Willow wants to do it too.” Seeing Luke teaching the bad women such a harsh lesson, Willow, who usually didn’t like mechanical toys, asked to operate one herself.

“Wait a bit, Willow.”

Luke immediately found a remote control and connected a small Brother Jimmy for Willow, teaching her how to operate. Willow didn’t quite understand, but she managed to crash around by randomly pressing buttons.

“Bad auntie, let’s see if you dare to bully our Mommy again next time.”

Luke’s fingers danced on the computer, quickly enhancing the attack mode.

A Brother Jimmy’s mechanical claws rapidly clutched onto Vivia Fuller’s clothes, quickly leaping up.

Vivia Fuller, scared, hopped and jumped around, unable to shake off Brother Jimmy.

The mouth of Brother Jimmy mechanically shouted, "Attack, attack the bad auntie."

"Ah... Get off, get off."

The two bodyguards downstairs were dumbfounded by the scene, completely clueless about what was happening.

Hope Williams, hearing the commotion, walked out, saw the scene, and immediately looked up at the second-floor balcony.

Luke and Willow cheekily smiled at Hope Williams.

Hope Williams shook her head with a smile, knowing it was these two little devils causing mischief.

The Brother Jimmy on Vivia Fuller's shoulder gathered strength in its four legs and leaped onto Vivia Fuller's head.

It unhesitatingly squatted on Vivia Fuller's head and dropped a "poop".

Vivia Fuller felt something cool and heavy on her head, reached up to touch it, and felt a handful of sticky black stuff.

"Ah!"

Vivia Fuller screamed loudly, so disgusted she almost threw up.

"Who, who is playing pranks, show yourself!"

"Bad auntie, we invited you to eat poop, will you eat it?" Luke stood on the open-air balcony, shaking the remote control, sticking out his tongue, "See if you dare to swagger into our house again."

Of course, it wasn't real poop, just a mixture of mud and black chocolate.

Luke never thought he'd ever use it, but the two bad aunties had brought it upon themselves.

Vivia Fuller was so angry she was steaming.

"You! Come down here."

"Bad auntie, if you dare, come up here."

Hmph!

Thinking they could make him come down, no chance.

Willow stood with her hands on her hips, fuming and pouting her little face, "Stupid auntie, who gave you the courage to come to our house and disgust our Mommy, do you deserve it? Hmph!"

Luke said, "Mommy, come up here, don't stand with the stupid auntie, she stinks too much, Aunt Johnson, please go downstairs later to disinfect, I'm afraid of germs."

Germs!

Vivia Fuller was so angry she saw stars, her heart feeling uncomfortable, struggling helplessly on the spot with Brother Jimmy, while Mia Fuller was no better, her clothes were bitten into pieces, and chunks of black "poop" were stuck on her elegant high heels, making her retch repeatedly.

The two left in a fury and embarrassment.

Meanwhile, unnoticed in a corner, a man was languidly leaning against the wall, a burning cigarette in his mouth, his eyes filled with malice, capturing the entire scene.

"Ah!" Mia Fuller angrily threw her bag onto the car, stamping her foot fiercely, trying to shake off the disgusting stuff on her body.

Ever since encountering Hope Williams, they always ended up in utter embarrassment.

Mia Fuller absolutely loathed it.

Vivia Fuller clenched her teeth as well, glaring at the villa with eyes like a venomous snake ready to strike.

She swore she would kill Hope Williams one day, or never rest.

Vivia Fuller opened the car door and got in, Mia Fuller following and shouting, "Aren't you very smart? Why do we always end up so embarrassed by her, can't you think of something useful?"

"What else can you do besides rant here? Incompetent and more than enough to ruin things, say one more word, and I'll make you get out." Vivia Fuller scolded Mia Fuller.

Mia clenched her teeth and stomped hard, turning her head out the window.

Vivia started the car quickly, under the influence of the psychological shadow, she couldn't wait to leave here for another second.

The car sped forward, just then, a black car with a reckless stance rushed into the middle of the road, directly blocking their way.

Chapter 311: Chapter 311 Dog Bites Dog Chapter 311: Chapter 311 Dog Bites Dog The car sped forward, and just then, a black car rushed into the middle of the road with reckless abandon, blocking their path.

Vivia Fuller's eyes widened in shock as she abruptly slammed on the brakes, barely managing to stop the car.

Unprepared, Mia Fuller's body lurched forward, violently hitting the front.

"Ah! Are you insane?" Mia Fuller clutched her forehead, grimacing in pain.

Vivia Fuller looked at the black car in front of her, her soul still trembling.

This is madness.

Vivia Fuller rolled down the window, stuck her head out, and yelled furiously, "Do you even know how to drive? Do you have a death wish?"

There was no response from the black car, which remained eerily still, and Vivia Fuller squinted her eyes, feeling an unsettling chill emanating continuously from the black car.

She felt as if she was being stared at from inside, her neck constricted as if gripped by a large hand, making it difficult for her to breathe.

"Damn it." Mia Fuller had already gotten out of the car.

Vivia Fuller couldn't stop her.

Mia Fuller strode directly towards the black car and banged hard on the window.

"Crazy fuck, get out of the car! Do you know how to drive? You almost hit us! Get out and apologize right now, or you won't be leaving today," Mia Fuller shouted shrilly.

Vivia Fuller furrowed her brow. She felt the person inside the car was no ordinary person.

It wasn't an accident. They were targeting them.

Just as she was about to get out, she heard Mia Fuller's terrified scream, "Ah..." Her neck was seized by a man.

Vivia Fuller's action of getting out halted as she saw a man in black with silver hair approaching her.

His eyes, lazy and unruly, seemed to mark her with the gaze of death.

It's him, it's him.

Vivia Fuller's lips trembled, her actions faster than her thoughts as she re-entered the car, slamming the door shut and rolling up the windows.

She clutched the doors tightly trying to block the man's approach.

But the next second.

"Bang." The sound was deafening as the window shattered, and Vivia Fuller curled up, screaming in fright.

"Ah! Don't come any closer, don't come any closer..."

"Get out," the man's voice ice-cold.

Vivia Fuller hid deeply in her seat, hands over her head, "Please, spare me, spare me, I didn't do anything, I really haven't provoked you..."

"Don't make me say it twice."

The man issued his final warning.

Vivia Fuller trembled rigidly but obeyed the man's command, opening the car door shakily. As soon as she got out, her legs gave way, and she collapsed to the ground.

Liam Cloud curled his lips nonchalantly and squatted down, his long fingers lifting her chin to raise her face.

Vivia Fuller shook violently.

Up close, she only sensed suffocating danger, enveloped entirely by fear.

Liam Cloud seemed as if his scales had been reversed, his eyes filled with a chilling madness.

"Do all of you in the Fuller family not understand human speech? Huh?"

"..." Vivia Fuller was too terrified to speak, only feeling a cold touch added to her neck, the danger seeping into her heart, causing her to breathe fiercely, feeling nearly suffocated.

“Speak.”

“I... I understand, I understand.”

Vivia Fuller’s voice trembled as she quickly responded.

“Then why do you keep provoking Hope Williams?”

“I... I didn’t provoke her, I truly went to see her with good intentions today, really... I didn’t do anything, I really didn’t do anything... please let me go...”

“Didn’t do anything?” Liam Cloud’s fingers tightened on her chin.

“Really, I truly didn’t do anything,” Vivia Fuller gasped, desperately defending herself.

“Am I deaf?”

Vivia Fuller shook her head desperately, tears in her eyes trembling as she saw Mia Fuller still crying and shouting. She immediately pointed at her and said, “It was her, she said those things, not me, I didn’t insult Hope Williams, I didn’t, I really didn’t, it was all her.”

“You bitch, Vivia Fuller.” Mia Fuller sat paralyzed on the ground, a gun pointed at her head. Hearing Vivia Fuller’s words, she was almost scared to death and quickly retorted, “It’s not like that, it was her idea to make trouble for Hope Williams, it was her, her, really it was her, it’s not my fault.”

“Bullshit, I didn’t insult Hope Williams, it was really her, she insulted Hope Williams, not me.”

“Vivia Fuller, can you get any more disgusting? It was clearly you who started everything, and yet you push it all on me.”

“You dare say you didn’t insult Hope Williams? You dare say you weren’t the one who fervently cursed, calling her a bitch repeatedly? Do you? Do you dare admit it now? Denying it?” Vivia Fuller yelled, attempting to sever all ties from herself, having witnessed this man’s terrifying extent.

She was truly terrified.

Vivia Fuller, selfish and self-serving, tried to push Mia Fuller forward to save herself, and Mia Fuller was no different.

“What should I admit? It was all your idea, Vivia Fuller, it was all you, if they have to kill, kill her then.”

Vivia Fuller was stunned.

Chapter 312: Chapter 312: Touch Her Again, And Your Life Is Over Chapter 312:
Chapter 312: Touch Her Again, And Your Life Is Over Vivia Fuller was stunned.

Liam Cloud hooked up the corner of his lips with a cold sneer, his gaze pausing on Vivia Fuller.

Feeling like she's being watched by a demon, Vivia Fuller shook her head desperately in fear. The silent stare from him, without a word, felt like a death sentence to her, "No, please, I don't want this... I..."

Suddenly, the man seemed to have a gun in his hand out of nowhere, casually fitting it with a silencer, his hooked lips revealing a hint of madness.

"I... don't want this, please, let me go, I beg you... I really didn't..."

Her speech was incoherent as she choked on her saliva and looked at the gun's dark muzzle aimed at her; her face turned deathly pale.

Terror and despair were vividly displayed on her face as Liam Cloud coldly enjoyed the scene.

"Bang!" A muted sound of a bullet firing.

"Ah..." Vivia Fuller was trembling and screaming manically on the ground.

"Bang, bang, bang." Several more shots followed.

A pool of liquid spread where Vivia Fuller was sitting.

She had peed herself in fear.

"Ah... don't kill me, please don't kill me... I won't dare again... ah..."

Liam Cloud lowered his head, looking at the woman on the ground as he let out a low laugh, casually tossing the handgun to his subordinate, his eyes full of mockery. He turned and nonchalantly took a few steps forward, then looked back indifferently at the still screaming person on the ground, his voice cold, "Touch her again, and you're dead."

Having said this, Liam Cloud lazily retracted his gaze, got into the car, and another man, abandoning the terrified Mia Fuller, scoffed and took the driver's seat, the black car speeding away.

Only Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller remained sitting on the ground, as if everything that just happened was a nightmare.

Mia Fuller took several deep breaths while sitting on the ground before she was able to somewhat stabilize her emotions, looking at Vivia Fuller, still curled up and holding her head.

She swallowed her saliva and clenched her hand, staggering towards Vivia Fuller.

"I... I've seen him before."

Vivia Fuller, still in shock, held her head and took deep breaths, her eyes unprecedentedly empty and lifeless.

It took her a long time to realize that those bullets hadn't actually hit her; that man was just torturing her, taking revenge for Hope Williams.

Vivia Fuller moved her legs a little and felt a chilling sensation; she was so ashamed that she wished she could burrow into a hole and hide.

Hearing Mia Fuller's voice, Vivia Fuller's anger flared even more; she had actually considered sacrificing Mia Fuller to save herself.

This bitch.

"You bitch... just now you..."

Mia Fuller's voice was still trembling; she hurriedly took out her mobile phone from her bag and handed it to Vivia Fuller, cutting off Vivia Fuller's words, "He... he... is having an affair with Hope Williams."

Vivia Fuller paused, furrowed her brows, glanced at the photos on Mia Fuller's phone, and her hollow eyes suddenly lit up.

"Where did you get these pictures?"

"At the club, I... I took them secretly." She had sent them to Waylon Lewis at the time.

Vivia Fuller snatched the phone from Mia Fuller's hands, gripping it fiercely, frantically swiping through the pictures on the phone, her malicious eyes as if wanting to bore a hole through the two people.

After a while, she fiercely lifted her head and asked Mia Fuller.

"Did anyone notice you taking these pictures?"

Mia Fuller swallowed her saliva, racked her brain to remember, and gave a precise answer, "No... nobody noticed."

A dark gleam flashed in Vivia Fuller's eyes; she sent all the photos from Mia Fuller's phone to her own.

With both hands on the car, she struggled to stand up, took a deep breath, glanced back at the wet ground, the coldness in her eyes growing, "Don't let word of today's incident get out."

"Why? I want to tell Grandfather..."

Vivia Fuller leaned over and grabbed Mia Fuller by the collar.

"Keep quiet if you don't want to die."

After speaking, Vivia Fuller got into the car and drove off.

Mia Fuller hastily got up from the ground and chased after her, "Vivia Fuller, I haven't gotten in the car yet!"

Vivia Fuller had no intention of stopping, leaving Mia Fuller to scream in frustration.

Her handbag was in the car, her phone was taken by her, and in this villa area, it was impossible to hail a taxi.

Mia Fuller's mind was in turmoil; if that man had really killed Vivia Fuller just now, everything would be easy to explain.

But he didn't, and now Vivia Fuller, a woman who never lets an offense go unavenged, would surely remember what she had said; she wasn't going to let it go.

She was terrified, so she pulled out those photos to change the topic and please Vivia Fuller.

In the afternoon, Hope Williams changed her outfit, applied light makeup to freshen up, and took the two little ones, Luke and Willow, to the old residence.

As soon as she stepped out of the villa's front gate, a Rolls-Royce steadily stopped in front of them, the driver immediately got out of the car, "Young Madam, young master, misses, the master sent me to pick you up. Please get in the car, Young Madam."

Hope Williams pursed her lips, recognizing the Lewis Family driver, Uncle Woods, and after a moment of thought, revealed a faint smile between her brows, nodding, "Alright."

Getting into the car, Hope Williams immediately sent a message to Waylon Lewis, telling him to come to the old house for dinner after work.

The car soon steadily stopped at the doorstep of the old house.

Uncle Woods promptly got out to open the door for Hope Williams, who alighted with Luke and Willow.

Lifting her eyes, her gaze fell on Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams, who were standing at the door.

Hope Williams was baffled and gently furrowed her eyebrows.

Christopher Lewis, wearing a dark face and reluctantly, walked up, "Since you're here, get inside quickly."

"Cough cough!" Alitzel Williams swept him a look and coughed lightly as a reminder.

Christopher turned to glance at Alitzel Williams, his lips firmly pursed, "I have personally come out to welcome her; what more do you want me to do?"

Alitzel Williams played with her fingers, seemingly casual yet with a grave expression, retorting, "You tell me."

Chapter 313: Chapter 313: Learn How to Turn Over a New Leaf Chapter 313: Chapter 313: Learn How to Turn Over a New Leaf Alitzel Williams fiddled with her fingers, seemingly casual but with a stern expression, and countered, "What do you think?"

Christopher Lewis pressed his lips together.

Alitzel Williams sighed lightly, "Fine, Little Hope, go in with Mommy; the old man is waiting for you. He said if someone doesn't admit their mistake today, they'll stand at the door and face the northwest wind."

Hope Williams immediately understood the old man's intention.

Christopher clenched his molars, "Wait."

Alitzel Williams and Hope Williams halted in their tracks as Alitzel Williams gave Hope Williams a look.

Christopher hesitated, opened his mouth and then closed it again, sighing heavily and tightening his face.

Alitzel Williams looked at him and felt more uncomfortable than if she had been constipated for three days.

She simply grabbed Hope Williams, ready to leave.

“Wait, hey!” In a rush, Christopher immediately said, “I was too much before...”

“What did you say?” Alitzel Williams raised her head and leaned an ear towards him, “You reincarnated from a mosquito? You didn’t have this attitude when you were driving people away.”

Hope Williams pursed her lips, about to speak, but Alitzel Williams stopped her with a look.

Hope Williams knew the old man’s and Alitzel Williams’s intentions, but since Christopher was having such a hard time, she didn’t care about his apology.

Christopher let out a deep breath, his eyes fixed on Hope Williams, “I was too rash before. Don’t take it to heart, my apologies to you... If you want to come back home, you can...”

“Mhm,” Hope Williams nodded indifferently.

“Hm? I’ve already said this much, and you just respond with a ‘hm’?” Christopher felt that Hope Williams was brushing him off, fearing that she would complain to the old man after going in.

“What else, should I be crying tears of gratitude and thanking you profusely for stooping to apologize to me?” Hope Williams asked with an even tone.

Christopher grinded his molars, “Enough, enough, don’t play the ingrate.”

Hope Williams lifted her eyebrows slightly, saying nothing.

Alitzel Williams’s face turned displeased, “I will make sure to describe your way of apologizing to the old man.”

“What do you want from me! I’m a senior apologizing to a junior, what more do you want?”

“Don’t you think you were wrong?”

“I did everything for the sake of the Lewis Family.”

Alitzel Williams nodded with deep meaning, "Since Vivian Fuller is so great and has put in effort for the Lewis Family, why don't you marry her and stop her from harming my son and daughter-in-law?"

"Can't you speak properly?" Christopher was nearly driven mad by Alitzel Williams.

"What? Am I not being open-minded?" Alitzel Williams asked coldly.

"Little Hope, Luke, Willow, let's go and have dinner," Alitzel said, no longer wasting words on Christopher.

His way of thinking was deeply ingrained and beyond help.

"Bad grandpa! The bad grandpa who bullies Mommy, the bad grandpa who bullies grandma," Willow's chubby little face turned red with anger as her big, black, gem-like eyes glared at Christopher.

Luke put on a serious face, "I suggest that the bad grandpa learn from daddy how to mend his ways."

Mend his ways?

"Exactly, daddy has mended his ways now, bad grandpa better hurry up and ask daddy for advice, otherwise don't wait until grandma leaves in a huff and bad grandpa regrets it."

"I'm not talking to bad grandpa anymore, hmm Willow, let's go." Luke took Willow's little hand and caught up with Hope Williams and Alitzel Williams.

Christopher lifted his finger, wanting to say something but was unable to speak.

Having received cold looks from the whole family these past few days, all because of that incident, Christopher felt bitter.

"Great-grandpa!" Luke and Willow flung themselves at the old man, making him so happy he couldn't stop grinning.

The old man immediately opened his arms to welcome the two little darlings' embrace, "Oh Luke, Willow, let great-grandpa give you a hug."

Hope Williams watched the scene with a gentle smile, "Grandpa."

"Welcome back, it's good to be back," the old man's mood lifted seeing Hope Williams, Luke, and Willow, squinting his eyes and glancing towards the door as he asked Alitzel Williams, "Where's that brainless one?"

"He's probably still reflecting at the door." No sooner had Alitzel Williams finished speaking than the brainless one walked in with a sullen face.

The old man harrumphed heavily, "Did you apologize to Little Hope?"

Christopher kept a tense face, "Mhm."

"Little Hope?" The old man looked at Hope Williams for confirmation.

Christopher looked towards Hope Williams, his eyes showing a hint of nervousness.

Hope Williams felt Christopher's gaze, turned back to the old man and smiled gently, "It's in the past."

Meaning that Hope Williams has turned the page on the matter and has forgiven Christopher.

Christopher breathed a sigh of relief, and only then did the old man nod his head in satisfaction.

"Dad." Isaiah Lewis came over with his family.

Hope Williams turned her head slightly and saw Isaiah Lewis's family; Isaiah still had scars on his face and limped when walking, it seems he wasn't treated lightly by Waylon Lewis last time.

Isaiah Lewis glared at Hope Williams with a cold, resentful look; hostility flashed in his eyes but quickly vanished, and he smiled in front of the old man, "Dad, we came to see you."

The old man saw his eldest son's family and his demeanor became a shade darker without showing it, "Mhm."

Seeing the old man not giving them a warm welcome, Isaiah Lewis and his family of three kept making faces to each other.

Hope Williams noticed all their subtle movements.

"Little Hope, why isn't Waylon back yet?" The old man looked at Hope Williams to ask.

"He's been called; the company is a bit busy, he will be a little bit late," Hope Williams explained.

"Mm, and what about Wyatt? I heard that kid has been around the company lately, did he cause trouble?" The old man frowned, not pleased with some of the rumors reaching his ears.

Hope Williams smiled slightly and stepped forward, "Wyatt has been at the company recently, but he hasn't stirred up any trouble, you can rest assured about that. Right now, I'm not quite sure where he is."

She couldn't very well say that Wyatt Lewis was probably hiding outside to avoid being spotted by Waylon Lewis and getting beaten up again.

Chapter 314: Chapter 314: Wanting to Possess Her Chapter 314: Chapter 314: Wanting to Possess Her She couldn't very well say that Wyatt was afraid to come back in case Waylon Lewis saw him and beat him up again, so he was skulking around outside instead.

The old master felt relieved after hearing Hope Williams' words, "Then let him be, since most people have arrived, it's time to eat."

Hope Williams smiled and turned around, her gaze inadvertently colliding with the man behind her, Xavier Lewis's eyes squinting as he stared at her.

Hope Williams' brows knit slightly, and a strong disgust flashed through her eyes.

It seems he still hasn't learned his lesson.

Alitzel Williams noticed something was off, stepped forward, and directly grabbed Hope Williams' hand, giving Xavier Lewis a fierce glare.

"What's the matter, dear nephew? Not learned your lesson yet? Haven't been beaten enough?" Alitzel Williams was downright unsparing, feeling disgusted on behalf of Hope Williams at the way Xavier Lewis was looking at her. She knew all too well what kind of character Xavier Lewis was.

"What are you talking about, sister-in-law?" Isaiah Lewis stepped forward, furrowing his brows.

"You know very well what I'm talking about. You're not unaware of your son's character, are you? Stop letting him give my daughter-in-law those disgusting looks."

Isaiah Lewis gritted his teeth, Xavier Lewis with his hands in his pockets laughed lightly, "Why the rush, auntie? I didn't do anything. What, can't even look at my cousin-in-law now?"

"Try looking one more time."

A deep voice rang out faintly.

Waylon Lewis strode in from the doorway, bringing with him an icy aura.

Isaiah Lewis and his son Xavier Lewis both trembled visibly, clearly in deep fear of Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis coldly scanned them, his dark eyes filled with anger.

Isaiah Lewis was truly terrified of the devil that is Waylon Lewis; the pain on his body hadn't even subsided, he pulled his son, signaling him to shut up right away.

Xavier Lewis frowned, unhappy but not daring to say more.

"Alright, come eat," the old master sat at the head of the dining table, his voice carrying a chill, "The moment you return to this house, there's no peace."

Everybody knew exactly who the "you" the old master was referring to.

Isaiah Lewis bit his lip. He was already severely weakened, and with Waylon Lewis investigating him, he was now treading on eggshells. It wouldn't do to further anger the old master.

With this thought, Isaiah Lewis forced a sheepish smile, "Waylon, Xavier didn't mean anything by it, don't take it to heart, really."

After speaking, to avoid trouble, Isaiah Lewis wore a stern face and gave his son a warning glare, pulling him to quickly move away from Waylon.

"You're here."

When Hope Williams saw Waylon Lewis, the cold indifference in her eyes immediately turned into a tender smile.

Hope Williams wanted to get closer to Waylon Lewis, but he stepped back slightly.

Hope Williams looked at him in surprise, her eyes reflecting a sense of innocent rejection, "What's the matter?"

"Wait a moment, I just came in from outside and have some chill on me."

Hope Williams blinked softly, her eyes filled with even more gentleness. She took a few steps toward Waylon, and looped his arm with her hands smiling, "I don't mind."

Waylon Lewis was helpless and raised his hand to ruffle her hair, his eyes filled with tenderness.

“Didn’t you say you’d be late? How come you’re back so soon, is everything settled at the company?”

“Still some things left, but I missed you so I came back early.” Waylon Lewis was looking at the woman, his smile deepening, “Feeling better appetite-wise today?”

“Mmm~” Hope Williams pondered for a bit.

“You need to think about this?”

His well-defined hand gently pinched her cheek.

“No helping it, I don’t want you to worry but also want to be honest with you.”

Waylon Lewis pursed his lips, a tenderness knitted between his brows.

“I’ll get a different chef for you tomorrow.”

“There’s no need, it’s not their fault, it’s my own problem. It’s always like this during pregnancy, it’ll get better in a few days.” Hope Williams spoke in a soft and gentle voice, her fluffy demeanor all the more endearing.

And this side of Hope Williams was only ever shown in front of Waylon Lewis.

Sitting by the dining table, Xavier Lewis watched this scene from afar, a strong emotion burning inside him, wanting to snatch the woman from Waylon Lewis’s arms and possess her fiercely.

Chapter 315: Chapter 315: Taking Revenge for Her Chapter 315: Chapter 315: Taking Revenge for Her “Let’s go have dinner.” Hope Williams smiled as she looked at Waylon Lewis.

“Okay.” Waylon Lewis took Hope’s hand and walked over, personally pulling out a chair for her. He watched her sit down before taking a seat beside her.

At this moment, Wyatt Lewis, who was afraid to go home lest he get a beating from Waylon Lewis, was sitting in a club’s private booth surrounded by music, dancing, and plenty of beautiful women.

But clearly, Young Master Lewis was not in a good mood today. Sitting alone in the booth, he drank one glass after another, not displaying his usual carefree and unrestrained attitude. Instead, tonight, his brows were furrowed with a hint of coldness, making others dare not to approach.

“Hey.”

Somebody lightly tapped Wyatt on the shoulder. Irritated, he slammed his glass down on the table with a thud and turned his head with a somber face.

Aria Richardson was holding a glass of red wine, dressed in a sexy spaghetti-strap dress with her hair lazily curled into large waves draping over her shoulders. Aria was naturally beautiful, and her outfit added an extra bit of allure to her appearance.

Aria blinked, startled by the icy and exasperated gaze of Wyatt, and then her eyes fell on his handsome face scarred with bruises.

She froze for a moment, her mouth twitching slightly, biting her lower lip hard.

The icy look in Wyatt’s eyes dissipated somewhat as his gaze landed on Aria, and he saw a flash of astonishment. He then noticed Aria biting her lip so hard that she seemed to be struggling to hold back.

Wyatt’s face darkened, “If you want to laugh, just laugh.”

Aria burst into laughter, almost dying of laughter looking at his face.

“Were you beaten up?” Aria walked over and took a seat in the booth.

Wyatt curled his lip and emptied the glass in one gulp.

“Isn’t it obvious?”

Aria laughed unreservedly, “Who would dare to beat up the notorious Young Master Lewis?”

“My brother!”

Only his brother could beat him.

Wyatt let out a heavy sigh, his mood gloomy – not so much because he was beaten, but some of what Hope had said had hit home.

Seeing that this usually playful guy seemed to be genuinely in a bad mood, Aria’s smile faded somewhat.

“Did you do something wrong? The Great Demon King wouldn’t have beaten you for no reason.”

“Yeah.” Wyatt continued to pour himself another glass of wine.

Aria looked at Wyatt with curious eyes.

Wyatt pursed his lips, somewhat helplessly, "Curiosity killed the cat."

"Just talk about it, maybe you'll feel better after." Aria snatched the glass of wine from Wyatt's hand, preventing him from drinking more.

As his glass was taken away, a glint of cold flashed in Wyatt's eyes, but he quickly suppressed it. Sighing lightly and unable to resist Aria's pleading look, he slowly recounted his "glorious achievements."

After listening, Aria clicked her tongue, "You had it coming. Your brother handed over such a big company to you, showing how much he trusts you. Instead of dealing with business, all you do is eat and sleep; I'd be angry too if I were him."

Wyatt didn't say anything, just pursed his lips.

Aria was about to continue when she saw a figure cross in front of her. Her expression paused, her eyes lighting up, and she immediately stood up.

Watching Aria stand up straight, Wyatt raised his eyebrows, "Are you having a seizure?"

Aria revealed a smile tinged with infatuation, "Don't be so poor, I've finally met my idol."

Setting down her wine glass, Aria strode towards her target.

Alexander Knox was also without a female companion, sitting alone in his booth. The beautiful women around him were eager, but everyone knew that the head of the Knox Family did not favor women. They had thoughts but dared not approach.

Aria, clicking her heels, walked straight up to Alexander, "Hey, alone?"

Alexander Knox lifted his eyes, giving her a cursory glance, and distractedly returned his gaze. In a low and husky voice, he lightly hummed a response.

"Do you... remember me?" Aria asked Alexander, full of hope.

Alexander Knox, in a good mood, lifted his eyes once more and gave her another look. In a low and gravelly voice, he confirmed, "I remember."

He remembered himself, he remembered himself.

This sent Aria's heart into a bloom of joy.

"Hope's friend, I remember."

Aria froze...

Her smile stiffened, and she looked at him incredulously, "Hope's friend?"

"Isn't that right?"

The look of joy on Aria's face vanished completely.

She had pursued him for so long, only for him to finally say he remembered her as Hope's friend.

In his memory, apart from being associated with Hope, did she not deserve her own identity?

Although Aria was usually forthright, when it came to matters of the heart, she could be very sensitive.

"Oh..."

"Do you have anything else?"

Aria pressed her lips together, "No, it's just that I noticed Mr. Knox has a poor memory, you might want to get your brain checked."

Having said that, Aria stubbornly turned and walked away. The moment she turned her back, she couldn't hold back the tears welling up in her eyes.

Returning to Wyatt's side, she grabbed her bag from the booth and prepared to leave.

Wyatt looked up nonchalantly, noticing Aria's tightly drawn face.

"Hey, what's wrong?"

Aria acted as if she hadn't heard him.

Wyatt reached out and grabbed her arm, "Are you deaf?"

His question shattered her pretense of strength, and tears vulnerably fell.

"Don't pull on me, it's so annoying~"

Suddenly, a look of panic flashed across Wyatt's eyes. He quickly withdrew his hand, looking flustered and unsure of what to do.

"What... why are you crying? Don't cry, what happened?"

The more he asked, the less Aria could control her tears.

“Was it that man who bullied you just now?”

He clearly saw that Aria’s mood had taken a turn for the worse after seeing that man.

A deep chill reflected in Wyatt’s eyes – bullying a woman, what kind of man was he.

Wyatt rose abruptly, his eyes emitting a cold light, went over to Alexander Knox, and heavily slapped his shoulder, “Hey.”

Alexander Knox turned around at the sound.

The next moment, “Bang.” A fist came flying, catching him completely off guard.

Alexander Knox staggered back several steps, his body hitting the table behind him.

Chapter 316: Chapter 316: He Bullies You Chapter 316: Chapter 316: He Bullies You
Alexander Knox staggered backwards, his body crashing into a wine table behind him.

Sounds of glass shattering immediately caught everyone’s attention, including Aria Richardson’s.

Aria looked up to see Wyatt Lewis’s muscular arms gripping Alexander’s collar.

Without hesitation, he threw a fierce punch. Although Alexander, as the head of the Knox Family, was not lacking in martial skills, Wyatt, who took a beating every day, was also skilled, only that he never dared to fight back against Waylon Lewis.

Confused by the sudden blows, Alexander’s already irritated mood flared up instantly. Grasping Wyatt’s fist, the two esteemed men began to scuffle like wild beasts.

“Are you fucking sick?”

“I’m sick? What are you, bullying a woman?”

Aria was terrified and rushed over, trying to pull apart the two drunken men.

“What are you doing? Wyatt, let go.”

“Alexander, you let go too.”

Aria was frantic, watching them exchange blows as if intent on killing each other that night.

Aria was pushed back several steps repeatedly, standing still with furrowed brows. Suddenly, she saw the ice bucket next to the wine and, without any hesitation, she gripped the ice bucket and, supporting the bottom with one hand, threw it harshly at both men.

Caught in the heat of their scuffle, a bucket of ice water shocked them to the core.

Both paused.

“Having fun, are we? What is this fighting? One head of the Knox Family, one Young Master Lewis, making a spectacle like monkeys for all to laugh, is that it? Calm down yet? I’m asking if you’re calm yet?”

Aria frowned deeply, throwing the bucket she was holding onto the ground.

“Oh my god, what happened?”

“Why are they fighting? Isn’t that Young Master Lewis and President Knox?”

The surrounding crowd began to murmur.

Aria swept her gaze around the circle of onlookers and said coldly, “What are you looking at? Stop staring, nothing to see here, disperse.”

Alexander wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, his eyes emitting a chilling coldness.

“What are you looking at?” Wyatt’s voice was heavy.

“Psychopath.”

Seeing Wyatt clench his fists, Aria quickly stepped forward to pull him away, “What were you doing just now? Why did you go up and fight him? Did he provoke you?”

“He provoked you.”

Aria paused, “So you just now... for me...”

“Yeah.”

Aria was momentarily stunned.

“He wasn’t bullying you, making you cry like that?” Wyatt said gravely.

Aria was used to seeing Wyatt’s indolence and flippant demeanor; it was rare to see him this serious and angry, stirring ripples in her heart.

Already baring scars, his face bore a few more marks that night, looking quite pitiable.

Aria looked at Wyatt, then at Alexander.

Wyatt, "What exactly did he do to you, making you so upset?"

Aria sniffled, repeatedly shaking her head, "He didn't do anything to me, it was my fault, I'm not blaming him."

"What do you mean?" Crying like that and still not blaming him, what a strange woman.

Aria rummaged through her bag and pulled out two band-aids, looking at Alexander as she walked slowly towards him.

Wyatt watched the scene, his lips involuntarily twitching.

Aria approached Alexander, extending the band-aids in her hand, "I'm sorry about just now. My friend didn't mean it, it was a misunderstanding. He hit you, you hit him, can we call it even with this?"

Alexander lifted his cold eyes over Aria to glance at Wyatt, his anger hard to hide. He then looked back at Aria and finally accepted the band-aids from her hand, saying nothing.

Aria nodded slightly, opened her mouth to say something, but then turned to leave.

"Aria Richardson!" Alexander spoke up, calling out her name lightly, "I remember you."

Aria stiffened for a moment, turned her head and smiled, "Then I'm really thankful you remember me."

Following that, Aria walked back to Wyatt's side, looking at his face that had endured too much, "Let's go, I'll take you to get bandaged up."

Wyatt pursed his lips, sweeping a glance at still-standing Alexander, his hand holding the band-aids Aria had given.

Wyatt was slightly perturbed by the scene he had just witnessed.

Aria noticed he wasn't responding to her, tilted her head to look at him, "Hey? Are we going or not?"

Wyatt bit down on his back teeth, looking back at her. Aria was wearing a figure-hugging spaghetti strap dress that evening, looking somewhat provocative.

He irritably took off his jacket and threw it to Aria.

Caught off guard, Aria reached out her hands to catch it, the jacket landing perfectly over her head.

Aria, "..."

She pulled down the garment and saw Wyatt walking ahead on his own, carelessly mumbling two words, "Put it on."

Aria keenly detected emotions in those two words, although she couldn't quite grasp which emotion it was.

Holding Wyatt's jacket, Aria hurriedly caught up, "Hey, what's with you always being so strange, wait for me, will you take off or what?"

Aria was annoyed, unsure of why he was suddenly emotional.

He walked fast, and Aria, hurrying in her high heels, couldn't help but speed up until suddenly, "Ah!"

She twisted her ankle and had to quickly stabilize herself using a nearby wall.

Hearing the woman's cry, Wyatt couldn't help but stop and turn back to see Aria leaning against the wall, her expression pained.

His gaze wavered and he quickly strode back, placing his hand on her arm to ask, "What happened?"

"You take off too fast, can't you consider that I'm wearing high heels?" Aria glared at him.

Wyatt pursed his lips, picked up the jacket he had just thrown at her, draped it over her shoulders, then bent down and scooped her into his arms.

"What are you doing?" Aria exclaimed.

"We're leaving."

Alexander stood watching this scene unfold, his gaze fixed on Aria, tinged with an indescribable emotion.

Chapter 317: Chapter 317: The Most Important Priority Chapter 317: Chapter 317: The Most Important Priority After the Lewis Family finished dinner, Waylon Lewis took Hope Williams and the kids Willow and Luke home.

Waylon's phone kept ringing in the car, but in fact, it had been ringing throughout dinner. He had simply put it on silent because he was accompanying Hope back to her family's home for the meal.

Waylon took out his phone and glanced at it indifferently. Hope, very astutely, silently picked up the Bluetooth headset and connected it for him.

Waylon gave Hope a look, the corners of his mouth lifting in a trace of a smile, as he took the headset she offered him and drove the car smoothly with one hand on the wheel.

While Waylon was busy with work, Hope and the kids in the back, Willow and Luke, cooperatively quieted down.

Waylon's deep and magnetic voice filled the car. He took several calls in different languages, some of which Hope could understand. It seemed he was arranging work, probably dealing with a backlog from the past few days.

Soon the car entered the villa's garage, and Waylon finished his calls. He got out, walked over to the passenger door, opened it, and helped Hope out of the car.

Hope looked at him, "Were you just arranging work?"

"Yeah, I'll spend tomorrow, the weekend, with you."

Hope was slightly surprised.

Waylon then went around, opened the rear car door, and the two kids got out, their eyes bright and cheery as they looked at Waylon, "Daddy, are you not working tomorrow? Can you take us out to play?"

"No time."

"Liar." Willow and Luke wouldn't be fooled so easily; he had clearly said he was going to spend the weekend with Mommy.

"You just said you'd take the day off to accompany Mommy, so how can you have no time?"

"To accompany my wife."

Willow and Luke slumped their shoulders, looking at their double-standard father. So there was time to accompany Mommy, but not them.

"Aren't you busy with so many things, not going to the office?"

"I just arranged it. Don't you want to go take our wedding photos? I'll accompany you tomorrow," Waylon said as he ruffled Hope's hair. "Sorry, I promised to do that today."

Hope's expression shifted slightly, "It's okay, I know you're busy. We can take the wedding photos any time."

Hope was very understanding about her priorities; if he was busy, she would certainly not insist on him accompanying her.

"Not okay, if I can't fulfill a promise on the same day, I certainly can't postpone it any further." Waylon looked at her quietly, his eyes filled with indulgence, "I will arrange my work, and the time I spend with you can't be lessened."

Hope smiled lightly, pursing her lips, "So I'm more important than work?"

Waylon replied softly, "Much more important. You're always my number one priority."

The happiness in Hope's heart was unabashedly reflected on her face at being someone's top priority.

Willow and Luke were already used to Daddy always favoring Mommy, and watched the scene unfold without any surprise.

Not working the next day meant that Waylon was still working late at night in his study.

After taking a bath, Hope put Willow and Luke to sleep, then went to Waylon's study.

"Are you not going to sleep?" Waylon looked up as Hope came in.

"I'm here to keep you company for a bit. I'll go to sleep in a while; you go on with your work," Hope said as she sat down on the couch, "Don't look at me; focus on your documents and computer."

Waylon gave a gentle smile, "Okay."

Waylon turned his attention back to the computer in front of him, while Hope, out of boredom, picked up a book and quietly read on the sofa.

The study was very quiet, so quiet that the only sounds were the tapping of Waylon's fingers on the keyboard and Hope flipping the pages of her book.

But soon, Hope began to feel sleepy. The commotion with the Fuller sisters at noon had interfered with her nap, and now reading was making her drowsy.

When Waylon finished his work and looked up, he saw Hope curled up on the sofa, elbow propped on the armrest, hand supporting her head, and the other still holding the

book, with her slightly tousled hair lazily scattered over her shoulders and her eyes closed in serene and gentle slumber.

The light softly shone on her, radiating a pure halo.

Waylon walked over quietly, muffling the sound of his steps, and gently bent over to pick her up.

Chapter 318: Chapter 318 Continue Chapter 318: Chapter 318 Continue Waylon Lewis walked over slowly, softening his footsteps, and quietly bent down to pick her up.

Sensing the familiar scent, Hope Williams' eyes fluttered but did not open. Instinctively, she nuzzled her head closer into Waylon Lewis's embrace, allowing him to carry her back to the room and gently place her on the soft bed. Feeling the comfort of the bed, Hope Williams turned over to find a cozy position and resumed her sleep.

After washing up, Waylon Lewis intended to sleep on his "exclusive" sofa but couldn't resist when he saw the petite woman on the bed. He walked over, slid under the covers, and drew her into his arms.

Feeling the warmth of his chest, Hope Williams snuggled into Waylon Lewis without any resistance, casually lifting her leg over his and pressing against his warm body.

A peculiar glint crossed Waylon Lewis's eyes, and a crazy clamor surged within him; he stiffened and moved slightly.

The movement disturbed the woman in his arms, her brows furrowing slightly in displeasure.

Waylon Lewis dared not move again, his body rigid, allowing her to embrace him in whatever position she found comfortable.

Listening to her even breathing, Waylon Lewis eventually smiled wryly and delicately planted a kiss between her eyebrows.

The next morning Waylon Lewis woke up earlier than Hope Williams, who didn't see him when she awoke.

She stretched leisurely, feeling some anticipation for the wedding photo shoot today.

"Up so early?" Waylon Lewis walked in slowly, bending down to place her slippers by her feet. Hope Williams put on her slippers and got out of bed, her eyes sparkling with a tender smile and a hint of excitement, "Of course, I'm going to wash up and put on makeup."

Waylon Lewis extended his hand and pulled the woman passing by back into his arms, his dark eyes brimming with faint joy as he gazed at her, "You seem very happy today?"

Hope Williams's lips curled into a smile, "Yeah, let go, I need to put on beautiful makeup so that we can take lovely wedding photos together."

Hope Williams broke free from Waylon Lewis's embrace and went to freshen up in the bathroom.

Waylon Lewis walked over slowly and leaned against the doorway, watching Hope Williams finish her routine, and then watched as she applied skincare products on her face.

The countless bottles and jars of Hope Williams's skincare never piqued Waylon Lewis's interest.

Hope Williams noticed Waylon Lewis leaning at the doorway, his dark eyes fixated on her. The moment she turned her head, their gazes collided.

Hope Williams paused for a second, her eyes naturally falling on his face.

Waylon Lewis's skin was flawless, without a single blemish. Hope Williams was genuinely curious about how he maintained such perfect skin.

She had never seen him use these products before and envied his skin condition.

Hope Williams rubbed her face, then looked back at Waylon Lewis, blinking lightly, and with cream-dampened fingertips, she reached toward his face.

Waylon Lewis noticed her gesture but didn't dodge, letting her spread the cream on his cheek.

"Why aren't you dodging? I remember you don't really like putting these on, I've never seen you do it."

Waylon Lewis smirked, "You're applying it, naturally, I shan't dodge."

Saying so, Waylon Lewis leaned closer towards Hope Williams, "Go on."

In Waylon Lewis's dark pupils reflected Hope Williams's smiling face, and he couldn't help but soften his expression.

Hearing his words, Hope Williams was more than willing, her fingers gently spreading the cream on his face.

Taking advantage of his height, he looked down at her as she raised her head and carefully observed his handsome features.

Waylon Lewis's intense gaze made her eyes flutter after a while, "Alright... It's done." Under his gaze, Hope Williams became shy, finishing the application before stepping back. The next moment, Waylon Lewis reached out to pull her back, and Hope Williams bumped unexpectedly against his firm chest.

"Finished applying?"

"Finished."

Hope Williams nodded repeatedly, one hand resting on his shoulder. Although intimacy had become a habit between them, Hope Williams's cheeks couldn't help blushing when teased by him.

"Check again if there's any uneven spot."

Hope Williams blinked her eyes, her amber pupils meticulously scanned his face, leaving no corner unchecked.

She was serious, completely oblivious to the oddity, "No, it's evenly applied."

Watching the little woman in his arms being so earnest, Waylon Lewis found her incredibly adorable.

The two were so close, his warm breath sprayed onto her face.

Waylon Lewis leaned in even closer, his firm nose tip touching hers.

"What should we do then?"

"Do what?"

"I still want more, if it's evenly applied then apply another layer."

"..."

Hope Williams felt helpless; this man clearly didn't like applying these things, but now he insisted on adding another layer.

Hope Williams thought if she was willing, he would cooperatively let her smear the entire jar on his face...

Hope Williams gently shook her head.

This man, with his incomparably handsome face and a dignified and stable aura, had just made a request that was both childish and amusing, and his full-on eagerness made it impossible for Hope Williams to resist.

The contrast made Hope Williams unable to help but smile.

“Keep applying, I like it when you do it for me.”

Hope Williams, smiling, raised her chin slightly; the two were already close, and with Hope lightly lifting her head, her lips touched his – she swiftly dropped a kiss.

Waylon Lewis was startled; this was what he wanted to do, but she had beaten him to it, though the feeling was twice as good.

Hope Williams looked at him, her fingers curled to pinch his face, “That’s a lot, no more applying.”

“Not enough.”

“I’d feel sorry for my facial cream.” Hope Williams pouted.

“... I’ll buy more when it’s used up.”

“Childish.” Hope Williams couldn’t help but laugh and cry, “Alright, you start making trouble early in the morning; I’m going to put on makeup, taking wedding photos is such a ceremonial event, I must look gorgeous.”

“You’re beautiful without makeup.”

Hope Williams raised an eyebrow, her lips curving into a smile, “I agree with that.” Although it might seem a bit narcissistic, a girl’s mood is definitely good when complimented.

“But this is different, taking wedding photos is a one-time event, of course, I’m going to take it seriously.”

Waylon Lewis gently tousled her hair, “Think about it, I can take photos with you every day.”

“Be your bride every day?”

“Why not?”

Hope Williams felt moved, her eyes curling into a smile, “I’m actually looking forward to that, alright, I’m going to do my makeup now, or we’ll be late leaving.”

“Go ahead.”

Hope Williams walked to the vanity, the door was gently knocked, Waylon Lewis’s gaze casually shifted over, Hope Williams was closer to the door and raised her hand to open it.

Thomas Hughes stood at the doorway, respectful and courteous; seeing that the door was opened by Hope Williams, he bent slightly with respectful greetings, “Good morning, madam.”

Hope Williams nodded in acknowledgment, “Morning, Assistant Hughes.”

Waylon Lewis had already come over, “What’s the matter?”

Chapter 319: Chapter 319: Rumors Abound Chapter 319: Chapter 319: Rumors Abound
Waylon Lewis had already walked over, “What’s going on?”

Thomas Hughes glanced at Hope Williams, who knew they were about to discuss serious matters and tactfully turned towards the vanity.

Waylon Lewis’s eyes narrowed slightly in the cold.

Thomas Hughes quickly lowered his head and said, “Boss, you still...”

Thomas Hughes silently gestured with his hand, asking him to please follow.

It was obvious that he wanted to avoid discussing it in front of Hope Williams.

Waylon Lewis concealed his emotions and frowned slightly, walking out of the room.
Thomas Hughes glanced at Hope Williams and bent over to close the door.

Hope Williams noticed Thomas Hughes’s subtle actions, the eyebrow pencil in her hand pausing briefly, her brows lifting slightly.

What Thomas Hughes was discussing was clearly something he was intentionally keeping from her.

In the study, Waylon Lewis sat on the sofa, his brows tightly knitted.

Thomas Hughes spoke gravely, “Boss, there have been some rumors about the madam in the company recently...”

“What have been said?” Waylon Lewis asked in a deep voice.

Thomas Hughes, with a heart racing in fear, composed his language and immediately said, "There are rumors in the company that the madam doesn't have any family background and that she married you purely by using the child to climb upwards..."

Thomas Hughes stammered through his explanation, his head unconsciously bowing lower.

But in fact, he was being relatively tactful. The rumors about the madam were much worse; he didn't dare to speak them out loud, fearing for his life.

He really didn't know which reckless individual in the company dared to discuss and spread rumors about the madam behind her back.

Don't they know that the madam is treasured by the boss, held in his mouth for fear of melting, and held in the palm of his hand for fear of falling?

Don't they know that it is the madam who, when the Boss is angry, decides their "life or death"?

Utterly reckless.

Thomas Hughes silently cursed that person's ancestors in his mind.

Waylon Lewis's brow furrowed deeply, his eyes brimming with coldness as if a storm was raging within, he asked, pressing down his anger, "Who started it?"

"We're still investigating."

In such a large company, with so many people and so much gossip, rumors spread fast and mutate, finding the source isn't simple.

Just the investigation time alone is enough to drown Hope Williams in spit.

So as soon as he found out, he rushed over to inform Waylon Lewis.

Though risky, it was better than keeping silent while being aware.

Waylon Lewis said sternly, "Find them, we must drag this person out."

Thomas Hughes felt a whirl of unease in his heart; he knew that this matter would surely fall upon him, hence, despite the difficulty, he had already started the investigation.

"What about the madam concerning this matter?"

"Don't let it reach her."

Regardless of whether Hope Williams would care about this matter, it would certainly affect her mood.

She had been suffering from nightmares recently; this kind of thing must not be brought before her to cause her distress.

“Understood.” Thomas Hughes nodded earnestly, he would swear to protect and absolutely would not let any gossip reach the madam’s ears.

Hope Williams applied a touch of light makeup to herself, her skin fair, not requiring much foundation, just a swipe of light lipstick to enhance her complexion, making her look all the more beautiful and fetching.

Hope Williams came out of the room to see Luke and Willow, the two little ones, squatting at the door.

Hope Williams paused, the two of them looking exactly like two little divine beasts guarding the door.

“Luke, Willow, what are you doing squatting here?” Hope Williams quickly picked up both Luke and Willow, looking at the two pitiful little ones.

“Waiting for Mommy,” Luke and Willow immediately responded.

“Then why not come in?”

Luke pursed his little mouth, “Isn’t it because Daddy, this stingy ghost, always throws us out.”

They didn’t want to enter. Humph, as if they didn’t have a little temper of their own.

Hope Williams’s brow furrowed slightly, recalling Waylon Lewis’s previous actions; she couldn’t help but sigh, looking at the two poor little ones in front of her. Waylon Lewis was acting just like a strict stepfather.

“What are you chatting about?” Waylon Lewis happened to come out from the study, naturally ignoring the two little ones, and walked to Hope Williams’s side, raising his hand to take her hand.

Hope Williams shook off his hand.

Waylon Lewis looked at her, his expression slightly surprised, “What’s wrong?”

“Are Luke and Willow your biological children?”

Waylon Lewis then glanced at the two little ones in front, “Of course.”

"I think you act just like a stepdad; you're not good to them at all."

"That's right, that's right," Luke and Willow nodded repeatedly, seizing the opportunity to eagerly recite a series of "misdeeds" committed by Daddy.

"Mommy, you don't know. Not only does Daddy not let us into your room, he also..."

Waylon Lewis's expression darkened, "Don't wrong me, I never said you couldn't enter."

Willow, "There is, there is. Daddy almost left us at Grandpa Gray's house last time."

"That's right, Daddy always picks us up like this, like picking up little chickens." Both little ones said, acting out the motions, performing vividly.

"Daddy also last time..."

"Shut up."

"Oh~" Luke and Willow immediately closed their little mouths, their big eyes looking pitifully at Hope Williams, quickly hiding behind her, looking very frightened.

As if Waylon Lewis had really "abused" them.

"Waylon Lewis." Hope Williams scolded angrily.

Waylon Lewis pursed his lips tightly and immediately fell silent, lowering his eyes; his demeanor suddenly dropped a notch, looking like he was waiting to be disciplined.

Hope Williams pointed at Waylon Lewis, "You..."

"It's my fault, don't be angry." Before Hope Williams could finish her first word, Waylon Lewis immediately held her hand, drawing close to her.

"Don't you like Luke and Willow?"

"I like them." How could he not love his own son and daughter?

"If you like them, why do you always bully the little ones? If you keep bullying Luke and Willow, I won't have any more babies with you."

Waylon Lewis pressed his lips together.

Bullying by throwing his weight around?

Waylon Lewis looked at the two clever and mischievous little ones, and as the woman before him spoke, he felt an inexplicable sense of grievance.

When Willow had rampaged through the garage with paint, when Luke had breached his computer and deleted his files, when he couldn't even spank or scold them, Waylon Lewis would remember Hope Williams's words, bullying by throwing his weight around!

"Mommy, don't scold Daddy. Daddy definitely didn't mean it," Luke peered at Waylon Lewis, a scared expression as he hid in Hope Williams's arms, begging for mercy for Waylon Lewis.

"Willow isn't mad at Daddy either, Mommy, don't scold Daddy. It must be that we did something wrong and made Daddy angry, that's why he did that..." Willow pouted with reddening eyes, looking truly pitiable.

Waylon Lewis, a tall man of one meter eighty-eight, stood stunned in place, and when Hope Williams's stern reprimand swept over, Waylon Lewis's dark eyes were unprecedentedly bewildered.

What on earth were these two little things talking about just now...

Luke and Willow, hidden in Hope Williams's embrace, blinked provocatively at Waylon Lewis.

For all the years he had lived, Waylon Lewis never imagined that one day, he would be outsmarted by his own son.

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor - Chapter 320 - Chapter 320 Chapter 320 No Smoke Without Fire

Chapter 320: Chapter 320: No Smoke Without Fire Chapter 320: Chapter 320: No Smoke Without Fire To go out, Hope Williams naturally couldn't leave Luke and Willow behind, taking the two with them to take a family portrait with all four people would be nice as well.

After getting everything ready, Waylon Lewis took Hope Williams with Luke and Willow to set off, first to choose a wedding dress.

Waylon Lewis drove himself, and as soon as the car reached the villa's gate, Christopher Lewis's assistant Colton Reed hurriedly got out of his car and came up to greet them.

"Young Master."

The car window rolled down a bit, and Waylon Lewis glanced at him indifferently, "Is there something?"

Assistant Reed, "Young Master, Young Madam, the master has requested your presence."

Waylon Lewis's cold gaze narrowed slightly, "No time."

"But Young Master, this matter concerns the company and the Young Madam..." Colton Reed's voice suddenly stopped, as Waylon Lewis's deep eyes swept towards him, full of warning.

Being able to sit firmly as the chairman's assistant, Colton Reed was certainly someone who could read the room. The warning in Waylon Lewis's eyes immediately made him shut his mouth and change his tune, "The master has instructed that you must make a trip back."

The originally calm and indifferent expression on Hope Williams's face changed slightly, and with a slight frown, she moved her gaze towards Waylon Lewis, pondered for two seconds, and then spoke up, "We should still go have a look. What if it's something important?"

Waylon Lewis's hands, distinct in their knuckles, tightened slightly on the steering wheel, yet his face remained expressionless, calm and indifferent, unreadable.

Christopher was in such a hurry probably because the corporate rumors had reached his ears.

"Young Master..."

"Tell him I will handle the matters myself."

Waylon Lewis said no more, directly rolled up the car window, and drove off.

Hope Williams's delicate brows slightly knitted together, and the doubts in her heart grew heavier, watching them.

Thomas Hughes, deliberately avoiding her, and Assistant Reed, halting and hesitant.

"Did something happen at the company?" Hope Williams looked worriedly at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis glanced at her sideways, freeing one hand to hold her small hand, "It's nothing, why do you ask?"

"I feel like your conversations are avoiding me, it wasn't like this before, so something must have happened, and it's about me again. You're afraid that I'll worry if I find out, so you're deliberately keeping me from knowing."

As smart as Hope Williams, her intuition was so accurate it scared Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis's gaze seemingly calmly looked at her, "No, don't overthink it."

"Really?"

"Mhm." Waylon Lewis looked forward, not at her.

Hope Williams let out a light sigh, "Alright then."

Waylon Lewis's gaze shifted slightly, and he breathed a sigh of relief.

Currently, at the Lewis Clan, rumors were spreading wider and wider, with all sorts of versions.

Even though everyone feared Waylon Lewis, one can't fight the masses; with everyone talking, could the president really fire them all?

"It's said the President's Wife climbed her way up by scheming and using her child, that Chairman Lewis didn't see her worth at all, the President's Wife has already been kicked out of the Lewis Family."

"To me, I wouldn't regard her either, what era is it now that we're still playing this game of shotgun weddings, climbing up the social ladder and becoming a phoenix, it's truly disgusting."

"One can't judge a book by its cover, the President's Wife appears so noble and aloof, beautiful with an unmatched temperament, but her mind is just too dirty."

"Yeah, and not just that, I also heard that the President rejected the partnership with the Fuller Clan for this woman. Everyone knows that the project with the Fuller Clan was a big win-win deal. It's all because this woman had a grudge with Miss Fuller and badmouthed her to the President, stirring up trouble, which led to the President's refusal to cooperate with the Fuller Clan."

"What grudge?"

"Are you daft? Both women are in love with the President. Of course, it's all because of the President. Chairman Lewis wanted the President to marry Miss Fuller, and now the President's Wife is afraid of losing her status, so she's resorting to underhanded tactics."

"That's disgusting. The partnership with the Fuller Clan was so important, and it all fell apart because of this woman. She's so hateful. How could she be so narrow-minded and yet be a good match for the President."

“But there are rumors that Chairman Lewis has already told them to get a divorce.”

“Really? Then that’s really gratifying.”

“Who knows? I can’t guarantee it, but did you all know? I heard that the banquet for the old Chairman’s birthday was organized by Miss Fuller helping Mrs. Lewis.”

“Oh my god, does that mean the divorce is real? For such a major event as the old Chairman’s birthday banquet, he didn’t entrust it to his own granddaughter-in-law but to Miss Fuller instead. Isn’t that a clear signal?”

“Actually, it makes perfect sense. All over Emperor Capital, only the Fuller family has a lineage that matches the Lewis family. Miss Fuller is also the future head of the Fuller Clan and an ideal match for the President.”

“It seems that the current President’s Wife has really been dumped.”

“You can say that again. But she deserves it. Without a family background, poor character, and such big ambition, she’s not a good fit at all.”

“The difference between having a family background and not having one is not just a little.”

Meanwhile, at the Lewis Family’s old residence, Christopher Lewis was pacing back and forth in the living room with a grave expression. Seeing only Assistant Reed returning to report and not seeing Waylon Lewis, Christopher’s anger grew.

“Where has he gone?”

“Master went out with the Young Madam, saying he didn’t have time,” Assistant Reed immediately replied.

“Not have time? Did he say what for?” Christopher asked, suppressing his anger.

Assistant Reed furrowed his brows in thought, “It seems they said they were going to take wedding photos.”

“Wedding photos?” Christopher got even angrier. “Can’t he prioritize? The woman’s issues are spreading like wildfire in the company, and he still has the mind to accompany that woman for wedding photo shoots?”

Christopher was so angry it hurt his chest. Ever since that woman married Waylon Lewis, there has been a never-ending stream of trouble. She’s really a disaster.

Sitting on the side, Vivia Fuller stood up and walked over to Christopher, trying to console him, "Uncle Lewis, please don't be angry. It is indeed troubling that Miss Williams doesn't have any family background, and about the previous cooperation..."

"The previous cooperation?" Christopher suddenly remembered and looked at Vivia with a serious tone, "Vivia, not many people knew about the previous cooperation. How did it get out to the company?"

Hearing the suspicion in Christopher's voice, Vivia became anxious and quickly explained, "Uncle, are you suspecting me? This matter could be big or small, involving the reputation of both the Fuller and Lewis families. I would never divulge it, Uncle Lewis..."

Christopher's brows twitched, "Alright, I didn't mean to suspect you, Vivia. I know your character; you wouldn't do such a thing."

However, Christopher still couldn't figure out how the matter got out to the company.

Vivia pressed her lips together and continued, "Uncle Lewis, although the cooperation issue cannot be separated from Miss Williams, the other things being said about her in the company... could there be some misunderstanding?"

Christopher had thought the same thing, but there's no smoke without fire. If she had been born into a prestigious family, such rumors couldn't possibly have arisen.

Now it's not only embarrassing Waylon Lewis but the entire Lewis family.

That woman is a real disaster, and yet Waylon Lewis likes her so much.

Observing Christopher's expression, Vivia tentatively said, "Uncle, how about this—I'll go to see Brother Waylon and Miss Williams. After all, this matter has spread widely in the company and is having a big impact. I should at least give them a heads-up so they can prepare to deal with it."

"Hmm." Christopher furrowed his brow and finished his cup of tea in one gulp, unable to suppress the anger in his heart.

Chapter 321: Chapter 321: It's Me Who Isn't Worthy of Her Chapter 321: Chapter 321: It's Me Who Isn't Worthy of Her "Mm." Christopher Lewis frowned slightly, picked up his tea cup and drank it all in one go, but still couldn't suppress the anger in his heart.

However, in truth, as soon as Vivia Fuller heard from Assistant Reed that Waylon Lewis was taking Hope Williams to take wedding photos, Vivia's heart was already in turmoil.

She couldn't wait to rush over and tell Waylon Lewis how this woman unfit for public appearance, Hope Williams, was bringing him shame.

Vivia was frantically eager to destroy Hope's happiness and didn't want to wait even a second.

The largest bridal boutique in Emperor Capital.

When they arrived, the manager and the shopkeeper, along with the sales staff, were already waiting at the entrance.

Seeing the car stop, the manager immediately approached with the utmost respect.

"Welcome President Lewis and Mrs. Lewis, your arrival truly graces our shop with your presence. President Lewis, Mrs. Lewis, please come inside."

The manager's enthusiasm made Hope Williams slightly tug at the corner of her lips.

It was rather exaggerated.

But this place was worthy of being the largest bridal boutique in Emperor Capital; Hope took a casual glance at the wedding dresses under the white spotlights. Each dress was dazzlingly exquisite, irresistible to any girl's heart.

No girl does not wish to wear a pure white, sanctified wedding dress and marry the man she loves. Looking at the wedding dresses in front of her, Hope's heart fluttered.

"Wow... these dresses are so beautiful. Mommy will look even prettier in them," Luke Willow thought, admiring the many beautiful wedding dresses, imagining how his mommy would look in them—she would be as pretty as a fairy.

Thinking this, Luke Willow turned his head to look at Waylon Lewis, who was always watching Hope Williams.

He couldn't help but feel that this stinky daddy was incredibly lucky to marry such a beautiful wife as his mommy.

With so many wedding dresses dazzling her eyes, Hope felt they all looked good. After browsing around, she couldn't help but be captivated by a wedding dress worn by a mannequin in the center of the shop.

The attentive manager by her side immediately approached to introduce, "Mrs. Lewis, you really have an excellent eye. This wedding dress just arrived this morning. It's the only piece available in our shop worldwide. With your fantastic figure, it's sure to suit you perfectly."

Waylon Lewis stepped forward, wrapping his arms around Hope Williams's waist, his dark eyes filled with tenderness, "If you like it, try it on."

"Mommy, go try it on," Luke Willow urged, unable to wait to see Hope Williams in a wedding dress.

Hope smiled and nodded, "Okay."

The manager immediately instructed staff to take the dress down, not daring to delay for a moment.

Soon, several shop assistants carried the wedding dress, leading Hope to the fitting room.

Waylon Lewis stayed with Luke Willow in the waiting area outside. Trying on a wedding dress can be quite complicated, and it might take some time.

But Waylon Lewis was patient, sitting there with his eyebrows and eyes conveying subtle anticipation.

Luke Willow was also waiting quietly, greatly looking forward to seeing Hope in a wedding dress.

Just then, a discordant voice rang out.

"Please let me in, I have urgent news."

"Miss, you can't go in right now. Our shop is not open to the public today..." Despite the door staff's obstruction, Vivia Fuller strode in.

Glancing around the spacious shop, her gaze immediately landed on Waylon Lewis. Upon seeing him, she quickly approached, "Brother Waylon, I have something to tell you."

Waylon Lewis looked up, his gaze slightly cold as he glanced at her dispassionately.

"Why is the bad auntie everywhere?" Luke complained as he looked at Vivia Fuller.

Is this bad auntie like a tailgater?

They go somewhere, she follows.

So annoying.

Vivia Fuller, who had rushed over and was panting heavily, did not care about what Luke said and kept her eyes on Waylon Lewis, "Brother Waylon, I really have something very important to tell you."

Waylon Lewis's eyes were cold and distant, "Get out."

"But..."

Waylon Lewis rose to his feet, showing no intention of paying attention to Vivia Fuller.

Vivia Fuller pursed her lips, but still plucked up the courage to step forward, "Brother Waylon, are you not even going to listen when it's about the Lewis Clan Group?"

Waylon Lewis frowned, "Since when did I need to learn about what's happening in my Lewis Clan from you?"

Hearing aggravation in Waylon Lewis's voice, Vivia Fuller bit her lower lip hard, "Brother Waylon, just give me a few minutes. It's about Hope Williams; the whole company is buzzing with gossip about her..."

Waylon Lewis's gaze was icy, his voice low, "I know."

"You know?" Vivia Fuller looked at Waylon Lewis in surprise, "Then why do you still..."

"Still what?"

Why are you still with Hope Williams, that woman, with all her unsavory rumors? Why have you chosen to be with her?

What exactly about that slattern Hope Williams attracts you so much?

Vivia Fuller clenched her teeth, not knowing where the courage came from, she looked up at Waylon Lewis and said loudly, "Brother Waylon, I really don't understand. Why do you only have eyes for that woman, Hope Williams? Everyone thinks she's not worthy of you."

"Clearly, she has such a negative impact on you and the company. Her presence is an embarrassment to you. The whole company is talking about her; she not only humiliates you but also brings shame to the Lewis Clan..."

Why do you still stubbornly choose her? Why can't you see the people around you?"

Vivia Fuller looked pitifully at Waylon Lewis; her underlying message was, can't you look at people like me by your side?

Waylon Lewis's face darkened, his eyes fixed on Vivia Fuller.

A strange silence ensued, and as Vivia Fuller met Waylon Lewis's piercingly cold gaze, a chill crept over her, and she nervously clenched her hands.

"Everyone?"

Vivia Fuller was taken aback, she detected danger in his voice, but she still said out loud, "Yes, that's what everyone says... You two are simply not from the same world."

"We are indeed not from the same world."

"Brother Waylon, have you realized that?" Vivia Fuller's eyes shone with hope.

"Indeed, I am not worthy of her."

Vivia Fuller's eyelids twitched fiercely.

Does he know what he's saying?

How can he, such a proud and noble man, belittle himself for such a lowly woman?

Vivia Fuller stood frozen in place, her envy and crazed jealousy boiling over.

Hope Williams, while trying on her wedding dress, heard Vivia Fuller's voice loud and clear.

What they were talking about, she also understood perfectly.

Hope Williams's expression gradually grew colder, a frown forming in her brow.

So this bizarre and unusual behavior from Waylon Lewis was because of this.

She, the person involved, was probably the last one to find out.

Hope Williams's gaze dimmed imperceptibly.

Vivia Fuller was right about one thing; she and Waylon Lewis were never from the same world. If it weren't for her mom and grandfather, she would never have had the chance to marry Waylon Lewis.

But...

Hope Williams smirked lightly.

So what? She is now legitimately Mrs. Lewis, irreplaceable by anyone, even if they don't belong to the same world.

Worthy or not, she's already his.

Chapter 322: Chapter 322: The Most Beautiful Bride Chapter 322: Chapter 322: The Most Beautiful Bride Hope Williams was adjusting her wedding dress in front of the vast mirror, preparing to step out, when she heard Waylon Lewis say, "I truly don't deserve her." Hope's hand, holding up the hem of her wedding dress, froze in shock.

A flicker of surprise crossed her eyes.

She hadn't expected Waylon Lewis to say such a thing.

The chillness between her brows and eyes gradually replaced by a hint of warmth, she lowered her gaze, her eyes reddening despite herself.

The store clerk was meticulously arranging Hope's wedding dress, and had heard the conversation outside; she quietly glanced at Hope.

She thought that hearing such words would certainly anger Mrs. Lewis.

After all, even as an outsider, she herself felt annoyed.

What was that woman outside thinking, stirring up trouble for someone else's husband while his wife was inside trying on wedding dresses? Her words were too much.

"Mrs. Lewis, aren't you angry?" the clerk couldn't help but ask Hope.

"Angry? Why should I be angry?"

The young clerk pursed her lips, "That woman outside, she was speaking to President Lewis about you, right? Doesn't that make you angry?"

Hope shook her head and lightly chuckled, "My husband has always been on my side, what do I have to be angry about?"

Hope turned her head to glance at the young girl, her eyes brimming with smiles.

That smile stunned the clerk who looked up at her—the illumination from the chandelier above lavishly spilled onto the woman in front of her, who was dressed in a wedding gown with her hair elegantly pinned up, a soft pink-gold veil resting on her shoulders, a gentle smile gracing her exquisite and perfect face.

Beautiful, she was so incredibly beautiful.

Unbelievably so.

Having worked here for so long, she had never seen a bride more beautiful than her.

Only then did she realize that indeed, President Lewis had been protecting Mrs. Lewis with every sentence.

She really shouldn't be angry; the smile on her face now was precisely what a woman enveloped in love and unreasonably favored by her husband should look like.

Hope adjusted her wedding dress in the large mirror, a satisfied smile flashing in her eyes.

Outside, Vivia Fuller was still not content and was about to speak.

Just then the large curtain was drawn back, and she turned around reflexively.

A vast expanse of pink-gold skirt unfolded, studded with dazzling sequins that seemed like stars woven into the fabric.

A large bow was pinned at the back of her waist, and her hair was swept high, with layers of a pink-gold veil cascading down to cover the vast expanse of bare skin on her back, adding a sense of subtle beauty.

Waylon Lewis felt his Adam's apple move.

Hope slowly turned her head, and her starry eyes instantly collided with his.

With Hope's turn, the skirt twinkled ethereally; the off-shoulder design of the wedding dress added a touch of princess-like charm, so elegant and impressive, and unbelievably beautiful.

At the moment the curtains were drawn back, Waylon Lewis couldn't tear his gaze away for even a second.

Hope, under such an intense gaze, felt a blush spread across her calm and indifferent face.

Waylon Lewis slowly approached Hope, the large and bright space silent as everyone's eyes were intently fixed on the woman.

Hope held the sides of her dress, her long lashes trembling, as she slowly walked towards Waylon Lewis.

It took a moment for Vivia Fuller, who had been stunned in place, to realize she had been staring blankly at the cool yet dazzling woman.

How could Hope Williams be so beautiful?

Hope stood in front of Waylon Lewis, who lifted his hand to gently adjust the hair at her temple, his eyes filled with tenderness as he looked at the woman before him.

“Very beautiful.”

A smile spread across Hope’s face, “Then let’s settle on this one, I really like it.”

“Alright.”

Vivia Fuller felt like a joke standing to the side.

Vivia glared at her, and Hope, sensing the gaze beside her, glanced at her with unaffected calmness and knowingly asked:

“Miss Fuller, what brings you here as well? Are you here to choose a wedding dress? However, I heard from Waylon that we’ve booked the place for today and it’s not open to the public, so perhaps Miss Fuller should come back tomorrow if you wish to choose a wedding dress.”

Her voice was cool and indifferent, her dazzling starry eyes casting a cold glance at Vivia Fuller, her expression detached.

Vivia stood rooted to the spot, her hands clenching unceasingly as she glared at Hope, as if willing to bore a hole through her.

“Hope Williams, how can you be in the mood to try on a wedding dress? Brother Waylon’s reputation is almost ruined because of you, the rumors in the company are wild, how can you have the face to stay here?”

Hope Williams looked at her calmly, her gaze hardened as she uttered a few words.

“Please leave.”

“You!”

Vivia Fuller gritted her teeth.

“Can’t you hear?” Waylon Lewis coldly scanned the managers who were still frozen in place.

The manager immediately came to his senses and gestured for the security guard to escort Vivia Fuller out.

Vivia Fuller glared fiercely, as if her full heart of hatred could not be contained.

She shook off the security guard’s hand, “I will leave by myself.”

Vivia Fuller walked to the door, turned back to glare at Hope Williams, then lowered her eyes to her phone, clenching it furiously, "Hope Williams, I will make you pay."

With the departure of the unwanted person, Hope's mood improved. She stayed in Waylon Lewis's arms, looking up at him, and lightly punched him in the chest, "Still trying to hide it from me?"

The two were close, Waylon Lewis's eyes full of helplessness as he looked at her.

"I know you're trying to protect me, afraid that I'll get upset if I hear these things, but I'm not that fragile. From the beginning of being with you, I knew such troubles were unavoidable; I was mentally prepared. If they want to make a fuss or play games, I'm ready to face them."

Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis and smiled at him.

"But I'm quite surprised. You said you didn't deserve me to irritate Vivia Fuller?"

Waylon Lewis bent down to gently kiss her brow, "Sincerely, it is I, Waylon Lewis, who does not deserve you, Hope Williams. I am so grateful that you chose me."

Chapter 323: Chapter 323: Being Treated Differently Chapter 323: Chapter 323: Being Treated Differently Waylon Lewis bent down and gently kissed her between her brows, "Honestly, it's me, Waylon Lewis, who doesn't deserve you, Hope Williams. I'm very grateful, grateful that you chose me."

Hope Williams smiled, "We should be grateful that neither of us missed out on the other."

Waylon Lewis chuckled lowly and pulled her into his arms.

"So to what extent has this rumor now spread within the company?"

"It's being handled."

Waylon Lewis had just finished speaking when his cell phone rang, and without avoiding Hope Williams, he answered the call.

"Boss, the person spreading the rumors has been found. Everything she knows was told to her by a servant from the old residence."

"Find out everything about that servant."

"Yes, Boss."

“Should we detain the servant first?”

“Not yet,” Waylon Lewis said heavily, “Don’t alert the snake by hitting the grass.”

No servant would have the guts to spread rumors without someone backing them.

“Yes Boss, I understand.”

After hanging up, Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis’s furrowed brow and asked, “How is it going?”

“The rumor-monger has been found. As you said before, there’s a mole in the Lewis Family, and now it seems there is more than one.”

Hope Williams nodded solemnly, “So the rumors were also the work of this insider.”

“Mhm.”

“Who do you think is most likely behind them?”

“The Fuller Family,” Waylon Lewis had his suspicions early on.

“That’s what I was thinking too,” Hope Williams also felt that the matter couldn’t be unrelated to the Fuller Family.

But the one thing Hope Williams couldn’t figure out was, if the Fuller Family was targeting her just because of Vivia Fuller, there was no need to go to such great lengths.

So the Fuller Family’s target wasn’t just her; perhaps it was the entire Lewis Family.

If that were the case, things were not as simple as they seemed.

“What are you thinking?”

“The Fuller Family is targeting the Lewis Family, right?”

A flash of surprise crossed Waylon Lewis’s eyes, “Yes, but there’s no evidence for now.”

The Fuller Family always covered its tracks well, leaving no evidence behind; without evidence, they could only be suspects.

“There will be. One always gets wet walking by the river. Whatever they want to do, I’ll face it with you.”

Waylon Lewis looked at the woman in his arms, seemingly fragile and delicate, but exuding boundless strength in her bones, and smiled, "Okay."

"Daddy, Mommy, stop talking, hurry up and go take photos."

Luke and Willow, who had been ignored, unhappily reminded.

Hope Williams bent over to pinch the little cheeks of Baby and Willow and smiled lightly, "Got it."

Hope Williams also picked out a little suit and princess dress for Luke and Willow; the two children were already cute, and dressed up, they were even more eye-catching.

Today, Hope Williams planned to take two sets: one wedding photo set and one family photo set of the four of them.

The shoot was arranged indoors since Waylon Lewis feared the outdoor scene might make Hope Williams catch a cold in her wedding dress.

Hope Williams didn't object; she chose a low-key luxurious platinum background, complemented by a large number of pink and white roses, resonating with the color of her wedding dress, luxurious and elegant.

Hope Williams, like a princess in that setting, in a black custom-tailored suit, Waylon Lewis knelt on one knee, sincerely raising his hand holding Hope Williams's small hand. Hope Williams lifted her dress slightly, leaned forward a little, both smiling an hooked lip-smile, eyes locked, a dazzlingly beautiful moment that the photographer hastily captured with a click of the shutter, preserving this wonderful scene.

The two of them were undeniably photogenic and needed little adjustment, as every photo was effortlessly perfect.

For instance, Waylon Lewis, with one arm around Hope Williams's slender waist, her looking upwards at the exceptionally handsome man, her eyes shimmering with light.

Although Waylon Lewis was usually not one to smile or jest, when with Hope Williams, his lips were raised constantly.

Nearly every photo was perfect; next were the family photos with the four of them, Luke and Willow couldn't wait to rush forward.

Luke and Willow, undoubtedly, clung to Hope Williams first, leaving Waylon Lewis with a darkened face being ignored.

"You two are treating us differently?"

“Learned it from you, hmph.”

Waylon Lewis, “...”

Hope Williams let them play, intentionally allowing the three of them to bond by taking photos together.

The atmosphere became comical with the three of them together.

Like Waylon Lewis holding Luke in his left arm, Willow in his right, with Luke and Willow each hugging Waylon Lewis's head, planting a kiss on each cheek, Waylon Lewis's expression showing a clear disdain for the saliva of the two little ones, yet he let them kiss him regardless.

After a day of shooting, over a hundred photos were taken, not a small feat. Hope Williams was quite satisfied with the photos and chose the most satisfying one to hang as a seventy-inch portrait in their bedroom.

Having taken beautiful wedding photos, Hope Williams was in a good mood and on the way back, she sat in the back of the car with Luke and Willow, looking at the photos together.

Chapter 324: Chapter 324: Just Don't Want It, Just Don't Want It Chapter 324: Chapter 324: Just Don't Want It, Just Don't Want It Waylon Lewis watched the harmonious scene in the rearview mirror, his eyes brimming with a gentle smile.

Back at home, Waylon Lewis led Hope Williams back to the room to rest, afraid she would tire herself out, “You rest, I'll go check the kitchen and call you when it's ready.”

Hope Williams obediently nodded, “Okay.”

While things were harmonious here, a storm was brewing in the company.

Wyatt Lewis loitered around the office, finally making his way to Waylon Lewis's office, thinking that his brother should have calmed down by now.

He had come to terms with the enormity of his mistake and hurried over to apologize, hoping his brother would see his willingness to change and give him another chance.

But after all his mental preparation, upon entering, he found Waylon Lewis wasn't there.

Preparing to leave, he overheard a bunch of gossip, all about his sister-in-law.

The words were distasteful.

Saying things like a shotgun marriage, a nobody becoming a phoenix upon reaching a branch, that Hope Williams was not fit to be the President's Wife...

Whether she was suited or not, it was not their place to judge.

Angered by what he heard, Wyatt Lewis stood resolutely in defense of Hope Williams, and he punched the loudest mouth right there.

Damn, a man gossiping like an old hen amidst women, clucking away forever, cluck cluck cluck.

"Try clucking again, I dare you," Wyatt Lewis grabbed the man's collar, his face icy.

Seeing Wyatt Lewis, everyone immediately shut up and lowered their heads, turning to run.

"Stand there."

"Second Young Master." The people stood trembling in place, Wyatt looking as furious as Waylon Lewis.

They could all feel the chill radiating from Wyatt Lewis.

"Keep talking, why have you gone silent?"

"I... we're too scared," they confessed.

"Scared." Wyatt narrowed his eyes, "I see how bold you are, talking behind my sister-in-law's back. You think you're qualified to do that?"

"The Second Young Master, we know we're wrong, we really won't do it again," they apologized profusely.

"Go to the finance department, take your money, and leave." Wyatt's tone was grave.

"What? What?" The men were stunned by Wyatt's words.

"Can't you understand human language?"

Just because of this they're going to be fired?

Plus, it wasn't just them talking; the whole company was gossiping, why single them out for dismissal?

They were seasoned employees who had served the company for over a decade, contributed countless efforts, and held some status in the company; why should they just be dismissed like this?

Unconvinced, they looked at Wyatt Lewis, "Second Young Master, we know we're wrong, but isn't dismissal too severe?"

"Disagree?"

The men exchanged looks, and one emboldened person stepped forward, "Forgive my frankness, Second Young Master, but you're not part of the group's senior management or the board of directors; you probably don't have the authority to fire us."

Everyone knows that besides fooling around, the Lewis Family's second son is just a worthless, spoilt young master who can't shoulder any responsibility.

After working diligently for the company for so long, how could a worthless, pampered young master fire them?

They would not accept it.

With this in mind, the disdain on their faces grew.

The chill on Wyatt Lewis's face deepened.

"Second Young Master, if you wish to fire us, you should at least consult President Lewis, since he has the final say in the company," they said with an air of arrogance.

Thinking that this good-for-nothing young master got hot-headed and wanted to fire them, they believed that the wise and invincible President would certainly not dismiss them for such a trivial matter.

They were confident, raising their voices a notch.

"Need to consult my brother?"

"Yes, we ask that you consult the President before making a decision, Second Young Master."

Wyatt Lewis thought these fools were pitifully stupid. Didn't they know how protective his brother was of his sister-in-law, and yet they wanted to consult the Great Demon King himself?

Utterly asking for death.

Since they were courting disaster, Wyatt was all too willing to oblige. He casually pulled out his phone and called Waylon Lewis.

Soon, Waylon's deep voice came through, "Speak."

"Bro, it's me. There are a few unruly employees here gossiping about the sister-in-law. I was about to send them packing, but they're not convinced and insist on consulting you. What do you think?"

The men perked up their ears, all waiting for Wyatt Lewis to be embarrassed.

The President had already divorced the President's Wife, why would he care about her now?

Ridiculous.

"Throw them out."

"Alright."

What? What?

Thrown out?

Was the President serious?

He was actually throwing them out, just because they gossiped behind the former President's Wife's back, just like that, tossing out these seasoned employees who had worked for the company for over a decade?

The men were left dumbstruck, their faces as ugly as if struck by lightning.

Wyatt Lewis smirked; he offered them their wages to leave the company gracefully, but they refused, didn't they? Demanding to be thrown out, as if they'd profit by walking fewer steps?

Really now.

Wyatt Lewis scoffed.

Chapter 325: Chapter 325: Caught Red-Handed with a Crush Chapter 325: Chapter 325: Caught Red-Handed with a Crush At this moment, Hope Williams was lying on the bed, selecting photos with Luke and Willow.

“Wow this one looks good...”

“This one of Luke and Willow is so cute, I really want to cut it out just for the two of you.”

“Doesn’t Daddy look especially handsome in this one?”

Hope Williams was clearly more than satisfied with these pictures, her fingers lightly tapped on the tablet, zooming in on Waylon Lewis’s perfect face, and she couldn’t help but sigh that his sharp features were flawless, perfect from every angle.

Hope was really into it, staring at Waylon’s handsome face, her lips involuntarily curving into a smile.

“Does it look good?”

“It does look good!”

Who is speaking?

Hope looked up to see Waylon Lewis leaning against the doorway watching her, not knowing when he had been standing there.

“You? When did you get there?” Hope hurriedly put away the tablet, feeling embarrassed.

“When you asked them if I was especially handsome,” Waylon’s lips curved slightly.

Caught red-handed in her crush!

“Do you like it?” Waylon took a few steps closer to Hope.

“What... what?”

“Looking at me.”

Putting it together... do you really like looking at me?

Hope paused, Waylon’s approach carried a dangerous air, his eyes teasingly provocative.

Hope bent over to dodge back, but a large hand on her lower back thwarted her escape.

“Hmm?”

Hope’s body stiffened, but smilingly she responded, “Of course, President Lewis, your face is impeccably handsome, I definitely like it, a lot.”

“You prefer staring at the photo?”

“Uh... I like the real thing too, equally handsome.” Hope thought her response was perfect, and Waylon chuckled softly.

“Shall we go downstairs to eat?”

“Sure, let’s eat, Luke, Willow, let’s go downstairs, I’m starving.” Saying this, Hope quickly wriggled out from Waylon’s embrace, feeling his gaze was a bit too intense, carrying a strong offense.

“Time to eat.” Luke and Willow put on their shoes and ran out of the room. Just as Hope was about to follow, her steps had just lifted when she was abruptly pulled back, her back pressed against the wall the next second.

Hope let out a soft cry, the man’s dominant presence overwhelming her, she looked up slightly at the man, her heart pounding.

Tilting her head, she offered Waylon the perfect angle to kiss her, his lips curved, and the kiss landed seamlessly.

Hope’s eyelashes fluttered, his kiss was not as forceful or dominating as before, but more tender and cautious, gently kissing her, the tingling sensation electrifyingly swept through her body, making Hope shiver.

Waylon dared not touch Hope too much, the kiss brief but intense.

Waylon lightly touched her nose tip and chuckled, “Next time you like it, remember to stare at the real thing.”

Hope’s cheeks flushed with a shy crimson.

“Let’s go eat,” Waylon released Hope.

Released, Hope’s eyes quickly captured the restrained and lingering desire in Waylon’s eyes.

Clearly wanting her so eagerly, yet holding back due to concern for her and the children, realizing this made Hope’s lips curl into a beautiful smile.

Waylon pulled her hand and headed out, as Hope saw Waylon take two deep breaths, seemingly forcing himself to calm down.

Downstairs, the table was set with four dishes and a soup. Luke and Willow sat waiting at their spots for Hope and Waylon, and seeing them finally coming down, they couldn’t help but ask, “Daddy, Mommy, what were you doing? Why did it take so long?”

“Uh...” Hope certainly couldn’t tell the two little ones that they just did something they shouldn’t see!

“Kids should ask less.” Waylon spoke indifferently.

“Can’t kids know?”

“No.”

“Alright then~”

“Let’s eat.”

Waylon placed some food into Hope’s bowl, “Try today’s dishes and see if they suit your palate.”

Hope picked up her chopsticks and started putting food into her mouth.

Waylon watched Hope with a barely noticeable tension in his eyes.

Hope took a bite and slightly frowned...

“Waylon...”

“Yes? What’s wrong?” Waylon tightened his grip on the chopsticks.

“We didn’t offend the chef, did we?”

Hope looked at the pork rib stew with radish in front of her and pursed her lips.

Waylon looked at Hope, his back stiffening, “Is it not tasty?”

Hope twitched her lips and started, “This pork rib stew with radish, the radish is cut too big and is undercooked...”

“Why is there no egg in the scrambled tomato and egg, and yet it tastes sweet?” Luke.

“The meat is all dried up and tasteless, what’s going on?” Willow.

“The main thing is why would you fry such a big piece of green vegetable whole? Did the chef become too lazy to use the knife today? And why put so much oil?” Hope said, somewhat helpless, the poor vegetable seemed to have been soaked in oil.

After saying that, Hope looked at Waylon about to say something else but then noticed Waylon’s expression becoming more and more peculiar.

Hope blinked, looked at the dishes in front of her and at Waylon's expression, a shocking thought suddenly popped into her mind.

"This... You didn't make this, did you?"

Waylon pursed his lips, looked slightly mortified but admitted, "Yes."

"Cough, cough, cough..." Hope was startled, almost choking on her own saliva, "This..."

"It's not tasty, I'll make it again." Waylon stood up with a look of disappointed dejection, saying that as he went to discard the food, his heartbroken appearance truly made Hope feel sorry for him.

Hope reached out to hold Waylon's hand, "Well, there's no need to throw it away; it isn't exactly inedible... haha, like this vegetable, although whole, it's cooked, just too much oil, if you mix it with rice, it doesn't affect the taste much. Even the scrambled tomato without egg, it tastes like egg, so you can count it as having egg... and the pork rib stew with radish, at least the ribs are edible."

President Lewis had put in the effort to cook for the whole family, Hope couldn't bear to hurt his confidence.

Hope signaled to Luke and Willow with her eyes, and the clever kids immediately responded, "Right, Daddy, the braised fish you made is quite successful."

Waylon's eyes brightened, "Where is it successful?"

"It looks like a fish!" Willow praised sincerely.

Waylon, "..."

He really wanted to thank them for trying so hard to "praise" him.

Although he knew those words were filled with comforting intentions, Waylon's mood visibly improved.

Hope saw that Waylon was feeling better and breathed a sigh of relief, grateful for her quick thinking that saved President Lewis' cooking confidence.

Hope moved her chopsticks, and just then someone walked in briskly without hesitation, pulled up a chair, and sat down.

Wyatt caught his breath, "I'm exhausted, brother, sister-in-law, shall we eat?"

Wyatt rubbed his hands together with no intention of being polite, picked up his bowl and chopsticks, and started eating.

Hope's expression tensed, barely having time to stop him.

"Cough... spit, what is this crappy thing? Who made it?"

Chapter 326: Chapter 326 Long-Preconceived Plan Chapter 326: Chapter 326 Long-Preconceived Plan "Cough... ugh, what the heck is this? Who made it?"

Waylon frowned and his gaze shot directly at Wyatt.

"Who the heck made this disaster? It's horrendously inedible. The chef must have abandoned his cooking skills today. If you feed this to pigs, even pigs won't eat it, bro, I suggest you fire this useless chef instantly. This chef is simply not suitable for cooking, and look at this radish stewed pork rib, why is the radish cut so big? And this tomato and egg stir-fry, there are no eggs, just a big piece of eggshell, what's going on?"

"Cough cough..."

Wyatt was getting into it, completely oblivious to Hope's continuous eye signals to him, nor noticing Waylon's odd behavior, only feeling a chill.

"Bro, did you turn on the air-conditioner to a cold setting?"

Hope sat across from him silently covering her face.

When Wyatt looked up, he was met with Waylon's scary and penetrating expression.

At that moment, he finally noticed Hope covering her face, looking helpless, and then looked at Luke and Willow, with both kids giving him a "rest in peace" kind of stare.

He had an epiphany, a terrifying thought popped into his head, and his eyes slowly shifted towards Waylon.

Waylon's face was expressionless, but his eyes emitted an endless chill.

Wyatt swallowed, "Bro... you didn't make this dish, did you?"

Waylon's deep gaze at him said it all.

Wyatt pursed his lips, withdrew his gaze brilliantly, his stiff hand picked up the chopsticks, took the meat he had thrown in the bowl, his mouth was resistant, but his hand uncontrollably stuffed it into his mouth.

Waylon's cold voice rang out again, "Isn't it very inedible?"

Wyatt hurriedly stuffed a few more bites into his mouth, loudly asserting while chewing, "Nonsense, absolute nonsense, where is it inedible? I've never in my life eaten such delicious food. If you say this wasn't made by a top chef, I wouldn't believe it."

Hope, "..."

Luke and Willow, "..."

"Tasty?" Waylon looked at him coldly.

"Tasty, tasty."

"Good, eat more if it's tasty." Waylon personally shifted the dishes in front of him towards Wyatt, raised his hand, gesturing him to continue.

Wyatt suddenly felt thunderstruck, holding the bowl in hand, which felt scalding, looking at the dishes in front which were distressing, he gave Waylon a stiff smile.

This is so unfortunate...

He must be in some kind of bad luck phase, why else would things go so wrong!

Hope watched Wyatt's expression, feeling an indescribable sympathy.

Wyatt was crying and sniffing as he ate, wishing he could donate his taste buds.

After finishing, Wyatt didn't want to stay there for another moment, it was pure torture.

Hope watched Wyatt speed away, finding it both funny and sad.

This guy is so meek and well-behaved in front of Waylon, getting beaten up numerous times and never held a grudge, still always snuggling up to Waylon.

Hope has always thought that in families like theirs, siblings should be intensely competitive, fighting for power and profit, but this pair of brothers are an exception; one is giving, and the other, not taking.

Seeing Hope's faint smile, Waylon came over to her, warmly inquired, "What are you thinking about?"

"Your relationship with the second young master is quite good."

"How so?"

"You frequently beat him up so badly, yet the second young master still acts like a monkey around you every day, still closest to you. And you, every time your hand seems heavy, but actually, you've always held back. Otherwise, with your skills, the

second young master probably would have to lay in bed for ten days to half a month.” Hope couldn’t help but smile.

A touch of helplessness flashed finely through Waylon’s eyes, “He just never learns.”

“I think your personality and that of the Second Young Master are two extremes, one mature and stable, and the other cynical. I find it quite interesting,” Hope Williams turned her head and smiled at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis lowered his head and lightly kissed the lips that Hope had curved up, then bent down to pick her up, “You’re right.”

“What are you doing?”

“Been tired all day, aren’t you going to rest?”

“Um... Okay.” Hope Williams nestled in Waylon Lewis’s arms and thought for a while, “I remember Grandpa’s birthday is the day after tomorrow, right?”

“Right.”

“Then let’s go pick a gift for Grandpa tomorrow, but what kind of gift does he like?”

“You being there would make him very happy even without any gift.”

“That won’t do, we must pick a unique gift for Grandpa.”

Waylon Lewis carried Hope Williams upstairs, “Have you thought about what to give him?”

“Not yet.” This was indeed the problem troubling Hope, the gift for Grandpa naturally had to be of superior quality, no negligence allowed.

“There is an auction tomorrow night, let’s go have a look, we might find something.”

Hope’s eyes lit up, “That sounds like a great idea, let’s settle on that.”

Seeing Hope smile, Waylon Lewis also smiled softly, “I need to go to the office tomorrow morning, but I’ll come back early in the evening to accompany you.”

“Alright.”

The next day, Waylon Lewis went to the office very early.

The company had been quite subdued today after yesterday's incident, serving as a warning to others, but while they didn't discuss it openly, there was still whispers in secret.

If this matter is not clarified, there won't be true quiet.

Waylon Lewis stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, his tall and lofty stature dominant. Behind him, the assistant to the marketing director stood trembling, her legs constantly weakening under the immense pressure, unable to help but kneel down with a "plop," her voice trembling, "President Lewis, I know I was wrong, I only heard it from someone else, I had no ill intentions... Please let me go, I really realize my mistake, I will never dare again..."

The marketing director's assistant, Hazel Turner, was the one who initially spread the rumors.

"Next time? As just an assistant, where do you get the courage to fabricate things about the lady? Tell me, who taught you to say these things?" Thomas Hughes's voice was strict and low.

"No... no one taught me, I really just heard it from someone else, I am a person who likes gossip, I had no bad intentions, I didn't expect things to get so big, President Lewis, I really know I was wrong, please let me go..."

Waylon Lewis slowly turned around, the chill around him growing ever colder, he held a black cell phone in his hand.

"Five days ago, your account received five hundred thousand, tell me, where did that come from?"

Hazel Turner immediately became tense, looking up incredulously at Waylon Lewis then quickly lowering her head, "I... this is from a friend..."

"A friend?" Waylon Lewis's cold eyes sharpened, "A friend who works at the old mansion, surnamed Lee?"

Hazel Turner's complexion turned even paler, her eyeballs trembling continuously within their sockets, already too scared to speak.

"I advise you to come clean now, better be lenient while you still can, some money is worth earning, some you can't spend even if you have it," Thomas Hughes stood by and warned coldly.

"I..." Hazel Turner held her head with both hands, trembling with fear.

"I really... didn't do it on purpose, President Lewis, I know I was wrong, this money was sent to me by a woman surnamed Lee, she told me those things about the lady, told me to chat about it with colleagues over tea and meals, and gave me five hundred thousand, I thought the money was easy to earn, I got blinded by greed, I agreed... President Lewis, I..."

Waylon Lewis raised his hand, his eyes growing increasingly somber.

Aunt Lee is a maid who cleans the main house.

But basically, maids who are arranged in the main house are those who have been with the Lewis Family for over eight years, these people are relatively trustworthy to the Lewis Family.

Eight years! This period was even longer than Waylon Lewis had imagined, it seems that someone had been plotting against the Lewis Family for quite some time.

Chapter 327: Chapter 327: Stay Away from Me Chapter 327: Chapter 327: Stay Away from Me Eight years! This duration was even longer than Waylon Lewis had imagined; it seemed that someone had been plotting against the Lewis Family for quite some time.

As night fell, the grand auction officially began. Those invited to attend were celebrities from all walks of life, top noble families, as well as some well-known superstars.

Naturally, the two Fuller sisters wouldn't miss this event. It was the first public appearance Mia Fuller had made since the incident at the Knox Family.

However, if Mia Fuller were of no use to Vivia Fuller, Vivia would never have brought Mia along.

"Don't cause any trouble for me at the event tonight."

Vivia Fuller warned Mia Fuller multiple times. Mia straightened her long hair, "I know."

Despite the numerous scandals surrounding them, the Fuller sisters bore the Fuller surname. No matter how notorious they became, people would still cozy up to them because of their family background.

A group of women approached them with smiles and laughter.

"Miss Fullers are looking more beautiful than ever. Miss Fuller, your figure is truly perfect, that gown couldn't be more fitting on you."

"Yes, absolutely, I envy Miss Fuller's figure."

“The two Misses are also beautiful, we definitely couldn’t pull off that look.”

Praise kept coming, and the Fuller sisters, as always, carried themselves with their chins held high, exuding an air of superiority. Yet, they feigned modesty on their faces, wearing humble smiles and graciously accepting these compliments.

“What has Miss Fuller been busy with lately? It’s been ages since we last saw you.”

“Miss Fuller is the future head of the Fuller Family; with great abilities and power comes a lot to worry about, unlike the rest of us.”

“But I heard that you’re handling Old Master Lewis’s birthday banquet tomorrow? Wow, that’s really something.”

Vivia Fuller smiled lightly and modestly shook her head, “It’s not that I’m handling it, I’m just helping out.”

Vivia’s words were clearly a veiled acknowledgement of her involvement in aiding the Lewis Family.

“What about the Lewis Family’s Young Madam? I heard she hasn’t lifted a finger for Old Master Lewis’s birthday feast. She’s his granddaughter-in-law, isn’t that inappropriate?”

“That’s true, but there’s a rumor that she was kicked out of the Lewis Family. Chairman Lewis does not approve of this daughter-in-law, but who knows if it’s true.”

“I’ve heard that too. Miss Fullers, you all have a good relationship with the Lewis Family, do you know any insider details? Did President Lewis really split with that Miss Williams?”

Vivia Fuller heard this and pursed her lips uncomfortably, appearing as though she knew but it was difficult to say. She glanced at the crowd and slowly began, “I don’t know much, but Miss Williams does indeed not reside with the Lewis Family now.”

“So, it is true?”

“It must be true then.”

Vivia Fuller looked at them nervously, then added, “Don’t spread rumors, I don’t know anything.”

Learning from many past events, Vivia Fuller had grown wiser; she would not foolishly speak out directly anymore.

None of her earlier statements had confirmed that the two had separated. She distanced herself first, leaving the rest to their speculation.

She couldn't be blamed for the rumors they started on their own, could she?

Vivia Fuller curled her lips.

"We know, we all understand," they exchanged knowing glances, all appearing to be in the know.

Vivia Fuller's words were an implicit confirmation, weren't they?

It seemed that President Lewis splitting from that woman must be true.

And now, everyone still had a chance to become Mrs. Lewis.

I wonder if President Lewis will show up at this event.

As everyone was thinking this, someone suddenly exclaimed...

"That... isn't that... President Lew..."

Waylon Lewis arrived dressed in an exquisite dark suit, impeccably pressed without a wrinkle, the tailored trousers outlining his long, straight legs.

His features were handsome, his deep dark eyes gazing forward calmly, exuding a cool indifference.

Alitzel Williams needed to discuss something with Hope Williams, so she called her over for a talk and insisted that Waylon Lewis should not hear it, making Waylon Lewis come over first.

Seeing Waylon Lewis alone, without a female companion, the few people who had just been speculating in their hearts began to feel secretly elated.

It seems that Waylon Lewis has truly parted ways with that Qin woman. Otherwise, why wouldn't he bring her along to such a social event?

A glint appeared in Vivia Fuller's eyes as well; surprisingly, Waylon Lewis had come, and he didn't bring Hope Williams today.

Why didn't he bring Hope Williams?

Could it be that they had a fight?

That would be all too wonderful.

"Brother Waylon actually didn't bring that b*tch Hope Williams today, hehe, it looks like she really got dumped by Brother Waylon," Mia Fuller said with her arms crossed, a cold laugh escaping her lips.

She had heard quite a few rumors recently and was utterly delighted by them.

“Whether they have broken up or not, what’s it to you? You better not cause trouble and stay put,” Vivia Fuller gave her a cold glance, full of disdain. A woman who has debased herself still harboring delusions? That’s laughable.

With that said, Vivia Fuller adjusted her hair, raised her chin, and walked toward Waylon Lewis.

Various individuals of no insignificant status kept approaching Waylon Lewis, who calmly took a seat slightly to the right in the middle of the front row of chairs.

A natural cold aura emanated from him, brimming with detachment, and instantly halted the steps of those who approached.

Those who were already seated in the front row suddenly felt restless, constantly looking around to see if their seating was presumptuous.

Vivia Fuller saw Waylon Lewis sitting alone and a smile flashed across her face.

Under the watchful eyes of the public, Vivia Fuller swiftly walked towards Waylon Lewis, lightly lifting her dress and taking a seat beside him.

“Brother Waylon,” she said with a sweet and tender voice, smiling cleverly as she called out to Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis glanced sideways at her with a look that turned cold the moment she sat down.

Vivia Fuller’s gaze suddenly collided with Waylon Lewis’s icy and piercing eyes, sending a chill straight to her heart.

She stiffly maintained her smile.

“Brother Waylon... I, I came over with no other intent, I just wanted to apologize to you, I was wrong yesterday, I shouldn’t have said that, it was my fault, I shouldn’t have...”

The people surrounding them saw Vivia Fuller sit down next to Waylon Lewis and, while envious, couldn’t help but have a thought pop up in their minds.

That is the relationship between Waylon Lewis and Vivia Fuller.

If Waylon Lewis really was divorced, given the relationship between the Fuller Family and the Lewis Family, and considering the recent rumors, Vivia Fuller actually had a very good chance of being with Waylon Lewis.

Even though they couldn't hear what they were saying to each other, just by looking at Vivia Fuller's radiant smile, it seemed they were having a great chat.

Everyone knows that besides Hope Williams, no other woman had been able to get so close to Waylon Lewis.

Just when the crowd was secretly whispering to each other looking at them, Waylon Lewis abruptly stood up from his seat, spreading a deep and chilling aura, scaring those seated in the front row to immediately rise to their feet.

The seated were startled; the standing were equally taken aback.

There weren't many chairs in the front row, only about twenty, not all were occupied, with only roughly a dozen or so people seated, but this synchronized standing up created no small commotion, immediately drawing the attention of everyone present.

Only Vivia Fuller remained sitting on the chair, bewildered, as she looked up at Waylon Lewis.

She hadn't even finished what she was saying...

Seeing the chill on Waylon Lewis's face, Vivia Fuller felt utterly uncomfortable, stiffly watching Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis didn't give her a glance, simply moved two seats over and sat down, expressionless, yet it was enough to showcase his cold demeanor.

The onlookers felt as if the two chairs that were left empty boldly displayed the words "Stay away from me."

Chapter 328: Chapter 328 Auction Chapter 328: Chapter 328 Auction Everyone looked on and inexplicably felt that the two vacant chairs conspicuously screamed "Stay away from me."

Waylon Lewis's attitude seemed as though he wished a whole galaxy could separate them.

The very people who had envied Vivia Fuller just a moment ago turned as stiff as his movements.

What is President Lewis doing?

"What's happening here?"

“Why did President Lewis move two seats away?”

Everyone was baffled.

“Are you stupid? Didn’t you see that President Lewis moved his seat because Miss Fuller was sitting next to him?”

“Ah, so... President Lewis’s expression looks quite angry, huh? Because Miss Fuller sat next to him, he moved two seats away. Hahaha, just how much does President Lewis despise Miss Fuller, to want so desperately not to be associated with her?”

“Miss Fuller threw herself at him, and President Lewis almost wrote ‘stay away’ on his face. I could laugh at this scene for a whole year.”

“Miss Fuller must be feeling so awkward right now, I bet she’s about to dig a three-room apartment with her toes.”

Amid a wave of hushed but audible whispers, Vivia Fuller sat in the front row, the light shining directly on her face, her complexion deathly pale, biting her lip, her hands clenched so tightly that they crackled.

Waylon’s actions just now could not have been more deliberate, blatantly refusing to sit with her, not giving her an ounce of face.

Sitting there, Vivia felt as though the voices behind her were like knives constantly stabbing into her body, the pain making it hard for her to breathe.

The auction was about to begin, with the auctioneer making preparations on stage.

It was only then that Alitzel Williams, followed by Hope Williams, made their belated entrance.

“Look, isn’t that Mrs. Lewis and Young Madam Lewis?”

At that comment, those near the door were the first to turn towards the entrance.

Hope Williams wore a simple, loose white dress today, draped over with a soft white fur shawl, her hair tied back in a low bun. She wasn’t wearing high heels, but it didn’t affect her imposing presence in the slightest.

Hope’s attire for the day was as plain as it could get, and her delicately beautiful face was without a hint of makeup.

Yet, among all the elaborately dressed young ladies from prominent families, she stood out starkly, a refreshing and eye-catching presence.

If the previous Hope was stunningly beautiful, today's Hope was the embodiment of refreshing beauty, extraordinarily pure and memorable.

What was even more ironic was that, compared to the painstakingly dolled-up women, the undressed Hope completely overshadowed them without any effort.

"She is truly beautiful..."

"Why is she so beautiful even without makeup? I'm so envious."

"We're both women, why don't I have a pretty face like hers? It's so heartbreaking."

Hope casually passed by Mia Fuller, who glared at her with fury.

This bitch is doing it on purpose, isn't she? Dressing like this is meant to belittle all of us, right?

Waylon Lewis had already stood up from his chair; his dark eyes locked on the woman who was slowly walking in, not wavering for a moment as he headed straight toward her.

Seeing Waylon approaching, Hope's eyes twinkled with a faint smile.

Alitzel simply watched her son's gaze firmly fixed on Hope; even though she stood beside Hope, she didn't catch a sliver of that attention. Alitzel really wondered whether Waylon's eyes only saw Hope.

Hope looked up, and her gaze collided with Waylon's eyes.

Waylon's eyes always carried a gentle smile as he reached out to adjust the shawl on her, taking her small hand into his with a frown, "Why is it so cold?"

Seeing his concern, Hope smiled slightly, "Probably because I just came in, it'll be fine in a bit."

"Are you cold?"

"It's okay."

Waylon's frown did not relax. He waved his hand gently, and the attending staff immediately stepped forward. Waylon Lewis instructed them briefly and the staff nodded.

After speaking to the staff, Waylon naturally took Hope Williams from Alitzel Williams and brought her into his embrace.

Hope's eyes softened, and she leaned obediently into his arms.

Alitzel Williams felt the genuine sense of the pink bubbles emanating from the couple and pursed her lips resignedly, "How do Luke and Willow usually put up with you two?"

If Luke and Willow were here, they would surely say that it's all about getting used to it.

Alitzel paid them no more mind and proceeded to her seat.

Now, there weren't many empty seats left in the first row—just four. Alitzel glanced over, only to see Vivia Fuller with a gloomy expression, sitting there with one vacant seat to her left and three to her right. The other spots were all taken.

Alitzel found it odd as she glanced at those in the first row, then at Vivia sitting alone—it seemed as if everyone was avoiding sitting next to her, giving off the impression of being isolated and shunned...

Waylon Lewis pulled Hope Williams to sit down. Alitzel naturally took the seat beside Vivia Fuller, as it was her only option.

"Vivia?"

"Vivia!"

Alitzel called Vivia Fuller twice before she reacted, red-eyed as she looked at Alitzel.

"Un... Aunt... you're here."

Seeing her strained smile, Alitzel asked, "What's wrong with you?"

"I'm okay... nothing's wrong..."

"Why are you sitting here alone?"

Alitzel's question felt like another harsh blow to Vivia's heart.

Vivia sat there, her hands continuously clenching the hem of her dress.

Seeing her disconcerted look and lack of response, Alitzel pursed her lips, withdrew her gaze indifferently, and didn't ask further. She'd only meant to alleviate the awkwardness, since it felt odd not to converse with someone she recognized, but now she decided not to bother since Vivia was unwilling to talk.

Mia Fuller, with a twist of her waist, settled herself in the last spot on the left side of the first row, filling up all the seats.

“Heh.”

Mia Fuller did not hide her scornful laughter toward Vivia Fuller.

What better example of throwing oneself at someone uninterested than what Vivia Fuller just showcased?

She could barely contain her laughter; she had warned her just before, and now look, Vivia herself was the one embarrassed.

Chapter 329: Chapter 329 Auction 2 Chapter 329: Chapter 329 Auction 2 She almost died laughing; just a moment ago she was warning her, and now look who’s made a fool of herself.

Aside from mocking Vivia Fuller, many were puzzled, their gazes involuntarily drifting towards Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams.

Wasn’t it said that Chairman Lewis was dissatisfied with this daughter-in-law, that Hope has already been driven out of the Lewis Family, and that President Lewis had separated from Hope? Vivia was considered the likeliest candidate for Mrs. Lewis.

But considering Waylon’s behavior just now...
The crowd watched them discreetly, barely stifling their smiles.

Waylon meanwhile had someone bring over a blanket, carefully covering the lady beside him, then adjusting her shawl and, after he finished, he took her hand and interlocked their fingers. His actions were incredibly tender; his gaze doting.

Beside them, Alitzel Williams looked on with a mix of helplessness and satisfaction at the scene – her son taking such detailed care of his wife didn’t strike her as inappropriate at all.

She even thoughtfully passed the auction item list to Hope, whispering to her with a smile on her face.

It was a picture of harmony.

And the woman at the center of their attention was treated just like a pampered princess.

The family’s behavior utterly baffled the crowd...
What on earth was going on?

Driven out of the house?

Seemed like a divorce?

But now, she's evidently pampered like a princess.

In contrast, dark clouds seemed to loom over Vivian Fuller's head, as if a thunderstorm could break out at any moment, casting her expression in the deepest shade of gloom.

The painting of their differing fortunes couldn't be more stark.

The front row, filled with high-profile figures, was packed, with others gradually taking their seats behind. The auctioneer stepped onto the stage and grandly announced the start of the auction.

Hope wasn't particularly interested in the first few items; her main focus was on the last lot, the Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle.

The old master had a deep affection for such antique collections and was bound to like it.

After several lots had passed, the next item was a child's longevity lock. The big screen displayed the fine details of the longevity lock, which looked extraordinary under the bright lights, with its lifelike dragon and phoenix carvings and five little bells hanging below, jingling pleasantly with each movement while the auctioneer recounted the longevity lock's history.

Hope couldn't help but sit up straight as she gazed at the longevity lock, clearly moved. She had acquired one for Luke and Willow when they were born, but had yet to prepare anything for the little one in her belly.

She found the longevity lock quite exquisite, liking it very much, and she was also eager to see what it would look like on the baby once born.

Waylon kept an eye on Hope at all times, capturing her every small expression. She was fixedly staring at the longevity lock, poorly concealing her eagerness.

The look in Waylon's eyes softened as he watched the lock, thinking of the baby in Hope's belly, and he couldn't help but curve his lips slightly.

After the auctioneer had finished his introduction, the bidding for the longevity lock officially started at a hundred thousand.

This longevity lock was exceptionally exquisite, a rare find, and it was clear that Hope wasn't the only one smitten.

Hope called out a bid, "One hundred and fifty thousand."

Barely had Hope's voice faded, Vivia Fuller, who had been shooting her venomous glances, immediately bid, "Three hundred thousand."

Hope's eyes slightly lifted.

Alitzel Williams also couldn't help but look toward Vivia.

"Vivia, you don't have a boyfriend yet, right? What are you in such a rush to buy a longevity lock for?"

Her actions were too overt; it was clear she intended to compete with Hope.

With a frosty expression, Vivia had yet to swallow her earlier humiliation and blamed all her recent indignities on Hope.

She was angry, she was resentful, so she couldn't let Hope win comfortably.

She tugged at the corner of her lips and responded to Alitzel's question, "Auntie, I just found the longevity lock exceptionally beautiful, and I want to keep it for my future child, given that such a perfect piece is so hard to come by."

Her explanation was well reasoned and without fault.

Alitzel knew she had no good intentions, but couldn't call her out on it.

At this time, the people at the back also followed with bids.

"Three hundred and twenty thousand."

"Three hundred and fifty thousand."

"Four hundred thousand..."

It was quite obvious that with such a rare find, nobody wanted to miss out.

Who doesn't have a son or a daughter at home, everyone naturally wants the best for their children.

Hope Williams's expression remained calm, unaffected by Vivia Fuller's recent actions.

She continued to raise her paddle, "Six hundred thousand."

Vivia Fuller wouldn't let it go, everything Hope Williams wanted, she was determined not to allow her to get.

"Seven hundred thousand."

“One million.”

No matter how exquisite a silver object was, it could not reach the price of one million. By this time, there were very few bidders left.

Vivia Fuller was still not content and was about to raise her hand when Mia Fuller, sitting beside her, couldn't bear to watch and pulled on Vivia Fuller, “Hey, what are you doing? It's just a trinket, do you really need to publicly fight her for it?”

It was quite clear that tonight, Vivia Fuller had been affected from the start, constantly on the verge of losing control, frantically trying to regain some face.

It was a posture of not stopping until her goal was reached.

Mia Fuller noticed that Alitzel Williams had already looked at Vivia Fuller more than once.

Her intentions were far too obvious.

“What do you mean fighting her for it, can't I like it? You're acting odd today, even helping that bitch,” Vivia Fuller angrily retorted Mia Fuller.

Mia Fuller rolled her eyes in a very ungraceful manner, “Huh, I don't care, you want to play, keep playing by yourself.”

Mia Fuller felt that after being threatened by that man with a gun, Vivia Fuller had become totally unhinged.

She sneered, but it was none of her concern anyway.

Vivia Fuller continued to raise her paddle, “One point five million.”

Jumping up by five hundred thousand was no small amount, Vivia Fuller seemed determined to secure the longevity lock.

Hope Williams's gaze darkened slightly.

Everyone glanced between Vivia Fuller and Hope Williams; an invisible smokescreen had already formed between the two.

Vivia Fuller coldly swept a look at Hope Williams, as if to say, I am indeed fighting for it with you, are you annoyed?

Hope Williams scoffed, the irony of it all.

For a silver item to reach the price of one point five million was utterly disproportionate to its value.

While Hope Williams liked it, she wasn't in a position where she absolutely had to have it, so lazily leaning back in her chair, she showed no intention of bidding again.

"One million five hundred thousand for the first time..."

"One million five hundred thousand for the second time..."

Vivia Fuller smirked, feeling triumphant that she was stopping Hope Williams from getting what she liked, as if she was pulling back a victory for herself, feeling much more relieved.

She glanced at Hope Williams with full-blown smugness in her eyes.

The auctioneer glanced once more at the crowd below, finally resting his gaze on Hope Williams. Seeing that she had no intention of bidding again, he lifted the gavel to knock the final hammer of the auction.

"Three million."

"Three million."

Two voices rang out in unison, Waylon Lewis and Alitzel Williams raised their paddles at the same time.

Chapter 330: Chapter 330: Not Convinced, Continue Chapter 330: Chapter 330: Not Convinced, Continue Two voices sounded in unison, Waylon Lewis and Alitzel Williams raised their bids at the same time.

As the voices died down, all eyes turned towards them in unison.

What's going on?

However, Waylon's gaze remained indifferent, sitting there serenely and calmly exchanging a glance with Alitzel.

This time around, the mother and son displayed an extraordinary tacit understanding.

Alitzel smiled lightly, her gaze casually swept over a stiff-faced Vivia Fuller.

That look clearly said, "Go on, keep it up."

Vivia clenched her teeth in fury.

“Wow...”

The crowd also came to a realization amidst the doubling increment in bids; Waylon and Alitzel’s protective intent for Hope Williams couldn’t have been more obvious. It also bluntly told Vivia that the Lewis Family stood behind Hope.

If the Fuller Family did not agree, they could very well play along—if they had the money.

Hope sat in the middle, turning her head to look at her husband and then at her mother-in-law, barely concealing the amusement in her eyes.

Holding her bidding paddle tightly, Vivia was shaken; Mia Fuller was terrified and hastily held Vivia’s hand, “Are you crazy? Do you want to go against Brother Waylon and Aunt Lewis?”

This would no longer be just about a single auction if it continued.

It wasn’t until she heard these words that Vivia calmed down a little, her chest heaving violently. She took a few deep breaths and reluctantly released the paddle.

Alitzel looked over at Hope with a smile, signaling her to continue.

The meaning behind Hope’s bidding was different from theirs; it was a gift from Hope as a mother to her unborn child.

Waylon and Alitzel simply indulged her, not competing with her for the bid.

Understanding the unspoken message, Hope smiled and watched the auctioneer raise the bid slowly, “Three million and one dollar.”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Even the auctioneer was taken aback momentarily by the Lewis family’s tactic.

A veteran of such affairs, the auctioneer had seen everything and quickly recovered, wielding the gavel swiftly.

“Three million and one dollar for the first time.”

“Three million and one dollar for the second time.”

“Three million and one dollar for the third time...”

“Bang.” The gavel sounded, “Sold, congratulations to Young Madam Lewis.”

Vivia tightly shut her eyes.

She watched powerlessly as the longevity lock was beautifully packaged and delivered into Hope’s hands.

Filled with anger and frustration yet helpless to do anything about it.

The longevity lock in hand was even more exquisite than it appeared on the big screen.

Holding the longevity lock, Hope’s eyes were filled with tenderness, and she smiled, placing her hand gently on her lower abdomen.

Waylon looked at her, his eyes brimming with fondness.

“Congratulations, Little Hope,” Alitzel said, clapping with a smile.

The rest of the crowd looked at Alitzel helplessly, was it really necessary to congratulate her? With their family escorting and protecting Hope, it would’ve been difficult for her not to succeed.

The husband dotes, the mother-in-law dotes. What about the previous rumors?

They’re getting divorced? Impossible! They’re clearly so happy together; those rumors must be nonsense.

Envy scattered all around, the crowd followed Alitzel’s clap, courteously saying, “Congratulations, Young Madam Lewis.”

“Congratulations, Young Madam Lewis...”

The important part wasn’t the congratulations, but the title ‘Young Madam Lewis.’ And this title was something Vivia Fuller had always yearned for, each utterance of ‘Young Madam Lewis’ felt like a needle piercing Vivia’s heart.

She was so angry it gave her a headache.

And Alitzel Williams couldn’t feel more delighted as she raised her eyebrows, looking at Vivia Fuller whose face was extremely pale.

“Sorry Vivia...” Alitzel Williams said with a smile, inflecting her voice with an extra dose of sarcasm.

Vivia Fuller gritted her teeth, squeezing out a few words through clenched jaws, “It’s okay...”

The next items were some calligraphy and paintings, jewelry, accessories—none of which interested Hope Williams, who therefore appeared rather disengaged.

From the beginning to now, Waylon Lewis hadn't been fully focused on the auction, instead leaning his body to the side, watching every move of the woman, clearly just here for the ride with Hope Williams.

Hope Williams handed the auction list to Waylon Lewis, "Do you see this Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle? Isn't it beautiful? I want to bid on it and give it to grandfather."

This Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle had a long history, its patterns and colors were stunningly beautiful, and it was anything but ordinary. Plus, being the last auction item made it the most attention-grabbing piece of the night.

"Very pretty, the old man loves such antiques, and if it's from you, he might just sleep with it tonight."

Hope Williams couldn't help but laugh, "Grandfather sleeping with antiques? That's an exaggeration."

"Do you remember that painting you gave to Old Master Lewis before?"

Hope Williams nodded, "Of course, I remember."

However, that was the first birthday gift Hope Williams had given to Old Master Lewis six years ago. At the time, she knew nothing about paintings and calligraphy, spent a lot of money, only to later find out it was a fake...

Hope Williams regretted it to death then.

Thinking about it made Hope Williams flush with shame, "Why suddenly bring that up?"

"Now, that painting still hangs on the wall of the old master's study, and he still goes over to touch it from time to time," Waylon Lewis said with a smile, clearly showing how much Old Master Lewis cherished the painting given by Hope Williams, even if it was a fake.

Hope Williams was surprised, "But wasn't it a fake?"

Waylon Lewis raised his hand and gently pinched Hope Williams's astonished little face, the smile deepening, "As I said, as long as it's given by you, the old man would treasure it as if it were the apple of his eye."

Hope Williams pursed her lips, her heart softened.

“OMG... The face caress kill, President Lewis is so slick, so charming...” A few people sitting behind them, who had been fed a bunch of dog food, couldn’t help but exclaim with their hands over their mouths after seeing Waylon Lewis’s just-now gesture.

Who could resist.

Hearing the noise, Hope Williams turned her head slightly, a blush spreading on her cheeks.

Waylon Lewis swept a cool look over them, and the people in the back immediately covered their mouths.

What’s going on, President Lewis’s glance was just so gentle a moment ago, how did it turn so icy when he looked at them...

Next, Hope Williams didn’t bid again, while Vivia Fuller’s mind wasn’t on the auction either, her gaze running over the auction list and finally resting on the last item—the Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle.

Her eyes narrowed slightly.

Elder Lewis’s birthday feast was tomorrow, and it was also a curious coincidence that Elder Lewis enjoyed collecting antiques...

Of course, one must give a gift that suits the recipient’s taste.

So Vivia Fuller guessed that Hope Williams was aiming for that Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle.

Her lips curved up, a plan forming, as she leaned slowly towards Mia Fuller.

Mia Fuller, who had been dispassionately drowsy, couldn’t help furrowing her brows when she saw her approaching, “What are you doing?”

Vivia Fuller whispered to Mia Fuller, pulling her close.

Mia Fuller’s eyes widened, wanting to ask something, but was silenced by the look in Vivia Fuller’s eyes.

Mia Fuller glanced subtly at Alitzel Williams sitting beside Vivia Fuller, then again at Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis.

“Are you sure about this? Don’t mess it up for me again,” Mia Fuller had already suffered enough from her plans.

She had learned her lesson.

“Don’t worry.” Vivia Fuller assured Mia Fuller very confidently.

Mia Fuller was enticed by her proposal but also felt anxious.

“What’s there to be afraid of? It’s just making her spend some money as a lesson, we’re not murdering anyone. Don’t be scared, they won’t find out,” said Vivia Fuller, tilting her head and speaking in a low voice.

Mia Fuller bit her lip and then picked up her phone, sending out a few messages.

Vivia Fuller then smiled with satisfaction.

Chapter 331: Chapter 331: Waylon Lewis’ Money, Feel Free to Spend Chapter 331: Chapter 331: Waylon Lewis’ Money, Feel Free to Spend Vivia Fuller finally felt satisfied, her lips curving into a smirk.

She glanced at her watch, as if everything was under her control.

Soon, the auction reached the last item, the one with the highest value and most attention tonight: the Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle.

The screen fully displayed the Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle, and the crowd couldn’t stop praising it.

The auctioneer spent ten minutes introducing it, and after the introduction, the most thrilling bidding began.

Hope Williams casually glanced at Vivia Fuller, who was also staring at her.

Vivia Fuller was very quiet during the second half, quiet as if waiting for something—it was not in her nature to stay low-key.

Especially since Vivia Fuller was at a disadvantage tonight, Hope didn’t believe she would just let it go.

The starting bid for the Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle was two million.

Bids continued in succession.

“Two million three hundred thousand.”

“Two million five hundred thousand.”

“Two million eight hundred thousand.”

“Ten million!”

“...”

“...”

“...”

A cool voice dropped lightly, and the people around looked at Hope Williams with bewildered faces.

From two million starting, incrementing by thirty thousand, twenty thousand, and then suddenly ten million.

It was undoubtedly the biggest jump in this auction.

The next moment.

“One hundred million!”

“Dammit...” Someone cursed loudly, everyone turned to look at the woman in the back row.

A woman, cross-legged in the last row, drew everyone’s attention with an excited smile on her face, unable to help tilting her chin up—she had never been the center of attention like this before.

The woman who had just bid was Miss Carter, Ava Carter from the Carter Family. Ava Carter exchanged a subtle smile with Vivia Fuller.

Everyone knew Miss Carter had a father who pampered her like a precious jewel, and she was known for her extravagant spending.

However, Miss Carter usually only showed interest in jewelry; it was strange for her to be interested in antiques now.

Hope Williams sat impassively, turning to ask Alitzel Williams, “Mom, do you know her?”

“Yes, the spoiled Miss Carter from the Carter Family. She’s always been extravagant with money, but it’s odd that she’s interested in antiques now.”

Hope Williams pursed her lips in thought, her gaze crossing Alitzel Williams to meet Vivia Fuller’s.

Vivia Fuller's face was calm, but her eyes couldn't hide the amusement.

"Do you need help?" Waylon Lewis asked her.

Hope Williams gently shifted her gaze away from Vivia Fuller, shaking her head, "Not for now, but maybe later."

Waylon Lewis smiled lightly, "Then keep playing."

No matter how much she bids, Waylon Lewis could afford it. He let her play as long as she was happy.

"Keep playing?" Hope Williams asked with a smile, raising an eyebrow, "Aren't you afraid I'll squander your wealth?"

Waylon Lewis gripped her hand tightly and chuckled lowly, "No matter how much, I can afford it."

Hope Williams's gaze softened, slowly raising her paddle, "Ten billion."

Waylon Lewis raised an eyebrow, his lips hooked in a faint smile as usual.

As Hope Williams's voice fell, there was an uproar of shocked voices.

The people in the back even stood up to see this extravagantly spending woman in the front row.

This was too extravagant.

Hearing Hope Williams declaring "ten billion," Vivia Fuller was thrilled.

Ten billion.

Even she had never touched such an amount, and here, Hope Williams easily shouted it out.

Vivia Fuller sneered inwardly; this was exactly what she had hoped for.

No one around was calm, "Madness, ten billion!"

"Terrifying, does she even know what she's doing?"

Alitzel Williams, with a serious face, gently tugged Hope Williams's sleeve and leaned in.

"Is Waylon Lewis's card with you?"

“His money is with me.”

“Good.”

“Huh?” Hope Williams raised an eyebrow, puzzled.

“Continue, don’t worry about spending Waylon Lewis’s money.”

Hope Williams looked at Alitzel Williams, surprised by her words. Shouldn’t her mother-in-law be sternly stopping her from recklessly spending her husband’s money?

Continue without worry? What does that even mean?

“Why so surprised?” Alitzel Williams smiled at her surprised expression, “Waylon Lewis has plenty of money, spending his money is only right, and who knows, he might even be secretly delighted. If you don’t spend, he might be unhappy instead. Spend! Spend without worries, I support you...”

With her mother-in-law’s strong support, Hope Williams tugged at her lips slightly, glancing at the utterly calm Waylon Lewis, even smiling at the corners of his mouth, her heart felt tender.

In this situation, the seasoned auctioneer on stage was so stunned he couldn’t speak.

The next moment, the voice continued.

“1.1 billion.” It was Ava Carter.

Everyone couldn’t believe it and turned back to look at Ava Carter.

Has the Young Madam Lewis gone crazy? Has Miss Carter gone crazy too?

What’s going on?

The Lewis Family has the capital, but the Carter Family does not.

This bid is not just a number—it’s money, heaps and heaps of money.

Where does the Carter Family get so much money?

“1.5 billion.”

Hope Williams raised her bid again.

“1.6 billion.”

Ava Carter continued to bid with gusto.

Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller said it's just to make that woman spend more money; no matter how high the bid, the woman will buy it in the end. With the Fuller sisters' guarantee, she wasn't worried.

Watching the price soar higher and higher, Vivia Fuller's heart felt exhilaratingly free.

Hope Williams leaned back in her chair, fell silent for a moment, seemingly beginning to hesitate.

1.6 billion.

This Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle is exquisite, but it's definitely not worth this price.

Everyone's whispering also entered her ears, "Whoever spends this much money is an absolute sucker, right?"

"Exactly, even if you're rich, you shouldn't spend money like this."

"It's not your money being spent, just enjoy the show."

Everyone looked at Hope Williams, but she made no further move.

Seeing Hope Williams hesitate, the sisters started to panic, and Vivia Fuller, pretending to be calm, asked, "Miss Williams, are you buying this Double-Eared Bottle as a birthday gift for Grandpa Lewis?"

"Is it any concern of Miss Fuller?"

Vivia Fuller smiled lightly, "Of course not."

"I just think that since Miss Williams is buying it for Grandpa Lewis's birthday gift, she probably wouldn't mind the money."

Hope Williams curled her lips, her eyes filled with sarcasm, "Miss Fuller has a point."

That said, she raised her hand again, "1.7 billion."

"1.8 billion." Ava Carter was amused, and quickly raised her bid again.

Waylon Lewis frowned deeply and whispered to Hope Williams before he coldly stood up.

Seeing Waylon Lewis stand up and leave, a light shone in Vivia Fuller's eyes.

Could it be that Brother Waylon also thinks this woman is squandering and doesn't want to deal with her anymore?

That makes sense; how could a woman casually bid 1.7 billion?

This amount is astronomical even for a typical wealthy family.

Even if Waylon Lewis dotes on Hope Williams, if she is brainless and spends money like water, Waylon Lewis will grow tired of her.

Just now Waylon Lewis didn't speak for her, and now he's standing up to leave, isn't that the best proof?

Vivia Fuller was ecstatic, achieving two goals at once—making Waylon Lewis see the true nature of Hope Williams and causing Hope Williams to lose face.

Vivia Fuller tilted her chin up as if she had already seen Hope Williams unable to make the money and stuck in a difficult position.

She continued, "Miss Williams really is filial, it seems Miss Carter can't make a higher bid, this pair of Double-Eared Bottles will definitely end up with Miss Williams. Let me be the first to congratulate you."

Saying this, Vivia Fuller led the applause, and Mia Fuller also immediately clapped. The people around, not minding making it a bigger scene, joined in the applause, "Congratulations to Young Madam Lewis."

"Congratulations to Young Madam Lewis, truly so filial."

"Yes, congratulations to Young Madam Lewis."

Vivia Fuller deliberately whipped up the atmosphere to push Hope Williams into a corner; at this point, she couldn't stop bidding even if she wanted to.

Hope Williams slightly curled her lips in a smile, rhythmically tapping her thin, slender fingers on the surface of her bidding paddle.

Under everyone's gaze, she raised her paddle again, "1.9 billion."

As Hope Williams's voice fell, Vivia Fuller already saw a glimpse of victory, she whispered to Mia Fuller next to her, "Wait for Hope Williams to bid again and then we'll stop."

"Okay, got it." Mia Fuller was also ecstatic.

A Double-Eared Bottle that could have been bought for ten million was now costing her many times more, and the Fuller sisters were incredibly relieved.

Mia Fuller's eyes smiled as she sent a message, and immediately afterwards, Ava Carter continued to bid, "2 billion."

Hope Williams smiled, leaning back in her chair, nonchalantly fiddling with her bidding paddle, her gaze quietly fixed on the Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle on the stage.

A silence fell around, everyone holding their breath and watching Hope Williams, all waiting for the woman to continue bidding.

Watching a spectacle, especially one where someone else makes a fool of themselves, is something everyone enjoys.

But... after a long while, Hope Williams made no further move, casually leaning back in her chair.

She seemed to have no intention of continuing to bid.

Seeing that Hope Williams wasn't going to continue, Vivia Fuller stared at her intently.

Keep bidding, Hope Williams, keep bidding.

Vivia Fuller clenched her hands tightly, continuing to incite, "Miss Williams, why aren't you continuing? Maybe just increasing it one more time and this Double-Eared Bottle will be yours."

If Hope Williams doesn't keep bidding, it's all over.

Hope Williams, keep bidding, keep bidding.

She had deliberately incited everyone to say that, just to force Hope Williams to keep bidding.

Chapter 332: Chapter 332 Plan Exposed Chapter 332: Chapter 332 Plan Exposed Hope Williams remained calm, completely ignoring Vivia Fuller, whose heart was so anxious it felt like it was stuck in her throat.

Bid, Hope Williams! Bid!

"Two billion for the first time, is there a higher bid than two billion?" The auctioneer asked this question looking straight at Hope Williams.

In her heart, Vivia Fuller roared: Keep bidding, Hope Williams!

“Two billion for the second time...”

Vivia Fuller was going insane, so nervous that she stood up straight, her brows knotted and her gaze fixed on Hope Williams’s indifferent face.

“Miss Williams, it’s almost too late. Weren’t you going to win it for Grandpa Lewis? If you don’t bid now, you’ll miss the chance,” Vivia Fuller said urgently.

At this point, Alitzel Williams slightly squinted her eyes, also noticing Vivia Fuller’s strange behavior.

When did she become so concerned about Hope Williams?

At the moment, not a single sound was heard in the grand banquet hall, all eyes were on that calm-faced woman.

Everyone was waiting for her to place another bid.

The auctioneer was also looking at Hope Williams, but saw her calmly put down the bidding paddle.

Clearly, Hope Williams had no intention of bidding further.

The auctioneer lifted his gavel, “Two billion for the third time...”

“Bang.” The auctioneer announced with great excitement, “Sold! The Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle goes to Miss Carter, congratulations Miss Carter.”

Suddenly, Vivia Fuller’s tightly clenched lips began to taste of blood.

She staggered back two steps, collapsing back into her chair.

She sat rigidly on the chair, not daring to blink...

Hope Williams sneered.

On stage, the auctioneer excitedly called out Ava Carter’s name, “Miss Carter is invited to come up to the stage.”

No response.

“Miss Carter is invited to come up to the stage...”

Still no response.

“Miss Carter?”

“Miss Ava Carter?”

Everyone started turning their heads looking for Ava Carter’s whereabouts, but she was no longer in sight.

“Where is she?”

Just having won the bid for the Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle with a sky-high price of twenty billion, and now she’s gone? What’s going on?

While everyone was looking for Ava Carter, Hope Williams was still sitting in her chair with a faint smile.

Seeing the curve of Hope Williams’s lips, the sense of panic in Vivian Fuller’s heart intensified.

“Ah... let go of me, let go of me...” A woman’s frantic voice echoed from the door.

All eyes unanimously turned toward the door, only to see Waylon Lewis, who had just left, walking back in slowly, his two bodyguards holding the now missing Ava Carter.

Ava Carter fell to the ground with a thud.

“What’s going on here?”

“Miss Carter, what has happened?”

By this time, Hope Williams had risen from her chair and approached Waylon Lewis.

Hope Williams’s gaze flickered slightly as Waylon’s dark eyes looked at her, and he said softly, “It’s settled.”

Hope Williams smiled faintly, her voice gentle, “Thank you.”

The bodyguards pulled Ava Carter up, their voices cold and harsh, “Repeat what you just said.”

“I have no money... I have no money, don’t ask me for money... I really have no money...”

The moment Ava Carter saw the auctioneer raise the gavel, she knew the Fuller sisters’ plan had gone awry.

But she was the one holding the paddle, afraid they would demand the money from her. If the Fuller sisters refused to acknowledge it, she would be left with the twenty billion debt. She panicked and ran.

She couldn't produce even one billion, let alone twenty!

How else was she supposed to react but to run? It was just as she dashed out the door that she was stopped by Waylon Lewis's people.

At this point, Ava Carter was trembling all over, her eyes continuously looking towards Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller, "I..."

Before Ava Carter could utter a word, Mia Fuller suddenly stood up from her chair, waving her hands and saying, "It's not me, don't look at me, it was her, she arranged everything, it's not my fault, don't ask me."

Mia Fuller pointed repeatedly at Vivia Fuller.

Vivia Fuller's eyes widened, her mouth twitching as she watched Mia Fuller rush to clear herself, feeling as if she had been struck by a heavy hammer, almost choking with rage.

What was this fool doing? She had instructed her to use an anonymous account to send the message, and to immediately clear all records after sending.

Without evidence to prove it was them, as long as they firmly denied it, even if Ava Carter spilled everything, it couldn't touch them.

But because this fool was quick to dissociate herself, before Ava Carter could say anything, she had exposed her.

If Vivia Fuller had a knife right now, she really wanted to stab this idiot to death.

Now they were not only going to be criticized by others, but this twenty billion would be pinned on their heads.

Fool!

Fool!

Vivia Fuller roared madly inside, on the verge of a breakdown.

"Wow... what's happening? I don't understand..."

"Me neither, what does 'Miss Fuller arranged' mean? What did she arrange?"

"What are these three up to?"

Chapter 333: Chapter 333: Fulfilling Miss Fuller's Filial Piety Chapter 333: Chapter 333: Fulfilling Miss Fuller's Filial Piety "What does Vivia Fuller mean by this? What trick are you trying to play now?" Alitzel Williams felt that something was off about this woman from the start, and it seems she was right; this woman was behind the mischief.

"I..." Vivia Fuller's face turned pale, and she racked her brain but couldn't think of any way to defend herself.

Alitzel Williams wasn't interested in hearing her stutter. She looked fiercely at Ava Carter and asked directly, "Tell me, what exactly happened?"

Ava Carter, scared to tears, couldn't stand the gaze of so many eyes upon her. She immediately said, "The two Miss Fullers sent me a message to bid against Young Madam Lewis during the auction for the Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle... to drive the price up as much as possible, and then to stop bidding once it reached a certain point..."

Ava Carter cried as she spoke; her meaning was clear. Vivia Fuller intended to make Hope Williams spend more money by tripping her up during the bidding, but she didn't anticipate the plan failing and being exposed by Hope Williams, causing the 2 billion yuan to fall back on their own heads.

"It was the two of them who told me to do it, and they were the ones who instructed me to bid. If you want the money, ask them for it. Don't come to me... I don't have it..."

Even if she sold the entire Carter Clan, it wouldn't amount to that much money. Her father doted on her, but if he found out she had lost the company because of these two sisters, she would be done for.

Ava Carter was terrified and desperately trying to sever any association with Mia Fuller, pushing all the blame onto Vivia Fuller.

Vivia Fuller's complexion turned deathly white at that moment.

Just then, Hope Williams's calm voice slowly rose, "Does Miss Fuller also like the Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle?"

Vivia Fuller furrowed her brows tightly and turned her rigid gaze towards Hope Williams, not understanding the meaning of her question or what she was planning. Her mind was a complete mess.

Pretending to be brave, she forced a smile and said, "Yes... Yes, that's right."

Hope Williams nodded as if she understood and said, "Then I see, Miss Fuller has been quite considerate in her efforts."

Alitzel looked at Hope Williams with a deep meaning, not understanding her intention, and asked, "Little Hope, what do you mean by that?"

Hope Williams stepped forward, took Alitzel's hand with a smile, and said, "Mom, I think Miss Fuller is too embarrassed to compete with me directly. The only way would be to arrange for someone else to bid on her behalf, right?"

Alitzel raised her eyebrows, even more perplexed as she looked at Hope Williams. Her words seemed to be giving Vivian Fuller a way out.

Hope Williams's voice continued elegantly, "However, Miss Fuller is young and probably not interested in these antiques. Working so hard to bid for it, is it because tomorrow is Grandpa's birthday, and like me, you want to present this Double-Eared Bottle as a birthday gift to Grandpa?"

Hope Williams paused and continued with a light laugh, "I remember Miss Fuller once said that she regards our family's old master as her own dear grandfather. Miss Fuller really has a heart full of filial piety."

Alitzel Williams quickly grasped the implication, the corners of her lips curling into a smile as she followed up with Hope Williams's comment, "In that respect, Miss Fuller really has a kind heart. I would like to thank Miss Fuller on behalf of our family's old master in advance."

Vivian Fuller's brow was still tightly furrowed, and she had not yet grasped the intention behind the mother and daughter-in-law's coordinated response.

Not until after Hope Williams finished speaking and began to clap did scattered applause start to sound throughout the venue. Alitzel Williams cooperated very well with the applause, and the people around them began to catch on, gradually filling the entire venue with clapping.

"Miss Fuller really has an admirable heart of filial respect."

"Miss Fuller's filial piety is simply unmatched."

"Miss Fuller's devotion truly deserves our admiration."

Amid the clapping and praises, Vivian Fuller's face grew darker and darker.

She would have to fork over 2 billion yuan for a bottle snatched from the hands of Hope Williams to give to Hope Williams's grandfather!

She must put out the 2 billion yuan and the bottle must be sent.

Hope Williams's recent words directly made her into an idiot who spent money and got nothing in return!

The applause echoing through the venue was like slaps continuously hitting her face.

Each and every compliment was an odd and sarcastic mockery, making Vivia Fuller lose all her dignity.

A taste of blood spread inside her mouth, and her meticulously manicured nails had already dug into her flesh. She fixed her gaze on Hope Williams, watching the smile curling at the corner of her mouth, and really, she had ten thousand thoughts of rushing forward and tearing her apart.

"What's it called to reap what you sow? This is it, isn't it?"

"Miss Fuller is willing to spend two billion to buy this Double-Eared Bottle, even personally delivering it to the Lewis Family. In the end, she spent two billion and got nothing. She arranged so much, purely for the sake of spending money, haha."

"Young Madam Lewis really is too amazing. Miss Fuller trying to compete with her is simply a joke."

"I'm almost dying of laughter, losing both the lady and the troops. Miss Fuller sure has some talent."

"I wonder if Miss Fuller brought enough money this time, two billion, after all. The auction house can't allow credit; it must be paid in full, to see if she can actually come up with the money."

People couldn't help but laugh louder at the sight of Vivia Fuller's pale and ashen face, "What do you call this? Hoisted by her own petard, hahaha."

"What are you saying? Can't you speak properly? According to Young Madam Lewis's words, what Miss Fuller exhibited was her piety—you don't understand anything."

"Yes, yes, I misspoke. Miss Fuller is indeed very pious; we simply can't compare."

The word "piety" was emphasized with heavy sarcasm.

At that moment, the auctioneer approached with a few security guards, inquiring with a still respectful tone, "Miss Fuller, may I ask how you will be paying?"

A snicker escaped someone nearby; it seemed the auction house was afraid Vivia Fuller might run away.

Hope Williams faintly curled her lips.

With these voices continuously entering her ears, Vivia Fuller stood trembling on the spot, unable to produce the two billion.

What should she do now?

What should she do?

Her head ached with anger, her eyes closed, and her body instinctively leaned backward. Hope Williams, with quick reflexes, stepped forward to brace Vivia Fuller's back.

Vivia Fuller, with her eyes closed, grimaced.

"Miss Fuller, please don't faint just yet. If you must, at least wait until after you've paid," said Hope Williams, her voice cool, as she forcefully pushed Vivia Fuller back with her arm.

Vivia Fuller stumbled a few steps on the spot, then glared back at Hope Williams with a surge of hatred, unable to hold back anymore, "Hope Williams, you bitch, it's all your fault."

Hope Williams looked indifferent, neither dodging nor avoiding, and just as Vivia Fuller's hand was about to grab her, a strong hand firmly grasped Vivia Fuller's wrist and flung her aside.

Vivia Fuller staggered back two steps, her back collided with a chair, and she rigidly fell over, knocking down a heap of chairs.

"Rip..." A sound of fabric tearing.

Chapter 334: Chapter 334: Two Billion! Chapter 334: Chapter 334: Two Billion! "Ah!" She exclaimed in shock, and as she fell to the ground, she felt a chill on her back; her dress loosened and started to slide down, Vivia Fuller frantically grabbed onto her dress in a panic.

"Don't look, don't look..."

Vivia Fuller, busy and disoriented, cried out in a meltdown.

The crowd looked at Vivia Fuller in surprise.

Hope Williams frowned, raising her hand to cover Waylon Lewis's eyes, but Waylon was even quicker. By the time Hope lifted her hand, he had already turned his gaze towards her.

"I didn't see anything," Waylon Lewis immediately said.

Hope Williams paused, then smiled gently, "Mhm."

Alitzel Williams stood aside, watching her son brimming with a will to survive and couldn't help but crack a smile.

Vivia Fuller was in a state of panic but managed to catch her sliding dress in time; she frantically looked up to see Waylon Lewis, whose eyes were fixed on Hope Williams as if no one else could take a bit of his attention away.

Vivia Fuller watched this scene, her expression filled with desolate sorrow.

How dazzling and brilliant they were as a couple.

And her? The grand Miss Fuller, because of her love for this man, was reduced to such a disgraceful state—it was all their fault.

She hated.

She hated Hope Williams for causing her this.

She hated.

She hated that Waylon Lewis couldn't see clearly, that he fancied this vile woman and was blind to any of her virtues.

She was filled with hatred.

She swore, if she couldn't be happy, she wouldn't let them be happy either.

If one had to die, they all would.

Vivia Fuller's heart was full of resentments, her fingers clawing the ground, her manicure already shattered, the hatred engulfing her so that she couldn't feel any pain.

"Miss Fuller, can you afford to pay?" the auctioneer of course couldn't let Vivia Fuller off the hook.

Vivia Fuller, head lowered, gritted her teeth in silence.

After the auctioneer asked again, he said, "If Miss Fuller can't produce the money, we will have to seek payment from the Fuller Family."

The Fuller Family was wealthy and vast; Vivia Fuller might not have twenty billion, but Old Master Fuller certainly did.

The rule of the auction house was the highest bidder wins and must pay, no matter if she was Miss Fuller or not, without the money, the auction house wouldn't spare her any dignity.

Vivia Fuller clenched her eyes tightly; aside from seeking out Old Master Fuller, she had no other choice now.

With so many onlookers, she couldn't just deny the debt.

But to approach Old Master Fuller, Vivia Fuller felt a surge of fear inside.

Twenty billion was definitely not a small sum for the Fuller Family; knowing about today's events, Vivia Fuller could already imagine her consequences.

Vivia Fuller begged the auction house staff for two hours of leniency.

At this moment, Old Master Fuller was still sitting on the living room sofa, leisurely drinking tea; as soon as Vivia Fuller entered, tears could not stop streaming down, Old Master Fuller still unclear about the situation when Vivia Fuller knelt down directly.

"Grandfather..."

Old Master Fuller, looking at Vivia Fuller who stayed knelt and kept crying, furrowed his brows in concern and asked, "Vivia, what happened?"

Vivia Fuller hung her head, not knowing how to start.

Mia Fuller followed behind her, also looking terrible. Old Master Fuller looked at his granddaughters and sensed that something serious had happened, asking even more anxiously, "What exactly happened?"

Mia Fuller pursed her lips, struggling to organize her words before she finally spoke, "Grandpa~ We went to the auction today, and then... we bid on some items..."

Mia Fuller stuttered and faltered, unable to finish.

Old Master Fuller furrowed his brows, having a rough idea. Judging by their looks, it was almost certainly because they had overspent. He steeled his mind and helped Vivia get up, "Get up. Is it just about the money not being enough? How much is missing?"

The Fuller Family wasn't short of money; why were they acting like this? It made it seem as if the Fuller Clan was mistreating them.

Vivia Fuller was still biting her lip, too afraid to look up.

Old Master Fuller returned to his seat on the sofa, picking up his tea cup and slowly drinking, watching them and sighing, "Look at the two of you; it's just about money. What's the big deal? Tell me, how much is missing? Ten million or twenty million?"

"Two billion!"

"Ptui..." Old Master Fuller, who was drinking his tea, sprayed it out, his eyes wide open as he shouted incredulously, "What did you say?"

Scared by Old Master Fuller's reaction, Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller suddenly "plop" fell to their knees, "Grandpa, it was sister who competed with Hope Williams for a Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle at the auction, and in the end, it was bought for... for two billion!"

Mia Fuller anxiously hurried to speak, fearing that if she was a second late, Vivia would take the chance to speak first and push the blame onto her.

After hearing what Mia Fuller said, Old Master Fuller stood up trembling with the support of his cane, pointing at the two. He was so stunned that he couldn't utter a word...

Vivia Fuller couldn't care less about Mia's shifting of blame, her voice trembling as she said:

"Grandpa, Grandpa I didn't do it on purpose. It was Hope Williams, she did it on purpose, she designed this trap for me..."

Old Master Fuller furiously smashed the teacup he was holding onto the floor. With a loud "bang," the cup shattered into pieces instantly.

Vivia Fuller's shaking became even more violent.

"Just what kind of ability does Hope Williams have to set you up to this extent? Two billion, Vivia Fuller, two billion! The Fuller Clan's cash reserves don't even have this much. Has your brain been eaten by dogs?"

Vivia Fuller's body shook like a sieve, crying as she said, "Grandpa, I know my mistake. It was my carelessness this time, I won't do it again, Grandpa... I really know my mistake... next time I won't lose to Hope Williams..."

"Slap." Old Master Fuller raised his hand and fiercely slapped Vivia Fuller's face.

At the same time, Mia Fuller's body also trembled, kneeling beside her, wishing she could instantly disappear.

She had never seen Old Master Fuller so furious with Vivia Fuller.

Vivia Fuller's face was slapped aside, her well-groomed hair already in disarray, looking like a madwoman.

"Vivia Fuller, what else is in your head aside from competing with Hope Williams over men? I trained you to be the next Family Head, but you have disappointed me over and over again. First with the Lewis Family's cooperation, then with this two billion. Every time you encounter Hope Williams, you have no power to fight back at all; you've simply let me down too much."

Old Master Fuller's forehead veins throbbed with uncontrollable rage, paying no heed to the presence of servants, not giving Vivia Fuller any face as he scolded her harshly.

Hearing Old Master Fuller utter the word "disappointment," Vivia Fuller became even more agitated, crawling over and clinging to the corner of Old Master Fuller's clothes.

"No! Grandpa, no, give me another chance, just one more, I promise it won't happen again. Grandpa, next time I'm sure to win, please don't be disappointed in me, give me another chance."

What the heir of a lineage dreads most is to hear the word "disappointment."

Vivia Fuller had always been the most favored by Old Master Fuller, and now she never imagined that Old Master Fuller would actually express his disappointment in her.

How could Vivia Fuller not be frightened, as she sobbed and pledged:
"Grandpa, I know you've always wanted the Fuller Family to surpass the Lewis Family and become the foremost great family. I have a way, I have a way to severely hurt the Lewis Family, please believe in me one more time."

Vivia Fuller pleaded desperately.

Chapter 335: Chapter 335: Inflicting Heavy Damage on the Lewis Family Chapter 335: Chapter 335: Inflicting Heavy Damage on the Lewis Family Vivia Fuller pleaded earnestly.

Old Master Fuller's sharp eyes narrowed, as surpassing the Lewis Family to become the top family had almost become an obsession for him.

Yet after so many years, despite everything he had done, the Lewis Family remained unshakable and even rose to greater heights once Waylon Lewis took office as the CEO.

As for the Fuller Family, Old Master Fuller glanced at Vivia Fuller, kneeling before him, unable to hide his disappointment—how could she, in such a state, compete with Waylon Lewis’s woman, let alone be a competent Family Head?

Perhaps it was time for him to consider selecting and grooming a successor from the side branches of the Fuller Family.

Seeing Old Master Fuller’s calculating eyes narrowing again, Vivia felt an increasing chill in her heart.

She knew Old Master Fuller too well; this time, he must be truly disappointed in her.

Vivia now wanted to cry but found no tears; she quickly gathered her spirits and took out her phone, pulling up a photo and handing it to Old Master Fuller.

“Grandpa, I really have a way to inflict a severe blow to the Lewis Family this time. Please believe me,” Vivia implored with a full face of earnestness.

Old Master Fuller bit his back molars, took Vivia’s phone, and looked at the photo with a subtly frivolous tightening of his brows before asking after a moment’s contemplation.

“What do you plan to do?”

“If this photo were seen by everyone at Elder Lewis’s birthday banquet tomorrow...”

Old Master Fuller smirked, “Then the Lewis Family will lose face completely because of Hope Williams.”

“Additionally, Grandpa...” Vivia leaned a bit closer to Old Master Fuller and whispered in his ear, which seemed to soften his expression.

“How confident are you?”

“Grandpa, you can trust me. I won’t let you down this time, but I still need your help to keep Waylon Lewis occupied,” Vivia’s eyes hardened.

She wanted to show Waylon the true colors of the woman he liked.

She wanted to make Waylon regret not choosing her.

Vivia clenched her hands.

Hope Williams! The humiliation of today will be repaid twofold tomorrow.

“Good,” Old Master Fuller, finding Vivia’s plan reliable, looked much better after hearing it.

“I’ll have Robert Faye help you. Don’t disappoint me again,” Old Master Fuller warned her in the end.

Hearing the Old Master speak like this, Vivia nodded solemnly, “Don’t worry, Grandpa. There’s no way it can fail this time.”

“Mhm,” Old Master Fuller nodded in satisfaction.

Seeing the Old Master cheer up, Vivia bit her lower lip and tentatively asked, “Then, Grandpa, about the money for the auction...”

Old Master Fuller’s face darkened instantly, scaring Vivia into bowing her head once more.

Old Master Fuller gestured to the old butler beside him, who understood and left.

Vivia finally breathed a sigh of relief, “Thank you, Grandpa.”

“Don’t thank me. If you fail again, you will no longer be in the running to be the Fuller heir. You had best take heed,” Old Master Fuller issued his final warning to Vivia.

Vivia’s face darkened as she nodded rapidly, “I understand, Grandpa.”

Once the payment was settled, the auction house quickly delivered the Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle.

Old Master Fuller’s eyes lit up as he looked at the exquisitely beautiful Double Eared Bottle on the table.

The Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle might not be worth twenty billion, but it was undoubtedly a masterpiece, with every line engraved perfectly.

Old Master Fuller nodded, “Move it to my study.”

Vivia was taken aback, “Grandpa?”

“What is it?” Old Master Fuller looked at Vivia, puzzled.

Vivia bit her lip; it was clear that the Old Master intended to keep this Double Eared Bottle for his collection.

But at the auction, because of what Hope Williams had said, everyone knew this Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle was to be presented as a birthday gift to Elder Lewis tomorrow.

This...

Vivia said with difficulty, "Grandpa... this... this is the birthday present I'm supposed to give... to Grandpa Lewis tomorrow."

Old Master Fuller's face completely froze upon hearing this.

To give it away to someone else!

He had already felt the pinch spending two billion on a vase, and now to give it away to someone else!

Wouldn't that make him a big sucker who just throws his money away?

...

After the auction ended, the Lewis Family driver came to pick up Alitzel Williams, and Waylon Lewis didn't head straight back home with Hope Williams. Hope Williams wanted to stop by the mall, so Waylon Lewis drove to the entrance of the shopping mall.

As Hope Williams was getting out of the car, Waylon Lewis held her hand, "Wait."

"Hm?"

Waylon Lewis got out of the driver's seat, walked around to the front of the car, opened the passenger door, and leaned in to lift Hope Williams out.

The moment the door opened, a cold breeze seeped in, causing Hope Williams to shiver.

"What are you doing?"

Hope Williams looked on in bafflement as Waylon Lewis opened the back door of the car and carried her into the back seat, then climbed in himself.

Hope Williams raised her eyebrows, huddled into a small bundle, and watched Waylon Lewis as he reached over to undo her shawl.

Her face blushed, and she quickly grabbed her clothes, looking at him warily, "Waylon Lewis, what are you doing? This is inside a car."

Waylon Lewis paused, then cracked a light smile, "What are you thinking?"

Hope Williams met his gaze which, apart from tenderness, held no other impurities. She watched as he took off her shawl and quickly fetched a warm cotton coat for her to put on.

Hope Williams's face stiffened at his movements.

"What is this?"

"Aren't we going to browse the mall? How can you not freeze dressed like this? You're pregnant now, if you catch a cold you'll be afraid to take medicine; if you get sick, you'll be the one to suffer."

Waylon Lewis ruffled her hair and quickly wrapped her in a scarf and a fluffy large hat.

That large hat was really cute, with milky white fabric and two large bunny ears attached.

"Did you buy this hat?"

"Willow chose it for you."

Waylon Lewis didn't know which kind Hope Williams would like, so he asked Willow, who spotted this one right away, but probably because the little one liked it for herself too.

So Waylon Lewis bought one for Hope Williams, and one for Willow as well.

Hope Williams nodded; that made sense. She was wondering how Waylon Lewis could have chosen such a cute and somewhat childish hat.

Looking at the cotton coat, the large scarf, and the big hat on her, she felt she had everything she needed.

She looked down at Waylon Lewis, who was changing her into cotton shoes, "Waylon Lewis, when did you prepare all these?"

"When we left the house, I was afraid you would be cold," responded Waylon Lewis, looking up at her.

Hope Williams gazed at the man, her heart melting away. She hadn't thought of any of this, but he had.

Waylon Lewis lifted Hope Williams's small foot into his palm, his brow slightly furrowed, "Why is it so cold?"

"I always get cold hands and feet in winter, don't worry, it's not a big problem."

Hope Williams was naturally cold and her hands and feet were almost always icy in winter.

Waylon Lewis pursed his lips, the distress in his eyes unmistakable. His large hand held her foot and brought it to his chest.

A wave of warmth came over her, and Waylon Lewis's gesture made Hope Williams's heart uncontrollably skip a beat, instinctively wanting to retract her foot.

But Waylon Lewis held her small foot and brought it back into his embrace, refusing to let her move, "Don't move, let's warm it up a bit before getting out."

Hope Williams didn't move anymore, her eyes sparkling as she looked at Waylon Lewis and slowly said, "Waylon Lewis, you're really good to me, so good that you're like..."

"Like what?"

Hope Williams inhaled deeply, "Like my mom."

Chapter 336: Chapter 336: That must be his daughter beside him! Chapter 336: Chapter 336: That must be his daughter beside him! Hope Williams sniffled, "Like my mom."

"..."

Waylon Lewis didn't say anything.

After a long pause.

Hope Williams tilted her head to look at him.

"Waylon Lewis?"

"Waylon Lewis, why aren't you speaking?"

"Waylon Lewis?"

Waylon Lewis let out a low sigh.

"Why are you sighing now?" Hope Williams raised her hand, leaned over, and gently poked Waylon Lewis's face with her fingertips.

Waylon Lewis seized the opportunity to catch her hand, "What do I seem like?"

“Like...” As she met his gaze, Hope Williams realized something was amiss and quickly retracted her foot to run, but he wrapped his arms around her in an embrace.

The space inside the car was already small, and the two were so close that they could feel each other’s breath on their faces.

“Like your mom? I treat you well, like your mom?” Waylon Lewis almost laughed out of frustration, “I treat you well because I love you, you’re my wife, how could that be like your mom?”

His love was like a mother’s love?

Hope Williams pursed her lips, her heart already flowering with amusement from Waylon Lewis’s expression, but she kept a straight face and said weakly, “It was just a metaphor.”

“Then what am I to you?”

Hope Williams didn’t speak, he looked at her, waiting for her to say it, she held back her laughter, stubbornly refusing to speak.

Waylon Lewis was getting impatient.

“What am I?” Waylon Lewis’s gaze fixed intently on her, determined to hear those two words from her.

Hope Williams raised her hand and curled it around Waylon Lewis’s neck, smiled, and said softly, “You’re my husband, my dearest husband.”

Waylon Lewis tightened his embrace around her arms and planted a firm kiss on her lips, “That’s more like it.”

His kiss was sudden, Hope Williams hadn’t even reacted before his lips landed on hers again.

In the quiet car, several embarrassingly squishy sounds could be heard.

Hope Williams let him kiss her, his tongue barging in and entangling with hers, causing her to shiver lightly.

Hope Williams could distinctly feel Waylon Lewis’s physiological reaction and the changes in his body.

“Waylon Lewis...” A soft moan spilled from her throat.

Hope Williams pushed against Waylon Lewis's shoulders, and only then did he let go of her.

"... Let's get out of the car, I still have to go shopping."

Staying in the car with Waylon any longer, something would happen.

Waylon Lewis didn't stop her; he put warm cotton shoes on her and helped her out of the car.

The winter night was indeed cold, the wind howled past, but fully bundled up Hope Williams didn't feel cold, her heart was still warm.

Waylon Lewis's robust figure stood beside her, blocking quite a bit of the wind for her.

The two entered the mall, Hope Williams only had a few things to buy, she had a clear goal, purchasing dark red acrylic, cotton and linen textured canvas, and a frame.

After paying, Waylon Lewis helped her carry the items and looked at her, "What are you buying these for?"

"For preparing a gift for grandpa, I understood what you said." Hope Williams flashed a smile.

Actually, the old man lacked nothing, and he didn't need any extravagant gifts, but they had to be heartfelt.

Just like that piece of calligraphy, even if it was a copy, it was something Hope Williams prepared with care for grandpa, and he understood that in his heart, which was enough to make it a treasure to him.

Waylon Lewis chuckled, "Smart."

Hope Williams was in a great mood today; holding hands with Waylon Lewis as they passed a cake shop, she couldn't help but stop, her bright eyes twinkling.

"Want some cake?" The deep and magnetic voice of Waylon Lewis sounded by her ear.

"No, I want ice cream cake."

Hope Williams tipped her head up, her eyes shining as she looked at Waylon Lewis.

"You don't want that."

"I want to."

“You don’t want to.”

“I do.”

Waylon Lewis is pulling Hope Williams by the hand to leave.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, letting Waylon lead her along, but her eyes remained glued to that freezer.

Waylon sighed deeply, silently leading Hope into the cake shop.

Hope quite likes sweets, but she wouldn’t think about them unless she sees them. Once she does, she can’t resist.

Entering the cake shop happily with Waylon, Hope’s mood was excellent, even hopping a bit, causing the two large drooping ears on her head to sway as well.

Waylon rarely saw Hope like this, happy like a little kid, swinging his hand back and forth.

At this moment, there were still quite a few people eating cake in the shop.

Waylon, in a black overcoat with tall stature and long legs, stood quietly by the counter, his handsome face filled with indulgent gazes at the little bundle beside him.

“OMG, look, that man is so handsome.”

“Aaah, really handsome.”

Their voices weren’t low, and Hope, who was looking down to pick a cake, heard everything clearly.

She couldn’t help feeling a little proud inside, because no matter how handsome that man was, he was hers.

“That little one next to him must be his daughter, right? Wearing a bunny-ear hat, and dressed so fluffy and cute.”

“ ... ”

Girl!

Daughter!

Hope suddenly stiffened.

She looked up at Waylon.

Waylon was indeed much taller than her, and with the layers she was wrapped in by Waylon, she seemed a bit bulky, which probably made her look much shorter. She had just been bending over to choose an ice cream cake and looked a lot shorter compared to Waylon.

But not short enough to be taken for his daughter!

Hope really wanted to ask that miss if she needed an introduction to an ophthalmologist.

"She's my wife," Waylon turned his head and glanced expressionlessly at those two.

Hope planned to leave after the purchase without explaining, but she subconsciously turned around when she heard the comment.

Standing up straight, she was a head shorter than Waylon, embraced in his arms, her beautiful face lifted to look at him. The two looked unexpectedly well-matched, despite their distinctly different outfits.

The two girls were startled and immediately realized they had made a mistake, apologizing hastily, "Sorry, sorry, we got it wrong..."

Hope, of course, didn't mind, and quickly waved her hand, her small face wrapped in fluff giving a gentle smile, "It's okay."

"Wow, she's really so cute." The girl couldn't help but cover her mouth and exclaim softly.

For the first time being complimented as cute...

"Miss, you really look so young."

Hope paused for a moment, her heart immediately blooming with joy. A girl would be extremely happy to be complimented for looking young no matter what.

"I... ah... hey..."

After paying, Waylon was pulling Hope to leave.

Hope smiled and waved to the two girls, "We're off then, bye-bye~"

"Bye-bye~ She's really so cute, I wish she was my sister, I would really spoil a sister like that."

Mother again, and now daughter, what is this evening's fuss about? Really not giving me peace of mind!

Waylon walked fast with Hope's ice cream cake, as if there were demons and monsters chasing after them, wanting to steal his wife.

"Waylon Lewis!"

Hope called out to him softly.

Realizing he was walking too fast, Waylon stopped to wait for her.

"Don't walk so fast, my ice cream cake is still in your hands."

Waylon, "..."

Chapter 337: Chapter 337 Very Sweet! Chapter 337: Chapter 337 Very Sweet! Waylon Lewis brought Hope Williams home, and two little ones bounced out to greet them.

"Mommy, you're back."

Willow wore the same type of bunny ear hat as Hope Williams, incredibly adorable in her petite size.

Hope Williams chuckled, "Were my two little treasures well-behaved at home?"

"Absolutely." Luke and Willow answered with grinning faces, looking up. Only then did they notice Waylon Lewis standing behind Hope Williams. Perhaps feeling sorry for having overlooked him, the two little ones immediately called out, "Daddy~"
"Mhm."

Waylon Lewis had a resigned look on his face; these two little ones' affinity for him was nowhere near that for Hope Williams.

Though a bit disappointed, Waylon was used to it and didn't mind much, as long as they didn't constantly cling to his wife.

"Mommy, isn't this hat super cute? Willow chose it, you know." Willow pinched her bunny ears, her voice carrying a hint of pride.

Hope Williams patted Willow's little head, "It's very cute; Mommy likes it a lot."

Willow's eyes gleamed as she turned to Waylon standing aside, "Daddy, isn't Willow cute?"

"Mhm, cute."

“Then tell me, Daddy, who’s cuter wearing this, Mommy or Willow?”

Waylon looked at the mother-daughter duo and smiled gently.

Hope Williams blinked.

That was an easy question to answer. Usually, you’d say: Both are cute...

“She’s cute!” Waylon didn’t hesitate.

Hope Williams, “...”

Willow huffed, “Can’t Daddy be impartial just once?”

“That’s impossible.”

Willow’s young heart was deeply hurt by Daddy.

“It’s alright, Willow, you need to learn to be like me.”

“Be like brother in what way?” Willow’s bright eyes looked at Luke.

“Don’t ‘ask for humiliation’.” Getting Daddy to be impartial was out of the question.

Willow pinched her bunny ears, her cute face showing a look of understanding, “Brother makes a good point.”

After all, they were the two little ones Daddy could forget at any time.

“Alright, alright, Willow is cute, so Mommy thinks Willow is cute.”

With those words, Willow’s little face beamed with a smile.

“Do you want some ice cream cake I brought for you?”

The two little treasures nodded vigorously.

Yay for ice cream cake.

“Did Mommy buy it?”

“It was Daddy who bought it for you.” Hope Williams said deliberately, to bring their father and sons closer together.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

Waylon placed the ice cream cake on the table, opened it for the three, and though he didn't show much emotion, the aura around him softened a lot upon hearing their thanks.

Hope Williams chose an exquisite ice cream cake, with soft sponge cake at the bottom and ice cream wrapped around and on top, garnished with fruits and nuts. The ice cream had slightly melted on the way home but still tasted great.

Their eyes lit up at the sight.

"Daddy, want some?" Luke ran to get a spoon.

"You guys eat, I don't like sweets."

"Oh, okay."

"Cool down, eat less," Waylon reminded them indifferently.

"Okay, okay."

They agreed cheerfully.

Seeing their promise, Waylon was about to go upstairs when he stopped, glancing back to find three pairs of eyes uniformly watching him.

They looked as if they were planning to have a feast once he left, quickly averted their gaze, and sat up straight, looking as behaved as possible.

Waylon sighed, really, not a single one to give him peace of mind.

Waylon turned back, pulled over a chair and sat down next to the three, who exchanged looks under his warning gaze and tentatively took small bites of the ice cream with their spoons.

Hope Williams, being especially watched, was caught between laughter and tears.

Seeing Waylon watching her, Hope Williams scooped a spoonful and offered it to him, her clear eyes expectantly looking at him, "It's very sweet; do you want to try?"

"Mommy, Daddy just said he doesn't eat sweets..."

Waylon opened his mouth, taking in that spoonful of ice cream.

Luke, "... Did he just say he didn't like sweets?"

"It's very sweet."

Waylon Lewis's gaze calmly rested on Hope Williams's face, a trace of white ice cream lingering at the corner of her mouth.

"Corner of your mouth," Waylon Lewis reminded her.

His reminder prompted Hope Williams to extend her tongue and gently lick the corner of her mouth.

"Any more?"

As her lashes trembled slightly when she looked up at Waylon Lewis, he raised his eyebrows subtly, his sexy Adam's apple bobbing, then glanced at the two little ones with an imposing presence and casually said, "Something just floated by, go see what it was."

Out of curiosity, Luke and Willow immediately looked in the direction Waylon Lewis had indicated.

Hope Williams also turned her head unconsciously, but in the next second, her chin was hooked by a hand, a strong presence closed in, and as Hope Williams raised her eyes, warm lips had already landed on the corner of her mouth.

Hope Williams was taken aback at that moment.

Waylon Lewis's expression shifted as he released her, looking down at the still-dazed Hope Williams, he curled his lip slightly, "Gone now."

Hope Williams's ears couldn't help blushing.

"There was nothing," the two little ones said innocently, looking back at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis chuckled at the sight of Hope Williams with blushing ears, "Perhaps I was mistaken."

Luke and Willow were puzzled as to what kind of thing... could float... by!

"Mommy, why are your ears red?"

Hope Williams's fingers tightened around the spoon slightly, "Maybe it's... too hot..."

Waylon Lewis laughed softly and pushed the ice cream cake a bit closer to Hope Williams, "Want another bite?"

Hope Williams's lashes fluttered slightly, and she shook her head, "No, I'm fine."

"But I want another bite."

Hope Williams bit her lower lip, sensing a deeper meaning in the way Waylon Lewis was looking at her.

“Daddy, you clearly said you don’t like sweets.”

Without much concern, Waylon Lewis glanced at the cake that was mostly gone, his lips curved into a smile, “I didn’t like it before, but now I do.”

Hope Williams bit her lip; this man really was...

“If you’re not going to eat, then go upstairs. You two shouldn’t eat any more either—eating cold stuff at night can cause stomachaches,” said Waylon Lewis, mercilessly putting away the ice cream cake.

Luke and Willow, who hadn’t had their fill, stared at Waylon Lewis, “Just a few more bites.”

“No.”

The two little ones glared resentfully at Waylon Lewis.

They still received Waylon Lewis’s ruthless refusal; he never indulged them.

“Alright, have some more tomorrow; go to sleep first. Daddy’s right, eating cold things at night really can cause tummy aches. He has your best interest at heart, be good,” Hope Williams said, a smile tugging at the corners of her mouth as she looked at the two little ones.

Hearing that, the obedient children could only watch with wide eyes as Daddy carried the cake away and had no choice but to trudge upstairs to bed.

Hope Williams was busy tonight; sleeping was out of the question, so she took the things she bought to the study.

Waylon Lewis couldn’t find Hope Williams in the room but finally noticed the bright light in the study; Hope Williams was deep in her bustling tasks.

“What are you doing?”

Waylon Lewis walked over to Hope Williams and raised an eyebrow at the freshly primed canvas.

“The Hundred Longevity Painting.” Hope Williams rubbed her hands and looked at her work with temporary satisfaction.

Waylon Lewis glanced at the clock on the wall, "It's ten o'clock, go to sleep first and continue tomorrow."

"No." Hope Williams stubbornly shook her head, "It's too late then, I must finish today. You go to sleep; I'll be done soon."

Knowing he couldn't persuade her, Waylon Lewis sighed and raised his hand to tuck her hanging hair behind her ear, "Need help?"

Hope Williams, busy with the ink, glanced around the room and had Waylon Lewis help her assemble the picture frame.

Waylon Lewis was more than happy to assist.

Once the canvas was dry, Hope Williams picked up the brush and began writing characters with great concentration, so much that she didn't even notice when Waylon Lewis stood by her side.

Waylon Lewis's lips curved as he watched the little woman's focused demeanor.

Hope Williams's calligraphy was impressive. The gradations of ink—both thick and thin—were well controlled, showing a balance of strength and softness, definitely a fine hand, which impressed Waylon Lewis.

It wasn't until the latter part of the night that Hope Williams finished everything, looking at the Hundred Longevity Painting with satisfaction.

"Your calligraphy is beautiful; have you practiced before?"

"My grandfather taught me when I was young. His calligraphy is truly beautiful; mine is just passable."

"Your grandfather? You've never mentioned him."

Hope Williams's expression darkened imperceptibly, and Waylon Lewis clearly noticed the change.

"I don't even remember what he looked like..." There was a faint bitterness in Hope Williams's voice.

Ever since her grandfather threw her mother out of the house, she had left with her mother and never saw her grandfather again.

Waylon Lewis's brows furrowed slightly with sympathy, and he hugged her close, "Let's not talk about it then. You have to get up early tomorrow; I'll take you to bed."

Hope Williams's brow eased, "Okay."

Chapter 338: Chapter 338: Birthday Banquet Chapter 338: Chapter 338: Birthday Banquet Old Master Lewis's birthday banquet is a grand event, and today it's definitely full of guests. Every descendant of the Lewis Family will not be absent, and as the eldest grandson and granddaughter-in-law, we cannot be late.

Hope Williams got up early to apply some light makeup. Today, she chose a qipao with a light blue base color adorned with red, embroidered with red three-dimensional embroidery on the soft silk fabric.

Her hair was tied back neatly, and her delicate face revealed elegance and poise with each frown and smile, exuding an excellent temperament.

Waylon Lewis also changed into a suit, looking dashing in his smart attire. Seeing that he hadn't tied his tie yet, Hope picked for him a slightly brighter colored tie and stood on her tiptoes to tie it for him personally.

"Did you just check on Luke and Willow? Are they awake?" Her slender fingers tied his tie as she asked.

"Not yet." Waylon replied with a smile in his eyes. "But I've gotten them both up."

"..."

Hope was somewhat helpless and lightly patted him, "Can you not be like a stern stepfather to them, can you be a bit more gentle?"

"I was very gentle this time."

"Did you get their clothes for today like I asked?"

"Following the wife's orders, I got them all," Waylon said as he wrapped his arm around Hope's slender waist.

Hope was tickled by his move and pushed his hand away, "Stop it, or the tie will look ugly."

"As long as you tied it, it doesn't matter how ugly it is."

Hope looked at him resignedly, but indeed, this was her first time tying a tie. Usually, when she saw Waylon tie his, it seemed quite simple.

After tying the tie, Hope looked at the tie she had tied for the first time and was extremely satisfied.

“Alright, have a look and see if it’s okay.”

Waylon looked in the mirror and had never seen such an ugly tie.

“Is it okay?”

“Not bad at all,” Waylon answered without hesitation.

“That’s good then. You should go downstairs to eat soon, I’ll go check if Luke and Willow are dressed.” Saying this, Hope slipped away from his hands and quickly left the room.

Waylon raised his hand wanting to adjust the tie, then he remembered the sentence ‘it doesn’t matter how ugly it is.’

After thinking, Waylon lowered his hand and looked in the mirror again. The more he looked at it, the more he thought, “Not too bad.”

The tie tied by his wife is always the best.

Willow takes longer to dress than Luke. After Luke finished washing up, Willow was still sitting on the bed with messy hair, struggling with her socks, not noticing she wore them inside out, her big eyes squinted, clearly not yet fully awake.

Hope’s heart was torn with worry.

“Willow, baby, don’t you want to see your great-grandfather?”

“Willow wants to!” Willow’s voice was soft, barely awake.

Hope quickly picked up her daughter and brought her into the restroom. After dressing up, her soft hair was tied into two round buns, adorned with two red hair bands, looking very much alive.

Luke in his little suit, Willow in her cotton princess dress, when the family was ready, Hope finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Thomas Hughes was already waiting in the car downstairs.

The family of four went out, where Thomas Hughes, standing by the car, was dazzled by the high attractiveness of the family, which was undeniable to anyone.

Waylon held Hope’s hand and was about to get in the car when a familiar ringtone sounded. It was Waylon’s phone.

Waylon's eyebrows furrowed as he glanced at the screen of the phone.

"What's wrong?" Seeing him frown, Hope couldn't help but ask.

"It's nothing, it's cold outside, you get in the car first." Waylon opened the car door, protected Hope into the car, and then picked up the phone.

Hope, watching Waylon outside on the phone, couldn't hear what he was saying, but his expression seemed quite serious, and her heart sank.

After the call, Waylon sat back in the car and held Hope's hand. His expression unchanged, he casually said, "I have a little something to deal with, can you take Luke and Willow to the old house first?"

"Is it urgent?" Hope was a little worried.

Is there something more important right now than Elder Lewis's birthday banquet?

"Yeah, a bit. I can handle it, don't worry." Waylon didn't go into detail about what it was.

Hope sighed lightly, "Okay, I'll explain to Grandpa for you. Finish quickly and come back, it's not good if you're not there for Grandpa's birthday banquet."

"Okay." Waylon raised his hand to rub Hope's head, opened the car door, and stepped out, also taking Thomas Hughes, who was originally driving, with him and called another driver.

Hope looked out the window, watching Waylon's hastening departure, her thoughts heavy.

"Mommy, isn't Daddy coming with us?" Luke leaned on the window watching Waylon leave.

Hope touched Luke's little head, softly saying, "He has something to do, he'll come later. Let's go ahead."

"Okay then."

Luke and Willow, both somewhat sad in their little expressions due to Waylon's sudden departure.

"Madam, shall we depart now?" The driver asked.

"Yes, let's go."

The Lewis Family old house, at this moment not many people had arrived yet, but the Lewis Family's relatives were all there. Hope, carrying Luke and Willow, entered the main house.

Alitzel Williams was busy in the hall, the Fuller sisters were also present; they were like irremovable plasters, impossible to shake off. Alitzel didn't want to make a scene on such an important day, as long as they didn't cause trouble, she let them be.

Seeing Hope arrive, Alitzel's eyes immediately lit up with joy.

"Mom."

"Grandma." Luke and Willow chimed in unison.

Alitzel went over to hold Hope's hand, looked at the two adorable little ones but didn't see her son, "Where's Waylon? Didn't he come with you?"

"He's got some urgent matters, he'll come later." Hope immediately explained.

"Oh, what urgent matters can be more important than Old Master Lewis's birthday banquet now?" Amelia Bailey came over, her voice sharp, ridiculing with a laugh.

Chapter 339: Chapter 339: Birthday Banquet 2 Chapter 339: Chapter 339: Birthday Banquet 2 "Oh, what could be more urgent now than the old man's birthday banquet?" Amelia Bailey approached, her voice sharp and mocking with a sneer.

"Our Waylon surely knows the importance of the old man's birthday banquet, but Little Hope already said Waylon went to handle an urgent matter. Do you think our Waylon is just like someone from your family, aimlessly idle and loafing around?"

Alitzel Williams always had a sharp tongue. She used to overlook it because of their relationship, but now she did not indulge her anymore.

"How is our Xavier idle and loafing around? Make yourself clear."

Alitzel scoffed sarcastically, "Yes! Your Xavier is not loafing around, he is busy drinking and having fun in clubs and bars every day, not idle at all, yes, yes, I was wrong, haha."

"You! Alitzel, I am your sister-in-law, how can you speak to me like that?"

Hope Williams glanced at her, smiled lightly and responded, "Aunt Bailey, you better not call yourself sister-in-law anymore. Our families have no relation."

“Wow, you two, on such a grand day as the old man’s birthday banquet, speaking so distantly about ‘your family’ and ‘our family’, aren’t you afraid of making the old man feel cold-hearted?”

Upon seeing this, Vivia Fuller and her sister stepped forward and spoke, “Miss Williams, what you said is indeed too impersonal, after all, we are family, how can you speak like that?”

Amelia’s expression turned grievous when someone spoke on her behalf.

Hope Williams glanced at them coldly and scoffed, “If the two of you are here as guests, please have a seat. If you’re here to meddle, please roll back where you came from.”

“Enough, what are you arguing about at the old man’s birthday banquet?” Christopher Lewis came out frowning and scolded softly. Although he said ‘you all’, Hope could tell how much was directed at her.

Hope wasn’t one to make a fuss, but when people came to cause trouble, she wasn’t one to suffer in silence.

She turned back to Christopher, her voice noticeably cold, “Do you think I said something wrong?”

Christopher frowned, meeting Hope’s aggressive eyes, and he snorted heavily, “Are you going to keep causing a scene?”

“I don’t want to make a scene at this kind of occasion, but some people do. If I compromise, they will only get worse, what do you think?”

Christopher gritted his back teeth, this woman really had a sharp tongue.

Seeing the standoff, Vivia stepped forward with a gentle smile, “Uncle Lewis, don’t be angry, this is a minor issue and not worth making an unsightly scene. I think the other guests are almost here, we shouldn’t linger on this.”

Christopher’s expression softened slightly at Vivia’s graceful demeanor, and he nodded, “Hmm.”

“What a poser of grace and elegance,” Alitzel rolled her eyes disrespectfully and pulled Hope away.

If it wasn’t for the long-standing friendship between the Fuller and Lewis families, she really wanted to throw this disgusting creature out.

Vivia Fuller, “...”

Christopher gritted his teeth, “Don’t stoop to her level.”

“The bad grandpa can’t differentiate right from wrong.” Luke and Willow hummed in dissatisfaction and ran upstairs to complain to great-grandfather.

Christopher, “...”

Gradually the entrance of the Lewis family’s old mansion was bustling with guests, all notable figures from the Emperor Capital.

Hope Williams stood confidently with Alitzel at the entrance, welcoming the guests.

“This must be Young Madam Lewis? She is so beautiful and has such a great presence, Alitzel, your Waylon is really fortunate.”

“Yes, Waylon is indeed very fortunate to have married Little Hope.” Alitzel held Hope’s hand, endorsing the compliments from others towards Hope with a fully smiling face showing her satisfaction and fondness without hiding.

Seeing Alitzel so pleased with her daughter-in-law, naturally, everyone regarded Hope even more highly.

And they had all heard about last night’s events.

They knew this woman was not someone to be trifled with, and she indeed had the backing of Waylon Lewis and Alitzel Williams.

With this in mind, everyone’s attitude towards Hope was even more respectful, with endless compliments and flattery.

“Miss Hope Williams is really beautiful, her figure is so good too, her clothes look so pretty on.”

“Yes, her figure really is enviable.”

Some young ladies from other distinguished families came up affectionately calling her ‘sister’, but their eyes were full of disdain and hypocrisy.

Hope observed all of this, nodding with a light smile, indifferent and not intending to cater excessively.

Alexander Knox and Old Lady Mrs. Knox arrived soon after, with the old lady showing an ever-welcoming smile towards Hope, seemingly very pleased with what she saw.

“Grandma Knox,” Hope called softly.

Chapter 340: Chapter 340: Birthday Banquet 3 Chapter 340: Chapter 340: Birthday Banquet 3 “Grandma Knox.” Hope Williams called gently.

Old Lady Mrs. Knox stretched out her hand to grasp Hope’s hand and patted it, “Hope, it’s been a while since I’ve seen you, you never come to visit Grandma Knox.”

Hope Williams smiled lightly, “I’m sorry, Grandma Knox, I’ve been really busy lately. I will definitely visit when I have the time.”

“Good, good, I’ll hold you to that,” Old Lady Mrs. Knox said affectionately as she looked at Hope.

Hope Williams’s smile widened, “Please, Grandma Knox, come inside.”

“Okay.”

Alexander Knox, pushing the old lady’s wheelchair, met with Hope Williams and greeted her with a smile and a nod.

Hope Williams, wearing a gentle smile, nodded politely in return.

As guests kept arriving, Alitzel Williams glanced at the door anxiously, not seeing Waylon Lewis yet, and stomped her foot in worry.

“Where the heck is Waylon, and Wyatt Lewis too, where has he vanished off to?” Alitzel called Wyatt Lewis repeatedly in a fluster.

“Mom, I’m here, stop calling,” Wyatt Lewis suddenly appeared, lazily leaning against the doorway with a lazy and carefree smile.

He turned to Hope Williams and asked, “Sister-in-law, where’s my brother?”

“He’s been held up by something urgent and hasn’t arrived yet,” Hope Williams also continuously checked her phone, afraid of missing any message from Waylon.

“Something urgent? I haven’t heard of any urgent matters at the company recently—did he mention what it is?”

Hope Williams’s delicate eyebrows furrowed slightly as she felt an inexplicable thud in her heart at Wyatt’s words, “He didn’t specify what it was.”

“That’s odd,” Wyatt scratched the back of his head, “What could it be that my brother would keep from you?”

Hope Williams’s eyes dimmed.

“Don’t worry, Little Hope, Waylon probably just doesn’t want you to worry. He said he would be here, he’ll definitely make it even if he’s a bit late,” Alitzel Williams glanced at Wyatt, signaling him to be quiet.

Hope Williams pursed her lips lightly and made a soft humming sound in acknowledgment.

“Let’s go inside and sit down for a while, you’re pregnant, don’t tire yourself,” Alitzel Williams said with concern.

“Okay.” Hope Williams briefly surveyed the doorway then turned to enter the main house.

Seeing Hope Williams go inside, Alitzel Williams turned and grasped Wyatt Lewis’s ear, “Don’t you know your sister-in-law is pregnant? Why spout nonsense in front of her? Your brother didn’t tell her because he didn’t want her to worry, mind your words, or he might skin you when he comes back.”

Wyatt Lewis, with his ear painfully pulled by Alitzel, grimaced, “Ow, ow, ow... Mom, your own son.”

“If you weren’t my own son, I’d have thrown you out already, where have you been wandering off to every day without any proper conduct? Be careful, or you won’t be able to find a wife in the future,” Alitzel was annoyed by her indolent son.

They’re both her children, yet how could they be so different?

“Don’t worry, I’ll definitely find a wife...”

“Still talking back? Go inside and attend to the guests now.”

“Alright, alright, I’m going,” Wyatt hurried inside.

The hall was already full of guests, laughter and chatter filled the air. Elder Lewis sat in the main seat dressed in red traditional attire, his face beaming and spirited.

Vivia Fuller was mingling comfortably among the people when suddenly someone mentioned, “I heard Miss Fuller paid two billion yuan last night for a Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle as a birthday gift for Elder Lewis. Truly fitting for Miss Fuller, quite impressive indeed.”

Vivia Fuller pulled at her lips slightly, the mention of that two billion-yuan bottle felt like a slap to her face, quite resonating indeed.

Nevertheless, she maintained her smile.

Since it was mentioned, Vivia Fuller requested someone to fetch the Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle. Walking up to Elder Lewis, she smiled gently, "Grandpa Lewis, may your fortune be as boundless as the eastern seas and your life as long as the southern mountains. This is the birthday gift I have prepared for you, I hope you like it."

Saying so, Vivia Fuller opened the gift box, and the beautifully perfect Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle was displayed to all.

Everyone couldn't help but marvel.

It had to be said, though not worth two billion, the Double Eared Bottle was truly a fine piece among fine pieces.

Those who knew antiques in the crowd couldn't help but observe eagerly.

"So generous to actually give away such an expensive Double Eared Bottle, Miss Fuller really is capable."

"Indeed, two billion yuan, that's no small amount. Miss Fuller really could afford it, truly a show of filial piety."

"If it were someone else, who would actually bear to give it away? Miss Fuller's gesture is indeed lavish."

"Who else but the Miss of the Fuller Family."

The surrounding voices made Vivia Fuller's complexion much better, she lifted her chin and raised a smile.

Although parting with the two-billion-yuan bottle really pained her, she indeed earned face.

Who else's birthday gift here could compare to hers?

Vivia Fuller smiled proudly.

Old Master Lewis looked at Vivia Fuller with a faint smile on his face and nodded at the Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle, "You are thoughtful, but this double-eared bottle is worth two billion, it's too expensive, I can't accept it."

Vivia Fuller pursed her lips, looked at the elder and said, "Grandpa Lewis, this is a little token of my affection. I know you like to collect antiques, so I bought it especially for you. Please accept it."

Vivia Fuller insisted, holding out the gift box with both hands, looking determined not to take it back if Old Master Lewis refused to accept it.

Old Master Lewis showed a bit of helplessness, his brows moved and he declined again, "I appreciate your sentiment, but I really cannot accept this Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle."

Vivia Fuller, holding the gift box, pursed her lips and looked somewhat saddened, "Grandpa Lewis, do you think this Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle is not good enough?"

"It's not what I meant..."

"Dad, just keep it. You don't know how fiercely Miss Fuller fought with Little Hope last night for this Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle. It could have been acquired for tens of millions, but she insisted on hiring someone to bid on her behalf, spending tens of billions more. It seems Miss Fuller has too much money to spend, just keep it, and honor Miss Fuller's filial piety."

Alitzel Williams quietly said these words beside Old Master Lewis.

Hearing what Alitzel had said, Vivia Fuller's complexion immediately whitened, and the Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle in her hands seemed to have become a joke.

She looked down, a deep coldness flashing in her eyes, and when she looked up, her smile was somewhat bitter.

How astute Old Master Lewis was, how could he not understand what Alitzel had implied? His expression became more serious and he nodded to Vivia Fuller, "Then... thank you."

Vivia Fuller smiled and shook her head, "As long as you like it, Grandpa Lewis."

The servant took Vivia Fuller's gift box and placed it aside.

"Great-grandpa, Mommy also has a gift for you," said Luke and Willow immediately.

Old Master Lewis's eyes brightened, "Is that? Then I really look forward to it."

Saying so, Old Master Lewis expectantly looked at Hope Williams.

Amelia Bailey scoffed from the side, "What have you prepared for the Old Master? Let's see it."

Vivia Fuller looked at Hope Williams, who stood quietly in her place, and a cold laugh echoed in her heart.

The Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Bottle was originally what Hope Williams wanted to gift for Old Master's birthday, but since it was bought by Vivia, Hope had only one night to prepare a birthday gift.

In just one night, Vivia Fuller did not believe Hope could prepare any impressive gift.

She raised her chin and spoke, "Miss Williams must have prepared a very valuable birthday gift for Grandpa Lewis."

Hope glanced at her lightly. She hadn't even brought it out yet, and Vivia was already labelling her gift as expensive.

The insincerity was obvious.

Vivia couldn't wait to see what Hope could come up with.

Hope's clear eyes looked at the elder, and she said with a smile, "Grandpa, please wait a moment."

"Okay." Elder Lewis became more expectant, his dark eyes twinkling.

Soon Hope called two people to bring up her birthday gift, which was covered with a red cloth, creating a lot of mysteries.

Everyone's eyes were drawn.

Hope walked slowly to the gift, boldly lifted the red cloth, and said, "Grandpa, happy 70th birthday, may you have the longevity like pines and cranes, forever young, with boundless happiness. This is a Hundred Longevity Painting I made by hand. I hope you won't disdain it."

"What? For Old Master Lewis's 70th birthday, you just give him a Hundred Longevity Painting? That's really shabby, I can't believe you brought that as a gift," Amelia Bailey said sarcastically from the side.

No one paid attention to her.

Old Master Lewis, excited, looked at the Hundred Longevity Painting and then at Hope, unable to resist getting up, leaning on his cane. Hope immediately went over to support him.

Old Master Lewis went up to the painting, his eyes twinkling, "Little Hope, did you write this all by hand?"

Hope nodded, "Yes, there was a bit of a rush, it might not be very well done, please don't mind, Grandpa."

Old Master Lewis looked at each "longevity" character, continually nodding, "Good writing, good writing. Little Hope, your calligraphy controls the balance between thick and thin excellently, strength and gentleness together. To say it's not good, Grandpa would disagree."

Hope smiled, "Thank you for your praise, Grandpa."

Old Master Lewis's gaze never left the Hundred Longevity Painting, his voice filled with hearty pleasure, "Quick, move this painting to my study, hang it in the very center. Thank you, Little Hope, this is the best gift I've received."

Old Master Lewis made no effort to hide his love for the painting.

Vivia Fuller stiffened, her hands clenched tightly.

What does this mean?

Her two billion Blue and White Dragon Pattern Double Eared Vase was just glanced at and set aside, yet Hope's mere Hundred Longevity Painting was held dear, even planned to be hung up, and even called the best gift.

Why?

Doesn't this old man have eyes? Can't he see what's a good thing?

Vivia Fuller was grinding her teeth in anger.

Chapter 341: Chapter 341: Cheating! Chapter 341: Chapter 341: Cheating! She glared at Hope Williams with fierce resentment, swallowed her grievances, silently walked to a corner, and sent out a message from her phone.

After doing all this, Vivia Fuller looked in the direction of Hope Williams with a smile tugging at her lips.

Old Master Lewis had not seen Waylon Lewis the entire time; he asked Hope Williams, "Little Hope, didn't Waylon come with you?"

A flash of something different passed through Hope Williams' eyes; she glanced at the time displayed on the wall clock.

It had been so long, but there was no word from Waylon Lewis.

A sense of urgency grew inside Hope Williams, but not wanting to worry Old Master Lewis, she could only say, "I'll give him a call to check; he should be arriving soon."

Old Master Lewis noticed the expression on Hope Williams' face and nodded, "Go ahead then."

With the noise and commotion in the hall, Hope Williams thought about going upstairs to her room, finding peace, yet her heart was anything but tranquil.

As soon as Hope Williams unlocked her phone, several trending news alerts popped up on her home screen. She didn't want to pay attention to them but was immediately drawn in by the headlines.

Her pupils constricted.

[High society scandal: Young Madam Lewis caught in a late-night rendezvous, suspected of having an affair!]

[High society scandal: Young Master Lewis cuckolded!]

[Explosive news: Affair of Young Madam Lewis confirmed!]

Hope Williams frowned deeply, clicking on one of the alerts, and was immediately confronted with a photo of her and Liam Cloud at the club, with him embracing her.

A lengthy article below crucified her on the shame of infidelity.

With the news breaking out, major media outlets relayed the story, rapidly garnering over ten million views, with the headline of Young Madam Lewis's infidelity dominating top spots on various websites.

A deep emotion flickered in Hope Williams' eyes as she gripped her phone tighter.

The only possibility for such a rapid spread was the involvement of a powerful force behind the scenes.

Hope Williams pursed her lips.

At that moment, at Lewis Clan Group, panic ensued over the loss of confidential company files. Shareholders trembled in their seats in the conference room, while the tech team worked intensively to restore the destroyed surveillance.

Waylon Lewis sat in the executive chair, rubbing his temples, picked up his phone, and the next moment a call came in.

Wyatt Lewis spoke urgently, "Brother, there's trouble, check the news now."

Waylon Lewis's frown deepened again, he hung up the call, and upon opening his app, the same series of headlines about [Young Madam Lewis's late-night rendezvous, suspected of infidelity] popped up.

Waylon Lewis's face turned stormy instantly; he clenched his phone and abruptly rose from his seat.

His towering stature as he stood lent an expanding chill to his surroundings.

As Waylon Lewis made to leave, several veteran shareholders immediately voiced their objections, "President Lewis, the matter is not yet clear; where are you going?"

"The theft of confidential company information is serious, President Lewis; the company needs you to stay and take charge."

"That's right, this situation is atrocious, we must get to the bottom of it, we suspect there's a mole within the company, we implore you, President Lewis, to put the company first and stay in command," a few shareholders blocked Waylon Lewis's path.

"Move aside," Waylon Lewis said with a grim visage.

"Waylon, with such a disaster at the company, it doesn't seem right for you as Chief Executive to leave now," Isaiah Lewis sauntered leisurely from outside to the conference room door, standing in Waylon's way, looking provocative.

"President Lewis, please prioritize the company," the veteran shareholders, being long-standing members of the company, spoke with some weight behind their words.

Waylon Lewis glared at them with a dark expression, and they stiffened slightly.

"Are you trying to catch a mole?"

The shareholders exchanged confused glances at each other, not understanding what Waylon Lewis meant.

Waylon Lewis raised his hand, and Thomas Hughes immediately led people forward.

"Arrest him."

With a wave of his hand, Thomas Hughes's men stepped forward to grab Isaiah Lewis's arms on both sides.

Isaiah Lewis, including those in the hall, was taken aback.

"Waylon Lewis, what are you doing? Am I the mole, then?"

Waylon Lewis's gaze fixed on him, coldly throwing out a sentence, "Grandfather gave you a chance, but unfortunately, you didn't take it."

"What do you mean? What are you implying, Waylon? Do you have evidence? You have no right to accuse me without evidence."

"Don't worry, it'll come soon."

Waylon Lewis slightly tugged at his cool lips, his narrow eyes narrowing coldly at the people before him, "May I leave now?"

This wasn't really a question.

Before the veteran shareholders could speak up, while Isaiah Lewis was still defiantly protesting on the spot, Waylon Lewis had already walked away.

Chaos erupted in the Lewis family's main house.

"Oh my god, just look, it's explosive, Young Madam Lewis is supposedly having an affair," exclaimed someone, drawing the attention of those nearby.

"What? Who told you? This is the Lewis family, don't spout nonsense."

"It's on the trending searches on the phone, see for yourself."

As people heard, they took out their phones one after another, and after seeing the news, all involuntarily gasped and covered their mouths.

"Oh my, this is too explosive, is that really Young Madam Lewis in the picture?"

The man on the photo was captured fully, showcasing a face handsome enough to rival even that of Waylon Lewis.

His arms were around the woman, his handsome face relaxed and smug with satisfaction, his narrow eyes filled with tenderness that did not belong to him.

The woman, with only her side profile and back showing, was unmistakably Hope Williams to anyone who has seen her before.

Chapter 342: Chapter 342 Major Incident Chapter 342: Chapter 342 Major Incident

"What are you all talking about?" Vivian Fuller curled her lips and looked at them whispering with their phones, instantly knowing that the photos sent were effective.

A group of women gathered together mostly love to gossip. As soon as Vivia asked, several people immediately looked at Vivia with schadenfreude and said, "Vivia, you have to see this. Big trouble in the Lewis Family, Young Madam Lewis is caught cheating."

"Cheating?" Vivia Fuller covered her mouth in surprise and disbelief, "Such talk could ruin Miss Williams' reputation, you all must not spread rumors recklessly."

"We're not making this up. Take a look for yourself, Vivia." The person handed over her phone directly to Vivia Fuller.

Vivia took the phone, seriously scrolling through it. Though she was bursting with joy inside, her face showed nothing but utter shock, "How could this be, could it be someone framing Miss Williams?"

"How could that be possible? Look, Vivia, there are pictures and proofs. Who could frame her? She just cheated, it's disgusting."

"Truly, it's hard to judge a book by its cover, Young Madam Lewis seems so pure and noble on the surface, who would have thought she's this dirty behind the scenes."

"Disgusting, she's completely unworthy of Young Master Lewis."

Hearing these comments, Vivia's eyes were filled with satisfaction.

Hope Williams, let's see what you can do about this.

Just waiting for your complete downfall and being kicked out of the Lewis Family once and for all.

"What do you think, Vivia?"

Vivia still wore a face of disbelief, "Yes, if this matter is true then Miss Williams has really gone too far."

"This is 100% true, she can't deny it."

Vivia Fuller's eyes shifted, looking at the group and sighed, changing her tone, "I thought Miss Williams was just a bit scheming, never thought her character was also so questionable."

"Scheming? How so? Miss Fuller, do you know some dark secrets about her?"

"What else could it be, Hope Williams, a woman with no power or background, how did she get close to Young Master Lewis? Need I say more? God knows how many dirty tricks she used." Mia Fuller said with her chin raised, arms crossed loudly.

“Exactly, how could the Lewis Family, being such an influential clan, accept someone like Hope Williams with no background at all.”

“Didn’t you see those two children? She trapped him with a shotgun wedding, getting pregnant with Young Master Lewis’ child, the Lewis Family had no choice but to let President Lewis marry this woman.”

“That sounds about right, this woman is just too lowly.”

Mia and Vivia Fuller exchanged a smile.

The sisters’ eyes filled with unprecedented satisfaction, gleaming with the joy of soon crushing Hope Williams.

“Where’s Miss Williams?” In the crowd, Vivia Fuller deliberately shouted.

Hearing her, everyone turned their heads searching around; they couldn’t find Hope Williams in the main hall.

“Where is Young Madam Lewis?”

“I think she’s too guilty and hiding.”

“If it were me, I’d also hide and not show my face, it’s too disgusting, what was this woman thinking, she married a man like President Lewis and still cheats, she must be very promiscuous.”

“Exactly, isn’t it just because she has a pretty face, I think even President Lewis was deceived by this woman.”

“What happened?” Seeing everyone with their phones, indignantly discussing, Christopher Lewis frowned and asked.

Vivia Fuller immediately walked forward with the phone, a sorrowful expression on her face, “Uncle Lewis, something has happened, please don’t get angry when you see this...”

Hearing Vivia speak in this manner, Christopher Lewis’ frown deepened, he took her phone and his eyes immediately fixed on the photo.

The next moment, rage seethed in Christopher Lewis’ eyes, “Her! She dares...she’s a calamity!”

“Uncle Lewis, don’t be angry... this matter concerns the reputation of both the Lewis Family and Miss Williams, it’s best to clarify things quickly.”

Christopher Lewis didn't pay any more attention to Vivia Fuller, he turned and headed upstairs. He really needed to confront this woman, where had his Lewis Family wronged her to make her commit this act that shamed the entire Lewis Family.

Disaster!

He always said this woman was a disaster.

And now, she actually conspired with the enemy to make Waylon Lewis wear a green hat!

Anger filled Christopher Lewis, and he was unstoppable.

Seeing this, Vivia Fuller's eyes sparkled with excitement, she loudly called, "Uncle Lewis, are you going to find Miss Williams?"

After speaking, she immediately followed Christopher Lewis upstairs.

Seeing Vivia Fuller and Christopher Lewis angrily heading upstairs, the crowd who was worried about not finding Hope Williams and missing the drama spontaneously followed.

Chapter 343: Chapter 343: He Can't Gamble with Her Safety Chapter 343: Chapter 343: He Can't Gamble with Her Safety The incident happened so suddenly, Hope Williams knew without thinking that the person who released the photos at this time intended to cause a stir.

At this moment, there must be a lot of discussion downstairs.

Hope Williams has a clear conscience and has no intention of hiding.

"Sister-in-law." Hope Williams opened the door, and Wyatt Lewis immediately stopped her, "Stay in your room for now, those people downstairs will devour you if you go down now."

Hope Williams stopped in her steps, slightly raising her eyebrows, "Why don't you ask me if this matter is true?"

A mocking look flashed in Wyatt Lewis's eyes, "Why ask about something fabricated by a few villains? It's definitely not true. Rest assured, sister-in-law, I absolutely believe in you."

Hearing this from Wyatt Lewis, Hope Williams's eyes trembled slightly, and her expression relaxed a lot.

She shook her mobile phone and said helplessly, "But there are still photos on it."

"What's the big deal about having photos?" Wyatt shrugged and smiled lightly, "It's not like they prove anything substantial like rolling in bed."

His words...

Hope Williams smiled lightly, "Thank you, Wyatt."

"Don't mention it. You are my real sister-in-law, who else should I trust if not you?"

Family members should trust each other, and he believes in Hope Williams's character that she would not cheat.

And the man in the photos.

Liam Cloud!

His brother's number one love rival.

His sister-in-law had known this man for five years. If she really wanted something with him, it wouldn't concern his brother.

This matter is just someone fabricating lies and causing trouble.

Only a fool would believe it.

His clever brain wouldn't believe it.

"However, sister-in-law, I absolutely trust you, but this Liam Cloud really does have malicious intentions towards you. Be careful of him; he is not someone easy to deal with."

"Not easy to deal with?" A cold voice rang out.

"That's right, not only is he difficult, but he also probably has some mental issues."

"He is mentally ill?" The voice deepened in tone.

Wyatt Lewis nodded in agreement, and the next moment his shoulder was slapped.

"Who is it? Stop slapping me!" Wyatt Lewis turned around, "Holy shit!"

Liam Cloud, with a cigarette in his mouth, was giving Wyatt a cold look, his thin lips curved without any warmth.

“What the fuck are you doing here!” Wyatt Lewis was shocked by his sudden appearance.

And what is this madman doing here now, making his sister-in-law’s trouble even worse?

Liam Cloud ignored Wyatt Lewis, walked up to Hope Williams, and clasped her shoulders, scrutinizing her carefully.

Complex emotions swirled in Hope Williams’s eyes, “Why are you here?”

“Are you alright?”

“I’m fine.”

Liam Cloud’s cold eyes narrowed slightly; it seemed he understood something and he let go of Hope Williams, breathing a slight sigh of relief, “That’s good then.”

Someone sent him a message saying Hope Williams was hurt.

Even though he knew this anonymous message was likely a trap, he still came.

Because he couldn’t gamble with her safety.

“Why are you asking like that?” Hope Williams’s finely arched eyebrows knit together, feeling more convinced things were complicated.

“Never mind that, there might be some trouble now.” Liam Cloud glanced far off as hurried, chaotic footsteps sounded on the stairs.

“You better hide quickly,” Wyatt Lewis said coldly.

“Hide for what if I am innocent?” Liam Cloud asked, unperturbed.

“I trust my sister-in-law is innocent, but what does it mean for you to show up now? Even harmless things can turn troublesome.”

“There’s some truth to that,” Liam Cloud responded lazily, “But it’s too late.”

The moment Liam Cloud’s voice faded,
“Hope Williams!”

Christopher Lewis charged forward furiously.

Wyatt Lewis thought it was over, and when he turned around, the person behind him was gone!

What the hell, is this guy human or a ghost!

"Look at the mess you've made." Christopher Lewis, furious, veins popping on his forehead, threw his phone in front of Hope Williams.

Thankfully, Wyatt Lewis stepped forward to block it, otherwise the phone would have hit Hope Williams's shoulder.

Wyatt Lewis caught the phone with one hand, his eyes filled with a cold glare, "Dad, my sister-in-law is still carrying my brother's child, what if you had damaged her?"

"Shut up, you all are still protecting her? Look what she has done; she has completely ruined the reputation of the Lewis Family," Christopher Lewis said through clenched teeth.

"Dad, why are you making a big deal out of it? It's just villains spreading rumors, they are not intimate, not rolling in bed, does a hug mean she cheated?"

Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller stood on either side of Christopher Lewis, Vivia spoke with a worried face, "But if there was nothing, why would they hug each other? And Miss Williams is married to Brother Waylon, hugging another man is really too much."

"Exactly, young master, this woman cheated, how can you still speak for her? And what you just said, they were not kissing together, they were not in bed, but what if they had done it behind the scenes, you didn't see it so you wouldn't know."

Mia Fuller immediately chimed in, stepping on Hope Williams, eager to shove her deep into the mire, never to turn over a new leaf.

Chapter 344: Chapter 344: Just a Menace Chapter 344: Chapter 344: Just a Menace
"Second Young Master didn't see it, did you see it?" Hope Williams asked coldly.

"I..." Mia Fuller hesitated a moment, "How could I see something you did behind the scenes."

"Since you didn't see, please don't make baseless accusations."

"Embracing someone like that in public, who knows how indulgent you might be behind closed doors."

"Mia Fuller!" Wyatt Lewis rebuked angrily, "Talk nonsense again and I'll shut your mouth."

Mia Fuller shrank back; although Wyatt Lewis always seemed carefree, when he got serious, he was very oppressive.

But with so many people here now, and Christopher Lewis present, she didn't believe Wyatt Lewis would really touch her.

Now was the best opportunity to destroy Hope Williams.

She had suffered so much at the hands of Hope Williams, and this time she couldn't let her off.

"Second Young Master, I'm just speaking based on the facts, and what I said isn't unreasonable. Who knows what she's done behind closed doors," Mia Fuller confidently crossed her arms.

"I think Second Miss Walker is absolutely right. Christopher, I told your brother long ago that this woman would eventually disgrace the Lewis Family. See, the disgrace is huge now."

Amelia Bailey said sarcastically, arms crossed.

She despised their whole family. Originally, their family was in charge. Anything that was to be decided should have started with their family. Why should the CEO position go to Waylon Lewis instead of their son Xavier Lewis?

Waylon Lewis took what originally belonged to them, and Old Master Lewis always favored their family; she harbored resentment in her heart.

With such an opportunity, she of course wanted to severely trample on them to relieve her anger.

Christopher Lewis's brows were deeply furrowed, his gaze sharp as an ice dagger aimed at Hope Williams.

"This time you made the mistake first, don't blame me for being ruthless. Have the decency to return what belongs to Waylon to him and leave the Lewis Family yourself – we cannot accommodate a disgraceful person like you."

Amelia Bailey sneered on the side, "Christopher, aren't you being too kind-hearted? This woman smeared the Lewis Family and you just let her leave like this?"

Christopher Lewis ignored her; his only demand now was for her to return all the property registered under her name to Waylon Lewis.

"Things are not clear yet, and you are already trying to drive me away," Hope Williams said with a bitter smile, "It seems some people's wishes are really being met."

“How exactly do you want things to be clear?” Christopher Lewis asked angrily.

“Why are you causing such a scene here?”

Alitzel Williams slowly pushed a wheelchair forward, and seated in it, Old Master Lewis’s face wore an expression of authority, and his voice was compelling.

Alitzel Williams pushed Old Master Lewis’s wheelchair next to Hope Williams; Old Master Lewis looked deeply at Hope Williams, who stood quietly, “Little Hope, you’ve been wronged.”

Hope Williams looked at Old Master Lewis, her clear eyes slightly helpless.

“Christopher is thinking day and night about driving his own daughter-in-law out; you’re very capable, acting as if this old man doesn’t exist, eh?” Old Master Lewis stared directly at Christopher Lewis, angrily demanding.

Christopher Lewis clenched his teeth; Hope Williams’ presence had fanned all his grievances about her.

Since Hope Williams had married Waylon Lewis, there had been endless troubles in the Lewis Family.

Old Master Lewis, Alitzel Williams, and his two good sons always sided with Hope Williams, making it always his fault, portraying him as the villain!

Yet, the truth proved he was right.

This woman is a disaster.

She’s been a disaster for Waylon Lewis and the Lewis Family, and he cannot allow this disaster to stay any longer.

He looked deeply at Old Master Lewis.

“Dad, do you really think Hope Williams did nothing wrong? If she really had nothing to do with that man, why would she go out with him in the middle of the night and embrace him? Moreover, this person is our family’s enemy!

You’ve always been partial to her, but this time you really misjudged. She’s not suitable for Waylon, and she doesn’t deserve him. No matter what you all say, she must leave.”

“Shut your mouth, your discontent with Little Hope has led to this outcome, leading you to be blinded by the schemer.”

Old Master Lewis was so angry that he almost wanted to slap his shortsighted son.

“Dad, Christopher is not wrong either. The facts about Hope’s incident are right before our eyes,” Amelia Bailey said with a shrug.

“Yes, Grandpa Lewis, there is evidence and real pictures to this incident...” Vivia Fuller said anxiously.

Alitzel Williams snorted coldly.

“Releasing such groundless photos and spreading them widely online, it’s clear that the person who posted the photos harbors malicious intentions. Moreover, Hope Williams is one of our Lewis Family, targeting her means targeting our family.”

Alitzel Williams glanced coldly at Vivia Fuller, frowning at Hope Williams, “Little Hope, have you offended someone?”

Hope Williams raised her eyebrows slightly, her gaze coldly turning toward the Fuller sisters, “I’m curious too. Who have I offended that I’m repeatedly troubled by? Miss Fuller, Second Miss Walker, what do you say?”

“Why are you looking at us? Could it be that we took your pictures and intentionally sent them to the media to harm you?” Mia Fuller said shrilly.

“Miss Williams, are you suspecting that we released the photos?” Vivia Fuller looked innocently at Hope Williams.

Since Hope Williams is part of the Lewis Family, not only does this photo incident embarrass Hope, but it also implicates the Lewis Family. It’s equivalent to opposing the Lewis Family, so she absolutely cannot admit to it.

The gaze of everyone around was cast toward them, especially the gaze of Elder Lewis and Alitzel Williams that sternly fixed on her face.

She felt a fear of being seen through, her body stiffened, and a few beads of sweat appeared on her face; she bit her lower lip and shook her head innocently.

“Grandpa Lewis, we really didn’t know about this matter beforehand. We only found out after seeing the news. How could we have taken these photos and sent them to the media intentionally? Miss Williams, you made a mistake yourself, don’t wrongly accuse others.”

Elder Lewis snorted coldly, “Vivia, Little Hope didn’t specifically name you just now. Why are you in such a panic?”

Just like before, Hope Williams stood distantly in the same spot, her demeanor cold and aloof, her gaze mocking as she sneered at Vivia Fuller.

Vivia Fuller's eyes flickered uncertainly before she realized that Hope Williams had set a verbal trap for her.

The crowd also looked doubtfully at the flustered sisters.

"So panicked, could these photos really be deliberately released by them?"

"Possibly, otherwise why the panic?"

"Only those with guilty consciences panic, and I heard that these two had some issues with Young Madam Lewis before, could they have purposely taken this chance to step on Young Madam Lewis?"

"Very likely, at last night's auction, these two orchestrated such a drama, which was exposed by Young Madam Lewis. There's a high possibility they harbored resentment and took this opportunity for revenge."

"That makes a lot of sense, this indeed seems like something these sisters would do."

Hearing these words, Mia Fuller gritted her teeth and retorted, "Do you have proof? Without evidence, it's slander, and we have every right to sue you for defamation."

Chapter 345: Chapter 345 Christopher Lewis Shot Chapter 345: Chapter 345
Christopher Lewis Shot "We're just speculating, we haven't conclusively said it was you guys, what's the rush?"

"Where am I rushing?"

"Your nervousness is written all over your face."

Mia Fuller gritted her teeth, seeking help with her eyes from Vivia Fuller, who was trying hard to remain calm, "If we haven't done it, we haven't done it, please do not speculate wildly."

Christopher Lewis looked at Vivia Fuller with a stern gaze.

"Uncle Lewis, you believe me, how could I possibly think of targeting the Lewis Family?"
Vivia Fuller looked at Christopher Lewis with pitiful eyes.

Christopher Lewis didn't want to deal with this right now, his gaze shifted once again to Hope Williams.

"Whether or not the photos were sent by someone else, we'll talk about it later."

Christopher Lewis was convinced that Hope Williams's infidelity was a fact.

"Even if someone maliciously took photos and sent them to the media to target her, if she hadn't done this kind of thing, how could others take advantage of it? In the end, it's still her fault."

"Tch, I really can't stand to listen to this anymore."

A chilly, husky voice echoed faintly.

Following the direction of the voice, everyone looked toward the end of the hallway not far away, and saw a silver-haired man straightening up, the sound of his high-end leather shoes tapping on the floor cold and clear.

From a distance, everyone saw the man's stern face, could not help but shiver inwardly, and the gloomy aura emanating from the man made everyone's scalp tingle, and the sight of the gun in his hand made people involuntarily step back a few steps, naturally making way.

Vivia Fuller sneered excitedly inside.

He's here.

"Liam Cloud! It's you again!" Christopher Lewis gritted his teeth with raging fury at the sight of Liam Cloud.

Liam Cloud slowly walked up to Christopher Lewis, his thin lips curled up slightly, "Surprised?"

Christopher Lewis glared fiercely at Hope Williams, "Do you have any more explanations? Dare you say this man isn't here for you?"

Hope Williams walked forward with furrowed brows and grabbed Liam Cloud, "You leave first, I'll handle this myself."

"The trouble started with me, why should you take it all on yourself?"

After saying that, he turned his head, the corners of his mouth holding a sharp cold sneer, casually twirling the gun in one hand as he stared at Christopher Lewis.

"The hugging was me forcing myself, it has nothing to do with her. I admit I like her." Liam Cloud paused for a moment, "But unfortunately, she doesn't like me. Cheating!"

Liam Cloud laughed, the arc of his lips revealing his joy at hearing this word, "I really wish she would cheat, that would mean I have a chance, but unfortunately, she hasn't, she rejected me thoroughly, she is not at fault, all faults lie with me."

Liam Cloud's smile gradually faded, replaced by two bloodthirsty glints in his eyes, "If you have the guts, come settle the score with me."

"Ha, it takes two hands to clap!" Christopher Lewis declared decisively, "How touching, you take all the blame for her, does she become innocent? Your words, what do they count for?"

Liam Cloud's eyes narrowed as he stared at Christopher Lewis's face, after a long while, he gave a cold laugh, "You seem not to understand human speech."

"Bring it on, seize Liam Cloud."

As his voice fell, the Lewis Family's bodyguards rushed out, immediately surrounding Liam Cloud.

With a chilling look in his eyes, Liam Cloud swept a glance around and let out a low chuckle full of disdain.

The atmosphere tensed up in an instant, and the onlookers who were just watching the scene were now dumbfounded, retreating continuously in a chaotic cluster.

Hope Williams looked at this scene, her face turning paler, "Stop."

Christopher Lewis's brows furrowed tightly, "Very well, you still say there's nothing going on between you two, you have been repeatedly speaking up for him in front of me, now it seems it is because of your unspeakable relationship before that you are defending him."

Christopher Lewis realized everything, his anger surged endlessly.

Waylon Lewis still loved this woman so much, gave her his all, yet she ended up cheating with an enemy.

It was an immense humiliation.

There was no way he could tolerate it.

"The Third Young Master's matter was indeed not done by him..."

Before Hope Williams could finish speaking, Christopher Lewis angrily slapped her across the face.

"Hope Williams."

"Little Hope!"

“Sister-in-law!”

A murderous rage surged up instantaneously.

The moment Hope Williams’s face was slapped to the side, her pupils contracted sharply, “Don’t.”

She yelled.

Liam Cloud raised his gun.

“Bang.” A gunshot.

Buzz...

At the moment the gunshot fell, all fell silent.

It all happened too quickly.

Alitzel Williams widened her eyes, her movement to step forward still frozen in place.

An utter silence like death.

Until “thud,” the muffled sound of a heavy object hitting the ground.

Christopher Lewis gripped his shoulder, howling in agony on the ground.

Hope Williams’ eyelashes trembled lightly, her ears ringing as she saw a crowd surrounding the fallen Christopher Lewis.

And at the moment the gunshot sounded, the people around scattered like startled birds and beasts.

Chaos ensued.

Hope Williams stood there in shock, her eyes reddened as she watched Liam Cloud.

Helplessness, fury, concern... A complex mix of emotions struck her heart heavily.

Liam Cloud stood in place, his distinct black and white eyes slowly moving towards his own handgun.

He suddenly turned around, his fierce eyes narrowed, constantly scanning behind him, but he detected no abnormalities.

The shot he had aimed for was at Christopher Lewis' leg; he knew full well the trouble it would bring Hope Williams if Christopher Lewis died, so in a moment of rationality, he wanted only to teach Christopher a lesson.

But he hadn't even started to shoot.

Therefore, someone else had fired the shot.

"You!" Hope Williams' lips trembled, unable to utter a complete sentence as she stared at Liam Cloud.

"I didn't shoot!"

Liam Cloud looked at her deeply, his usually cocky eyes now empty.

As someone who lived in darkness and with hands stained with blood, he wasn't afraid to take another life, but he was afraid of dragging Hope Williams into the abyss because of him.

"Let's go." Her wrist was grabbed by the man.

He couldn't leave her here.

Hope Williams shook off his hand, tears falling in large drops.

"Come with me!"

"I won't go with you."

Liam Cloud clenched his molars tight, the muscles on his face twitching drastically, his eyes full of vehemence turning once again towards the direction he had his back to just a moment ago.

Looking back at Hope Williams, "Take care of yourself, I will give you an explanation."

After speaking, Liam Cloud turned and left.

"Bang bang!" Two gunshots.

Hope Williams turned and saw Waylon Lewis, in a black suit, hastily returning, his gun pointed towards Liam Cloud.

Liam Cloud, very quickly, turned the corner, and the two bullets hit the wall.

Waylon Lewis's face stern, he commanded the people behind him in a deep voice, "Chase."

With that, he walked briskly towards Hope Williams, took hold of her shoulders, and looked at her worriedly as he bent down, "Are you alright?"

Hope Williams closed her eyes tightly, her eyes full of exhaustion; she shook her head, "I'm fine."

She had just heard it, Liam Cloud's words: I didn't shoot!

Didn't shoot!

So, the gunshot just now wasn't fired by Liam Cloud!

Who was it?

Things were too complicated; there was no time to think. Regaining her senses, Hope Williams quickly turned towards Christopher Lewis, pushing through the crowd to check on Christopher's injuries.

"Get away." Christopher's face was pale as he pushed Hope Williams away.

Waylon Lewis immediately supported Hope Williams; her expression cold, she crouched back in front of Christopher, "I'm the only doctor here. If you don't want to die, I'm the only one who can help you."

Alitzel Williams was already crying inconsolably, covering her mouth and patting Christopher Lewis, "What are you being stubborn for, do you want to die?"

Chapter 346: Chapter 346: Very Risky but Also Very Fortunate Chapter 346: Chapter 346: Very Risky but Also Very Fortunate Christopher Lewis bit down hard, his face covered in cold sweat as he glared at Hope Williams, his anger evident in his voice, "If it weren't for you drawing in such people, how would something like today have happened?"

Hope Williams didn't respond, merely bowing her head to examine his wound; the bullet had struck his shoulder, just a few centimeters from the heart.

It was a close call, the shooter intended to kill, framing Liam Cloud for the deed!

But luckily, the bullet deviated, not hitting any vital points, otherwise he wouldn't have a chance to speak right now.

"How is Little Hope? Is he going to die?" Alitzel Williams was frantic, her usual calmness replaced by utter distress.

Hope Williams repeatedly assured Alitzel, "It's okay, no vital areas were hit, but he needs to be taken to the hospital for surgery immediately."

"Yes, yes, yes, call the ambulance! Call the ambulance now!"

Alitzel Williams's voice trembled, completely unable to maintain her composure like Hope.

"Bring me the medical kit." With her hands pressing on the bleeding wound, Hope Williams gave orders calmly and collectedly.

A servant quickly brought the medical kit from Hope's room, and she swiftly found the blood bandage inside to stop the bleeding, comforting Alitzel while tending to the wound.

"Mom, don't worry, it will be okay."

Christopher's face was pale but still carried a chill expression, unchanged even as Hope was treating him, "Don't think this means I won't pursue the matter of today."

"Of course you can keep pursuing it, I have no objections." Hope raised her eyebrows indifferently.

Soon the ambulance arrived, and several medics together lifted Christopher onto the vehicle, with Alitzel Williams and Wyatt Lewis following behind.

Guests around the corners whispered amongst themselves, shocked by the day's events.

The old patriarch had a grave expression, sighing deeply before addressing the guests slowly, "I thank you all for coming to my birthday celebration, but an unfortunate incident occurred today, causing alarm. I apologize, but that concludes today's festivities."

"Wait." Waylon Lewis interjected coldly.

The old patriarch looked towards Waylon.

Waylon scanned the guests, "Nothing gets cleared up, nobody leaves."

"Waylon?"

Waylon looked at his grandfather, his eyes heavy with seriousness, "Grandpa, please go rest, I will handle the rest."

Seeing the earnest and stern look on Waylon's face, the old patriarch nodded to him, letting him take charge.

Hope Williams wanted to speak, but Waylon's gaze turned to her, "Do you need to rest for a bit?"

Hope looked at her blood-stained hands, "I'm going to wash my hands first."

Waylon nodded, his gaze becoming heavier as it fell upon the marks on Hope's cheek.

Waylon's cold gaze shifted from Hope to the Fuller sisters hiding to the side.

Mia Fuller backed away guiltily.

She had sent that photo to Waylon last month!

But she had not told her sister Vivia about it.

So Vivia didn't know.

Her plan was to tarnish Hope's reputation, leading the Lewis family to expel Hope and get her revenge.

But now things had turned out to be not as simple as she thought.

Fear steadily grew inside her.

Especially when Waylon's penetrating gaze landed on her, she felt true terror, frantically clutching Vivia's hand, only to find Vivia was trembling too.

Vivia tried to maintain her composure, but things were out of her control now. Shouldn't Waylon be tied up with the company at this time?

"What should we do?" Mia tugged at Vivia's sleeve.

"Do what?" Vivia took deep breaths, "No one will know the photo came from us. What are you worried about?"

"I..." Mia hesitated, too scared to speak.

Vivia didn't give her the chance to talk, marching straight towards Waylon.

"Brother Waylon... Ah..."

Before she could finish, Waylon's slap landed on Vivia's cheek.

Vivia was stunned, as were the onlookers.

Everyone knew Waylon had a bad temper, often wearing a cold expression, a mere glare enough to make people hold their breath.

But he had never publicly slapped a woman before.

Some covered their mouths, some stood rigid, and some dared not breathe out.

Vivia was dazed for a long time before coming to senses from the slap.

“Why... why did you hit me?” she cried hysterically, tears in her eyes.

She had never expected Waylon to hit her in front of everyone.

The slap left her bewildered.

Waylon dropped her on the ground with disdain, “Dare you claim that today’s incident has nothing to do with your Fuller Family, with you Vivia Fuller?”

Vivia fell to the ground, clutching her face, and with unfathomable courage, she cried out amidst tears, “It’s not related to me. I didn’t do anything, Brother Waylon! You can’t vent your anger at me for what Hope did wrong.”

Vivia spoke with a surprising firmness, believing she had covered her tracks perfectly and couldn’t possibly be discovered. Even if he suspected, he had no evidence.

Vivia’s full attention was on Waylon, completely missing Mia’s uncontrollable trembling behind her.

“We grew up together; do you really see me as this kind of person? I’ve always considered the Lewis family as my own. How could I possibly harm them? I didn’t send the photo; it has nothing to do with me. No matter what you say, I won’t admit to things I haven’t done.”

Vivia stood up from the ground, her face resolute and voice filled with certainty.

After speaking, Vivia bit her lip, tears falling uncontrollably, her stubbornness and vulnerability on full display.

Paired with the marks on her face, she seemed all the more pitiable.

The crowd didn’t dare speak but people tend to sympathize with the weaker party. Seeing Vivia’s state, everyone felt she was telling the truth and that Waylon had wrongfully accused her, making her seem incredibly pitiful.

Waylon stared at Vivia’s face with disgust, his lips curling into a scornful sneer, “Stop pretending.”

“Brother Waylon, I really can’t understand why, with all this evidence in front of you, you still believe in Hope.

I can’t believe you don’t know what her relationship with Liam Cloud is, has your love for her gone so far that you’d tolerate her cheating and remain indifferent?

What kind of love potion has Hope given you?”

Vivia questioned him at the top of her voice.

The crowd gasped, completely clueless where Miss Fuller got the nerve to question like this, particularly with Waylon’s expression now terrifyingly ominous.

“I believe in her, so what can you do to me? What are you? What right do you have to speak about her, huh?”

Chapter 347: Chapter 347: Scapegoat Chapter 347: Chapter 347: Scapegoat Hope Williams finished washing her hands and walked out to this scene.

Vivia Fuller’s face was pale with a slap mark, her eyes red and swollen, lips tightly clenched, crying like a rain of pears, completely heart-wrenching to behold, truly making one pity her.

Yet Hope Williams only found her pathetic.

Hope Williams tossed the paper towel into the trash bin and slowly walked towards Waylon Lewis with composed steps.

From the moment Hope appeared, Waylon Lewis’s gaze was tightly fixed on her. As she approached him, he had already extended his arms, embracing her protectively at his side, pulling her into his arms.

It was a posture of complete protection and extra care, his gaze on her distinctly different from when he looked at others.

It was a tenderness no one else had seen.

It seemed as if all his tenderness and indulgence were solely bestowed upon this woman, leaving none for others.

Is this really the attitude of a husband, who has been cheated on, towards his unfaithful wife?

Others watching the drama shook their heads, indicating they couldn’t understand it!

Waylon Lewis's gaze winced at the stark slap mark on that fair face. He gently caressed her cheek, "I'm sorry, I was late; you've been wronged."

Hope Williams lowered her gaze and shook her head, "It's not your fault. Yes, I felt aggrieved, but I am petty, so I need to retaliate. Once I retaliate, I won't feel aggrieved anymore."

Waylon Lewis gently rubbed her head, "Your grievance will not be suffered in vain."

It must be paid back double.

Seeing Hope Williams, Vivia Fuller's eyes brimmed with boiling hatred, yet she still had to put on an innocent and pitiful face as if she was wrongly accused.

Hope Williams's clear eyes lightly glanced at Vivia Fuller, and she scoffed sarcastically.

"Don't always put on that pitiful and innocent face. You are not innocent. No one else could do such a thing besides you two."

"I told you the photos have nothing to do with us, and it wasn't us who spread them!" Vivia Fuller argued stubbornly, refusing to admit it, leaving no way to get at her.

Hope Williams stepped out of Waylon Lewis's arms, walked forward a few steps, "Do you think that your actions were flawless?"

Vivia Fuller pursed her lips and stayed silent.

Hope Williams nodded slightly, "It seems so indeed."

Vivia Fuller stubbornly denied everything, unaware that behind her, Mia Fuller was already panicking and preparing to slip away.

Hope Williams tilted her head, her gaze shifting from Vivia Fuller to Mia Fuller, "Where is Second Miss Fuller going?"

Mia Fuller stiffened, frozen in place.

Vivia Fuller narrowed her eyes and turned to look at Mia Fuller, who slowly twisted her head back.

"Is Second Miss Fuller leaving because she feels guilty?"

Hope Williams's voice was neither light nor heavy, yet filled with oppression.

Mia Fuller's eyeballs trembled uncontrollably in their sockets. Vivia Fuller captured her panic completely, and she had just attempted to leave?

She squinted slightly, unsure of what Mia Fuller was up to.

“What do I have to feel guilty about...I just wanted to go to the restroom,” Mia Fuller said stiffly.

Hope Williams coldly smiled and stepped forward, unknowingly holding a black mobile phone in her hand.

“I think Second Miss Fuller may be a bit forgetful, perhaps forgetting the message she sent to my husband a month ago.”

Hope Williams turned on the mobile phone, and Mia Fuller’s complexion grew increasingly terrified, instinctively raising her hand to snatch the phone from Hope Williams’s hand.

Hope Williams swiftly dodged, her eyes smiling as she watched Mia Fuller, “What are you snatching?”

Mia Fuller was momentarily lost for words.

Her recent actions had thoroughly aroused suspicions around her.

“Are you afraid of what’s on your phone?”

Mia Fuller’s face was already pale with anxiety, “Hope Williams...”

“What exactly are you up to, Mia Fuller? What are you so afraid of?” Vivia Fuller was completely baffled, wondering what exactly Hope Williams had shown to scare Mia Fuller so much.

Hope Williams calmly opened the messaging app; there were no messages, just a single photograph which showed the time it was sent-that evening one month ago.

“Is this phone number Miss Second Walker’s?” Hope Williams handed the phone over to Mia Fuller.

Mia Fuller’s body couldn’t stop trembling.

“What on earth is it?” Vivia Fuller strode forward, snatching the phone from Hope Williams’s hands.

Several people behind, also curious, crowded around to look at the photograph and the timestamp displayed.

Vivia Fuller was completely overwhelmed, unable to react at all.

Hope Williams took the phone back from her hand.

Once Vivia Fuller had regained her composure, the muscles in her face uncontrollably began to tremble.

Great! She had sent it to Waylon Lewis before, and she didn't even tell her!

She asked her repeatedly if, besides the two of them, anyone else knew about the photograph.

She had adamantly told her no!

Well now, everyone knew that they sent the photographs which validated what Alitzel Williams had said; they were targeting Hope Williams, opposing the Lewis Family.

The bystanders quickly put everything together.

"All the photos were taken by Second Miss Walker, and they also leaked from her hands, she was the one who sent them to the media! No wonder she was so frightened, even going so far as to grab the phone directly."

"Just now she kept denying it, saying we falsely accused her, threatening to send us a lawyer's notice, I'm literally dying of laughter, but she just backfired."

"What a garbage bag she is, carrying so much inside."

"This matter can't be separated from Miss Fuller either, these two sisters are the best at causing trouble."

"Seriously, just admit what you sent, daring to do but not own up. Miss Fuller was just saying, it absolutely wasn't her, that's hilariously sad."

Vivia Fuller, outraged, her chest heaving violently, turned her head and glared fiercely at Mia Fuller before slapping her face hard.

Mia Fuller, still in a state of shock, was dazed further by the slap.

"You took the photograph, and you sent it! I asked you, why did you say you didn't? Why did you deceive me, deceive everyone into saying it wasn't you?"

Mia Fuller didn't catch on immediately to this sentence, but Hope Williams instantly did.

She was trying to push the blame of sending the photographs to the media entirely onto Mia Fuller; claiming she too was kept in the dark, washing her hands off it completely.

Mia Fuller choked, misinterpreting Vivian Fuller's accusation as blaming her for not informing her about sending the photograph to Waylon Lewis.

Mia Fuller, already frightened and confused, faced Vivian Fuller's interrogation with clenched lips, not uttering a word, conveniently playing into Vivian Fuller's hands.

Seeing that Mia Fuller did not defend against Vivian Fuller's accusations, Hope Williams's sharp black and white eyes flickered, carefully rethinking Vivian Fuller's recent outburst.

She surmised Mia Fuller took the photo and initially sent it to Waylon Lewis, and Vivian Fuller later learned Mia Fuller had the photo, trying to blow up the situation, but due to the relationship between the Fuller and Lewis families, she dared not let it be known the photo came from them. But the overlooked detail was Mia Fuller not informing Vivian Fuller she had sent the photo to Waylon Lewis.

This was what led to the current situation.

Otherwise, Vivian Fuller could not have been so confident earlier, and Mia Fuller wouldn't have panicked upon seeing Waylon Lewis.

So, the real person who sent the photo to the media was Vivian Fuller, and now Mia Fuller was about to become her scapegoat.

Hope Williams figured it all out, offering a sarcastic smile.

Chapter 348: Chapter 348: No Proof Needed, I Believe Chapter 348: Chapter 348: No Proof Needed, I Believe Mia Fuller hadn't reacted yet, when Vivian Fuller, looking at her, continued her scolding, "If it wasn't for you, things wouldn't have turned out as they have now, Mia Fuller how could you do such a thing."

Hope Williams couldn't help but admire Vivian Fuller for her double entendre that made people hesitate again and again, leaving Mia Fuller completely without an opening to retort.

And those who saw this scene would think Vivian Fuller was really kept in the dark by Mia Fuller, that Mia was the instigator.

Originally, the crowd was gossiping about both of them, but because of Vivian Fuller's words, the blame shifted squarely onto Mia Fuller.

"This seems to imply that it has nothing to do with Miss Fuller, that Miss Fuller was also tricked by Second Miss Fuller, unaware of the truth."

“It appears that Miss Fuller has indeed been wronged.”

Hearing this, Vivia Fuller secretly breathed a sigh of relief, shot a furious glare at Mia Fuller, and cursed inwardly that it served her right; if only Mia had discussed with her about sending the photo to Waylon Lewis earlier, it wouldn't have come to this point.

This idiot is simply not useful at all, only causing trouble and bringing her down with her, Mia thought about how she would teach her a lesson when they got back.

“The matter has escalated to this, Mia Fuller you...”

Hope Williams gave her a faint smile and raised her hand to interrupt Vivia Fuller, “Wait.”

Vivia Fuller looked at Hope Williams with a face full of apprehension, her eyes filled with defense.

“Did you send the photo to the media, Second Miss Fuller?” Hope Williams asked Mia Fuller, word by word.

The clear voice made Vivia Fuller's heart skip a beat.

Hope Williams wasn't trying to help Mia Fuller, but didn't want to let Vivia Fuller triumph.

“Of course it was her...”

“It wasn't.” Mia Fuller shouted loudly, “It wasn't me, it was her!”

“What nonsense are you talking about? The photo was taken by you, and you were the one who sent it to the media, how can you blame me!” Vivia Fuller didn't care anymore and tore her facade with Mia Fuller apart, “Moreover, you just admitted it, how can you turn it around and blame me?”

“Blame you?” Mia Fuller fully reacted, baring her teeth and staring at Vivia Fuller, “Vivia Fuller, where is your shame? I took the photo, but the one who sent it to the media was clearly you, why do you dare to act but not admit it?”

Vivia Fuller fought back without showing weakness, as she had always been quicker-witted than Mia Fuller, and immediately tearfully said, “Mia, Grandfather taught us to be brave and to own up to our actions since childhood, no matter what you cannot push your own actions onto me.”

“I! You... who the hell is the one acting without admitting it?” Mia Fuller, frantic, forgot to cry, staring at Vivia Fuller, rushing up to grab Vivia Fuller's collar, “Clearly it was you who sent the photo, why push it onto me.”

It was certainly her, definitely her, why should she pin everything on Mia.

“Mia, you really have a cruel heart, we are sisters, yet you want to drag me down, so be it, whatever you say goes.” Vivia Fuller looked helpless and pitiful.

Instantly, the surrounding people all began to blame Mia Fuller.

Those pointing and murmuring voices made Mia Fuller, already panicked, lash out like a headless fly, pulling and yelling at Vivia Fuller, “You bitch, what are you pretending for?”

Vivia Fuller bit her lip hard, letting her curse and hit, without making any move to fight back.

This turned the stand-off between the two sisters into a one-sided tantrum and beating of Mia Fuller at Vivia Fuller.

“Crazy woman!”

Someone muttered in disgust, unable to watch anymore, and a few people stepped forward to rescue Vivia Fuller from Mia Fuller’s grasp.

“Miss Fuller, are you alright?”

Vivia Fuller hung her head low, bit her lip tightly and shook her head, her voice soft yet choked, “I... I’m okay, don’t blame my sister, she’s just afraid of being blamed, so she pushed it onto me.”

Mia Fuller was shoved hard onto the ground, the pain causing her to grimace, and when she looked up, she saw Vivia Fuller’s triumphant face.

Vivia Fuller was also watching her, her eyes clearly warning her.

The curse words around her were incessant, and Mia Fuller felt like she was going insane.

Hope Williams, who had been standing aside and observing everything with a cold laugh, looked down at Mia Fuller from above, his eyes holding a smile that seemed like mockery and sympathy.

To Mia Fuller, it felt like pure mockery.

Everyone was mocking her, taunting her sorrow, she knew well she couldn’t overcome Vivia Fuller.

Unable to explain, no one would believe her, she felt utterly helpless, she struggled to get up from the ground, and sneered at Vivia Fuller then at Hope Williams.

“You two are both sluts, you’re the ones who ruined me, you both deserve to die.”

Saying so, Mia Fuller extended her hand fiercely, trying to push Hope Williams in a suicidal gesture.

Hope Williams reacted quickly, trying to dodge to the side, but Waylon Lewis’s response was even quicker. A gust of wind swept by, and the man who was standing behind was already pulling Mia Fuller’s arm, directly separating her from Hope Williams, without Mia touching Hope at all.

Mia Fuller was startled by the man who appeared before her, and before she could react, he had already cast her off with disgust.

Mia Fuller’s entire body slammed into the wall, her body shuddered and she gasped in pain.

Waylon Lewis’s eyes were dark, standing beside Hope Williams protectively, like a knight.

Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis with gentle eyes, but her gaze turned cold as she looked away from him.

She glanced at Mia Fuller and said indifferently, “She wasn’t the one who sent the photos to the media.”

The crowd looked at Hope Williams with puzzled expressions.

And Vivia Fuller’s face, which had just eased a bit, collapsed again.

Hope Williams’s gaze met with hers, and that indifferent and calm look from Hope made Vivia Fuller feel panic inside.

Hope Williams watched her and smiled, “It was you.”

The two casually uttered words were enough for everyone to hear.

Vivia Fuller’s body wobbled, nearly unable to stand, she stared at Hope Williams, her tears falling faster than she imagined.

“Hope Williams, why do you keep fixating on me? I’ve said it many times, it wasn’t me, it wasn’t me, why do you still think it was me?”

Vivia Fuller’s deliberately strained voice sounded weak, with a touch of helplessness and exhaustion, as if she was worn out from explaining.

Hope Williams explained calmly and unhurriedly.

“From the release to the trending searches in less than ten minutes, to the collective forwarding by major media causing a public uproar, I do not believe that there’s nobody behind this stirring up trouble.

I am Mrs. Waylon Lewis, the daughter-in-law of the Lewis Family. My affair was exposed, can you imagine the ensuing consequences? It’s the loss of Waylon Lewis’s face, the Lewis Family becoming a laughingstock, am I wrong?”

People nodded repeatedly.

Indeed, as a member of the Lewis Family, Hope’s scandal would lead to the loss of face for the entire Lewis clan.

“And would these media dare to openly target the Lewis clan without concrete evidence or the support of a powerful person in the background?”

Hope Williams stood in her place, her demeanor calm, her voice not arrogant or irritable, clearly reaching everyone’s ears.

Quite a few people nodded in agreement.

Anyone who saw the news knew, the wording was sharp, not only definitively claiming Hope had an affair, but the text also mocked Waylon Lewis and satirized the Lewis Family.

The major media have brains; without conclusive evidence or powerful backing, who would dare to openly target the Lewis clan and smear Waylon Lewis.

Do they think they have lived too long?

Speaking of evidence, in fact, apart from one photo of a light embrace, there were no other evidence to prove Hope Williams truly had an affair.

Just like the second young master said, they weren’t caught on camera rolling in the sheets; two people could hug as friends, so how could the media dare to say right away that they had an affair?

Let alone others.

That’s the Lewis Family.

The number one wealthy family of Emperor Capital!

No one believes they acted without someone supporting them in the background.

Hope Williams looked at the ghastly pale Vivia Fuller, "Tell me, are these the actions of a Fuller Family's discarded Second Miss Walker?"

Vivia Fuller's body swayed dangerously, almost losing her balance.

"And you, as the future Family Head of the Fuller Family, the granddaughter whom Old Master Fuller favors the most, with power and influence, with Old Master Fuller's support, if it wasn't you, then who could it be? Miss Fuller, I'm not wrong, am I?"

Hope Williams laid out everything with such clarity that there was no room for rebuttal.

Vivia Fuller's fists clenched continuously at her sides.

She only felt that the woman in front of her was terrifyingly logical; she had guessed everything correctly and saw through it all.

She could not refute.

The people listening also weren't stupid and had already realized what was happening.

"The word 'disgusting' is not enough to describe this woman. That acting earlier, it's a big loss for the entertainment industry that she's not an actress."

"I even felt sympathy for her just now; what a fool I was."

"The two sisters are just as bad as each other, Vivia Fuller is even more frightening and malicious than Mia Fuller. If it weren't for Young Madam Lewis exposing her, I would have believed her, what great acting."

"It must be the Fuller Family targeting the Lewis Family, without Old Master Fuller's support, Vivia Fuller couldn't have accomplished this on her own."

"But aren't the Fuller Family and the Lewis Family always friendly and in a collaborative relationship? Why would the Fuller Family go against the Lewis Family now?"

"These matters are their family's business, who knows what's really going on."

"Shut up, everyone shut up!" Vivia Fuller screamed with an ashen face, "Hope Williams, what's the use of you talking so much? You can't deny that the photos are real, do you dare to swear that you haven't done anything to wrong Waylon Lewis?"

"Why should I swear?" Hope Williams looked at her and sneered coldly, "My husband doesn't distrust me, why do I need to swear to prove anything?"

As she spoke, Hope Williams turned her head to look at Waylon Lewis beside her, smiling gently, "Right?"

Waylon Lewis tenderly stroked her hair, his eyes full of doting affection.

“Yes, no need for any proof, I believe.”

At that moment, no words could be more powerful.

No need for any proof, I believe!

The trust between the two made Vivia Fuller a complete joke.

With Waylon Lewis trusting Hope Williams so much, her painstaking efforts to slander Hope were useless.

It only made her seem jealous and maliciously persistent.

“Hahaha...” Mia Fuller, sitting on the ground, burst into maniacal laughter, “This is so satisfying, Vivia Fuller, you deserve this, you truly do.”

Hope Williams remained indifferent.

“Now that everything is clear, the Lewis Family does not welcome you.”

As the voice of Hope Williams fell, Waylon Lewis raised his hand, “Throw them out.”

The Lewis Family bodyguards approached, grabbed Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller, and dragged the two sisters out.

Vivia Fuller swung her arms wildly, still cursing loudly, “Hope Williams, you slut, slut, I won’t accept this, I won’t...”

The bodyguards were efficient and threw the two sisters out of the Lewis Family mansion.

And at that moment, the entrance of the Lewis Family home was already surrounded by reporters.

Seeing the Lewis Family bodyguards carrying out two women, upon closer inspection, they realized it was the two Fuller sisters.

The surrounding reporters looked at me, I looked at you, all with bewildered faces at the people who had fallen before them.

Were these the haughty and dignified Miss Fullers they knew?

How could they be thrown out by the Lewis Family, and in such a sorry state?

Realizing that there must be a story here, the reporters immediately surrounded the two women.

“Miss Fuller, can you tell us what happened? How could you be thrown out by the Lewis Family?”

Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller hadn’t even managed to stand up when a crowd swarmed them, creating chaos, and Vivia Fuller’s hand was stepped on.

She cried out in pain, but her cry was immediately drowned by the endless questions.

“Get away, get away... ah... get away...”

Vivia Fuller felt as if she was being squeezed to the point of suffocation.

The four Lewis Family bodyguards just stood by, expressionless, with no intention of stepping forward to help.

As the situation resolved, the guests who had come to the banquet gradually came out.

These reporters had been waiting here for a long time, and now they rushed at the sight of people, grabbing anyone they could to ask, “Can you tell us what happened, how could the two Fuller sisters be thrown out of the Lewis Family residence?”

The person questioned just sneered disdainfully, “What do you think? These two misses stirred up rumors and slandered Young Madam Lewis, targeting the Lewis Family. It’s only natural for them to be thrown out.”

“Slandered Young Madam Lewis? Are you referring to the affair scandal involving Young Madam Lewis that’s online?”

The person hadn’t had a chance to reply.

An exclamation, “President Lewis and Young Madam Lewis are coming out!”

Hearing this, all the reporters surged forward.

Waylon Lewis wrapped his arm around Hope Williams, surrounded by a circle of bodyguards, fending off the reporters.

Waylon Lewis’s expression was cold, his hands protectively ensuring that Hope Williams wouldn’t be bumped.

The reporters immediately asked, “Young Madam Lewis, is what’s on the internet true?”

“Young Madam Lewis, what is your relationship with the man in the photos?”

“Young Madam Lewis, please answer our questions.”

Hope Williams looked at the reporters with a cool indifference, just as the reporters feared she wouldn't answer, Hope's voice slowly rose, “My relationship with the man in the photos is that of friends; he is a very good and important friend of mine, but definitely not the kind of relationship that people online are suggesting.”

“And President Lewis, do you believe what your wife has said?”

Without any hesitation, Waylon Lewis spoke, “I completely trust my wife; there's no doubt about it.”

But the reporters continued to ask, “President Lewis, according to rumors we've heard, Chairman Lewis doesn't approve of your wife, instead favoring you to be with Miss Fuller from the Fuller Family. There are also rumors within the Lewis Clan Group that you and your wife are getting a divorce, how do you respond to that?”

Waylon Lewis frowned, glanced at the reporter, “We will not get a divorce. I love my wife very much, and she will be the only wife I'll ever have in my life. Irreplaceable. Moreover, we will be holding our wedding ceremony next month.”

Waylon Lewis's answer was very clear; he denied divorce rumors, believed in Hope Williams, and they were very affectionate towards each other, all other matters being purely rumor.

Waylon Lewis, with great patience, answered the reporter's question, but when the reporters opened their mouths again, Waylon's piercing gaze swept over, and the reporters' tune changed brightly, “Then congratulations to President Lewis and Young Madam Lewis in advance.”

“Any more questions?”

“No... no more.”

The reporter dodged with their eyes and silently thought, could I say I have more questions under that gaze of yours?

“Make way.”

No one dared to stop them, and they immediately cleared a path.

Waylon Lewis escorted Hope Williams into the car, and the Lewis Family's vehicle sped off.

After President Lewis and his wife left, the reporters did not plan to let Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller go and immediately swarmed around the two again.

Chapter 349: Chapter 349: The Whole Truth Revealed Chapter 349: Chapter 349: The Whole Truth Revealed “Can the two young ladies answer our previous question?” The reporters surrounded them again.

“Get lost, back off, I’m not answering,” Mia Fuller shrieked in a panic, “What crap are you asking, why should I answer you?”

Scolded for no reason, a few reporters with short tempers couldn’t hold back, “Why are you cursing? Even if you don’t want to answer, there’s no need to curse, right?”

“It’s fine if Second Miss Fuller doesn’t want to answer, but cursing is crossing the line.”

Meanwhile, the camera was still rolling. Vivia Fuller bit down hard on her teeth, not daring to say anything, and just let Mia Fuller, who was losing it, cursively berate the reporters, conveniently drawing away all the fire for her.

Amidst the noise and argument, someone said, “Look at the video that was just released.”

“What video?”

A reporter raised his phone, and everyone looked over—it was a surveillance video that had just been released.

The video played the sound of the Fuller sisters desperately arguing.

Upon hearing it, Vivia’s face turned pale, immediately sensing something amiss.

“Second Miss Fuller, did you send the photos to the media?” Hope Williams’ voice came through clearly.

Vivia said, “Of course it was her...”

“It wasn’t me,” Mia shouted loudly, “It wasn’t me, it was her!”

“What nonsense are you spouting? You took the photos, and you sent them to the media. How can you wrongly accuse me! And just now you admitted to it, how can you turn around and blame me?”

“Wrongly accuse you? ...Me! Who dares do something and not own up to it? It was clearly you who sent the photos, why blame me?”

Vivia watched the video in the reporter's hand and became completely unsettled. Who would release the video, what was going on?

She was anxious, too scared to listen further, and instinctively reached out to snatch the reporter's phone in a rush.

This action, born out of sheer fear, immediately sparked anger among those nearby, "Miss Fuller, why are you snatching my phone?"

Vivia gripped the phone tightly, biting her lip hard.

She couldn't give a reason; she couldn't just admit that the contents of the video would utterly humiliate her.

No, this couldn't happen.

"Miss Fuller, please return my phone to me."

"Why would you snatch a phone, guilty after seeing the video?"

Everyone had their phones, and Vivia's guilty reaction immediately aroused everyone's curiosity.

They all began to open their phones.

The voice in the video continued to haunt her like a death knell.

"The one who sent the photos to the media wasn't her..."

"It was you!"

"Ah..." Vivia covered her ears tightly, screaming shrilly, "Stop playing it, stop playing it, none of you are allowed to play it."

But no one listened to her. Everyone held onto their phones, chattering away.

The woman's voice in the video kept speaking clearly, followed by Vivia's angry roar, "Shut up, all of you shut up, what's the use of talking so much, Hope Williams? You can't deny that the photos are real. Do you dare to swear that you've never wronged Waylon Lewis?"

"Why should I swear? My husband trusts me, I don't need to prove anything with an oath, right?"

Lastly, the gentle and firm voice of Waylon Lewis resounded, "Right, no need for any proof, I trust her."

The video ended, and the whole truth came out.

Mia was the photographer, Vivia was the publisher; the sisters were jealous of Hope Williams, started rumors, and deliberately slandered her.

But the couple in question was full of love and about to be married.

Blinded by jealousy, the sisters orchestrated this whole drama.

But not only the Fuller sisters, Old Master Fuller was also implicated.

The video cleared everything, and just as it was released, all information about Young Madam Lewis's affair online disappeared.

Even as Vivia continued to hug her head, screaming in despair, the reporters had no intention of letting them off.

"Can you explain the situation with the photos?"

"Did you intentionally release the photos and leak them to the media because of personal grievances against Young Madam Lewis? Looking for revenge?"

Vivia bit down hard, not answering anything.

Just then, a black car stopped, and a group of people got out, pushed through the reporters, and pulled up Mia and Vivia Fuller.

The sisters, feeling as though they'd seen the cavalry, hurriedly got in the car.

Inside the car, Old Master Fuller's face was livid with anger.

Vivia was shocked, straightening her back, calling out with unprecedented fear, "Grandpa."

From the third-floor balcony of the old house, the scene at the front door could be clearly seen.

Luke had handled everything and, with a sigh, closed his laptop and walked over to join Willow, looking down at the scene below.

Baby grunted heavily.

"Still wanting to harm Mommy, why can't these two bad aunties ever learn?"

“Bad aunties are really dumb, but they think they are so smart,” Willow sighed helplessly. Her mommy had no lack of rivals in love, which was trouble enough for her mommy.

But with them by her side, they would definitely protect Mommy.

At the hospital, when Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis arrived, Christopher Lewis was still in surgery, with Alitzel Williams anxiously clasping her hands together, pacing in front of the operating room.

“Mom,” Hope went over and took Alitzel’s hand, “Don’t worry, he’ll be fine.”

Alitzel’s face was streaked with tears; she looked apologetically at Hope.

“Little Hope, don’t hold a grudge against your dad; that’s just the way he is, single-minded, focusing only on the company. The idea of family and business alliances is deeply ingrained in him, which is why he’s so hostile towards you.”

Hope shook her head. She didn’t resent Christopher Lewis; he was simply foolish, unable to see Vivia’s true colors. What wrong had he done?

Besides, he was indeed looking out for Waylon and the family business.

Hope sighed softly and said, “Mom, I don’t blame him.”

Alitzel sniffled and patted Hope’s hand, “That’s good.”

Alitzel looked at Hope, lips moving as if she wanted to say more but hesitated, her eyes conflicted, ultimately choosing to remain silent.

Christopher’s surgery was successful, performed by Director Woods himself. After Director Woods briefed Alitzel on the precautions, Alitzel was relieved and thanked him profusely.

Christopher was still unconscious in the hospital room, and Alitzel sat beside her husband, feeling both angry and pained.

Seeing that Hope, Waylon, and Wyatt Lewis were all still there, Alitzel stood up and looked at them, “You all go back first, I’ll stay here. It’s been a tiring day for you, Little Hope, and you’re pregnant—go rest.”

Hope pressed her lips together and nodded, “All right.”

Staying there would probably anger Christopher when he woke up, knowing he was fine was enough.

Waylon gave Christopher a deep look on the bed and, without saying anything, took Hope by the hand to leave.

“Waylon, stay behind,” Alitzel called out to him.

Chapter 350: Chapter 350: Concerning the Company’s Survival Chapter 350: Chapter 350: Concerning the Company’s Survival The three of them looked over at Alitzel Williams again in unison, Waylon Lewis’s brows and eyes didn’t move; his expression was very indifferent.

Hope Williams withdrew her gaze, glanced at him, and turned to walk out of the hospital room.

Wyatt Lewis closed the door of the hospital room, Hope Williams sat down on the bench, and Wyatt Lewis leaned lazily against the wall.

When everything quieted down, Hope Williams recalled Liam Cloud’s words before he left, “I’ll explain this to you,” and that he said he didn’t fire the gun.

But at that time, she saw him raising the gun, and the next second she heard a gunshot, Christopher Lewis fell to the ground.

Everything happened so fast.

So fast that it didn’t give Hope Williams any time to react, she slowly furrowed her brows.

Liam Cloud wouldn’t lie to her; if he dared to act, he certainly dared to own up.

But just because she believed it, didn’t mean the Lewis Family did; their hatred for him ran deep, and everyone at the old mansion had seen him with their own eyes raising the gun.

Hope Williams couldn’t help but lift her hand to her forehead.

“Sister-in-law, you’re thinking about Liam Cloud, aren’t you?” Wyatt Lewis spoke indifferently.

“Yeah.” Hope Williams lifted her head.

There was a coldness in Wyatt Lewis’s eyes, “He fired the gun, just like back then. Back then he killed my brother, and today he almost killed my dad. This bastard is the bane of our family.”

“Did you see him firing the gun?”

“I saw him raising the gun.”

The moment he raised the gun, people instinctively looked in horror at the person being aimed at.

So, whether he actually pulled the trigger in the end, nobody noticed, all they noticed was that he had raised the gun, and the next second after he raised the gun, there was a gunshot, and Christopher Lewis hit the ground.

Everyone thought Liam Cloud was the shooter.

If Liam Cloud hadn't said those words, Hope Williams would have thought the same.

People always trust what they see with their own eyes first.

But he said he didn't, and Hope Williams believed in his character, so she believed someone else was the shooter.

Someone who wanted to frame him, just like before.

“Wyatt, if I say it wasn't him who shot, would you believe it?” Hope Williams asked unwillingly.

Wyatt Lewis sneered coldly, his voice chilling, “Sister-in-law, do you believe it?”

“I believe.”

A chill congealed between Wyatt Lewis's brows, his solemn expression sending shivers down one's spine, “Sister-in-law, even if you're friends with him, you can't just blindly trust him. Everyone saw it, he fired the gun.”

Hope Williams felt a blockage at the pit of her stomach; without speaking further, without evidence, no one would believe her.

Hope Williams sighed and looked toward the tightly closed door of the hospital room. Alitzel Williams must have asked Waylon Lewis to stay because of this matter.

Then Waylon Lewis came out and saw that Hope Williams was sitting on the bench; she closed her eyes slightly, her expression carrying deep exhaustion.

At that moment, Waylon Lewis's heart twitched.

He walked briskly towards Hope Williams, crouched in front of her, and the turbulent emotions in his eyes dissipated.

“Tired?”

He raised his hand to touch Hope Williams’s head; she looked at him with her head down, not speaking. She stretched her arms around his neck and nestled into his embrace like a kitten.

Waylon Lewis hugged her tightly.

Hope Williams did not speak; she just wanted to hug Waylon Lewis. In his broad and warm embrace, she could allow herself to be vulnerable for a moment.

“Let’s go home.”

“Yeah.”

Waylon Lewis picked her up and carried her out step by step.

Back home, Waylon Lewis took off his suit jacket, instructed the servant to get an ice pack, and sat next to Hope Williams, carefully applying it to her swollen cheek.

His brow had not relaxed, his eyes full of heartache.

His phone on the table kept ringing, nonstop calls coming in, as if urgent, but he didn’t answer, annoyed, Waylon Lewis simply turned off the phone.

Hope Williams glanced at the discarded phone, sighed, and reached out to take the ice pack.

“What are you doing?” Waylon Lewis did not let go, continuing to apply it carefully.

“Let me do it myself; you go be busy with work.”

“Is anything more important than you?” His voice was a bit hoarse, his dark eyes reflected Hope Williams’s melancholic face.

“But I can clearly do it myself.” Hope Williams pressed down on his arm, “Waylon Lewis, is there a problem with your company?”

Waylon Lewis’s expression darkened, grabbing her hand and holding it within his, “Yes, the company lost a confidential document, very important, a life-and-death matter for the company, if it falls into a rival’s hands, we’re done for.”

Waylon Lewis spoke blandly, as if saying ‘we’re done for’ was like talking about cabbage going for a few bucks a kilo in the market.

“What does ‘done for’ mean?”

“Bankruptcy!”

Hope Williams immediately became anxious, “Then what are you still doing sitting here! Aren’t you worried! Go back to the company! I’m fine here! Hurry, go!”

Waylon Lewis raised his eyebrows slightly, dead serious, “Not important.”

“What if the company collapses?” Hope Williams got so agitated she couldn’t sit still, staring wide-eyed.

Waylon Lewis’s expression relaxed slightly, a faint smile appearing at the corner of his mouth.

“No worries, we still have a house and a car, at worst I won’t be a big boss anymore, we’ll live a little more frugally, but life will still go on.”

Hope Williams stood up and pulled on Waylon Lewis’s sleeve, her expression serious, “How important am I that you’d give up on saving the company to stay here with me?”

“If I had to choose between the company and you, I choose you.”

“No, Waylon Lewis, that’s just like what a foolish ruler would do, and I’m like that femme fatale bringing disaster to the country.”

“Yeah, sounds good.”

Hope Williams scoffed in amusement, what time was it for this man to start assuming it was all right to abandon ship.

Hope Williams couldn’t be bothered with him anymore and turned to go upstairs.

“Where are you going?”

“To check how much money we have left and see if it’s enough to cover your losses.”

Waylon Lewis chuckled softly, following her up the steps, but as soon as Hope Williams’ foot touched the first stair, she suddenly felt unsteady. Frowning slightly, Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis, “What are you doing?”

“Just teasing you.”

“What?”

“There is a very important document that’s lost, but it’s not enough to cause a collapse.”

Hope Williams paused for a second before reacting, then hit Waylon Lewis's shoulder hard, "At a time like this, still making jokes."

"No more jokes."

The atmosphere in the room finally relaxed a bit, and getting back to the point, Waylon Lewis let her sit back on the sofa, Hope Williams snatched the ice pack beside her and pressed it against her face, bent over to pick up the phone and handed it to him, her eyes carrying a fierce warning.