

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 31 – 40

Such People Should Be Kicked out of the Hospital - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 31 - 31 Such People Should Be Kicked out of the Hospital

Chapter 31: Chapter 31 Such People Should Be Kicked out of the Hospital

If Aurora Wood had indeed demanded a divorce in public, the words stubborn, unreasonable, aggressive would have become indelibly associated with her.

And he most certainly would have played the part of accommodating her, caring for her, and reluctantly agreeing to the divorce, oh how innocent he would appear.

Truly, a paragon among men.

Had Hope Williams not known the full story, she would have given him a thumbs-up and praised him a few times.

Hope sneered inwardly, somewhat admiring Joy Ward for her ability to feign weakness, garner sympathy, sow discord, and win over people's hearts—all while aspiring to become Mrs. Lewis on one hand, and fishing for opportunities in the hospital on the other, climbing higher by using every possible resource at her disposal.

According to Hope's understanding, Aurora's parents were also renowned doctors, with Aurora's father serving as the hospital's deputy director. The Wood family had been esteemed in the medical field for generations, and Beau Harrison was their son-in-law, supported every step of the way by Aurora's family.

The only thing that made Beau Harrison risk offending the Wood family and divorce Aurora was Joy Ward's instigation, along with hints insinuating she was interested in him. Next would be her proven tactic with men: neither accepting nor rejecting outright.

Joy always relished the thrill of being admired for her beauty and taking what belonged to others.

Hope's words caused Aurora to reflect deeply, and she soon became enlightened, staring at Hope with wide eyes filled with shock and a sense of admiration and gratitude. "My God, Doctor Williams, if it weren't for you holding me back, I would have fallen right into his trap."

Aurora thought about it and a deep sense of disappointment crossed her eyes, followed by anger. "How could the boy I spent my days and nights with become like this? Has he forgotten who fought for that deputy director position under his butt?"

"Words are useless; I want a divorce." Aurora's eyes were filled with resolve. Such a husband, even if she had once loved him deeply, now she wanted nothing to do with him.

Disgusting, utterly disgusting.

Hope Williams raised an eyebrow, "So you want to divorce, but not now?"

Aurora looked into Hope's clear and wise eyes with increasing admiration, then asked puzzled, "When then? I can't wait to cut ties with him immediately."

Hope couldn't help but sigh at Aurora's innocence and straightforwardness, "When the fox's tail is exposed. If you ask him for a divorce now, he'll turn around and play the victim, the good man. Do you want to let him succeed?"

"Of course not, Doctor Williams, you're really smart. I feel like you're the godsent savior here to rescue me." Saying this, Aurora's round cheeks broke into a gentle smile, making her look somewhat endearing.

Hope chuckled, "I can only help you; the only one who can save you is yourself. Do you remember what I told you that night?"

"Yes, yes, I remember. I practice every day now. I'll make up for everything I've lost, and I won't disappoint you."

Hope nodded with a smile.

"Doctor Williams, the director is asking for you in his office."

Hope nodded, "I'll be right there."

"Don't worry about me, go ahead. I won't fall into their trap again."

"Good." I hope so.

...

"Doctor Harrison, don't be angry, that Hope Williams just loves to meddle, and she often teams up with Aurora Wood to bully our Joy. Joy is so kind and beautiful, has repeatedly let it go without holding a grudge, which only makes her worse," Valentina River said weakly, frowning with a look of helplessness and fragility.

“What, she’s bullying Joy?” Beau Harrison’s brows furrowed immediately, looking worriedly at Joy Ward.

Joy looked down, her expression one of helpless resignation, and she shook her head at Beau, her eyes full of forbearance. “I’m fine, don’t worry about me, Doctor Williams has misunderstood me, I don’t blame her.”

Valentina kept heaping more accusations on Hope Williams.

The more Beau listened, the angrier he got, and his look towards Joy Ward became more distressed, “Joy, you’re just too kind. How can you let her bully you like that?”

Upon hearing this, Joy and Valentina exchanged a quick glance, with Valentina continuing, “Doctor Harrison, that Hope Williams is extremely cunning and doesn’t deserve to stay in our hospital.”

Beau Harrison spoke sternly, “Exactly, rest assured, I’ll find an opportunity to report this to the director. Such a person should be thrown out of the hospital.”

Joy Ward sneered inwardly; dangling him had indeed been somewhat useful.

Once this reached the director’s ears, and the director personally ousted Hope Williams from the hospital, that would truly be a delight for many.

Joy Ward was in a much better mood just thinking about it.

At that moment, Hope Williams arrived at the director’s office.

Hope Williams gently knocked on the door, “Director, did you want to see me?”

Director Woods took off his reading glasses and, seeing Hope Williams, greeted her with a friendly smile, “Hope, come in, have a seat.”

Hope Williams sat down on the sofa next to him while Director Woods made tea, his face full of joy, “Come, try the new tea I’ve brewed. If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t share it with anyone else.”

Hope Williams took the teacup and took a small sip, giving face with high praise, “The aroma is overflowing, it’s slightly bitter on the tongue, but the aftertaste is sweet and pleasant, a really excellent tea.”

Director Woods, with a proud smirk, asked, “How does it compare to that old guy, your master?”

Hope Williams's eyes were tinted with a helpless smile, "Director Woods, why must you compete with my master about everything? If he heard you, he'd be sure to challenge you to a contest again."

"Not frightened, since he's not here at the moment."

"But you didn't call me here just to have tea, did you?"

"Clever. Today our hospital welcomed a genius in the field of neuroscience. You know this person; want to meet him later?"

"Oh? I know him?" This piqued Hope Williams's curiosity.

"Knock, knock." Two knocks sounded at the door.

Hope Williams's attention was drawn by the sound; the door was ajar, and a tall figure stood at the entrance.

"He's here." The director chuckled, "Speak of the devil, and he shall appear. Benjamin, come in and take a seat."

Benjamin Myers was dressed in a light-colored suit, bringing with him an aura of clean freshness.

Their eyes met, and Hope Williams's slender eyelashes fluttered slightly. Upd@te by n0vgo .c0

Benjamin Myers, looking at the girl in front of him, his handsome amber eyes showing a hint of surprise as they rested on her.

Benjamin Myers smiled faintly, his voice warm, "Junior sister, long time no see."

Hope Williams, pleasantly surprised, looked at him, "Senior brother? When did you return to the country?"

"Just the other day, not long ago."

"Ha ha ha, I knew you two must know each other."

Hope Williams was still somewhat astonished. The neuroscience expert referred to by the director was Benjamin Myers, a prodigy in the medical world who had always developed his career overseas. His sudden return caught Hope off guard.

"Both of you, one is a prodigy in the medical field, and the other is the 'Sainted Healer,' excellent! Our hospital is truly strengthened with both of you on board," Director Woods

couldn't stop smiling, almost ready to pull Hope Williams and Benjamin Myers aside and pop open a bottle in celebration.

"I'm just as surprised as you are that senior brother is returning," Hope Williams laughed.

Benjamin Myers looked at the girl before him with glowing eyes, his gaze full of indulgence, "From now on, we will be colleagues, junior sister. Please take good care of me."

Hope Williams's smile was sweet, "The same goes for you, senior brother."

Hope Williams returned to the conference room, where Aurora Wood had saved a seat next to her, "Doctor Williams, here."

Hope Williams sat down next to Aurora Wood.

Joy Ward glanced at Hope Williams with a smile and asked, "Doctor Williams, I heard the director was looking for you, was there something?"

Hope Williams's expression was calm, her eyes cast down flipping through her meeting notes, her lips lightly parted, her voice low, "Nothing much."

Joy Ward still wore a full smile, her voice soft and probing, "You seem quite familiar with the director. We've been at the hospital for quite some time but have rarely visited the director's office."

Chapter 32: Chapter 32: The Prodigy of the Medical World

She casually flipped through the documents in front of her, seemingly indifferent as she made the remark.

The speaker seemed to be speaking without much thought, but the listener took it to heart for sure.

"Joy, how can we compare to Doctor Williams? After all, to get into the hospital, one must rely on quite a few connections, right? And it's only normal to be on good terms with the director, right, Doctor Williams?" Valentina River and Joy Ward played off each other, their insinuations couldn't be more obvious.

"Heh."

Hope Williams' fingers paused as she turned the page, and she raised her head slowly, her elbows propped on the desk, ten slender, jade-like fingers cradling her chin as she let out a cold laugh.

"So, Doctor River, you're implying that Director Woods has taken my bribe?" Hope Williams paused, "Everyone heard that, right? Make sure you convey Doctor Ward's and Doctor River's words accurately to the director."

"You!" Valentina slapped the table and stood up, her expression shattering immediately, unable to hide her panic, "When did I say Director Woods took a bribe? Hope Williams, you're slandering me!"

"We all heard it," Aurora Wood testified, raising her hand.

"You two are in cahoots!"

"Uh-huh?" Hope Williams still wore a smile, calm and composed, "Then you ask the others, ask the surveillance."

Before Valentina River could finish, Joy Ward frowned and tugged at her, still smiling, "Let's not mind that. On behalf of Doctor River, I apologize to Doctor Williams. It's just that Doctor Williams' high school diploma being sufficient to get into the hospital is indeed a sensation. Doctor River meant no offense; sorry, Doctor Williams, she didn't mean to doubt the director."

She didn't mean to doubt the director, but she did doubt me.

Look at that, look, this is how you talk. With just a few words, she's cleared herself of offending those above her and managed to bite back at Hope Williams.

And yet she still maintains an innocent, fragile demeanor of nobly apologizing on behalf of others.

When it comes to acting, Joy Ward is undoubtedly the champion of pretense.

"That's right, a person of dubious character, at such a young age seducing men, pretending to be all high and mighty..."

At this moment, Director Woods and Benjamin Myers, who were at the conference hall entrance, frowned as they listened to the exchange between the few.

"Stop arguing, you over there, the director is here!" someone shouted.

Valentina River glared at Hope Williams and whispered a threat, "Hope Williams, this isn't over."

Director Woods set down the files in his hands heavily, sweeping an unhappy glance in the direction of Joy Ward and her company.

For a moment, Director Woods didn't speak, and everyone exchanged glances, silence filling the air, tense and ominous.

Director Woods put on his reading glasses and flipped through the documents in front of him, his expression still grave.

"Some doctors in our hospital, instead of working, don't forget to belittle their colleagues. Do you all have nothing to do?" Director Woods's voice was heavy.

"Did you hear that, Hope Williams? Director Woods is looking at you, talking about you," Valentina said, arrogantly, the epitome of 'if I don't think he's talking about me, then it must be someone else.'

Hope Williams couldn't be bothered with her.

After the director gave a few words of reprimand, many people's attention still focused on Benjamin Myers beside him.

The man's exceptionally handsome face, cool demeanor, and a gentle, jade-like temperament naturally attracted the eyes of many young female doctors.

"Director, who is this?"

"Almost forgot to introduce him," Director Woods returned to the matter at hand, solemnly, "This is Benjamin Myers, Doctor Mye—"

Before Director Woods could finish speaking, a buzz rose below.

Someone exclaimed, "You are the neurosurgery expert with the undefeated legend in neurosurgical operations, Doctor Benjamin Myers?"

Benjamin Myers simply lifted the corners of his cool, thin lips into a slight arc, nodding slightly, his voice soothing, "Yes, I am."

"My goodness!" Another uproar almost lifted the roof, "It's really you, you're absolutely my idol, I've dreamed of learning from you."

"And me, me too."

Several doctors stood up excitedly.

A few neurosurgery chiefs immediately consulted Benjamin Myers on some issues, and he spoke calmly, eloquently discussing the tricky questions fluidly.

The chiefs couldn't help but applaud, "Worthy of being the pride of the medical community, we've learned a lot."

"Yes, these few problems have plagued me for a long time, I didn't expect Doctor Myers to solve them in just a few words, I need to rush back and continue research following your line of thinking immediately."

Benjamin Myers humbly nodded his head slightly, his consistently gentle face adorned with a soft smile, "You flatter me, seniors."

"Joy, the new doctor is so handsome!" Valentina River, looking at Benjamin Myers' face, was infatuated and overexcited. The next moment, she saw Benjamin Myers' gaze cast in her direction.

A shiver went through Valentina River's heart, as the man started striding toward them.

Enthralled, Valentina tugged at Joy Ward's clothes, "Joy, look, I just noticed Doctor Myers has been looking at you, and now he's walking towards you. Joy, do you know Doctor Myers?"

Joy Ward blinked and looked up to see the man walking unhurriedly, straight towards her. She sat up nervously, pursed her lips, and shook her head, "It's also my first time seeing Doctor Myers."

"Joy, could it be love at first sight from Doctor Myers? He might be coming over to ask for your contact information. Here he comes, he's coming over."

Hearing this, Joy laughed shyly, immediately adopting a modest demeanor, yet her heart burst with joy. If she could captivate him at first glance, it would certainly be something to boast about. Feigning coyness, Joy teased Valentina River, "Valentina, don't talk nonsense."

"Am I? Joy, you're gorgeous and skilled in medicine; any man would fall for you at first sight," Valentina River flattered as usual, with reckless abandon.

Even though she knew it was just flattery, Joy Ward still very much enjoyed it.

Chapter 33: Chapter 33: Benjamin Myers asks Valentina River for contact information?

"My god, Joy, he's really walking towards you."

A chilly aura approached, and Joy Ward couldn't help but tense up, her hands tightening and loosening on her knees.

Although she knew she was beautiful, she hadn't expected Doctor Myers to be so eager to greet her after just one meeting. It seemed she really was charming.

Since he had taken the initiative, Joy Ward felt she naturally needed to make an impression. She stood up eagerly, her eyes fixed intently on Benjamin Myers' handsome face.

Although Benjamin Myers couldn't compare to Waylon Lewis, she didn't mind having one more admirer, especially since he was a renowned medical genius. If he pursued her grandly, how many people would envy her!

At that moment, Joy Ward was enveloped in supreme confidence, holding her head high with a sweet and generous smile, striking a pose and extending her hand boldly, "Doctor Myers..."

She was eager to greet him, yet the man indifferently passed by her and went directly towards someone behind her.

Joy Ward's face stiffened harshly, only to hear the man gently tapping on the table in front of Valentina River.

"Doctor Myers, you?" Valentina River immediately stood up nervously, her breathing quickening, her whole body tensing.

Joy Ward froze in place, her eyes wide in disbelief as Benjamin Myers breezed past her to approach that wretched woman Valentina River.

Joy Ward had been so confident just moments ago, assuming Benjamin Myers would certainly greet her, but he had not even given her a proper glance from the beginning to the end!

Doctors who had witnessed the scene couldn't help but cover their smiles.

Joy Ward gritted her teeth, standing there both furious and embarrassed, neither sitting nor standing.

At that moment, Valentina River's mood soared, her heart feeling as if it would burst from her chest.

What? Benjamin Myers brushed past Joy Ward for her.

Oh god, Valentina River felt like her true love had finally come.

Such an outstanding man came for her, so did he like her?

Valentina River was full of joy. Facing the gloomy gaze shot by Joy Ward, she glanced lightly and simply ignored it. Having caught the eye of the renowned prodigy in medicine, did she still need to ingratiate herself daily? She could now hold her head high.

“Doctor River, is it?”

Benjamin Myers’ voice was mellow and pleasing, infused with a refined air, making Valentina River almost faint with excitement.

She nodded continuously, “Yes, it’s me, it’s me, hello Doctor Myers, I am Valentina River.”

“Right, it’s you!” Benjamin Myers’ lips curled into an icy smirk.

But Valentina River, immersed in her joy, didn’t notice the cold curvature and kept nodding.

It’s me, it’s me, it’s truly me!

“Doctor Myers, you must have something to tell me, please go ahead, I’m listening,” Valentina River said coquettishly, lowering her head like a demure woman, waiting for Benjamin Myers to continue.

Hope Williams watched these two women show off in front of her senior like peacocks and couldn’t help but scoff with a mocking smile.

She said nothing, just tilted her chin and quietly observed them.

“I heard just now this doctor use the term ‘dishonorable conduct’ to describe Doctor Williams,” Benjamin Myers smirked with a cold edge, the pleasant smile not reaching his eyes, “So, I would like to ask, Doctor, do you have any evidence?”

Valentina River’s face harshly stiffened, “What? What? Doctor Myers, you came over here just to ask me that?”

Benjamin Myers quirked an eyebrow, “What else did you think?”

“I...”

She thought he was coming over to ask for her contact information.

“Doctor Myers, just now Doctor River and Doctor Ward even thought you were interested in them,” Aurora Wood, unafraid of stirring up trouble, raised her voice playfully, unabashedly exposing the women’s thoughts.

Joy Ward glared fiercely at Aurora Wood, and under the crowd's laughter, she desperately wished she could burrow into the ground.

Benjamin Myers only offered a shallow smile, but he didn't let Valentina River off the hook because of this little episode, "Doctor River, please answer my question."

His voice remained crystal clear but carried an oppressive force.

"I... of course I have."

Valentina River's mind was a mess at that moment.

"Then please present it."

"This incident was known to the whole school back then."

She said without hesitation.

Benjamin Myers smiled faintly, "If it was known to the whole school, how come I wasn't aware of it?"

"You!" Valentina River bit her lower lip harshly, her gaze darting away, her voice trembling.

Continuing calmly, "Doctor River, be more careful with your words in the future, think before you speak. Since you have no evidence, you should apologize to Doctor Williams, right?"

Chapter 34: Chapter 34 Waylon Lewis's Bewilderment

Benjamin Myers's voice was calm yet full of momentum, making Valentina River shiver uncontrollably. Under everyone's gaze, she bowed her head fiercely, not daring to look up at Benjamin Myers.

She felt as if her face had been slapped twice, burning with pain.

At this moment, she just wanted to escape from this embarrassing situation quickly.

"I... I'm sorry, Doctor Williams, it was my fault. I shouldn't have spoken carelessly."

Valentina River quickly finished speaking and sat down, feeling as if she had lost all her face for life, cursing Hope Williams for her disgrace.

Benjamin Myers actually defended Hope Williams... Joy Ward furiously fiddled with her lab coat.

"I'm sorry, Director, for taking up your time. Please, continue."

"It's fine, take a seat." Director Woods wasn't displeased and nodded to indicate Benjamin Myers to take a seat.

Benjamin Myers nodded, ignoring the surprise of others, and sat down next to the vacant seat beside Hope Williams, his dark eyes filled with a gentle smile as he looked at her.

Joy Ward and Valentina River turned pale, and upon turning around, they saw the incomparably handsome man sitting beside Hope Williams, sharing a smile with her.

Benjamin Myers was clearly there for Hope Williams.

What was so special about her?

Why would such a remarkable man choose someone so dirty and shameless?

Director Woods looked deeply at Benjamin Myers and Hope Williams, seemingly understanding something, raised his eyebrow with a smile, and then continued the meeting, "Next, please report on your work this month..."

After the morning meeting ended, Hope Williams walked out of the meeting room with Aurora Wood, only to see Joy Ward and Valentina River escaping in disarray.

Aurora couldn't help but laugh out loud, "They had it coming."

"Little Hope." A clear and gentle voice called out.

Hope Williams turned around and saw Benjamin Myers standing behind her. Aurora Wood, perceptive as ever, looked at Hope with a knowing smile, "Well, Hope, I'll leave you two to chat. I need to check on a few patients, so I won't join you for lunch."

"Alright."

Benjamin Myers nodded meaningfully to Aurora, his gentlemanly, jade-like demeanor causing Aurora's face to flush with a hint of blush.

"Shall we have lunch together? And, Little Hope, if you have time, could you show me around the hospital?"

Hope Williams smiled gently, "Of course, let's go."

Benjamin Myers watched her smile, his eyes briefly flickering, a soft smile mixed with a touch of adoration.

“Thank you for stepping in earlier.”

“Stop calling me senior; just Benjamin is fine.”

Hope Williams smiled lightly, “Alright.”

“By the way, how has the master been recently?”

“He’s been enjoying his walks and fishing, just always talking about you. He’s worried you might be taken advantage of now that you’re back in the country and have no one to support you, always mentioning you and missing those two little troublemakers, Luke and Willow. Honestly, you three are the apple of his eye. If he were ten years younger, he’d surely fly over and drag you back.”

Hope Williams’s fine brows furrowed, and her eyelids lowered, a hint of apology passing through her pupils.

“I’ve made him worry. I’ve been so busy lately that I forgot to call him to report my safety. I’ll be sure to apologize personally when I go back.”

“He dotes on you the most; he won’t blame you...”

Suddenly, a nurse hurried over, “Doctor Williams, there’s trouble! The patient in bed 306 has had a sudden turn, and we’ve had to move the surgery to this noon. They are already in the operating room.”

“What? Okay, I’ll be right there.” Hope Williams’s expression was urgent, and she was already running towards the operating room, hurriedly saying to Benjamin Myers, “Sorry, Benjamin, I can’t have lunch with you now. I’ll treat you to dinner. I have to go now...”

Benjamin Myers, understanding the urgency, immediately nodded, “Okay, go ahead.”

Meanwhile, in the Lewis Clan Group.

In the understatedly luxurious conference room, the atmosphere was particularly oppressive and somber.

All the senior executives were sweating profusely, not daring to breathe too loudly, heads bowed low, continuously checking their reports for any minor errors.

After the Head of Administration had finished his report, he stood there, extremely nervous, waiting for the big boss to speak.

After a long time, soaked in sweat and legs trembling, he cautiously lifted his eyelids to glance at the man in the main seat.

The man in the main seat, leaning back in his chair, tapped the table intermittently with his slender fingers, the watch on his wrist glinting coldly.

His deep eyes stared into the distance, lost in thought.

Thomas Hughes could not fathom what was on Waylon Lewis's mind at that moment.

Having worked alongside Waylon Lewis for many years, it was the first time he had seen him distracted during a meeting.

Chapter 35: Chapter 35: Waylon Lewis is afraid of missing Hope Williams

So he was distracted?

Waylon Lewis had never been distracted during a meeting before!

"Boss? Boss!" Thomas Hughes carefully reminded him.

The man looked down and flipped through the documents in front of him, frowning in annoyance; he couldn't take in a single word today.

The head of the administrative department was scared out of his wits.

This expression on the Boss, could there be some serious problem?

It's over, it's all over.

The head of the administrative department was already prepared to put his affairs in order.

After a while, the man suddenly stood up.

"..."

"?"

"Let's take a ten-minute break."

With that, Waylon's slender fingers lifted to wave at Thomas Hughes. He stepped out of the meeting hall, with Thomas following closely, leaving behind a group of people looking at each other in confusion.

Had the meeting been interrupted because something serious happened?

In the President's office, Waylon Lewis stood in front of a large floor-to-ceiling window with his tall and noble silhouette.

His overwhelming presence made Thomas even more anxious.

Could something serious really have happened?

Waylon turned around, his gaze swept over Thomas indifferently. Just as Thomas thought his Boss was going to instruct him to handle some major event, Waylon asked in a deep voice, "If... someone made a big mistake, how should they handle it?"

What?

What?

What?

Had he heard it wrong?

What kind of question was the Boss asking? Thomas's mouth twitched. Regaining his senses, he immediately said, "Naturally, the first step is to apologize."

"It's useless." The things he had done to that woman back then, an apology would be useless. "She's still misunderstanding me."

"She?" Thomas rack his brains, thinking of who 'she' might be. A "ding" sound went off in his head, combining all the information; when it came to his boss making a big mistake with anyone, it only pointed to his ex-wife for sure.

"Miss... Miss Williams?"

To keep company with a tiger is fraught with danger; it's better to be cautious, Thomas tentatively asked.

The man twisted his eyebrow wearily, "Hmm."

Thomas thought for a moment and said, "Since there is a misunderstanding, wouldn't it be best to clearly explain?"

"Explain? I should explain to that madwoman? Will she even listen?" Whenever he mentioned the child, she acted like it was the end of the world, wishing she could chop him up to ensure her and the child's safety.

"Uh... Did you... have you explained to her, Boss?"

Waylon gave him a bland look, and Thomas immediately bowed his head in fear and trepidation.

He shouldn't have asked; how could he question the Boss? If the Boss said so, he must have tried to explain, but the ex-wife wouldn't listen. It was hopeless for the Boss, so how could he question him? It was damnable of him.

"I haven't!"

Hmm?

"..."

"Where is she now?"

Thomas was quick-witted. Looking at his watch, he immediately said, "At this time, Miss Williams should be at the hospital working."

Waylon's gloomy face eased up a bit, "Let's continue the meeting."

"Yes."

The dignified Rolls-Royce parked steadily in the parking lot ahead of time.

The man got out of the car, took out a cigarette and bit it in his mouth. With one hand in his trouser pocket, he stood tall and leaned slightly against the car, his cool gaze landing on the white car beside him.

That was Hope Williams' car. He arrived half an hour before she finished work, afraid of missing her.

Although President Lewis was biting a cigarette in his mouth, his heart was preoccupied with how to speak to that woman.

Thomas, standing beside him, twitched the corners of his mouth ever so slightly. He stole glances at his Boss and that expression of deep contemplation, as if making a decision on a multi-billion dollar project, even tinged with hesitation and fear, what was going on?

No, that was wrong.

The Boss, whenever making any business decision, always carried a confident assurance, never hesitating like this.

Thomas couldn't help but grumble inwardly.

Clearly, the Boss cared a lot about his ex-wife. If he didn't care, why did he get lost in thought during the meeting, even interrupting the meeting to ask him those questions?

If he didn't care, why would the Boss leave a hall full of people because he was afraid of missing out, coming early to wait?

Hope Williams was leaving on time today; she had asked Aria Richardson to pick up Luke and Willow the last few times, but this time she promised the two treasures she would come herself.

Hope packed up her things; with a "ding", the elevator arrived, and Hope entered. Following her into the elevator were Joy Ward and Valentina River.

Clearly, because of the morning meeting, these two women could hardly keep their disdain off their faces, looking grim and as if they wished they could grind her to dust.

As long as they didn't provoke her, she naturally wouldn't bother with them. Hope simply ignored the two sinister glares from behind.

"Hope, you must be very happy now," said Joy, with her arms crossed and glaring venomously at Hope.

Hope, oblivious to the others, played with her phone. "Oh? Why do you say that?"

Her voice rose, unabashedly filled with a hint of laughter.

"Seeing you embarrassed? It cannot be denied, I am quite pleased." With that, Hope's delicate eyebrows quirked up, and she smiled faintly, "However, the level of confidence you two have is truly astonishing."

Chapter 36: Chapter 36 Joy Ward Refuses to Admit

"Why are you so smug?" Valentina River gritted her teeth and shoved Hope Williams as the elevator doors opened.

Hope sidestepped quickly, her gaze icy.

"Slut, shameless, you just rely on your face, right? All you're good at is seducing men. You think you're so great, but let me tell you, you're nothing but a lowlife. Remember how you did those filthy deeds and got kicked out of medical school? What, you still disagree?"

Over the years, you've really climbed up the ranks, sticking by President Lewis' side, snatching Mrs. Lewis' spot from our Joy, and now seducing Doctor Myers. You're nothing but a man-stealing vixen."

Having suffered such great humiliation today and also having offended Joy Ward, Valentina naturally couldn't swallow this insult. She especially needed to show her stance in front of Joy Ward, and at that moment, her sharp voice filled with rage and sarcasm echoed through the vast underground parking lot.

Joy Ward stood quietly to the side, holding herself superior, and shot a sarcastic glance at Hope Williams.

Hope's expression remained calm as she lightly dusted off her clothes, "Crazy."

She was in a hurry to pick up Luke and Willow, no time to waste here with these idiots, not sparing them another glance as she swept past them.

Joy Ward took a step to block Hope's way, "Explain yourself."

"Explain what?" Hope tilted her head and looked at Joy Ward with a mocking glance, "Do you find this amusing? Fighting like a mad person every day, don't you get tired?"

"Hope Williams, I'd advise you better..."

"Don't bother, it's annoying." Hope interrupted Joy Ward directly.

Joy almost exploded with anger, "What do you have to be proud of, Hope Williams? You're no longer the envied Mrs. Lewis; you're just a woman discarded by Waylon."

"Oh, what's it to you? Even if I was abandoned by Waylon Lewis, I was still chosen by him at some point. What about you? Never even chosen, let alone to be a discarded wife. How does that make you feel?"

Having said that, Hope arched her brow and turned to leave. Joy Ward's eyes intensely followed Hope's slender back, her hands clenched into fists, and suddenly she stepped forward and violently pushed Hope.

"Little Hope!" Just out of the elevator, Benjamin Myers saw the scene, his cool eyes filled with rage as he urgently called out.

Hope was taken aback for a moment. She was in a rush for Luke and Willow and might be late, but she never expected Joy Ward to play dirty.

She felt a strong force on her back; there was no time to dodge, only managing to slightly shift her body to lessen the impact, her elbow hitting the side of a car hard, causing Hope to wince.

“Little Hope, are you alright?” Benjamin Myers quickly supported Hope, his usually gentle eyes now filled with fierce anger as he stared at Joy Ward.

Hope gritted her teeth in pain, her expression grim.

“Isn’t Doctor Ward going too far?” Benjamin Myers’ voice was as chill as ice congealing under winter.

“Doctor... Doctor Myers?” Joy Ward looked visibly panicked, exchanging glances with Valentina. They had just meant to vent on Hope and hadn’t expected to run into Benjamin Myers.

Now, as Joy Ward feared her reputation might crumble, she quickly put on a concerned demeanor, stepping forward to ask, “Doctor Williams, are you alright? I was just finishing my sentence, only trying to hold you, how did you fall down? I know we have our disagreements, but surely, Doctor Williams, you wouldn’t stoop to feigning injury?”

Hope was thoroughly impressed by this woman’s shamelessness, her ability to blame-shift indeed made everyone else seem blind or foolish, only she was smart!

“Joy Ward, everyone else is blind? Fools, is it?”

Thud, thud, thud...

A rush of footsteps grew closer.

A man grabbed Hope’s wrist, pulling her into his embrace, forcefully snatching her from Benjamin Myers’ hands. He clutched her shoulders, lifted her hand, his brows furrowed, and his dark eyes minutely inspecting her injury.

Initially calm, Hope became fiercely defensive the moment she saw Waylon Lewis, yet the man only tightened his grip, not allowing her to move.

“Try squirming again?” Waylon Lewis’ voice was cold, his eyes icy enough to freeze everything around.

Benjamin Myers, faced with the suddenly emptied embrace, narrowed his cold eyes.

Seeing the distinguished man suddenly appear, Joy Ward’s heart raced out of rhythm, her face pale, hands growing colder.

“Waylon, you... why are you here?”

Despite her fear, Joy steps forward with a gentle, fragile voice and demeanor, as if she wasn’t the one who had pushed Hope.

Waylon Lewis completely ignored her; his eyes fixed only on Hope, “Does it hurt?”

“...It hurts.”

Hope spoke the truth. How could it not hurt?

Joy Ward immediately said, solicitously, “Let me help you bandage it, Doctor Williams.”

Hope couldn’t bother with this insincere woman.

The man’s gaze darkened, lifting his eyes to stare at Joy Ward, his thin lips coldly spitting out two words, “Apologize.”

“What... what?” Joy Ward’s eyes widened in disbelief; Waylon Lewis actually wanted her to apologize to Hope.

Why?

Why should she apologize?

“Waylon, it was Miss Williams who fell by herself, what did I do wrong?” Still playing the pitiful character, her eyes quickly filled with tears, always denying, always distorting facts, always manipulative.

As long as she believed she wasn’t wrong, then it must be someone else framing her.

Waylon Lewis’ handsome face showed no warmth, his eyes deep as abyss, “Joy Ward, am I blind?”

Chapter 37: Chapter 37 If I Don’t Run Away, You Wouldn’t Even Have the Chance to Mention Having Children Today

Joy Ward felt as though her blood was freezing inside her, yet she still didn’t want to admit it, nor was she willing to lower her head to Hope Williams.

Not until Waylon Lewis’s pitch-black eyes swept impatiently towards her; that cold, chilling look made Joy tremble from the bottom of her heart—this man was truly angry now.

Joy bit her lower lip hard, pleading weakly, “Waylon, it wasn’t on purpose...”

Waylon Lewis remained silent.

Joy's legs trembled with fear, and her expression grew weak as she hoped to invoke pity from this cold man.

But there was none.

The man's aura was truly like that of Asura.

Joy bit her lip fiercely. Despite her extreme reluctance, she had no other choice.

"Doctor Williams, I'm... I'm sorry. It was the heat of the moment... I didn't mean it."

"Oh."

Hope Williams's gaze was icy as she glanced at Joy Ward indifferently, her voice cold, "I don't accept."

"You!" Joy bit her lip fiercely.

Hope Williams shook off Waylon Lewis's support and took a step back, her delicate features indifferent, "Thank you, President Lewis, but it's unnecessary."

Waylon Lewis was here simply to pick up Joy after work; there was no need for him to make the person he cared about heartbroken for her sake.

"What do you mean?" Why was this woman becoming more and more distant and guarded by the day?

This feeling made Waylon Lewis very uncomfortable.

"It's not necessary for President Lewis to make the one he cares about heartbroken for my sake."

"..."

Hope Williams nodded slightly and indifferently turned to leave. Benjamin Myers looked unbothered as he walked over to Hope and left with her.

Click!

A sound came from his fingers.

Waylon Lewis's tall figure stood there, his stunning features covered in frost as he watched the departing figures with a cold gaze.

Annoying.

Really annoying.

He even overheard the woman thanking the man in a soft and tender voice. That tone was completely different from when she spoke to him—as if facing an enemy steeped in a blood feud—yet she was smiling sweetly, speaking gently to other men.

Suddenly, Waylon Lewis felt a sharp pain in his heart, realizing that the girl who had always greeted him with a smile seemed like she would never return.

This was something Waylon Lewis could not accept. He did not understand why he couldn't stand to see this woman with other men.

Annoying!

Very annoying!

“Boss...” Thomas Hughes's eyes flickered, as the cold wind swirled past, and the person in front of him had already stepped forward with fiery anger, catching up with the woman who had walked away and grabbing her hand.

“Hope Williams, I have something to tell you. Listen to me.” His tone was harsh and cold, carrying an irresistible dominance.

What explanation, what understanding?

A joke. Did he need to explain himself to her? Understand her?

No need!

What he had to say, this woman must listen to. That was Waylon Lewis—dominant, overbearing, and always carrying an air of supreme arrogance.

Hope Williams was caught off guard by Waylon Lewis's sudden burst of anger. She panicked for two seconds and then quickly regained her composure.

Benjamin Myers stepped forward to stop him.

“Get lost.”

Waylon Lewis's chill was biting.

Hope Williams ground her molars, “Benjamin, this is between him and me. You don't need to intervene.”

Hope Williams didn't want others to be collateral to this man's fury.

"I'm listening, go ahead." Hope Williams met Waylon Lewis's gaze head-on without any pleasantries, "What do you want to say? Are you going to press me for the whereabouts of the children again? Do you want to take them away, is that it?"

Apart from the children, she thought there was nothing else to discuss between her and Waylon Lewis.

"I have never said I would take the children away. It's always been you who assumes I would." Waylon Lewis frowned tightly, staring intensely at the woman, his voice grim.

Hope Williams sneered with eyes downcast.

"Yes, you never said so, but that's what you've done." She lifted her eyes, her gaze cold and uncompromising as she confronted him, "Was it not you who forced me to disclose the whereabouts of the children at the airport? Was it not you who imprisoned me? Was it not you who threatened to starve me unless I revealed where the children were?" Hope Williams's voice grew more vehement toward the end.

Hope Williams was trembling all over. She bit her teeth and nodded,

"Yes, Waylon Lewis, you never said you wanted to take the children, but you have done so. Your actions fill me with immense fear. Now, even in my dreams, I fear that you will take them away."

"Waylon Lewis, do I owe you? Falling in love with you was the biggest mistake I ever made!"

The woman said, her fragile body trembling.

Waylon Lewis's heart was sharply pricked, a flash of intense pain fleeting across his penetrating eyes.

The woman turned around, lifted her head, looked up at the ceiling, and raised her hand to dry the tears that had fallen. Yet her sobbing voice still betrayed her, revealing the vulnerability behind her obstinate strength.

She was a woman too.

How she wished to have a husband who loved her, a happy family. Her children longed for a loving father. Whenever Luke and Willow brought up 'Dad', they would fall silent, afraid of upsetting her, and her heart would ache with sorrow.

So, he, the instigator of all this, had no right to speak to her about the children.

After a while.

The woman's cold voice continued, "Waylon Lewis, if I were you, I would keep silent about the children because of what you did five years ago. If I hadn't run away back then, you wouldn't even have the chance to mention the children today."

"If I hadn't run away back then, you wouldn't even have the chance to mention the children today."

The woman's cold voice echoed in his ears.

Waylon Lewis's deep eyes intensely flickered with a mix of sharp pain and helplessness.

He couldn't refute what she said.

But times had changed. He hadn't wanted children before they were married; it had been agreed upon beforehand.

Now that the children were born, he had responsibilities to assume.

Towards her, towards the children.

The car left in front of him, leaving behind a trail of unpleasant exhaust.

In the vast parking lot, with dust blown by the cold wind, the man's tall, lonely silhouette was inexplicably desolate.

Chapter 38: Chapter 38 Who Does Mommy Like?

Benjamin Myers drove, with Hope Williams sitting in the car, watching the scenery outside constantly recede. The dryness in her eyes meant the tears never fell.

Luke and Willow were clever, and if they noticed, the two little ones would start worrying again.

Hope Williams calmed herself after a while. Although her mood was still downcast, her delicate features had regained their usual composure, though her graceful nose tip was still faintly red.

"Benjamin, I'm sorry for the trouble today."

"Little Hope!" Benjamin Myers turned his head to look at her, "He is the father of Luke and Willow, isn't he?"

Hope Williams lowered her eyes and responded dully, "Mhm, but he's not a qualified father."

Benjamin Myers's gaze deepened, driving with one hand. He reached for a cartoon eye mask in the car and handed it to Hope Williams.

Hope Williams looked slightly puzzled.

"Close your eyes, clear your mind, rest for a few minutes. You wouldn't want Luke and Willow to see something is wrong, would you?" Benjamin Myers's voice was as smooth and mellow as ever, with a gentle rise at the end.

Hope Williams lifted her fair hand and gently received the eye mask, looked up at Benjamin Myers, and gave a faint smile. "Thank you."

The car came to a steady stop at the school entrance.

Luke and Willow were each being led by a teacher; almost all the other children had already been picked up by their parents, clearly the twins were anxious.

Hope Williams hurried over, and as soon as Luke and Willow spotted her, their unhappy faces immediately lit up with smiles, sweetly calling, "Mommy."

Watching this scene, Hope Williams felt a sharp sting in her heart and quickly embraced the twins.

"Mommy, why did you come so late? The other kids are all gone, Willow almost thought Mommy didn't want brother and Willow, baby." Willow's expression was filled with distress.

"Mommy would never not want my two treasures." Hope Williams gently apologized, "I'm sorry, babies, Mommy was late, it's my fault."

"Mommy, how did your hand get hurt?" Willow carefully noticed the slight redness on Hope Williams's elbow.

"Why does Mommy keep getting hurt? First a mean dog bites your mouth, now you're hurt again. Can't you be more careful?" Luke, holding on to Hope Williams's hand, blew on it and reproachfully scolded her like a little adult.

"Mommy must be in so much pain." Seeing Hope Williams hurt, Willow couldn't help feeling distressed and tears started to fall.

"...Luke, Mommy's okay, don't cry, Willow, really, I'm fine. It's just a little scratch, some ointment will do. Can you help Mommy apply the medicine when we get home?" Hope Williams busied herself comforting them.

“Okay.” The twins chorused.

“Bitten by a mean dog?” Having parked the car, Benjamin Myers swung by a pharmacy to buy medicine and had just heard about Hope Williams being bitten, which made him tense up instantly, his eyes fixed on her.

“...” Hope Williams reflexively bit her lip lightly, her pretty face flushing with embarrassment.

“It’s a long story, it’s in the past, I’m... I’m fine now.” Hope Williams wanted to escape the subject quickly.

Benjamin Myers, seeing Hope Williams avoiding his gaze and speaking evasively, suddenly felt puzzled. What kind of dog bites someone’s mouth?

“Hello Uncle Benjamin.” Luke and Willow politely greeted Benjamin Myers when they saw him.

“Why did Uncle Benjamin come back from abroad?”

Benjamin Myers crouched slightly, gently ruffling Luke and Willow’s hair, his handsome face breaking into a warm smile, “Uncle Benjamin hasn’t seen Luke and Willow for so long, so he came back. And look, Luke and Willow have grown taller.”

“Did Uncle Benjamin miss us when he was overseas?”

“Of course, I did.”

“Did Uncle Benjamin miss us more, or miss Mommy more?”

Hmm?

What?

Hope Williams, who had been quietly listening on the side, had her sweet smile stiffen suddenly.

“Willow...”

What kind of question was that!

Hope Williams looked at Willow, trying to signal her with her eyes, but Willow also looked back at Hope Williams, and the little rascal even made two bizarre faces at her.

What is all this about.

Benjamin Myers chuckled softly, his voice gentle and earnest as it followed.

"I miss both."

Hope Williams laughed dryly twice and quickly changed the subject, "Let's get in the car and talk about it, Luke, Willow..."

"Wait." Benjamin Myers lifted his hand to clasp Hope Williams' wrist.

The sudden warmth that touched her made Hope Williams, who was turning to get into the car, startled for a moment. Her beautiful amber eyes were puzzled as she looked back at him, "What is it?"

Benjamin Myers raised the medicine bottle in his hand, his voice tender as he spoke, "Let's apply some medicine to your wound first."

Hope Williams looked around, "Here?"

"Yep, I'm sure you won't apply it properly once I'm gone."

Hope Williams gave an embarrassed smile, "There's no need, really. This little injury will heal soon enough."

"What do you mean, no need? Mommy, you'll get busy with work as soon as you get home and definitely forget about the medicine," Luke said seriously.

"Exactly, Mommy. You have to apply the medicine properly." Willow added, "Please, Uncle Benjamin, help our Mommy apply the medicine. Mommy, we're all watching you."

Hope Williams was amused by the two little ones' serious, child-like voices.

Benjamin Myers poured a bit of medicinal alcohol into his palm and rubbed it, "Little Hope, even the kids are more sensible than you."

Hope Williams offered a helpless, wry smile, "Sorry to trouble you, Benjamin."

"It's okay. It might hurt a bit, so just bear with it."

His warm, large hand enveloped her fair wrist, while his other hand covered her elbow. He was extra careful as he massaged, afraid of hurting her.

Everything around was silent, so quiet that it seemed only the wind could be heard.

Hope Williams subconsciously shrank her hand back, not because it was painful, but because she felt awkward for some reason.

“Little Hope.”

“Hmm?”

Benjamin Myers lifted his head, which had been bowed, and looked at her intensely with his gentle eyes. He sighed softly, “You need to learn how to take care of yourself.”

Hope Williams’ eyelashes trembled gently.

After treating the wound, Hope Williams suddenly remembered that she had intended to invite Benjamin Myers over for dinner that day. Now that her hand was injured, it wouldn’t be nice to cook, so she suggested, “Let’s go out to eat instead. My treat, as I promised you before.”

Benjamin Myers, understanding Hope Williams’ reluctance to be indebted to anyone, knew she would be uneasy if he didn’t allow her to pay for the meal that evening, “Alright.”

After choosing a restaurant, Benjamin Myers drove there.

“By the way, Benjamin, I haven’t asked you yet, why did you suddenly come back to the country? Weren’t you always planning to develop your career abroad?”

Benjamin Myers, his handsome face still wearing a gentle smile, exuded the demeanor of a courteous gentleman with a refined, jade-like quality, “Yes, that was my plan, but there are important people back home whom I missed.”

Hope Williams wore an expression of someone eagerly watching drama, “So, you’re saying you came back for someone you like?”

“Yeah.” Benjamin Myers chuckled lowly, his pitch-black eyes looking at Hope Williams, full of affection.

Hope Williams, engrossed in her metaphorical melon-eating, paid no attention.

...

After dinner, Benjamin Myers drove Hope Williams and her two children back home.

“Mommy, do you like Uncle Benjamin or Uncle Liam Cloud better?” Luke and Willow each leaned against one side of Hope Williams.

Hope Williams had intended to tell them a bedtime story, but she was caught off guard by their question.

“Luke thinks both Uncle Benjamin and Uncle Liam Cloud are nice.”

“Willow thinks Uncle Benjamin is nicer. Uncle Benjamin takes such good care of Mommy, while Uncle Liam Cloud is always so stern.”

“No matter what, they both like Mommy, but who do you like?”

Chapter 39: Chapter 39 Bro, Can I Survive?

“...”

What on earth are these two little smarties thinking about?

“Mommy, please tell us,” Luke and Willow looked at Hope Williams expectantly.

Hope Williams was embarrassed. “Luke, Willow, who told you that they both like me?”

“We figured it out ourselves.”

Hope patted Luke and Willow’s cute little noses. “You two are little kids with big ideas, always thinking about things. Uncle Benjamin is Mommy’s colleague, and he has someone he likes. And as for Uncle Liam Cloud...”

Suddenly, Hope thought of that mad sharpening of knives scenario, a shiver running through her heart, “He can be considered Mommy’s older brother, so you two should stop matchmaking and talking about liking and not liking.”

“Pfft, Mommy’s just too dense to see it,” Willow muttered very softly to Luke.

Luke very much agreed with Willow’s words, “Exactly.”

“What are you two little rascals whispering about behind Mommy’s back?”

“Nothing, nothing, Willow would never tell Mommy. Willow just said Mommy was silly!” Without thinking, Willow blurted out.

“...” Hope’s face darkened. “Willow, Mommy didn’t quite hear that. Come on, say it again so Mommy can hear.”

Willow quickly covered her mouth, “I won’t say it, I won’t say it.”

“You little rascal.”

“What about that bad daddy?” Luke suddenly asked, tilting his little head up to look at Hope, curiosity in his eyes.

Waylon Lewis?

Suddenly bringing up this man, Hope felt an inexplicable tightness in her chest.

In the past, Hope indeed liked Waylon, liked him so much that she was overjoyed for several nights straight when she learned she could marry him.

She liked him enough to give up her dreams, her social life, to become a housewife, the perfect wife, revolving only around him.

She couldn't deny he was the only man she liked, fell in love with, and wished to be with for a lifetime.

But later... Hah!

Just thinking about it made Hope's heart ache.

Even if she was blind and foolishly loved the wrong person.

But today, for a moment, she actually saw a hint of concern in Waylon Lewis's indifferent eyes.

Faced with this sliver of concern, she was momentarily bewildered.

When he had scolded Joy Ward for her, she wondered if he might still have a tiny bit of feeling for her.

But as soon as this thought emerged, it was immediately snuffed out by Hope.

How could he possibly like her? If he had the slightest affection for her, he wouldn't have left her with a divorce agreement and a check, pushing her to have an abortion.

Hope took a deep breath, suppressing all her emotions deep within her heart, maintaining a warm smile for the children, but she always chose to avoid discussing this topic, "Alright, what on earth are you two little ones thinking about every day with all these weird questions? Time to sleep, let Mommy tell you a story."

Luke and Willow couldn't resist the temptation of Mommy's lovely voice telling them a bedtime story, lying down obediently. Willow hugged her favorite doll, Luke covered up with the blanket, and both closed their eyes ready to sleep.

Hope's soft, gentle voice started, "Once upon a time, a long, long time ago..."

At the Lewis family's old house.

Seeing Waylon come back, Wyatt Lewis sprang up from the sofa, his usually nonchalant face carrying a rare seriousness, “Bro, I have something important to tell you.”

For the grand undertaking of his brother’s reunion with his ex-sister-in-law and to unveil the true face of a bad woman, he had personally waited here until midnight for his brother. Look how hard he was trying.

“Bro?”

Waylon Lewis, with a cold face, went upstairs without any reaction.

Wyatt, “... am I air?”

Wyatt tilted his head, puzzled, and looked toward Thomas Hughes who was following behind his brother with impeccable behavior.

Thomas pursed his lips and made a throat-slashing gesture to suggest to Wyatt the terrifying mood of the big boss at the moment.

Wyatt shivered all over, then looked at the color on his brother’s face again.

Waylon, annoyed, ripped off his tie, the coldness surrounding him like a blue ghostly phosphorescence. If it erupted, it felt like it would extinguish everything.

Wyatt’s hair tingled, and he swallowed hard, “Bro, what’s wrong? Who annoyed you?”

Wyatt clenched his teeth and followed Waylon upstairs.

“Bro, I really have something important to tell you.”

The response to Wyatt’s words was the sound of a “bang” as the door to the study slammed shut.

The doorframe shook along with the door, and Wyatt’s heart trembled.

“...”

Did it have to be this heartless?

Wyatt, like a gecko, plastered himself against the door, ears pricked for any sound inside, but there was complete silence.

Wyatt made up his mind that he wouldn’t give up until he spoke, “Bro, may I come in?”

No response!

“Am I really coming in?”

He asked again tentatively, still no response.

Mainly because there was no command to leave.

According to past experiences, no order to leave meant he could enter.

“Bro, I’m coming in, I’m coming in.”

“Good luck,” Thomas said expressionlessly as he offered encouragement to Wyatt, but his eyes seemed to hold a hint of worry and pity.

Wyatt swallowed hard, and the moment he pushed the door open, something flew through the air with a chilling gust of wind, heading straight for his face.

Wyatt’s dark eyes trembled, instinctively dodging to one side.

There was the sound of a “bang” as a glass cup smashed against the wall, exploding into pieces, shards flying everywhere.

Wyatt clutched his heart, his forehead twitching, “Bro, I’m your own brother.”

Killing me benefits you how? You’ll have no one to help you chase your wife!

〒▽〒

Chapter 40: Chapter 40 Old Master Lewis Falls Ill Again

No one responded.

Inside, there was an eerie silence.

The vast study was shrouded in darkness, with gusts of cold wind blowing through.

This strange atmosphere persisted for an unknown length of time. Wyatt Lewis cocked his head, his gaze fixed on the tightly locked door, moving inch by inch toward it. Then, with the swiftness of a thunderclap, he rushed out of the study, leaning against the door and gasping for air.

He felt as if he had survived a great peril.

He was in there for less than a minute and felt all his blood freeze from the chill inside. Any later and he would have been a goner.

It was too terrifying, too terrifying.

“Thomas, who the hell pissed off my brother? It’s been a long time since I’ve seen him this angry.” Just thinking about the times his brother beat him up was scary enough; whoever provoked his brother must be dead by now.

“Uh...” Thomas hesitated, unsure of what to say.

“Come on, spill it. Is the brave soul who angered my brother already growing grass on their grave?”

“No, she’s fine, but the boss is really angry.”

“She?” He was curious about the lucky person who had enraged his brother yet lived to tell the tale, “Who is it?”

“...”

“Come on, tell me.”

Unable to withstand Wyatt’s curiosity, Thomas looked around and then whispered mysteriously, “The ex-wife!”

“Holy shit!”

Wyatt wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. “Hope Williams?”

Did Hope Williams provoke his brother to this extent?

Damn, he was just about to go in to talk about Hope Williams. May Buddha Ancestor bless him that he hadn’t spoken yet, otherwise...

He could very well imagine his brother chasing him with a forty-meter long sword.

“I think my life is more important than this matter. I’ll wait until my brother calms down before speaking.”

The corner of Thomas’s mouth twitched.

Second Young Master, where has your courage gone?

“It’s bad, the Old Master Lewis is having an episode and throwing up blood.”

Wyatt was about to head back to his room when he heard a commotion coming from the Old Master’s upstairs room. Waylon had already left the study, and the two brothers’ complexions darkened simultaneously as they hurried toward the Old Master’s room.

Suddenly, a sense of urgency rang throughout the entire Lewis Family’s old house.

“Quick, notify Elder Murphy and Joy to come over, quickly!” Alitzel Williams was frantically arranging everything in the Old Master’s room.

The family doctor had already arrived, and the servants were in a state of panic.

The scene was chaotic.

“Beep beep beep...”

The heart monitor began to emit a rapid sequence of alarm beeps.

Wyatt’s step hesitated as he entered the room. He frowned, turned around, and dialed Hope Williams’s number.

Boom boom boom, at some point a thunderstorm had begun outside, and the rain was pouring down.

The thunder was loud, and Hope hurried to close the windows.

Willow was just as scared of thunder as she was. Wanting to make sure Willow would not become restless and wake up crying if she couldn’t find her, Hope covered Luke and Willow with their blankets and decided to bring her laptop into their room to work.

Hope concentrated on creating surgical plans for her patients on her laptop, her slender fingers dancing across the keyboard. Suddenly, her phone rang with an unfamiliar number.

Hope hastily silenced her phone, glancing at the peacefully sleeping Luke and Willow. She put down her laptop, picked up the phone, and tiptoed out of the room.

“Hello, who’s this?” Hope answered the call while also taking the opportunity to pour herself a glass of water, which she held in her hand.

“Sister-in-law, help.”

“What happened?” Hope’s grip on her phone tightened, and her heart began to race.

“Grandfather is sick again for some reason, and the situation is very urgent. Sister-in-law, please come over quickly.”

“What?” Hope’s hand holding the cup trembled, and the glass cup violently crashed to the floor, shattering with a grating sound.

Hope was in a daze, glanced nervously toward the room, quickly grabbed her medicine box, and replied, “I’ll be right there.”

How could this be? Old Master Lewis's condition was showing signs of improvement. If his medication was taken precisely according to her prescription, such a serious episode shouldn't be happening.

Hope hurriedly put on her shoes in the foyer when Luke opened his room door, rubbed his eyes, and came out. Seeing Hope about to leave so late, he approached with concern and asked, "Mommy?"

"Baby, did you wake up? Did Mommy wake you up by being too loud?"

Luke rubbed his eyes, "No, I woke up on my own. Where are you going, Mommy?"

"Mommy is going to the Lewis Family old house for a bit. There's an old grandpa there who is very important to Mommy, and he is sick and needs Mommy. Can my baby stay home and sleep well and wait for Mommy to come back?"

"The Lewis Family old house? Daddy's home?"

Hearing that Hope was going to the Lewis's, Luke's brow furrowed. He had heard from conversations between Mommy and her friend that the people at the Lewis's were bad, just like Daddy.

"Yes." Hope squatted down to fix Luke's pajamas, her gaze gentle, "Luke, Willow is scared of the thunder. Can you help Mommy take care of her? Mommy will be back very soon."

"Okay, then you come back quick, Luke will wait for you."

"My good baby."

Hope didn't have time to say more to Luke and quickly left after a few words.

Luke obediently went back to his room, intending to go back to bed, but he was drawn to Willow's soft crying. He hurried over to hug his sister, gently touching Willow's small face and whispering, "What's wrong, Willow?"

Boom! A violent storm ensued outside.

Willow's little body shrank, her face already crying red, clutching a plush toy, and sobbing softly, "Brother, where's Mommy? Willow is scared."

"Don't cry, don't cry." Luke quickly wiped away Willow's tears. "Don't be scared, your brother is here."

Luke climbed onto Willow's pink little bed, his small body hugging Willow, comforting her gently, "You want to see Mommy, don't you?"

"Mhm, mhm, where did Mommy go, brother?"

“Mommy has something important to do, she went to the bad daddy’s house. But if Willow wants to see Mommy, your brother has a way.”

Willow snuggled into Luke’s embrace, hearing that her brother had a way to see Mommy, she immediately looked up with round, hopeful eyes, “What can you do, brother?”