

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

Chapter 351: 380

Chapter 351: The Sacrificial Piece Chapter 351: Chapter 351: The Sacrificial Piece
Waylon Lewis, with no choice, took the phone. "Can you handle being alone at home?"

"No problem, call someone to send Luke and Willow back later."

"Okay."

"Go on with your business." Hope Williams urged.

"Sure." Waylon Lewis obediently grabbed his coat, placed a kiss between her brows, and turned to leave.

"Waylon Lewis." Hope Williams suddenly remembered something and stood up to follow him a few steps.

"Hmm?"

"I..." Hope Williams pursed her lips, "Can you give Liam Cloud one more day?"

Although Waylon hadn't mentioned Liam Cloud, Hope knew that he had sent people to capture him.

Liam said he would explain everything to her, and he wouldn't break his promise.

What she could do now was to buy him time before he found the evidence.

Waylon's expression darkened slightly, he paused for a moment, and then nodded, suppressing the emotions in his eyes, "Alright, one day."

Hope clenched her lips, watching Waylon leave, thinking that if she had known Waylon would agree so easily, she would have asked for two days.

She wondered if that person could find evidence within one day.

Hope wasn't idle either; she had Luke bring the surveillance footage from the old house, something that Luke was very good at.

She watched the surveillance footage carefully several times. Coincidentally, the camera was facing in the direction of Liam's back, which meant it didn't capture the entire scene behind him.

Moreover, since there were many people around at the time, reviewing distant surveillance footage proved fruitless.

Hope turned the volume up to the maximum; the sound of the gunshot was heard precisely one second after Liam raised his arm, and due to the camera angle being behind him, it blocked the view of his hand, making his actions invisible.

Hope, distressed, ran her fingers through her hair, hesitated for a moment, then picked up her phone and called Liam.

After several rings, no one answered.

Hope glanced at the clock; it was still early. She couldn't just sit at home waiting for doom; she grabbed her car keys and left.

Fuller Family.

Vivia Fuller and Mia Fuller, the two sisters, knelt on the ground and sobbed quietly, not daring to make much noise.

Old Master Fuller sat on the couch without saying a word.

Vivia, frightened and desperate, knew she had not only failed again but had also pushed the Fuller Family into the public eye.

The Lewis Family would not let this go.

What should she do?

"Shut up." Old Master Fuller exploded with a roar, annoyed by the crying.

"Both of you are only good for ruining things, not making them happen. Didn't you say it was foolproof? Huh?"

A teacup shattered in front of Vivia's knees, scattering into pieces. Vivia trembled but didn't dare to flinch.

"Grandpa... it was Mia, Mia didn't tell me she sent the photos to Waylon Lewis. If she had told me, it wouldn't have ended like this," Vivia's voice shook as she spoke, head bowed.

Old Master Fuller's sharp gaze pierced Mia Fuller, who felt the oppressive force even without looking up.

She trembled, "It's not like that, Grandpa. I didn't tell her, but she took the photos from me and never shared her plan with me. I only found out later, by then it was too late to say anything... Grandpa..."

Each had their own version of the story, leaving Old Master Fuller with a headache.

"Both of you, shut up."

"Really, Grandpa, believe me."

"I asked you many times, and you never told me. Mia Fuller, you now want to blame me, if it weren't for you, today wouldn't have failed, and the Lewis Family would have been dragged down with Hope Williams, all because of you."

"How dare you blame me..."

"Shut up!" Old Master Fuller shouted loudly.

The sisters immediately silenced themselves.

"So much noise, you only know how to argue. You argued at the Lewis Family's place, and now you're still arguing back here. Haven't you argued enough? My face is nearly gone because of you two."

Both kept their heads down, not daring to utter a word.

"The Lewis Family won't let you off easily this time; someone must pay the price."

After such a big incident, he did not believe Waylon Lewis would not respond.

"Grandpa, please save me, save me..." Mia Fuller was really scared.

Old Master Fuller stood up, looked at Mia deeply, and sighed, "Mia, I've arranged a plane ticket for you, sending you abroad, and you can never come back."

Mia's face turned pale.

"What do you mean? What are you saying, Grandpa?"

Did he mean to abandon her? Someone had to pay the price, and she was that someone.

To abandon her and protect Vivia?

Mia couldn't believe it; she crawled forward, knees scraping the floor, "Grandpa, this wasn't my fault, it was all her idea, all her!"

“No need to say more, you have just half an hour to pack your things. You must disappear in half an hour.”

“Grandpa...” Mia Fuller lay on the ground, howling in tears.

Vivia bowed her head, not daring to move a muscle, fearing Old Master Fuller might send her away as well.

Being sent abroad from a wealthy family meant only two possibilities: one, to be nurtured abroad, and two, to be discarded and left to fend for oneself.

Clearly, Mia Fuller was the latter.

Old Master Fuller waved his hand, and two bodyguards immediately stepped forward, pulling Mia up.

Mia struggled desperately, her makeup smeared all over her face, looking ghastly.

“No, Grandpa, please, don’t send me abroad, it’s clearly her fault, why abandon me, why is it me?”

Mia couldn’t accept it; she was indignant.

Why was it that every time Vivia made a mistake, she bore the brunt?

Why did he always choose to cast her aside?

The first time was in Waylon Lewis’s office when he said in person: “Mia, you better go to jail.”

The second was the last time at the Knox Family when Vivia’s idea harmed her, she received no comfort, and he was ashamed of her, locking her in a room for an entire month without leaving.

The third time was today: Clearly, it was Vivia who came up with the failed idea, but she was the one being discarded.

Why?

Why was she always the one to be abandoned?

And Vivia, time after time making mistakes, kept being forgiven and protected.

“This time, if it weren’t for you, her plan wouldn’t have failed. Other than causing trouble, what else are you good for? You are just a waste; the Fuller Family does not keep waste.”

Waste!

Mia Fuller froze in shock; her face blank as she suddenly understood. In his eyes, interests were above everything, and they were all just pawns in his hands.

Originally, he arranged her engagement with the Knox Family to use her to draw them closer.

Later, when she ruined it, he no longer cherished her as before because she became useless and couldn't bring him benefits.

Now that the situation had escalated so much, he needed someone to take all the blame, to bear the wrath of the Lewis Family.

And that person was her.

Because Vivia was of use to him, while she was not.

She was discarded as a useless pawn and sent abroad to fend for herself.

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor - Chapter 352 - Chapter 352 Chapter 352 Sacrifice

Chapter 352: Chapter 352: Sacrifice Chapter 352: Chapter 352: Sacrifice She was discarded as an expendable pawn and thrown overseas, to survive or perish on her own.

But this was all Vivia Fuller's fault.

She orchestrated everything, why should she bear the consequences for her?

She would not accept it, she was unwilling.

Even in death, Mia Fuller refused to be treated as expendable.

Mia Fuller clenched her fists tightly, her grip continuously tightening.

Old Master Fuller waved his hand, and two bodyguards stepped forward to drag Mia Fuller away. This time, Mia Fuller didn't cry or make a fuss, as if she had accepted her fate, however, her eyes, now devoid of color, were filled with venomous hate.

Vivia Fuller squeezed her eyes shut tightly. Thankfully, she still had her uses to Old Master Fuller, so he kept her around; otherwise, she would be facing the same fate as Mia Fuller.

Thinking of this, Vivia Fuller let out a melancholic smile. Born into such a wealthy family, she had no choice but to claw her way up, or else she would be trampled to death.

Like Mia Fuller, uselessness would turn her into a sacrifice.

If she didn't do something soon, she would be the next victim.

But what could she do now?

She had tried everything and still hadn't bested Hope Williams.

All her misfortunes stemmed from Hope Williams.

Yet that woman was living happily.

She had a loving husband, a pair of adorable children, and was now pregnant again, living a blissful and happy life.

Why was fate so unfair?

Her life was in shambles, yet she was fine.

Vivia Fuller could not accept this, she would not.

She wasn't going to sit idly by and wait for doom.

"Get lost as well," Old Master Fuller roared.

Vivia Fuller clenched her jaw and stood up, her head bowed as she quietly walked out. As she reached the door, she saw a car stop.

A man got out of the car.

Vivia Fuller narrowed her eyes, staring at the man approaching from afar—Henry Fuller!

Why was it him? Henry Fuller was her aunt's eldest son, her cousin, but he had always been sent by Old Master Fuller to manage subsidiary companies. Why was he here at this moment?

"Vivia," the man smiled at her.

Vivia Fuller felt that the smile seemed malicious.

His father had married into the Fuller family, so his surname was Fuller too. However, Old Master Fuller disliked him, and Vivia Fuller had never taken him seriously. Presently, she returned the courtesy with a perfunctory smile, "Why have you come?"

"Old Master Fuller asked me over to familiarize myself with headquarters," the man noticed her superficial smile. He lifted his glasses on the bridge of his nose, and his eyes behind the lenses carried a cold gleam.

A feeling of dread surged in Vivia Fuller's heart—familiarize himself with headquarters!

Old Master Fuller couldn't possibly be thinking of grooming him as the successor.

What about her? Her...

Had Old Master Fuller already decided to abandon her?

Henry Fuller gave Vivia Fuller a slight nod, sidestepped her, and walked a few steps before pausing. He smiled, "Cousin, you seem to be having a lot of trouble lately. When you have time, you should rest. Don't make trouble. Once I take over the Fuller Family, I won't be as lenient as Old Master Fuller. If you cause any problems, I won't let you off."

The man's words carried a threatening undertone despite his smiling face.

Vivia Fuller angrily turned around, ready to retort but swallowed her words.

Great, he's already acting high and mighty even before becoming the Family Head.

Who does he think he is, daring to be so presumptuous in front of her?

Whether he could become the Family Head with her here remained to be seen! Just wait and see!

Vivia Fuller got into her car, sped away from the old residence, her heart festering with anger, and she drove furiously until a black car unexpectedly rushed out from the side without warning.

Vivia Fuller's eyes nearly popped out in shock; she slammed on the brakes and barely managed to stop in time.

That black car looked awfully familiar!

Vivia Fuller's heart sank. Before she could react, a group of burly men with menacing auras stepped out of the car, and she frantically tried to reverse.

But the men had already reached her car door.

“Bang.” A sound.

The car window shattered instantaneously, and the car was forced to a stop.

“Help! Help! Don’t come any closer.”

Vivia Fuller shouted, but the men ignored her, a hand reaching in and grabbing her hair. The car door was opened, and she was forcefully pulled out.

“You... let go of me, help, help... um...”

Her mouth was covered, reducing her to muffled sounds. She flailed her arms and clawed wildly, trying to escape her bonds, but the man in black was too strong. Gripping her firmly, he dragged her into the car regardless of her struggle.

“Who are you?” Vivia Fuller’s voice trembled, gripped by utter fear.

The man sneered, “Ask yourself who you’ve offended.”

Vivia Fuller likely had an answer already. She shook her head, screaming wildly, “No, let me go, let me go, I want to call the police, I will call the police.”

The man laughed coldly, “Calling the police? Good idea. Hiring someone to kill, try it and see who gets locked up first, you or us.”

Vivia Fuller’s face collapsed, her lips quivering uncontrollably, “Hire? Hire someone to kill? What are you talking about? It wasn’t me, I didn’t do it, you’re talking nonsense.”

“Idiot.”

The man grabbed Vivia Fuller’s hair, “Did you think you were foolproof? Daring to frame our Big Boss, are you ****ing tired of living?”

Forced to look up, Vivia Fuller’s face twisted in pain, by now unable to cry.

Big Boss!

Of course, it was that man!

At this moment, profound fear made her entire body shake. The car soon arrived at a posh villa.

Vivia Fuller was pushed inside, swallowing her saliva in a frenzy, looking around nervously. Amidst extreme tension, a man’s piercing scream suddenly came from the living room.

Chapter 353: Chapter 353: Proving Innocence Chapter 353: Chapter 353: Proving Innocence Vivia Fuller shrank her neck, looking terrified in the direction of the sound.

She saw a silver-haired man lounging lazily on a single sofa, with a man lying in front of him, twisted and tortured beyond recognition, beneath him a trail of blood, the air thick with the stench of blood.

“Ah!” She covered her mouth, but couldn’t help screaming.

Vivia Fuller had never seen such a scene before, and it scared her legs weak.

The noise startled the man, who glanced sideways, his deep, dark eyes filled with indifference. He nodded slightly, and two men in black dragged Vivia Fuller up and pulled her in front of him.

Vivia Fuller suddenly fell face-first into that winding trail of blood.

Her hands were covered in blood, and her light-colored dress was thoroughly stained; as she frantically wiped her dress, trying to remove the blood, it only spread more.

The smell of blood made her gag continuously, and her stomach churned violently.

Her fear surged to her head, terrified that she would end up like the man before her.

“Liam... Liam Cloud... let me go, I won’t dare again, please, I beg you, let me go, I dare not...”

Liam Cloud held a cigarette between his lips and chuckled recklessly, asking coldly, “Do you know this person?”

Vivia Fuller dared not raise her head and lay trembling on the ground.

“Deaf?”

The oppressive tone in his cool, thin voice was suffocating.

Vivia Fuller slowly lifted her head and glanced at the man.

Robert Faye!

Vivia Fuller froze there.

“Do you recognize him?”

“No...”

“Think carefully before you speak.”

“I... I recognize...” Vivia Fuller hurriedly replied, almost choking on her own saliva.

“You recognize him, then it’s easy to handle.” Liam Cloud said sinisterly, curling his lips, stepping towards Robert Faye, and pointed a knife tip under his jaw, “Repeat what you just confessed.”

Robert Faye was beaten to a pulp, powerless to resist, laboriously uttered, “It was... it was the young lady who instructed me... everything was instructed by the young lady... even shooting Christopher Lewis was her instruction...”

“No, it wasn’t me.” Vivia Fuller waved her hands frantically, “No, not me, it was Old Master Fuller, it was my grandfather, Robert Faye is my grandfather’s man, without my grandfather’s order, no one can command him, framing you for the shooting, I really had no idea about it, you can check it, really, Robert Faye only follows my grandfather’s orders, everyone in the Fuller Family knows this!”

Vivia Fuller’s face was ashen, she loudly contradicted Robert Faye’s words, terrified that Liam Cloud wouldn’t believe her, she continued shouting, “Really, I really didn’t lie to you about this, I admit I hate Hope Williams, but such a meticulous plan could not have been completed without my grandfather.”

Vivia Fuller wanted to stay alive, she kept telling herself that she must survive, she must.

Liam Cloud’s chiseled face showed no emotion, his eyebrows and eyes still, his fingertips casually tapping on the armrest.

Vivia Fuller didn’t know if he believed her, she dared not look up, already drenched in sweat.

“I’ll give you a chance.”

After Liam Cloud spoke, he motioned, and his subordinate immediately handed Vivia Fuller her phone.

“If you can get that Goddamned Fuller to admit it himself, I’ll believe you.”

Vivia Fuller glanced down, looking at Liam Cloud, her heart skipping a beat, quickly avoiding his gaze.

She gripped the phone tightly.

“Okay.”

This old man was unkind, looking for someone to replace her, and she couldn't be blamed for being disloyal to him.

She was merely trying to save her own life, and it wasn't her fault.

Liam Cloud casually glanced at her, “Put it on speaker.”

Vivia Fuller held the phone, fumbling several times with a number she knew by heart.

She managed to make the call, and soon Old Master Fuller's impatient voice came through, “What is it?”

Vivia Fuller steadied her breathing, and quickly spoke, “Grandfather... I... I'm scared, what if the Lewis Family investigates? What if they investigate Uncle Lewis being shot? Grandfather, they won't let us go, what do we do, I'm scared.”

“Why be afraid? I had Robert Faye handle this matter, he's reliable, don't scare yourself, stay indoors these days, don't go to the office, I've already asked Henry to temporarily manage the company, just rest well.”

Vivia Fuller clenched her teeth in anger, the old man obviously couldn't wait to replace her.

Though she hated it in her heart, Vivia Fuller still obediently replied, “I understand, grandfather, rest assured I won't cause you any more trouble.”

Vivia Fuller had just finished speaking when Old Master Fuller had already hung up.

“You heard that, right? It really was my grandfather...”

“Of course, I heard.” Liam Cloud slowly picked up a recording pen.

After speaking, he threw the recording pen to his subordinate, “Take this to Waylon Lewis, I need to prove my innocence.”

Vivia Fuller's shoulders sagged helplessly, “You did this on purpose, you...”

Vivia Fuller realized then that she had been played by Liam Cloud.

Once this recording reached Waylon Lewis, it would all be over.

Not only would it involve Old Master Fuller, but it would also implicate the Fuller Family.

She just wanted to survive, not to destroy the Fuller Family.

Waylon Lewis would not let her go, he would not let the Fuller Family go.

Vivia Fuller completely panicked.

“Don’t give it to Waylon Lewis, please don’t give it to Waylon Lewis, Liam Cloud please...”

Vivia Fuller was mentally breaking down, shaking her head frantically.

“So afraid of him?” Liam Cloud narrowed his eyes.

Yes, Vivia Fuller was indeed terrified, nodding forcefully.

Liam Cloud lightly clicked his tongue, “But I insist on giving it to him.”

Vivia Fuller bit her lip firmly, collapsing onto the ground in despair.

Liam Cloud waved his hand, signaling his men to take Vivia Fuller away.

Vivia Fuller suddenly looked up at him, her eyes filled with panic, “You said as long as I could make Old Master Fuller admit it, you would let me go.”

“When did I say I’d let you go?”

“You’re not keeping your promise!” Vivia Fuller screamed.

She had betrayed Old Master Fuller, betrayed the Fuller Family, and he still wasn’t willing to let her go?

“Crazy, when did I ever promise to let you go?” Liam Cloud’s face was cold and indifferent.

Chapter 354: Chapter 354: No Need to Hold Back Chapter 354: Chapter 354: No Need to Hold Back “No, you can’t do this, let me go... Help, help, let go, let go of me.”

Vivia Fuller didn’t want to die; she flailed her arms desperately, grabbing at anything in a strong desire to live.

Liam Cloud waved his hand, signaling his subordinates to release her.

Vivia Fuller fell back onto the ground, gasping for breath in disarray.

Liam Cloud looked at her with an amused expression, “Selfish people like you really cling to life.”

As long as she could live, she would sell out everybody.

Liam Cloud chuckled and then thought of something fun; he casually picked up a gun from the table, held it in his hand, and aimed it at Vivia Fuller.

Vivia Fuller, terrified, contracted her body, her eyes filled with fear and bloodshot, "What are you... what are you going to do?"

Liam Cloud's face displayed a smile, but to Vivia Fuller, that smile felt sinister, even his gaze made her feel like she was being watched by a devil.

"Let's play a game, if you win, I'll let you go."

Vivia Fuller didn't feel any relief from his words; she didn't dare to imagine how twisted the game thought up by this devil could be.

"What... game?"

"Do you like Waylon Lewis?"

Liam Cloud curled his lips, "Let's see if he will save you. If he's willing to rescue you, I will let you go."

Vivia Fuller's mouth twitched, her hand holding a phone felt scorching hot.

Would Waylon Lewis save her if she called him?

He hated her to the core.

How could he save her.

"If you don't call, take her away."

Liam Cloud saw her standing there in a daze, completely out of patience.

"I'll call, I'll call, I'll call," Vivia Fuller repeated frantically.

This was her last chance, no matter how slim the hope was, she had to call.

She had to make the call!

She immediately dialed Waylon Lewis's number, her fingers trembling as she prayed for Waylon to pick up quickly.

Praying that Waylon would save her for the sake of their childhood friendship.

But her prayers were useless.

She couldn't get through to Waylon Lewis at all, he had blocked her.

Vivia Fuller had never felt so desperate, but she wasn't willing to give up, looking at Liam Cloud with a pleading face, "Can I use your phone for a moment?"

Liam Cloud raised his eyebrows and gave her a chance, tossing his phone to her.

Vivia Fuller quickly typed the number, put the phone to her ear, one hand clutching tightly, her heart pounding violently.

After a long time, Waylon Lewis answered.

Vivia Fuller was overjoyed and immediately said, "Brother Waylon, it's me, I... I've been kidnapped by Liam Cloud, save me, save me..."

Before Vivia Fuller could finish her words, there were two beeps from the other end of the call.

He hung up!

Vivia Fuller felt a cold bucket of water had been poured over her.

Liam Cloud sneered.

"Bang." A gunshot sounded, and Liam Cloud fired a shot in front of Vivia Fuller.

"Ah." Vivia Fuller screamed out in horror, her face pale, and she threw the phone out of her hand.

The phone fell to the ground, and a ringtone sounded the very next moment.

Vivia Fuller stood there in a daze, seeing the number displayed on the phone.

Waylon Lewis had called back!

A glimmer of light flashed across Vivia Fuller's eyes, and with trembling hands, she quickly picked up the phone and answered.

A surge of joy welled up within her.

Waylon Lewis had called back, was he coming to save her?

He must be, otherwise, he wouldn't have called back.

This was great, it seemed Waylon Lewis still remembered their past friendship, he wouldn't abandon her, no way.

This was wonderful.

Vivia Fuller was ecstatic.

"Brother Waylon..."

"Give the phone to him," Waylon Lewis's voice was stern.

Vivia Fuller quickly responded, "Yes, yes!"

Vivia Fuller got up and handed the phone to Liam Cloud, her voice shaking, "He, he's asking for you."

Vivia Fuller felt she was finally saved.

Liam Cloud glanced at her and took the phone, turning on the speakerphone before speaking with a playful tone, "What's up?"

A cold and emotionless voice floated out of the phone, "No need to be merciful."

Vivia Fuller...

What?

Vivia Fuller's eyes widened in shock.

That cold and icy sentence kept echoing in her head.

No need to be merciful!

Waylon Lewis said, no need to be merciful!

She had thought he was telling Liam Cloud to let her go, but she never imagined that Waylon Lewis would say not to be merciful.

Vivia Fuller's vision darkened, a sickly sweetness rising in her throat.

Waylon Lewis, you're truly ruthless!

Liam Cloud's smile deepened, his long, narrow eyes full of mocking laughter, "Did you hear that?"

He raised the gun.

Chapter 355: Chapter 355: You Want to Steal My Credit? Chapter 355: Chapter 355: You Want to Steal My Credit? Vivian Fuller's expression was like a stagnant pool of water, and her eyes closed as she fainted from fear.

Liam Cloud's eyes shifted as he curled his lips, the gun in his hand spun in an arc, and he tossed it onto the table, picking up a tissue and deliberately wiping the bloodstains on his hands.

"Drag her out and wake her up, give her a lesson, and toss her along with the recording pen to Waylon Lewis."

He couldn't be bothered to clean up this mess; he only wanted to prove his innocence to avoid implicating Hope Williams.

Nothing else was his concern.

"Should someone go and inform Sister Hope?"

Liam Cloud's gaze softened, and he lightly raised his eyebrows. "I'll go myself."

After having done such a formidable thing, how could he let others take credit for inviting praise?

His subordinate felt that for such a trivial matter, the Big Boss shouldn't have to do it himself.

Eager to offer his service, he said, "Big Boss, I can go for you for such a small thing."

Liam Cloud's face turned cold.

"Do you want to steal my thunder?"

"Ah?"

His subordinate froze, quickly shaking his head after realizing what he said.

"No, no, no."

Liam Cloud's lips tightened as he languidly eyed the subordinate, his expression dissatisfied.

"If you go and she praises you even a little bit, will the credit be yours or mine?"

The subordinate was stunned yet again.

Yours or mine, what kind of question is that?

Fortunately, he was quick-witted, and the subordinate immediately said, "Of course, it's yours."

"Of course, it's mine. If you go, then I won't be able to hear it, and that's a loss for me!"

"Yes, yes, yes, it's my fault. You should go. You must go this time. No one else will do."

"That's right." Liam Cloud's expression finally improved.

The subordinate wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, wanting to cry but unable to.

He wondered when Brother Wesley would come back. It was too difficult; he had no idea how Brother Wesley had endured all these years by the Big Boss's side.

...

There was a buzz of discussion at the entrance of the Lewis Clan, and at the center of the crowd was a woman covered in wounds.

The woman was still with her eyes closed, unaware whether she was dead or alive, but someone with sharp eyes noticed, "Isn't that Miss Fuller?"

"Are you sure it's Miss Fuller? How did she turn into this? Is she still alive?"

Someone carefully lifted the long hair sticking to Vivian Fuller's face and placed a hand under her nose to check her breath, confirming, "It really is Miss Fuller! And she's still alive."

"What happened? How did she get beaten up like this and was dumped at the entrance of our Lewis Clan?"

"Could it be someone seeking revenge on her?"

"If someone is seeking revenge, so be it, but why dump her here at the entrance of the Lewis Clan? It's really off-putting."

"Do we need to notify the President?"

Just as this person finished speaking, Thomas Hughes briskly arrived with his people. Seeing Thomas Hughes, the onlookers immediately made way.

"Stop gawking, get back to work," Thomas Hughes scolded.

He looked down at Vivia Fuller on the ground, frowning and muttered to himself: she got what she deserved.

Then he waved his hand, signaling people to drag Vivia Fuller away.

After all, this was happening at the entrance of the Lewis Clan, and having an injured person left at the main gate created a bad image.

This Liam Cloud was really enough, deliberately dumping the person here to offend their President!

As Vivia Fuller was dragged up, Thomas Hughes, with a keen eye, noticed a recording pen nearby.

He picked up the pen suspiciously, turned it on, held it to his ear to listen, and his expression changed drastically. He immediately went upstairs and handed the recording pen to Waylon Lewis.

Holding the recording pen, Waylon Lewis's eyes narrowed slightly, and the recorded voice came through clearly:

"Grandfather... I... I'm scared, what if the Lewis Family starts investigating? What if they investigate the shooting of Uncle Lewis? Grandfather, they won't let us off, what do we do, I'm scared."

"What are you afraid of? I charged Robert Faye with this task, you can trust his work, don't scare yourself. You shouldn't go out these days, and you don't need to go to the company either. I've already asked Henry to take over the temporary management of the company, you just rest well."

"I understand, grandfather. Rest assured, I won't cause you any more trouble."

After listening, Waylon Lewis's face turned extremely cold, he abruptly got up and strode outside.

"Bring Isaiah Lewis, go to the Fuller Family."

"Yes."

Thomas Hughes hurriedly followed, this matter was a big deal, the Fuller Family had a lot of nerve playing tricks here.

They were certainly asking for it.

Once in the car, Thomas Hughes started the vehicle swiftly.

Inside the car, Waylon Lewis sat with a dark expression, his eyebrows tightly knit and a coldness gathering between them.

The car was not small, but even so, Thomas Hughes found breathing exceptionally difficult.

Until a phone call broke the deadly silence that had suffocated the car.

Thomas Hughes took several deep breaths.

“What’s going on?” Even now, in his anger, Waylon Lewis’s tone was gentle.

“Where are you?”

The car was quiet, so Thomas Hughes clearly heard that the voice was the lady’s!

Sure enough, the lady was always the savior.

“Just left the company, preparing to go to the Fuller Family.”

“Have you cleared up the matter?”

Hope Williams had seen the photos of Vivia Fuller, covered in wounds, dumped at the entrance of the Lewis Clan, online.

No one could do such a thing except that lunatic.

Since Vivia Fuller was tortured to that point, it indicated progress in the matter.

“Mmm.”

“Come pick me up first, I’m at the old house. Take me with you,” said Hope Williams indifferently.

Waylon Lewis hesitated for a moment but didn’t refuse, “Okay.”

“Then I’ll wait for you.”

After hanging up, Waylon Lewis told Thomas Hughes to drive to the old house to pick up Hope Williams.

Hope Williams stood at the doorstep, waiting a while until the car quickly stopped in front of her. Thomas Hughes got out of the car and respectfully opened the door for her, “Madam.”

Hope Williams gave a slight nod and bent down to get into the car.

Waylon Lewis reached out and held Hope Williams's slightly cold hand in his.

"Why did you think to come along?"

Hope Williams raised her eyebrows slightly and naturally leaned into Waylon Lewis's embrace, "After being wronged so many times, I naturally want to see their downfall with my own eyes."

"As you wish."

The car soon arrived at the Fuller Family's residence.

Old Master Fuller sat alone in the living room. As the guard at the door came in to report, he knitted his brows, unsurprised.

But he was fully prepared to shift all the blame to Mia Fuller, convinced that as long as Waylon Lewis vented his anger, the matter would pass.

It wasn't a big deal after all.

Just as the reporting guard left, another person hurriedly entered and reported, "Old Master, the second young miss has run away."

"Run away? How can you not watch over a single person?" Old Master Fuller glared.

"We've sent people to look for her; we should find the second young miss soon."

"Then hurry up and go."

At the entrance, watching as Waylon Lewis got out of the car with Hope Williams, he wore a suit on the inside and a black coat on the outside, holding Hope Williams's hand. Hope Williams also wore a black coat, with a red knitted dress underneath, her long hair falling over her shoulders, slightly lifted by the wind as they walked.

The two of them commanded an extraordinary presence, full of oppressive force that made people instinctively shy away.

Following them were Thomas Hughes and the guards holding onto Isaiah Lewis.

The old butler felt a sinking feeling, stiffening up as he quickly stepped forward to greet them.

"Pres... President Lewis..."

"Get out."

Chapter 356: Chapter 356: Husband and Wife Join Forces to Punish the Fuller Family
Chapter 356: Chapter 356: Husband and Wife Join Forces to Punish the Fuller Family
The word “simple” carried such an oppressive force that the old butler’s hands and feet went weak with fear.

In the brightly lit living room, Old Master Fuller sat on the sofa, as calm and composed as before, leisurely making tea.

Upon seeing Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams enter, he first smiled and then warmly motioned with his hand, “Please, have a seat.”

Hope Williams responded with a light smile, “Old Master Fuller sure knows how to enjoy his leisure time.”

Waylon Lewis had no intention of engaging in any sort of exchange; he waved his hand, and Thomas Hughes, along with others, dragged Isaiah Lewis in.

Old Master Fuller’s brow twitched violently, but he continued to pour two cups of tea without showing any other emotion, asking with a smile, “What’s the meaning of this, Waylon? Bringing your uncle tied up to my place, what’s the intention?”

“Returning your man to you.”

Old Master Fuller paused for a moment, then laughed, “Waylon, you really are a joker. How could your uncle be my man? Besides, you should quickly let your uncle go; after all, he is your elder. It’s not right to bind him up like this.”

Isaiah Lewis’s mouth was gagged; he mmped for a while, unable to make any sound.

Seeing Waylon Lewis stare at him, Old Master Fuller, who had been navigating the business world for many years, did not show any signs of panic and continued slowly, “You’re here for the photo incident, aren’t you?”

Old Master Fuller looked towards Hope Williams with a light smile, “Miss Williams, for that matter, I really should apologize for my granddaughter, who knows nothing of the world. She took that photo unintentionally, perhaps out of some personal grudge, trying to defame you.”

He sighed and continued, “That’s my failure in educating her, and I am truly sorry. To compensate for your loss, whatever you wish, as long as it’s within my power, I will try to satisfy you. Furthermore, Mia Fuller has been sent overseas, and I guarantee that she could not possibly appear before you again, annoying you. I hope you can forgive us.”

Old Master Fuller looked confidently at Hope Williams, feeling that he had been sincere enough, and this woman should surely agree by now.

After listening, Hope Williams just reacted with a faint smile, her cool voice stating, “Does Old Master Fuller think I’m stupid? What kind of mind Mia Fuller has, I believe you are well aware. Could she come up with such a meticulous plan?”

“I’ve mentioned before that from the release of the photo to it trending on social media, it took less than ten minutes, then with various major media outlets relaying it, making it known to everyone—Mia Fuller couldn’t have done just that.”

Hope Williams stood there quietly, her clear eyes meeting Old Master Fuller’s slightly squinted eyes, showing no signs of fear.

She continued to speak coldly, “The one who took the photo was Mia, the one who devised the strategy was Vivia Fuller, the one who added fuel to the flames was you, and the one who arranged for someone to shoot at Liam Cloud and frame him was also you.”

After listening, the remaining smile on Old Master Fuller’s face completely disappeared, “Miss Williams, I remind you that you need evidence when making statements—all of those are merely your conjectures.”

Old Master Fuller, undoubtedly of higher stature than those two sisters, did not reveal even a trace of panic at this moment.

Hope Williams actually admired the Fullers; an old fox leading two little foxes, constantly causing harm with no shame.

Mia Fuller and Vivia Fuller harmed her out of jealousy, but Old Master Fuller wasn’t like that—his ambition went beyond.

“Old Master Fuller, you are indeed clever. I am Waylon Lewis’s wife, the daughter-in-law of the Lewis Family. If I am exposed for adultery, the sequential effect would be Waylon Lewis losing face, and the Lewis Family becoming a laughingstock. By seizing the opportunity to kill Christopher Lewis and blame Liam Cloud, this would lead to the internal turmoil of the Lewis Family as well as confrontation with Liam Cloud’s forces. With our family preoccupied, and once we are both weakened from fighting, you would just sit back and await your profits, overtaking the Lewis Family once your goal is achieved. Am I right?”

“But unfortunately, you misplaced your trust in Mia Fuller, underestimated Waylon’s trust in me, and also underestimated Liam Cloud. One wrong step leads to a series of mistakes, uncovering the plan, and Christopher Lewis isn’t dead either. Disappointing, isn’t it?”

“And what role does Mia Fuller play in all this? A scapegoat, a sacrifice! You use her to appease the anger of the Lewis Family; sacrificing a useless granddaughter to protect yourself and Vivia Fuller. You really are clever.”

Up to this point, Old Master Fuller’s facial expression had already begun to change subtly, his facial muscles twitching, but he still looked at Hope Williams calmly.

In his heart, he couldn’t help but silently marvel at this woman’s intellect.

But without concrete evidence, he would not admit it, “I’ll repeat what I said before, all these are your speculations.”

Miss Williams smiled, the stubbornness of these three generations was strikingly identical.

“It’s really a pity, the granddaughter you tried so hard to protect, in order to save herself, has betrayed you,” Hope Williams sneered.

Old Master Fuller’s hand resting on the armchair suddenly clenched, “What do you mean?”

Hope Williams turned her head to look at Waylon Lewis, who expressionlessly took out the recording pen, switched it on, and threw it onto the table.

From it came Vivia Fuller’s trembling voice, “Grandpa... I... I’m scared, what if the Lewis Family starts investigating? What if Uncle Lewis’s shooting incident gets investigated by the Lewis Family? Grandpa, they won’t let us off, what should we do, I’m frightened.”

“What are you scared of? I had Robert Faye take care of this matter, you can trust his work, don’t scare yourself...”

Old Master Fuller’s face visibly stiffened, turning from dark to pale, his eyes involuntarily widened – it was really spectacular.

This conversation was all too familiar to him; it was the phone call Vivia Fuller had made to him just two or three hours ago.

He never expected that his most proud granddaughter would deliberately entrap him in this call, and this became the most direct evidence.

“Do you have anything else to say?” Coldness laced Waylon Lewis’s voice.

Old Master Fuller ground his molars, his expression frantic as he sat on the chair, his old and weary eyes showing nothing but shock and anger.

A sweet and metallic taste surged in his throat that, despite gulping down water continuously, he couldn't suppress.

His good granddaughter, indeed a good granddaughter of his.

He turned with a forced smile to Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis, "You really have some good tricks, what else is there? Go on, say it all."

Waylon Lewis, "Isaiah Lewis has always been your man."

"How did the Lewis Family's person become mine?"

Waylon Lewis gestured, Thomas Hughes ripped off the tape covering Isaiah Lewis's mouth, and Isaiah Lewis screamed loudly, "I need to tell Old Master Fuller, I need to tell Old Master Fuller, Waylon Lewis you ingrate, I'm being wronged, I haven't done anything, you're framing me!"

Isaiah Lewis yelled towards Waylon Lewis.

He wasn't stupid; he would never admit that he had colluded with Old Master Fuller, otherwise he would be completely finished.

Waylon Lewis couldn't be bothered to waste words with him, tossing the folder Thomas Hughes handed him onto the table, "These are all the records of your recent calls with him, including the deposits into your account, meeting photos, continue to deny it then."

Isaiah Lewis's roaring voice was as if abruptly choked by a large hand, stiffening in place as he stared at Waylon Lewis, "You've been having someone tail me all this time."

Waylon Lewis sneered.

"You actually had someone tailing me all along!" Isaiah Lewis couldn't believe it; he hadn't noticed at all and had always thought his actions were foolproof.

"Stealing the company's confidential files, causing panic, holding me back, creating opportunities for the Fuller Family, you truly are Old Master Fuller's good son."

Chapter 357: Chapter 357: I Can Afford the Loss Chapter 357: Chapter 357: I Can Afford the Loss Isaiah Lewis's face turned deathly pale, fear filling his eyes as he looked back and forth between Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams, as if everything was beyond his expectations and caught him off guard.

"Since you prefer to follow the Fuller Family's lead, the old master has decreed that from now on, you are no longer a member of the Lewis Family. Return everything the

Lewis Family has given you,” Waylon’s voice was steady, yet it was imbued with a chilling aloofness.

Isaiah stumbled backward two steps, his gaze dark and vicious. Pointing at Waylon, he accused, “You bastard, you backstabbed me!”

Waylon sneered, “Did I force you to betray the Lewis Family?”

Isaiah gritted his teeth, rendered speechless.

“Additionally,” Waylon turned his eyes to the iron-faced Old Master Fuller, “as of today, all cooperation between the Lewis Clan and Fuller Clan is hereby terminated.”

Thomas Hughes stepped forward with the contract, “Chairman Fuller, here is the breach of contract and the penalty fee. You have one day to pay all the penalties, or we’ll see you in court.”

Old Master Fuller lifted his sinister eyes, glaring at Waylon’s cold countenance, his teeth clenched as he spoke, “Waylon Lewis, have you lost your mind? The partnership between the Lewis Clan and Fuller Clan has lasted for over a decade. The projects currently in production alone amount to several billion. Canceling the cooperation now, will it only be my Fuller Clan suffering losses? Can your Lewis Clan escape from this?”

“Oh.”

Waylon’s laughter was light.

“I can afford the loss, but you can’t.”

The Lewis Clan was the Fuller Clan’s largest investor. Now, the cancellation of their partnership and the demand for penalty payments was practically a death sentence for the Fuller Clan.

Old Master Fuller glared furiously at Waylon, wishing he could bore a hole through him with his stare.

Waylon no longer uttered another word to him, taking Hope Williams by the hand and leaving the Fuller Family estate.

“That’s it?”

Hope Williams arched an eyebrow at Waylon.

Waylon’s handling of the situation was much “gentler” than Hope had anticipated.

As Waylon wrapped an arm around Hope's slender waist and walked forward, a smile curved on his lips, "It's not that simple."

Old Master Fuller shakily picked up the document, his eyes scanning over the figure for the penalty fee.

The sum of multiple collaborations amounted to nearly several tens of billions!

This was daylight robbery!

The Lewis Family's investment in the Fuller Clan included major projects. Canceling these projects and demanding payment for the breach of contract meant completely cutting off the Fuller Clan's financial lifeline.

If projects stopped and the financial chain broke, the Fuller Clan would face bankruptcy and still owe a huge sum of money.

If Old Master Fuller didn't pay the penalty, he would be at fault. Once Waylon presented the existing evidence in court, Old Master Fuller would be legally prosecuted. The bankruptcy of the Fuller Clan would ensue, and he would be facing imprisonment.

Old Master Fuller clutched his chest, his face tightening, his hands convulsing on his shirt on the sofa.

The old butler hurried over, "Master, what's wrong with you? Someone, quick, take Old Master Fuller to the hospital, hurry!"

Waylon Lewis took Hope Williams back home, where as they entered, the warmth from the heating system enveloped them.

Hope looked around but didn't see Luke or Willow, who would usually rush to embrace her as soon as they knew she was home.

Just as she was about to call out for Luke and Willow, an irritated voice came from the living room.

"Uncle Cloud, you've lost again, you're really weak, aren't you?"

"Let's go at it again, I refuse to believe this."

Hearing the noises, Waylon's face instantly darkened.

Following the sound, Hope stepped further inside, her brows knotting severely, "Liam Cloud?"

“Finally back, I’ve been waiting for you,” said Liam Cloud, holding a game controller with Luke, their eyes focused on the intense on-screen battle. In the midst of this, he looked up and glanced at her.

Coincidentally, he locked eyes with Waylon.

Hope could feel a tension-like gunpowder igniting in the air in an instant.

Her eyes flicked towards Waylon, whose handsome face was frighteningly grim.

“Cough.” Hope gave a light, embarrassed cough, “What are you doing here?”

“Looking for you,” Liam said, having lost his game. He threw the controller aside and walked towards Hope.

Waylon stepped forward to block Liam’s path, his expression dark, “Leave.”

Liam’s steps halted momentarily, his lips curling into a sharp smile.

“Who is in charge of this house?”

Without a doubt, it was Hope!

Waylon frowned.

“Hope Williams didn’t drive me out,” Liam’s eyes slowly shifted as he looked at Hope with a smile, “Right?”

Waylon’s cold handsome face involuntarily twitched.

Hope, “...”

“And after all, I did put in a lot of effort this time, is this how you treat your benefactor?” Liam taunted Waylon.

“If it weren’t for you, would there have been so many troubles?”

“Okay then.” Liam’s brows lifted teasingly, “You really are an ingrate.”

Hope massaged her temples, feeling a headache brewing, and tugged at Waylon’s clothes, “Alright, Liam did indeed find the evidence this time, and we did misunderstand him at first.”

“At least Hope Williams is sensible,” said Liam, his lips curling as he moved towards Hope bypassing Waylon.

“Is everything resolved today?”

Hope nodded, "Yes, it's settled, thank you for finding the evidence."

"Don't mention it." Liam replied generously.

"Just treat me to a meal."

Waylon's face instantly turned even colder, someone daring to ask his wife for a meal in front of him was truly bold.

"Someone!"

Immediately, two burly bodyguards entered from outside.

"Throw him out."

Upon hearing this, the repressed coldness in Liam suddenly surged up.

Waylon too clenched his jaw, anger rising.

The two men seemed on the verge of igniting a violent storm at any second.

Chapter 358: Chapter 358: Stop Messing Around Chapter 358: Chapter 358: Stop Messing Around Hope Williams rubbed her forehead, feeling a bit helpless, afraid that the two of them would start fighting. She reached out to hold Waylon Lewis's hand, and said gently, "Stop it, we should welcome guests, not drive them away."

Hope turned to look at Liam Cloud, "Since you're here, let's have dinner together."

Liam Cloud's mood instantly went from stormy to sunny, his eyes, previously cold, now brimming with victorious joy.

"Alright."

The speed of his change of face made both Luke and Willow marvel.

In his moment of triumph, Liam Cloud didn't forget to cast a provocative glance at Waylon Lewis, who was radiating cold fury.

The murderous intent in Waylon's eyes was impossible to hide.

"Am I important or is he?" Waylon asked coldly.

"...You're important."

The icy expression on Waylon's face vanished in an instant, and he lifted his chin, locking eyes with Liam Cloud.

Liam's facial muscles twitched.

That sly Waylon.

Facing Liam's eyes sharp as blades, Waylon was unfazed, a faint smile playing on his lips.

"Am I not important?" Liam pressed, looking at Hope.

Hope sighed and closed her eyes.

This was never going to end.

The two men seemed to be locked in an endless competition, with Hope caught in the middle, desperately trying to be fair.

But that was clearly impossible.

"Hope Williams, am I not important?"

"You're also very important," Hope said immediately, nervously watching both men, fearful they would ask her to choose the most important one.

Fortunately, Waylon shut up and didn't make it any harder for Hope, but she still felt a chill pass through her.

Liam Cloud gave Waylon Lewis a cold look, and then stopped as well.

Hope glanced at Luke and Willow and gestured with her eyes.

Clever as Luke was, he dashed forward and grabbed Liam's hand. "Uncle Cloud, we haven't finished our competition yet, let's continue."

"You can't lose to my brother, can you?" Willow pouted.

Liam huffed and looked down at the two kids, seeing right through their little schemes, yet he played along.

"Let's continue. I'll show you my true strength."

Hope breathed a sigh of relief.

Those two kids truly were her little angels.

Even though Waylon hadn't said a word more, Hope could tell, this man was green with jealousy, and probably about to make a fuss with her again.

Hope's eyes flickered, and she shivered slightly, "I'll go check the kitchen to see if they need help."

With that, she quickly left Waylon's line of sight and headed for the kitchen.

Waylon followed the retreating figure, stepping towards the kitchen.

As soon as Hope entered the kitchen, the busy servants greeted her eagerly.

Hope nodded gently, "Do you need any help? I can lend a hand."

The servants were taken aback and quickly ushered her out, "Ma'am, please go out, you're pregnant, don't overexert yourself..."

"Don't worry, I won't."

Hope didn't want to go out and be subjected to Waylon's devouring gaze.

The servants still didn't want her to stay, worried she would be affected by the kitchen fumes.

"Ma'am, we dare not let you help us, there are kitchen fumes, and sir wouldn't like that. Please go out, don't get the smell on you."

Hope pursed her lips, about to speak, when a large hand suddenly wrapped around her from behind.

Hope shuddered, knowing without turning that it was Waylon.

As the servants saw Waylon enter the kitchen, their anxiety grew.

Waylon didn't like the smell of fumes, and other than cooking once for Hope, he almost never entered the kitchen.

Hope looked at him and hurriedly pushed him to go sit down.

Waylon's expression was not good, and the servants sneaked a glance at him and then quickly returned to their tasks.

Hope was about to wash the vegetables when Waylon grabbed her hand, took the vegetables from her, and pulled her back into his arms, "Don't touch cold things when you're pregnant."

Hope averted her gaze.

“What are you avoiding?”

Hope, hands braced against Waylon’s chest, looked around.

Although the servants were busy, their eyes kept drifting over.

Hope pushed Waylon urgently, “Let go of me first.”

Waylon didn’t listen at all, instead holding her even tighter, refusing to let her go, “How important is he to you?”

Hope knew it; this man was determined to make a scene.

“I can’t believe you,” Hope felt exasperated with his never-ending fixation with the question, “He is not as important as you.”

Hope’s answer softened Waylon’s expression a bit, and he kissed her lips, but his voice still held a note of displeasure.

“Why let him stay for dinner?”

“He’s a guest, would you really be okay with kicking him out?”

“I would, as long as you agree, I’ll have him thrown out immediately.”

“No.”

“Why not?” Waylon clearly unhappy, leaned down to press his lips against hers, nibbling lightly at her lip.

Hope pushed him away immediately, covering his misbehaving mouth, glancing sideways with concern, “Aren’t you embarrassed? People are watching.”

No sooner had Hope finished her sentence than the servants, who seemed busy but had their eyes turned to the corner, quickly looked away.

Hope’s cheeks flushed pink.

Their glances were all too obvious.

Waylon did not let her go, pulling her waist tighter, holding her, and taking her to the corner, directly out of the servants’ line of sight, their overtly covert movements suggesting to anyone watching that the two of them were up to something indecent.

Chapter 359: Chapter 359: No Treatment Anymore Chapter 359: Chapter 359: No Treatment Anymore His body pressed tightly against hers, ready to press down a kiss.

Hope Williams put her hands up to his face, stopping his kiss.

“What are you trying to do, this is the kitchen.”

“We can move to the living room.”

Hope Williams felt a chill at her back, thinking of Liam Cloud in the living room... flaunting affection in front of him, these two would end up fighting.

No, no.

Hope Williams shook her head.

“Waylon Lewis, really, stop fooling around. He did help us out, didn’t he? Inviting him to eat is the right thing to do, and it’s not like you have to pay for the meal, are you eating vinegar here?”

“If he wants to eat, I can invite him alone.”

He hated this guy lingering persistently around his wife.

What’s key is Hope Williams saying he is very important.

Very important?

Those words are really annoying.

Waylon Lewis is petty about anything concerning Hope Williams.

“That also depends on whether he wants it that way or not.”

Waylon Lewis inviting Liam Cloud to dinner, Hope Williams could already imagine the scene where they’d overturn the table if they disagreed.

Just too horrifying.

“Can you stop being angry, please?” Hope Williams’s voice was gentle, with a hint of coquetry.

Waylon Lewis sighed, lowered his head and bit her lip, although it wasn’t heavy, it was meant to be a punishment.

“Let him leave right after dinner.”

Hope Williams was kissed again and again, surrounded by people who could come by any moment, her little face blushing furiously.

"I get it, now let go of me, you're pressing on the baby."

Waylon Lewis's tall figure hurriedly straightened up.

Hope Williams's belly wasn't very noticeable yet, but it was indeed bigger than before, Waylon Lewis gently placed his hand on her lower abdomen, "Are you uncomfortable?"

"Nothing at all."

Seeing Waylon Lewis being so cautious, Hope Williams didn't have the heart to scare him anymore.

A servant didn't realize they were in the corner, came over to get some tomatoes next to the sink, and just caught the two intimately entwined.

"Oh my goodness." The servant got so scared that she even dropped the basket from her hands.

"Sir, madam, sorry, I didn't mean to." The servant bowed her head, quickly covered her face, didn't bother with the tomatoes anymore, and hastily walked away in the opposite direction.

Hope Williams also got a shock, quickly wriggling out of Waylon Lewis's embrace.

Waylon Lewis, holding Hope Williams's hand, led her out.

The dinner was served, Liam Cloud casually found a seat, not too close nor too far from Hope Williams.

Waylon Lewis pulled a chair expressionless, squeezed between the two.

Their chairs are tightly packed together, Liam Cloud frowned, "Why are you sitting so close to me?"

"I just love to sit here," Waylon Lewis's voice was hoarse.

"You just love to sit next to me?" Liam Cloud raised his eyebrows lightly.

"Don't flatter yourself."

Waylon Lewis glanced disdainfully at him.

Liam Cloud didn't argue further, moving his chair to the other side of Hope Williams.

Waylon Lewis, displeased, stood up and pulled Hope Williams's chair, dragging both the person and the seat in his direction, forcibly clearing a space between them.

Then he squeezed into the chair himself.

Hope Williams, "..."

Luke and Willow, sitting across, "..."

The servant nearby, "..."

Liam Cloud, with his volatile temper, got angry, "Are you sick or something?"

"Terminally ill with a mental disease, beyond cure," Waylon Lewis said emotionlessly.

"Cough cough cough..." Hope Williams almost choked on these words.

Waylon Lewis raised a hand to gently pat Hope Williams's back, "Eat slowly, don't choke."

Liam Cloud's facial muscles twitched, unable to reply.

Luke and Willow watched the three odd adults opposite them, and couldn't help but blink their eyes.

Especially those two tall men over one meter eighty were especially weird.

Although Waylon Lewis kept a cold face, he would still habitually peel the shellfish and put it into Hope Williams's bowl.

Then considerately picked out all sorts of her favorite dishes, whatever Hope Williams doesn't eat in her bowl, he would take care of.

Liam Cloud silently sat next to them, his glance unsettled sweeping between the two.

Throughout the meal, aside from the beginning, there weren't any other dramas.

Hope Williams breathed a sigh of relief after safely finishing the meal.

Liam Cloud didn't stay any longer because someone's gaze was about to burn holes through him.

With his lightly raised eyebrows, he wasn't willing to make Waylon Lewis happy, turning his lips towards Hope Williams, "Will you send me off?"

“Okay.” Hope Williams nodded, picked up a coat to wear, glanced at Waylon Lewis, and walked out with Liam Cloud.

Chapter 360: Chapter 360: Lie Again, Mouth Rots Chapter 360: Chapter 360: Lie Again, Mouth Rots Waylon Lewis didn't stop him, but a dark face was inevitable.

Liam Cloud even deliberately turned his head to provoke him with a smile.

Hope Williams was really helpless, she shook her head and laughed, “Why don't you two fight a round before leaving?”

“It's not out of the question!”

Hope Williams looked at Liam Cloud, this guy even had an excited smile in his eyes when he heard her suggestion, eager to have a brawl with Waylon Lewis.

He made a motion of walking back.

Hope Williams quickly pulled on Liam Cloud's clothes and dragged him outside, “You better leave quickly.”

“Are you rushing me?”

“I'm afraid I won't be able to stop you two if you start fighting.”

Please understand her, it's also very hard for her.

Liam Cloud smiled and didn't respond, obediently following behind her.

The sky outside had completely darkened, with a few lonely stars hanging in the sky.

But the ambient lights carefully designed by the designer always illuminate the villa brightly.

“Hope Williams likes him so much, how good is he to you?” Liam Cloud suddenly asked.

“Good.” Hope Williams replied without hesitation.

Waylon Lewis has been very good to her since he changed, although there were occasional clashes and intense arguments, but it was always Waylon Lewis who compromised.

Liam Cloud glanced at her, his eyes complex and ambiguous, he wanted to say something but then closed his mouth.

"I want to ask you one more thing."

"Ask."

"The words you didn't finish last time, what did you see when the young master was killed?" Hope Williams looked at Liam Cloud earnestly.

Liam Cloud raised his eyebrows, "Do you really care about this?"

"Of course I care, this matter concerns not only the Lewis Family but also your innocence. You didn't kill anyone, why should you bear such a long-standing bad reputation?" Hope Williams said anxiously.

Liam Cloud paused and chuckled softly with his head lowered.

"Laughing at what?"

Hope Williams looked at him, puzzled.

"In this world, only you care about whether I am innocent or not."

He is a person in the dark, his hands stained with too much blood, he doesn't care about bearing one more person's death, nor does he care about being misunderstood.

Let them curse if they love to, it has nothing to do with him.

Yet, there was a girl who said, it concerns your innocence, you didn't kill anyone, why should you bear such a bad reputation for so long.

Being cared for feels damn good!

Liam Cloud looked at Hope Williams, a light in his otherwise dark eyes.

Hope Williams blinked, a bit at a loss under his intense gaze.

"Did I say something wrong?"

"Nope."

Liam Cloud's voice was slightly hoarse.

"The young master of the Lewis family was just a scapegoat, the killer's target wasn't him." he slowly said.

Hope Williams's gaze flickered.

“The real target of the killer was Waylon Lewis.”

Hope Williams’s pupils narrowed, “How did you deduce that?”

“I saw it, the gunman originally aimed at Waylon Lewis, but the short-lived young master moved towards the killer and I guess the kid must have seen something, he had to be killed.”

“I kindly followed to see what was happening, but by the time I arrived, he had already been shot, seriously injured, barely breathing, trying to speak but didn’t have the strength, I knew he couldn’t be saved so I didn’t bother with him.”

He normally doesn’t meddle in others’ affairs, only feeling that the kid was rather pitiful.

“Did you see the assailant’s face?”

“If I had seen his face, I would have chopped him up long ago.”

Though he disdainfully not concerned about the true facts, being blindly yelled at by a bunch of idiots is still annoying.

Had he known how troublesome this was, he would have stayed out of it.

Rarely does he try to do something good and ends up being wrongly accused like this.

Hope Williams frowned in deep thought.

She seemed to have realized something, her eyes dimmed, “I understand, don’t worry, I believe the truth will surface soon.”

Hope Williams walked Liam Cloud to the door, then hurried back.

She remembered Waylon Lewis had said, after the incident, the entire Lewis Family was locked down, meaning no one could go out, including the killer.

Everyone was checked, but only Liam Cloud was found with a gun.

But what if at that time only the guests were searched, not the Lewis Family’s own people?

The Lewis Family has insiders, not just one or two, Hope Williams thought of this, as if everything started to make sense.

Waylon Lewis was not in the living room, Luke and Willow were still watching cartoons, the two youngsters were thoroughly engrossed, frequently bursting into laughter.

The nearby maids couldn't help but be affected by the young ones' laughter, involuntarily breaking into smiles.

The atmosphere was relaxed and joyful.

Hope Williams couldn't help but curve her lips, "Luke, Willow, where's your daddy?"

"He's probably upstairs sulking."

Waylon Lewis's displeased expression was written all over his face, and even Luke and Willow couldn't miss it.

Hope Williams went upstairs to find him, passing by the study, Waylon Lewis was inside handling documents.

Hope Williams tiptoed over, but Waylon Lewis had already noticed her.

As Hope Williams approached him, about to speak, she noticed the documents in front of him were actually placed upside down.

Waylon Lewis glanced at her once, then ignored her.

Hope Williams twitched her lips, wanting to laugh but held it back, this man was really foolish, the displeasure was written all over his face, yet he still pretended to be calm.

Hope Williams reached out and closed his documents, asking lightly, "What? Are your eyes on backwards?"

Only then Waylon Lewis realized, he frowned but still ignored her.

Hope Williams smiled, watching how long he could last.

"Fine, keep at it, I'm off to sleep."

She said, pretending to leave.

But before she could take a step, a muscular arm swept around her, pulling her firmly onto his lap.

Hope Williams was not surprised, her hand instinctively resting on his shoulder, "Jealous? Angry?"

"Obviously." Waylon Lewis lightly pinched her waist.

Hope Williams jolted from the pinch, quickly slapping his hand, "Jealous rat."

“You pulled him.”

“...I... did not.”

“Not?” Waylon Lewis stared at her.

“I did... um...”

Waylon Lewis leaned in and fiercely kissed her lips, his tongue prying her teeth apart, hooking her tongue and even lightly biting her tongue.

Hope Williams shuddered. He still refused to let her go, kissing her fiercely and violently, as if wanting to devour her completely.

Finally, when Hope Williams couldn't breathe, she pushed against his muscular shoulders – only then he was willing to free her.

Her lips were slightly swollen from his kiss, and her eyes involuntarily reddened, shimmering with tears, giving off a pitiful sense of being brutally bullied.

Waylon Lewis's fingertips grazed her lips, his voice husky, “Lie again, and I'll kiss your mouth raw!”

Hope Williams choked up, pushing him, “Waylon Lewis, that's enough.”

“Not enough.”

“Enough.”

Hope Williams helplessly said, “I have something serious to discuss with you.”

Seeing Hope Williams looking serious, Waylon Lewis held her without further actions, listening attentively to her.

Hope Williams carefully told him about what Liam Cloud had discussed with her, along with her own speculations.

After she finished, Waylon Lewis's expression visibly darkened.

Hope Williams didn't know what he was thinking. After a short affirmation from him, he lifted her up, took her to wash up, then took her to bed to rest.

The air around Waylon Lewis was heavy, so oppressive that Hope Williams felt breathless.

He must have felt terrible inside.

In the middle of the night, Hope Williams instinctively leaned into Waylon Lewis's embrace but felt nothing after quite some time.

Hope Williams sat up, rubbing her eyes and softly called out, "Waylon Lewis?"

No response.

Hope Williams grew worried, her sleepiness gone, she turned on a small night light, put on her slippers, and after looking around the room, she found him on the balcony.

Rubbing her blurry eyes, Hope Williams walked over, "Waylon Lewis."

Hearing the sound, Waylon Lewis, hidden in the dark, turned his head to look at Hope Williams, immediately extinguishing the cigarette in his hand and quickly walking towards her, his voice husky, "Did I wake you?"

"No." Hope Williams glanced at the countless cigarette butts in the ashtray, frowning slightly, "What's wrong?"

Waylon Lewis held her tight, his eyes and narrow dark brows furrowing.

Hope Williams raised her hand to smooth out his furrowed brows, looking at him with pity, "Are you blaming yourself?"

"If what he said is true, then I am indirectly the murderer who killed Jayden." Waylon Lewis's voice was low, filled with indelible pain.

He could never forget the day he personally saw Jayden Lewis covered in blood, slowly losing breath.

Hope Williams knew this was hard for him to accept.

It would be for anyone.

Her gentle hands softly patted Waylon Lewis's strong back, soothing him in a soft voice, "It's okay, we will definitely catch the real murderer and avenge Jayden."

Chapter 361: Chapter 361: Asking for Forgiveness? The Nerve! Chapter 361: Chapter 361: Asking for Forgiveness? The Nerve! After so many years, it's time to repay this debt with a life.

"You can start investigating internally within the Lewis Family first. There are quite a few moles there," Hope Williams sighed and said.

It had been too long, and finding tangible evidence was not an easy task.

These days, Waylon Lewis had been constantly rooting out the moles, capturing quite a few, all of whom were planted in the Lewis Family by Old Master Fuller.

The next day.

Hope went to the old manor first. Before even entering, she heard the sounds of various cries and wails.

Isaiah Lewis and his family of three knelt at the door, crying and cursing, begging for mercy while slandering Waylon Lewis.

Upon seeing Hope, Amelia Bailey lunged at Hope like a madwoman, but fortunately, there were bodyguards nearby who didn't allow Amelia to get close to Hope.

Amelia cried and pleaded with Hope, "Hope! Hope! Please speak to Waylon on our behalf. We truly know we were wrong. We beg Waylon to spare us. If not, you can beg Old Master Fuller for us. Old Master Fuller loves you the most. Whatever you say, he will certainly listen..."

Hope's finely drawn brows furrowed tightly.

She had heard that they were living miserably now because everything they owned was given to them by the Lewis Family. After the Lewis Family reclaimed all their assets, they were penniless.

Not only that, but the Lewis Family also took back their house and car. Isaiah was even expelled from the board of directors and had to compensate for the losses caused to the Lewis Clan.

Waylon Lewis had no intention of giving them a way out. He announced that no one should dare help this family; even Amelia's maiden family packed up and ran away overnight, fearing implicated wrath.

Truly at the end of their rope, Isaiah brought his family to kneel at the old manor's door, crying to the heavens and hoping for Old Master Fuller's pity, but Old Master Fuller was already thoroughly disappointed in them.

They no longer had their previous arrogance. Now, they looked not only pathetic but also detestable.

They deserved what they got, enjoying everything the Lewis Family provided but never showing gratitude, truly deserving of their fate.

Hope had no intention of paying her any mind and turned to walk inside.

Amelia wouldn't allow it. Seeing Hope about to leave, she suddenly turned ferocious and, with unknown strength, broke free from the bodyguard and grabbed Hope's arm.

Her grip was so strong it was as if she wanted to crush Hope. Hope felt the pain, and a hint of coldness appeared on her face.

"Will you help us or not?" she loudly demanded, in a tone as if Hope said no, she would be slashed to pieces.

Hope was not afraid of her, forcefully shaking off her hand. "Do you deserve it?"

Her cold voice softly uttered those two words.

Amelia's eyes widened in shock. As Hope moved to leave, Amelia hurried to block her again, raising her hand to slap her.

Hope expected this. At the moment Amelia raised her hand, she sidestepped, dodged, and slapped her back across the face. "Are you awake now?"

"You! You little bitch," Amelia covered her face, her eyes almost popping out.

"Do you not know what you have done? Squandering the Lewis Family's money, betraying the Lewis Family to curry favor with the Fuller Family, and still hoping for forgiveness? You must be dreaming," Hope asked repeatedly.

"We were momentarily bewitched, deceived. Who hasn't made mistakes? Haven't you made mistakes? Can't a mistake be forgiven?" Amelia's mouth was sharp, her voice fierce and high-pitched.

"Forgive? Haven't I given you a chance?" Old Master Fuller slowly wheeled out, his voice stern.

"Dad!"

"Grandpa!"

Seeing Old Master Fuller come out, several immediately knelt before him, crying and snotting, explaining how they were forced to help the Fuller Family.

It was as if all the bad things they did were coerced by the Fuller Family.

Old Master Fuller snorted coldly, "Get out."

Unwilling to leave, they moved on their knees towards him. "Dad, please forgive us just this once. Dad, I'm your own son... Dad, I still need to take care of you in your old age. You can't abandon me..."

Isaiah Lewis sobbed and apologized, cursing himself, saying he deserved to die.

He really could adapt to any situation.

It was such a pitiful sight that Hope feared Old Master Fuller might soften.

But he did not. Old Master Fuller's eyes remained cold, unwavering, as he waved for someone to drive the three out.

The old master's heartlessness showed he was truly beyond disappointment.

"Little Hope, come inside with me," Old Master Fuller sighed.

Hope nodded, standing behind Old Master Fuller's wheelchair, slowly pushing it forward.

"They didn't hurt you, did they?"

If not for fearing those three would harm Hope, he wouldn't have come out to see them at all.

Hope shook her head, "Grandpa, don't worry, I wasn't hurt."

"That's good."

Old Master Fuller let out a deep sigh, "Still, you and Waylon are the ones I can depend on. How is Waylon handling the company's matters?"

"He can manage," Hope carefully helped him sit on the sofa, then poured him a cup of tea.

The old manor seemed especially quiet today. If Hope didn't visit, there would only be the servants and Old Master Fuller here.

With so many issues in the Lewis Family, it was natural for Old Master Fuller to have worries in his heart, so Hope specifically came to keep him company and chat.

In the meantime, she informed Old Master Fuller about the company's affairs and Christopher Lewis's situation, easing his concerns.

Thinking of Waylon's situation, Hope hesitated but decided not to mention it until there were definite results to report to Old Master Fuller.

Seeing Hope chattering away, Old Master Fuller's brows relaxed. He knew what Hope was up to.

It was only Hope who would think of accompanying him, this old man, and chat at a time like this.

Chapter 362: Chapter 362: I'll Give You 100 Million to Leave Waylon Lewis Chapter 362: Chapter 362: I'll Give You 100 Million to Leave Waylon Lewis Only Hope Williams would think of coming to talk to this old man.

"When are you planning to have your wedding with Waylon?" Old Master Fuller has been fixated on this matter.

Lately, the Lewis Family had many affairs to tend to, delaying much time.

Old Master Fuller always felt he owed Hope Williams; no girl wouldn't look forward to her wedding, and since he had neglected her before, this time he would definitely make it grand.

"Waylon and I have discussed it, it's set for next month," Hope Williams responded with a gentle smile.

"Good, good," Old Master Fuller beamed joyously, "once these matters are resolved, you should get it done as soon as possible."

"Yes, Grandfather."

Hope Williams stayed to have lunch with Old Master Fuller before leaving, then Alitzel Williams called to inform her that Christopher Lewis had awoken. Hope Williams felt that she still had to go there, after all, he was Waylon's father.

Hope Williams called Waylon, and Thomas Hughes said Waylon was still in a meeting. After some thought, Hope Williams didn't want to disturb Waylon and drove to the hospital herself.

Meanwhile, in the hospital's VIP ward, Old Master Fuller's anger had triggered his heart disease, and he was lying in the ward with an oxygen mask, with only a nurse by his side.

With the news of the Fuller Family's downfall known, nobody dared to visit him.

Old Master Fuller watched the news on TV, his eyes bulging with anger.

He pounded the bed, glared at the nurse, and motioned for her to turn off the TV, but the nurse just glanced at him while munching on sunflower seeds and turned the volume up to maximum.

Old Master Fuller was so enraged that his eyes nearly popped out of their sockets as if he wanted to devour the nurse.

The nurse, nonchalant, continued to crack her seeds, relaxed and self-satisfied.

President Lewis had paid her a handsome sum to take good care of Old Master Fuller, seeing how well she was caring for him, surely it would enrage him to no end.

In a fit of rage, Old Master Fuller's eyes rolled back, and he fainted.

An urgent alarm sounded from the machine.

The nurse blinked, put down her seeds, pulled down his oxygen mask, and checked his breathing.

Hmm, he's not dead.

The nurse called for a doctor. Old Master Fuller had just had a fit due to extreme anger and had only passed out. He was revived half an hour later.

The nurse kept replaying the news about the Fuller Family's miserable situation.

Old Master Fuller really wanted to dismember that nurse.

Unfortunately, this nurse, hired specifically for her ability to "torment," was as tough as Fierce Nanny and was not intimidated by him in the slightest.

Despite Old Master Fuller's eyes almost popping out, she ignored him.

Vivia Fuller didn't fare much better; she was saved by a good samaritan and taken to the hospital –no life-threatening injuries, but she was severely injured. Not only was nobody looking after her, but different reporters also staked her out every day.

From the moment Vivia woke up, she cried incessantly, and the patients next to her found her annoying, having repeatedly requested the hospital to consider transferring her to a psychiatric facility.

When Hope Williams arrived at the hospital, Alitzel Williams personally came down to receive her.

Seeing Alitzel, Hope got out and took her hand, "Mom, it's so cold outside, why did you come down?"

"I saw Old Master Fuller being rushed into the ER yesterday, so I knew something must have happened. When I called to ask, I could never have imagined this incident would

be so closely related to the Fuller Family. There's not a single good thing about their household."

Alitzel Williams said furiously.

How could she have imagined that the Fuller Family, who had always been on good terms with the Lewis Family, would actually want to harm them?

It's true, appearances can be deceiving.

"Yes, who could have thought," Hope Williams mused.

"This time, it's a complete falling out between the Lewis Family and the Fuller Family, and that's for the best. We're tired of dealing with them, our relationship has reached its end," Alitzel Williams sighed.

"That's right, I told your dad about it, and he's boiling inside. If he says something unpleasant later, just ignore him, pretend you didn't hear it."

Even with things as they were, Christopher Lewis firmly believed that even if someone was vilifying him deliberately, the photos were real, and the incident involving Hope Williams and Liam Cloud couldn't be fake.

Hope Williams came prepared, knowing Christopher's arrogant nature; once he had set his mind on something, he wouldn't change his opinion, believing his perspective was the only correct one, and he wouldn't listen to anyone else.

So she didn't care anymore.

Hope Williams and Alitzel Williams arrived at Christopher's hospital room, and upon seeing Hope, Christopher scoffed coldly.

That scoff was full of disdain, "What are you here for?"

Hope Williams didn't wear a cold expression; instead, she smiled slightly and said softly, "Rest assured, if you weren't Waylon's father, I wouldn't have come to see you."

Who likes to be subjected to disdain for no reason?

If Hope Williams wasn't Waylon's wife, his daughter-in-law, she wouldn't come even if paid.

Christopher leaned on the bed, his sharp gaze fixed on Hope Williams.

"When are you leaving my son? I can give you one billion, enough for you to live a wealthy life."

Hope Williams laughed at this.

“You really are generous, but did you forget? Waylon’s money is with me.”

“I want you to return all of Waylon’s assets,” Christopher ordered unequivocally, his tone brooking no compromises.

Chapter 363: Chapter 363: Accident Chapter 363: Chapter 363: Accident Hope Williams, who was well-mannered, would have unleashed a torrent of angry words upon the elder before her if her upbringing hadn’t taught her to hold her tongue.

“Do you really think your one hundred million compares to even one ten-thousandth of what Waylon Lewis has given me?” Hope Williams replied indifferently.

Christopher Lewis could barely maintain his composure.

“People should not be too greedy. If you claim to love Waylon so much, why can’t you let him go? Look at what you’ve reduced him to. He’s almost lost his sanity because of you. Waylon is destined to be the head of a household; he cannot afford to be entangled in romantic affairs.”

Not long ago, Christopher had heard in the company that Waylon fired several old employees simply because they talked behind his back, and it was all because of this woman!

She is really something.

And this whole mess wouldn’t have happened if it weren’t for her.

Hope Williams took a deep breath and spoke coolly:

“I believe in Waylon’s ability to lead a family. He certainly won’t lose his sensibility because of me. By saying that, aren’t you underestimating your son?”

Christopher Lewis, staring at the indifferent face of Hope Williams, rose in anger, and in doing so, pulled at his wound, wincing in pain.

“Are you saying you intend to pester Waylon indefinitely?” he asked in a steady voice.

“The term ‘pester’ should be used when someone insists on sticking to a person who doesn’t love them back. But in reality, Waylon loves me, doesn’t he?”

Rolling with indifference, Hope Williams’s tone left Christopher Lewis with a feeling of helplessness.

Alitzel Williams, standing aside, had not spoken a word, but her usually gentle face was filled with anger. She stared at Christopher Lewis, and when he shuddered with pain, she made no move to help him.

“That’s enough, you should focus on recovering. I won’t disturb you anymore.”

After the visit, Hope Williams didn’t linger, nodded to Alitzel Williams, and walked straight out.

Alitzel Williams did not hold Hope Williams back either. After all, the one who kindly came to visit also got a hard time; that’s not something anyone would tolerate.

Hope Williams opened the car door and got in. The car slowly turned out of the underground garage. She had nowhere in particular to go and planned to head home.

Now wasn’t rush hour, and there weren’t many cars on the road. Hope Williams was a safe and steady driver.

A ringing tone sounded—it was Waylon Lewis calling.

Hope Williams’s lips slowly curved into a smile as she answered, “Are you done with your work?”

“Yeah, just finished a meeting.”

“I just left the hospital, heading home... Ah...”

The car was suddenly hit from behind, and Hope Williams, startled, cried out.

“What’s wrong? What happened?” Waylon’s voice came through the phone, filled with urgency.

Hope Williams took a deep breath, “It’s okay, just a fender bender. I’m not hurt.”

“Where are you? I’m coming right now.” Waylon’s voice was filled with haste, and Hope could even hear the urgency in his footsteps over the phone.

Hope Williams glanced back, tightened her grip on the phone, and informed Waylon of her location, then got out of the car to check the damage.

The car that rear-ended her was a Rolls-Royce. Hope Williams raised an eyebrow. How did they manage to rear-end her in such smooth traffic?

Was the driver asleep?

Just as she wondered, the driver got out—a young man in his early twenties dressed in trendy clothes with bleached hair.

He showed no concern for being in an accident and looked excitedly at Hope Williams, “Sis... Holy shit...”

Stumbling, the young man turned to look at the man who had kicked him from behind, and clutching his backside, he protested, “Bro, what are you doing?”

The suited man, tall and with a stern nose adorned with silver-rimmed glasses, looked helplessly at the younger man with his narrow phoenix eyes and asked in a low, grinding voice:

“Are you stupid? I told you to approach her naturally, and you hit her car?”

“My ‘accident’ was super natural.”

“What if she got hurt?”

“My driving skills wouldn’t put her in any danger.”

“Just be quiet.”

Hope Williams watched their interaction, squinting her eyes. She stood at a distance—able to see their lips moving but unable to hear the specifics of their conversation.

Their facial expressions were certainly rich in detail.

After their exchange, the man with the silver-rimmed glasses approached and, with a hint of apology in his narrow phoenix eyes, said, “You’re not hurt, are you?”

“No,” Hope Williams shook her head.

“I’m sorry for hitting your car. It’s entirely our fault. Please give me your contact information, and I’ll contact you when your car’s fixed, okay?”

The man was very polite and courteous.

Hope Williams looked at him hesitantly, “Do I know you?”

She wasn’t sure if she had misheard, but she thought she heard the blond man call her “sis” a moment ago.

“We could get to know each other,” the man’s face remained smiling.

Hope Williams tugged at her lips, feeling something off about the way these two men were looking at her, although she couldn’t put her finger on it.

"It's fine. The damage isn't severe. You didn't mean it—I can get it fixed myself," she said lightly, nodding slightly before heading back to her car.

"No way!"

"No way!"

Both men were frantic, almost speaking in unison. The blond youth stepped forward and grabbed her car door, blocking her way.

Hope Williams felt a bit confused now, her gaze shifting between the two.

She knew that people who drove such cars were definitely not short of cash, but they didn't need to insist on paying for the damages, did they?

"We have to compensate; you must give us your contact details. We can add you and transfer the money to you as well."

They were persistent.

Looking at the two, Hope Williams let out an uneasy chuckle. She wasn't used to giving her contact information to strangers, especially to two peculiar ones.

Clenching her phone, she refused, "Really, it's not necessary. It's just a scratch; it's no problem."

"It's no problem; we just love to compensate. Please let us."

The voice of the blond-haired youth even carried a plea.

Hope Williams stepped back a couple of steps and regarded him with furrowed brows, struggling to resist his persistence, "Alright then, you want to scan me?"

"Sure." The blond youth agreed, impatiently pulling out his phone. Hope Williams opened her payment code.

"Not this one!" The youth's face fell.

"Uh..."

"Let's add each other as friends, okay?"

Hope Williams's face twitched subtly, at a loss for how to react.

All of a sudden, she did not think today's accident was entirely accidental.

Chapter 364: Chapter 364 Hostility Chapter 364: Chapter 364 Hostility Hope Williams was caught in a dilemma. The blonde young man's eyes were twinkling at her, filled with anticipation.

His gaze seemed not to be that of a villain, but a villain wouldn't have "villain" written on his face.

And why was he so insistent on adding her as a friend?

With hesitation, Hope Williams took another step back.

Thinking she was scared of them, the blonde man hastened to soften his voice, trying to appease her, "Don't worry, we're not bad guys, feel safe to add me."

"Hmm, villains don't have the word 'villain' written on their faces either," Hope Williams said with a bitter smile.

"Uh... Let me introduce myself first, my name is Qin..." Harry!

Harry Williams had not finished speaking when he was abruptly grabbed, and a domineering presence swept over, "What do you want to do with my wife?"

Seeing Waylon Lewis, Hope Williams breathed a sigh of relief and immediately stood behind him.

Waylon Lewis released Harry Williams, his hands resting on Hope's shoulders as he scrutinized her up and down, "Are you hurt anywhere?"

Hope Williams bit her lower lip and quickly shook her head, "I'm not hurt."

"That's good," Waylon Lewis let out a sigh of relief. "Were you frightened?"

She was a little startled, but to avoid worrying him, Hope Williams shook her head.

Waylon Lewis tenderly lifted his hand to rub her head, "You go back to the car first, I'll deal with this."

Hope Williams glanced over Waylon Lewis's shoulder at the two men behind them, pursed her lips, and nodded, "Okay."

Waylon Lewis personally opened the car door, protecting Hope Williams as she got in.

Harry Williams stepped forward, wanting to intervene, "I haven't added you yet..."

Waylon Lewis closed the car door, his tall figure blocking Harry Williams.

His gaze turned icy the moment it shifted from Hope Williams, sending chills down one's spine.

Harry Williams's expression grew cold, completely losing his previous obsequious demeanor, his eyes filled with defiance, "You're Waylon Lewis?"

The dog of a man who hurt his cousin!

Waylon Lewis's eyes lifted, his gaze chillingly cold.

Behind him, Ted Williams also lost his earlier smile, standing quietly with his hands in his pockets, his handsome face stern and aloof, emanating a 'stay away' aura.

His gaze narrowed when looking at Waylon Lewis, filled with aggressive intent.

Waylon Lewis, sensing that gaze, slowly moved his eyes to meet Ted's.

His dark eyes flashed with a sharp glint.

"I don't like it when other men ask for my wife's contact information."

His voice was low and frosty, haunting to the core.

Ted Williams narrowed his eyes, locking his gaze onto Waylon Lewis's calm and handsome face.

After a moment, he chuckled coldly.

"We were presumptuous."

"Bro, why are you being so nice to him," Harry Williams glared at Waylon Lewis, "You quickly let me..."

"Ted, Harry, enough," a window rolled down from the Rolls-Royce, and a deep, authoritative voice spoke out.

Ted glanced back at the car, understanding the Old Master's intent, and stepped forward, signaling Harry to back off.

Harry clenched his jaw tightly.

Ted took out a cheque from his jacket, filled it out for ten million, and handed it to Waylon Lewis.

His voice was distant and frosty, simply stating, "Sorry."

Waylon Lewis didn't accept it, his eyes still coolly looking at him.

Ted didn't get annoyed, simply laughed softly, took back the cheque, nodded slightly, and turned to leave.

The two got in the car, Harry slamming the car door hard, originally wanting to fling exhaust fumes in Waylon Lewis's face as they drove off, but a glance from Ted made him give up the idea.

"Grandfather, that's Waylon Lewis, the man who abandoned Little Hope," Ted said angrily.

Old Master Williams sat in the back of the car, eyes tightly closed. Harry sneakily glanced at the Old Master through the rearview mirror, trying to discern his emotions from his subtle expressions.

Old Master Williams slowly opened his eyes, his black pupils exuding authority.

Harry got a shiver down his spine and promptly straightened up.

"He's not worthy of my granddaughter Maya Williams," Old Master Williams said with a hint of anger in his voice.

Ted frowned, "Grandfather, should we take Little Hope back with us?"

"Yes, Little Hope has suffered too much these years, naturally we cannot let her continue to suffer in their house."

Old Master Williams slowly closed his eyes.

Ever since Maya left with Hope years ago, Elder Williams had been filled with regret. If he had taken a step back, perhaps his only daughter would not have insisted on leaving with that man.

Nor would the later events have unfolded. He owed his daughter and granddaughter too much.

These years, he had been searching for Hope and did not expect her to return to Emperor Capital and suffer so much.

If not for the Lewis Family's incident being widely known online, he wouldn't have had the chance to see his granddaughter again.

Thankfully, fate had given him an opportunity.

His granddaughter Maya Williams must not be bullied again.

Chapter 365: Chapter 365: The Truth Behind the Death of the Third Young Master (1)
Chapter 365: Chapter 365: The Truth Behind the Death of the Third Young Master (1) In the car, Waylon Lewis grasped Hope Williams' hand, his brows knitting together with concern as he asked, "Do you know them?"

Hope shook her head, "No, I don't."

She was more than unfamiliar with these people; she had never even seen their faces, otherwise she wouldn't have completely no memory of them.

But it seemed like they knew her!

Waylon Lewis pursed his lips and remained silent. Those individuals were not of simple identities, they held a deep hostility towards him, and they shared the surname Williams.

Seeing a faint worry flickering across Waylon Lewis' face, Hope couldn't help but furrow her brows, "What's wrong? Did you find something?"

Waylon Lewis paused for a moment, "No, I'll take you home first."

Hope's eyes clouded with suspicion, but she did not press further and merely nodded her head.

"Did you find any results with your investigation about Jayden's matter?"

"Yep." A chill flashed across Waylon Lewis' composed face, "It's inextricably linked to the Fuller Family; the traitor uncovered from the old residence confessed that they were instructed by Walker Fuller."

Walker Fuller was Old Master Fuller.

"As expected." Hope frowned, "When you think about it, only the Fuller Family could do something like this. Is there any evidence now?"

The confessions of these people alone were not enough to prove that it was surely Walker Fuller who sent the assassin. There was no substantial evidence.

"No, these people only confessed to being instructed by Walker Fuller to infiltrate the Lewis Family and report back on the situation at all times, but they all claimed ignorance regarding that incident from the past."

Walker Fuller, being such a cautious person, certainly wouldn't inform these people about an issue of such importance, nor did they have the capability to execute such a task.

Hope saw Waylon Lewis' expression turn somewhat solemn, driven purely by an urgent desire to bring the real culprit to justice.

Hope took a deep breath, "There are no walls that don't leak air; as long as he did it, evidence will certainly be found."

Hope didn't believe that at this stage, Walker Fuller's misdeeds could still be concealed.

After sending Hope home, Waylon Lewis immediately turned his head and asked Thomas Hughes to investigate the identities of Ted Williams and the others.

Additionally, Thomas Hughes approached him and said, "Boss, Henry Fuller came to the company many times today to find you, I had someone drive him away, but he somehow found out about this place, and he's now at the door."

Henry coming at this time was nothing but a plea to Waylon Lewis to give the Fuller Family a way out.

The Fuller Family couldn't pay the penalty for breach of contract, so the Lewis Clan legally prosecuted the Fuller Clan. The Fuller and Fuller Clan had been riddled with scandals, which they couldn't squash down; their projects had halted, major shareholders had withdrawn, Fuller Clan stock had plummeted, and the Lewis Clan had applied relentless pressure, giving them no chance to take a breath.

The Fuller Clan was on the brink of bankruptcy and liquidation.

No matter how hard Henry tried, he couldn't revive the Fuller Clan, which was on the verge of bankruptcy.

So he had no choice but to plead with Waylon Lewis.

To beg Waylon Lewis for the Fuller Clan's survival.

Waylon Lewis sat on the sofa, his hand resting naturally on the armrest, his long fingers rhythmically tapping.

After a long moment, Waylon Lewis spoke faintly, "Let him in."

Henry didn't expect Waylon Lewis would agree to see him, and his stride hastened as he followed Thomas Hughes inside.

Upon seeing Waylon Lewis, he hurried forward, and with the voice trembling from seemingly standing outside for a long time, he said, "President Lewis."

"Is there something?" Waylon Lewis lifted his gaze, his eyes coldly sweeping over the man in front of him.

"President Lewis, how can you give the Fuller Family a way to live?" Henry looked exhausted, and in less than a day, the large Fuller Clan had almost been annihilated by Waylon Lewis, without a moment's respite.

It demonstrated the terrifying extent of this man.

Waylon Lewis leaned back on the sofa, a smile playing on his lips that didn't reach his eyes, his coldness multiplied in that smile.

"Why should I spare the Fuller Family?" he asked slowly.

Henry clenched his back teeth tightly, pausing before saying, "On account of the mutual support between the Lewis Family and the Fuller Family over so many years, the Fuller and Lewis Families have cooperated for over a decade. My grandfather and your grandfather were as close as brothers. My grandfather has already paid the price, can't you let bygones be bygones?"

"Favors?"

What a laughable word.

"If your Fuller Family had remembered any favors, you wouldn't have exploited the trust of the Lewis Family to plant so many spies within it.

If your Fuller Family had remembered any favors, you wouldn't have made move after move against the Lewis Family time and again.

And now you're talking about favors to me, where do you get the face?"

Henry stood in front of Waylon Lewis, his hands clenched tightly, shaking incessantly where he stood.

"Is there really no room for negotiation?"

Henry didn't want to work so hard for so many years, finally taking over the Fuller Clan, only to see it go bankrupt.

But facing absolute power, he felt an overwhelming sense of powerlessness.

Waylon Lewis didn't speak. He slowly stood up, walked to the window, his deep eyes narrowing slightly, betraying a glimpse of cold light.

He turned around, his retracted gaze landing on Henry, "I'll give you a chance."

A glint flickered in Henry's eyes, "What do you want me to do?"

If Waylon Lewis was relenting, it would not be simple.

"I want evidence that Walker Fuller conspired to kill my brother."

Henry was shocked upon hearing that, "President Lewis, you..."

The death of Jayden Lewis was no secret, his astonishment was not because the incident could be linked to Old Master Fuller, but that Waylon Lewis would discover the connection to Old Master Fuller.

His voice weakened, "You want me to personally send my grandfather to prison?"

Waylon Lewis stood by the window, lighting a cigarette between his fingers. He took a deep draw, exhaling a long plume of smoke that wreathed his handsome face, obscuring his current emotions.

"With the Fuller Clan, there's no Walker Fuller; with Walker Fuller, there's no Fuller Clan," Waylon Lewis said slowly.

Chapter 366: Chapter 366: The Truth Behind the Death of the Third Young Master (2)
Chapter 366: Chapter 366: The Truth Behind the Death of the Third Young Master (2)
Henry Fuller clenched his molars tightly, and after a long while, he struggled to spit out a word, "Fine."

"I'll go back and look for evidence, but my grandfather can't be completely dissociated from this matter, although he wasn't the mastermind."

"Talk to me with evidence, you have only two hours." Waylon Lewis extinguished his cigarette butt and turned to leave.

...

Henry Fuller did not return to the Fuller home, but went straight to Vivia Fuller's hospital room.

Vivia Fuller curled up on the hospital bed, covering herself entirely with the blanket. Henry Fuller strode in and flung off her blanket.

Vivia Fuller felt a chill, the glaring light striking her pale face, and long-term darkness made her uncomfortable with the bright lights.

She frowned, struggled to flutter her eyelids, her hand frantically groped on the bed, trying to grab the blanket back and hide herself again.

This was the first time Henry Fuller saw such a disheveled Vivia, curled up in the hospital bed, her hair messy, face deathly pale, lips cracked, even her eyes barely open, like an old person on their deathbed.

In his memory, Vivia had always been superior, haughty, her eyes inherently arrogant and disdainful when looking at others.

“Vivia Fuller!” Henry Fuller called her heavily.

Vivia Fuller closed her eyes tightly, without any movement, clearly in a hopeless stance.

Henry Fuller, with dark and forbidding eyes, unceremoniously dragged her up.

This rough action tugged at her wound, causing Vivia Fuller to react at last, her face contorted as she swatted away his hand, “What are you doing? Get out.”

Her voice was hoarse from not talking for a long time, and her sudden shout even broke her voice.

Henry Fuller did not indulge her, grabbing her wrist tightly, causing her pain, “If you still want to be the high and mighty Miss Fuller, then pull yourself together.”

Hearing his words, Vivia Fuller scoffed coldly, her voice raspy, “The Fuller Family is about to fall, where can I play my role as the miss?”

“I have a way.” Henry Fuller looked at Vivia Fuller with utter seriousness, “Waylon Lewis said if evidence can be produced to prove that it was Old Master Fuller’s doing, he would give the Fuller Family a way out.”

Vivia Fuller stared back at Henry Fuller, her eyes widened, a cold shiver running down her spine.

“If you still want to be the Fuller family miss, then tell me where Old Master Fuller hid the evidence from back then.”

Vivia Fuller had always been the most trusted by Old Master Fuller, who would consult her on many matters and confide some secrets to her.

So Vivia Fuller knew almost as much as Old Master Fuller himself.

Vivia Fuller's mind was a mess now, her gaze constantly shifting.

"I... don't know!"

How could Henry Fuller believe that, "Do you want the Fuller Family to disappear from Emperor Capital forever?"

Henry Fuller pressed forward step by step, Vivia Fuller took a couple of hurried deep breaths.

"Speak, what are you still hiding? The Fuller Family is nearly gone!" Henry Fuller yelled urgently.

Vivia Fuller forcefully closed her eyes, after a long internal struggle, she slowly spoke up.

"In... in Old Master Fuller's study's computer, there is a surveillance video when Isaiah Lewis asked Old Master Fuller for help, it was recorded by the study's surveillance, Old Master Fuller asked me to save it, to control Isaiah Lewis later."

Old Master Fuller was a cautious man, fearing Isaiah Lewis might turn against him, so he kept the surveillance as leverage, always forcing him to serve his own ends.

"What's the password?"

Vivia Fuller recited two sets of passwords, Henry Fuller let go of Vivia Fuller, turning to leave.

Ignoring the pain in her body, Vivia Fuller hurriedly got off the bed and grabbed Henry Fuller's clothes, shouting loudly, "Don't involve me in this, you must not involve me in this."

Henry Fuller coldly swatted her hand away, "Got it."

Vivia Fuller watched Henry Fuller's departing figure, her hands tightly clenched.

She kept reassuring herself.

It wasn't her fault, it wasn't her fault, it was all his own doing, it wasn't her fault.

Henry Fuller rushed back to the Fuller home as quickly as possible, the Fuller home was eerily quiet.

Without hesitation, Henry Fuller ran into Old Master Fuller's study, turned on the computer, which was locked. Following the passwords given by Vivia Fuller, he quickly unlocked Old Master Fuller's study computer.

Searching through a pile of files, he found a private file, which was encrypted.

Henry Fuller continued entering the password, the file soon opened, Henry scanned through it quickly, hesitating for a few seconds before sending, just as he clenched his molars again and clicked send.

After sending the message, he felt a great weight lifted off his shoulders and hung his head heavily with both hands clasped over it.

He believed it was all to save the Fuller Family; the old master would definitely not blame him!

...

Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis had just finished dinner when Thomas Hughes hastily came over with a laptop.

"Boss, the evidence from Henry Fuller has arrived," Thomas said with a grave expression.

Neither Hope nor Waylon showed any joy upon receiving the evidence.

Thomas set down the laptop and hastily stepped back two paces.

Waylon raised his hand but paused, the normally fearless man's eyes momentarily vacant.

Waylon clicked on the video play button.

The video was clear; Isaiah Lewis's face, full of sycophancy, and Walker Fuller's face, brimming with a triumphant smile, were clearly visible.

The sound was also clear, revealing their entire conspiracy.

"As long as you help me eliminate Waylon Lewis, and I take control of the Lewis Clan, I will cede 20% of the Lewis-Fuller collaboration to you."

"Eliminate your own nephew?"

"Nothing but a little wolf cub thinking he can steer the Lewis Clan. Dream on, our family is the rightful owner. If Old Master Fuller favors them, do not blame me for being ruthless..."

Waylon's hand, casually resting on the table, clenched repeatedly. His expression might appear stable at a casual glance, yet a deep and profound agony could be seen in his dark eyes upon closer inspection.

Hope Williams tightly furrowed her brows, and after watching the video, she comprehensively realized what it meant to have a wolfish ambition!

There wasn't a hint of hesitation when plotting to kill his own nephew for personal gain.

She silently raised her hand, gently patting Waylon's back.

This revelation was excessively painful for Waylon.

The targets Isaiah Lewis and Walker Fuller wanted dead were him.

And Jayden Lewis had died in Waylon's stead.

Hope's eyes were full of sorrow, now that all truths were surfaced and everything made sense.

Waylon, although young, was quite accomplished and highly regarded by the old master, who directly groomed him as his successor.

This undoubtedly threatened those like Isaiah Lewis, who dreamed of becoming the Patriarch Lewis.

By eliminating Waylon, Christopher Lewis's family would be heavily struck, distracted from vying for power, and the old master would be devastated, unable to focus on the company.

The position of the future family head would then undeniably fall into their hands.

But, Isaiah Lewis alone didn't have the courage, and the Fuller Family, who had been scheming to surpass the Lewis Clan and become the top tycoon of Emperor Capital, became his most potent ally.

Old Master Fuller is such a shrewd man.

Should he help Isaiah's family seize the position of family head, he could easily control the Lewis Clan. Not to mention surpassing them; with the foolish Isaiah Lewis, absorbing the Lewis Clan entirely wasn't impossible.

The meticulousness of the plan was overwhelming.

Hope couldn't even begin to imagine the scene at the banquet, an occasion that appeared so joyous, yet harbored such a terrifying plot.

If not for the third young master dying that day, it would have been Waylon Lewis.

The Fuller Family's scheming would have succeeded.

The Lewis Clan wouldn't be what it is today.

She also wouldn't have been able to marry Waylon Lewis, because it was the third young master's minor act that changed everyone's fate at present.

This was both fortune and misfortune for the Lewis Clan.

It was unfortunate that the Lewis Clan had a traitor with wolfish ambitions—Isaiah Lewis—who caused the death of the third young master, but fortunately, the Fullers and Isaiah Lewis did not succeed.

Tears began to well in Hope Williams' eyes; after all, the young third young master was so innocent back then—no one could possibly imagine how desperate the child in that narrow corridor felt facing impending death.

Isaiah Lewis deserved to die.

The expression on Waylon Lewis's face was countless times colder than usual.

After a long while, he spoke, "Send Walker Fuller to prison, bring Isaiah Lewis back."

"Yes."

Chapter 367: Chapter 367: Luke and Willow's Little Resentment Chapter 367: Chapter 367: Luke and Willow's Little Resentment Seeing Waylon Lewis blame himself, Hope Williams' eyes were filled with heartache, she hugged Waylon, her voice soft and her tone full of comfort.

"It's okay, it's not your fault, it's all in the past now, and those who made mistakes will pay the price."

Waylon hugged the woman tightly, and after a long while, the fierceness in his eyes gradually softened.

The next day.

Hope Williams left the house early with Waylon, leaving two little ones at home with sad faces.

"Where are you going?"

Luke and Willow, who had been left at home countless times before, frowned and stretched out their arms to block their path.

“Leaving us at home again, huh, we’re not okay with you anymore.”

Hope was taken aback, seeing the sad and aggrieved looks on the two little ones’ faces, she felt a bit sorry for them.

“Mommy and Daddy need to go to the hospital to take care of some things, we’ll be back soon,” Hope soothed in a soft voice.

“Back soon? You’re lying, Mommy, you always say that,” Willow pouted with her arms akimbo, voicing her strong protest.

Hope awkwardly tugged at her lips, squatting down in front of Willow, petting her little head, “There’s a reason for everything, I’m sorry Willow, Mommy didn’t mean to.”

It was mainly because both of them were busy and had neglected the little ones for a while.

But Hope also truly had her reasons; there were some things she just couldn’t do with the little ones around.

“We want to go out too.”

“This...”

“Let’s go together then, to grandma and grandpa’s,” Waylon chimed in indifferently.

For the first time, Luke and Willow felt that their Daddy looked quite agreeable; they turned to Hope with hopeful faces.

Hope thought for a moment, it indeed was boring to always be stuck at home, “Alright, but grandpa is injured, so we have to be quiet when we get there, okay?”

“Okay, okay.” The two little ones nodded decisively, happy to not have to continue staying at home.

Seeing the joy in the children’s eyes at the prospect of going out, Hope let out a light laugh.

However, this made Hope realize a problem; Luke and Willow had been at home for too long, that was not okay, not having friends because they were always at home; they should go to school and be with other children.

The four of them got in the car, and after a moment of reflection, Hope turned to look at the two little ones.

“Luke, Willow, how about Mommy takes you to school next semester?”

Luke had no issue with that, nodding his head, "Sure, it's too boring at home, I have no objections."

But Willow hesitated, gripping her doll, as if she had some concerns.

Hope easily noticed Willow's little mood and pursed her lips, beginning to encourage, "Our Willow is so cute and enthusiastic, I'm sure many children at school will like Willow and want to be friends with you."

"Really?" The last incident at school still made Willow somewhat resistant to the idea.

Of course, Hope knew about this, but going to school was inevitable sooner or later.

Plus, Willow's previous psychological issues had improved, and she was no different from any regular child now.

Hope continued to encourage, "Of course, everyone will like our adorable Willow."

With that, Hope patted Waylon's arm, "Right?"

Waylon went along very cooperatively, softening his voice, "Right, who dares not to like the daughter of Waylon Lewis?"

Hope, "...", you were meant to compliment your daughter, why are you including yourself in it?

"Don't worry, Willow, big brother will protect you," Luke bravely took Willow's little hand like a little man.

Hope looked at Luke with satisfaction.

"See, Willow, don't be afraid, Mommy, Daddy, and big brother will all protect Willow."

Willow pursed her lips, somewhat embarrassed by Mommy's coaxing and compliments.

"Okay, Willow will go to school too," Willow replied with a giggly smile.

Seeing Willow smile, if they weren't in the car, Hope would really want to kiss Willow.

Willow was indeed adorable, with her round chubby little face, fair and soft with a baby-like fragrance, and her smile revealing two dimples; holding a doll while sitting in the backseat, so tiny, how could anyone not love her?

"That's settled then," Hope planned to look for a suitable school in the next few days.

In a few days, she intended to return to work at the hospital, and of course, Hope had promised Waylon to temporarily stay off the operating table.

After arriving at the hospital, Waylon parked the car, and Hope led Luke and Willow out of the vehicle, then the four of them entered the hospital ward together.

At that moment, from a corner unnoticed by anyone, a pair of sinister eyes stared intently at those retreating figures.

Chapter 368: Chapter 368 Waylon Lewis Knows This Best Chapter 368: Chapter 368 Waylon Lewis Knows This Best Christopher Lewis' hospital room was eerily quiet, with Christopher lying in bed with a taut face.

Alitzel Williams sat in a corner of the sofa with a pinched face, lips tightly sealed without uttering a word.

Both were in the same hospital room, but wished they could stick to the walls, keeping the furthest distance from each other.

The atmosphere was very stiff, looking as if they had just had an argument.

"Good morning, Grandma."

As soon as Luke and Willow entered, they cheerfully called out to Alitzel Williams, their babyish voices immediately breaking the tense atmosphere.

Seeing her two precious grandchildren, Alitzel Williams stood up and walked over, "Oh, my darlings, Grandma missed you so much, let Grandma hug you."

Watching Alitzel Williams hugging and kissing the two little ones, Christopher was a bit envious.

It seemed like no one had noticed him calling out a moment ago.

He felt as if he had been forgotten!

"Ahem..." He deliberately made a noise to remind them that he, too, was there.

"Grandma, we missed you too, are you happy to see Luke and Willow?"

"Happy, very happy."

No one paid attention to Christopher, "Ahem, ahem!" He coughed twice, more forcefully.

“Grandma was just unhappy, why is that?”

Luke and Willow blinked their eyes at Alitzel Williams, both five-and-a-half-year-olds could see that Alitzel Williams had been in a bad mood just now.

“Ahem, ahem, ahem!”

Why did no one notice him yet?

Had he coughed too softly?

It wasn’t that soft either; he coughed so hard that his shoulder wound hurt along with it.

“Who else could it be for.” Alitzel Williams glanced at Christopher and huffed.

“It’s you again, Bad Grandpa.” Willow snorted.

Finally noticed, Christopher didn’t have time to rejoice before his old face immediately darkened.

“I didn’t do anything to her.”

Christopher defended himself in a measured tone, “And why am I always called Bad Grandpa?”

“Because Bad Grandpa always picks on my Mommy, and you often accuse my Mommy without using your brain.” Willow whispered, but the quietness of the hospital room meant everyone heard.

Doing anything that makes Mommy unhappy set the standard for being ‘bad’ in Luke and Willow’s eyes.

Waylon Lewis knew this all too well.

Christopher’s face turned black as coal, he glared at Hope Williams, “Did you teach the children this?”

Hope Williams tugged at her lips slightly.

“Do I need to teach them? Isn’t it the fact?” Alitzel Williams huffed coldly, immediately peeling fruit for Luke and Willow to eat.

Christopher was angered to the point of almost exploding, feeling extremely indignant.

“Luke, Willow, be good and stay here, Mommy and Daddy will be back in a while.”

“Okay, you go ahead.” The two little treasures were fed various treats by Alitzel Williams, their mouths bulging.

Hope Williams smiled faintly and walked out with Waylon Lewis.

...

Waylon Lewis had stopped putting pressure on the Fuller Clan, finally giving them a chance to breathe.

In the hospital room of Old Master Fuller, the old butler of the Fuller Family reported this situation to Old Master Fuller, which was the best news of the past few days.

Old Master Fuller, who felt bankruptcy was imminent, immediately perked up, clutching the butler’s hand tightly, “Really?”

“For certain.”

“Good, good, the heavens have not forsaken our Fuller Family,” Old Master Fuller exclaimed joyfully.

But in the next second, the door to the hospital room was knocked. Thinking it was the doctor, two policemen in uniform entered instead, showing their identification.

Old Master Fuller’s expression hardened, and he looked at the approaching policemen, puzzled, “Officers, is there a problem?”

“Walker Fuller, you are suspected of murder. Please come with us.” The demeanor of the two policemen was all business.

Old Master Fuller was astonished, “Murder? Officers, you must be mistaken, I didn’t do it...”

“We will determine whether you did it or not, please come with us.” The two policemen stepped forward and took hold of Old Master Fuller, one on each side.

“Wait! Wait! Let me go first, I need to find my lawyer, I have to find my lawyer!”

Old Master Fuller was pulled up from his bed, struggling forcefully, but failing to free himself from the grip of the police.

He steadied himself and urgently said to the old butler, “Go find my lawyer, hurry up!”

Walker Fuller was dragged out of the hospital room, and there stood Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams at the doorway, their cool gazes watching him indifferently.

"It's you!" Old Master Fuller's eyes narrowed with loathing, "Are you satisfied now? Just you wait, just you wait. When I get out, I won't let you off."

"Get out?" Waylon Lewis sneered, "I hope you can fulfill that statement in your lifetime."

At this moment, Walker Fuller still believed that even if Waylon Lewis handed over the evidence of him ordering the hit on Christopher Lewis to the police, he wasn't afraid; at worst this would be attempted murder, a few years in jail.

As long as the Fuller Family stood firm, once he was out, he still had a chance.

Chapter 369: Chapter 369: Kidnapping Chapter 369: Chapter 369: Kidnapping Old Master Fuller fixed his gaze filled with hatred on the two, clearly quite defiant.

"Walker Fuller, I believe with the crimes you've committed, you're destined to spend your next life in prison."

Walker Fuller's eyes narrowed, "That's not for you to decide."

"We'll see," Hope Williams said with a faint smile.

Walker Fuller frowned tightly, looking at Hope Williams' calm and somewhat mocking smile, feeling somewhat uneasy, "What exactly do you mean? You guys aren't thinking of bribing the police to frame me, are you?"

"Huh." Hope Williams scoffed coldly.

"You think everyone is as filthy as you," Waylon Lewis said with an intense gaze.

"What do you guys really want?" Walker Fuller became emotionally agitated. "What are you scheming?"

He felt baseless panic rising within him, and cold sweat continuously broke out on his forehead.

"What? Are you afraid now after committing so many evils?"

Hope Williams found him laughable. It turns out that even a malevolent villain like him could feel fear.

Walker Fuller steadied his spirit, "Tell me, are you thinking of framing me?"

Even more laughable.

“No need to frame you, your crimes are enough for a lifetime in prison.”

Hope Williams deliberately didn't tell him; his crimes were already clear, but to make him continually guess, agonize, and fear in his heart.

Wait till he finds out that his own granddaughter and grandson-in-law betrayed him—to let him taste the pain of betrayal by his kin.

“You! You! I disagree, let me go, I need my lawyer.”

Walker Fuller shouted loudly, but the police didn't indulge him and directly dragged him away.

Waylon Lewis's brows remained still, his tight face, however, revealed his emotions at the moment.

Hope Williams glanced at Waylon Lewis and then reached out to hold his arm, “He's reaping what he sowed. With all this evidence handed over to the police, he can never get out in this lifetime, it's some consolation for Christopher, I guess.”

But this life of Christopher's, even so, Walker Fuller cannot repay even a fraction of it.

“Yeah,” Waylon Lewis's expression improved slightly.

As the two were walking back, just then Waylon Lewis's phone rang. He answered it, and the next moment, his relaxed expression immediately tightened.

“What's wrong?” Hope Williams looked at his disturbed expression and anxiously asked.

“Mom said Luke and Willow are missing,” Waylon Lewis said anxiously.

Hope Williams was stunned, “How could this happen?”

While talking, she quickly headed for Christopher Lewis's hospital room.

Alitzel Williams was anxiously asking at the nurse's station, “Have you seen two children, a boy and a girl, around five or six years old, the boy wearing a white-gray top, the girl in a light pink top?”

“Did the children get lost? We were just busy, didn't see them. Don't worry too much, we'll call for help to search, they couldn't have gone far.”

Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis rushed over. Hope Williams grabbed Alitzel Williams' hand, too breathless even to catch her breath, she anxiously asked, “Where are Luke and Willow?”

"I don't know. Just now a nurse came in to change medicine for your father, I was helping alongside, I let Luke and Willow play by themselves for a while, and in the blink of an eye, they disappeared," Alitzel Williams cried anxiously. "What should we do? Could they have encountered child traffickers..."

Waylon Lewis's brows were tightly furrowed, he looked at the nurse, "Bring up the surveillance."

The nurse, knowing the urgency, immediately led them to the surveillance room.

Waylon Lewis held Hope Williams' trembling hand. Luke and Willow had been lost once before, Hope Williams was frightened and anxious, fearing a repeat of the previous incident.

"We found something." The surveillance soon showed activity.

In the surveillance, Luke and Willow were heading toward the restroom, likely wanting to use the toilet, but just then, two people quietly followed them from behind.

One of those two, a woman's figure, was incredibly familiar—it was Mia Fuller!

Swiftly, Vivia Fuller and a man behind her quickly approached, covering the children's mouths and quickly carrying them away.

Hope Williams's heart trembled violently at that moment.

They didn't take the elevator but used the stairs instead, as the stairwell was less frequented and less easy to be spotted.

Hope Williams felt increasingly heavy-hearted, not allowing herself to be distracted; the time display showed this was five minutes ago, meaning they were still in the hospital.

They were likely planning their escape now; they must find Luke and Willow before they escape, or else the children would be in great danger.

"Mom, keep an eye on the surveillance; we're going downstairs," Hope Williams turned and hurried out, completely forgetting that she was pregnant.

Waylon Lewis, quicker than Hope Williams, stepped forward and grabbed the frantic Hope Williams, "I know you're anxious, but you're pregnant and running like this could lead to a fall, which would be more trouble. Mom and I will go, you stay and watch the surveillance, and keep us informed at all times."

"Yes, you can't afford another incident, you stay," Alitzel Williams immediately said.

They can't getaway with the children; Waylon Lewis quickly reassured Hope Williams and hurried downstairs.

Chapter 370: Chapter 370 Vivia Fuller Sacrifices Herself to Save the Child Chapter 370: Chapter 370 Vivia Fuller Sacrifices Herself to Save the Child But at this moment, in the stairwell.

"Mia Fuller!" Vivia Fuller shouted loudly.

Mia Fuller stopped in her tracks and turned around to see Vivia Fuller chasing after her.

Vivia Fuller, just out of the restroom, saw Mia Fuller sneakily intercepting the two children.

"What are you doing?" Vivia Fuller glared wide-eyed at the child in Mia Fuller's arms, her face showing panic, "Are you insane? What are you going to do to these two children?"

"It's you!" Mia Fuller glared fiercely at Vivia Fuller, "Of course I'm going to kill them. Hope Williams, that bitch, made me suffer so much; I'll let her children pay it back. I have lost everything; I just want Hope Williams to suffer as I have."

"You're too crazy."

"Crazy? Sister, don't you want Hope Williams to suffer?" Mia Fuller sneered at Vivia Fuller.

"Don't you want Hope Williams to suffer like us? Look at the Fuller Family now, look at you, look at me, all ruined by Hope Williams." Mia Fuller said viciously.

Hearing these words, Luke and Willow struggled frantically.

Bad woman, wanting to harm them.

"Naughty girl, don't move." Mia Fuller pinched Willow harshly.

Willow's mouth was gagged, and her hands were tied. She struggled vehemently, and the pinch from Mia hurt so much that tears welled up in her eyes.

But Willow did not let her tears fall; she glared ferociously at Mia Fuller; she couldn't show weakness in front of this bad woman.

Seeing Willow getting hit, Luke felt so distressed; he wrestled desperately in the man's arms, but the man was stronger than Mia Fuller, and he couldn't break free.

“What do you think, sister?”

Vivia Fuller was incredibly tempted by Mia Fuller’s proposal.

She was ruined by Hope Williams, and she wished Hope Williams would suffer more than anyone.

And the best way to make Hope Williams suffer was to harm her children.

Vivia Fuller was eagerly looking forward to seeing Hope Williams in extreme pain.

It would be incredibly satisfying.

But she looked up and saw the surveillance camera pointed right at them.

She froze in shock.

Suddenly, she came to her senses, and her mind cleared instantly at that moment.

There was a surveillance camera; it was possible that Waylon Lewis was watching this scene from the other end.

Now, without the backing of the Fuller Family, they were utterly powerless; if they killed these two children, Waylon Lewis would crush them as easily as crushing an ant.

No, that’s not right.

They couldn’t escape, not with the children; they might even die before the kids.

No!

Vivia Fuller calmed down, dismissing her impulsive thoughts, her hand on the banister gripping tightly.

The children could not die; she had to save these two children, yes!

Vivia Fuller’s heart was pounding like a drum as she looked up at the surveillance camera again.

She had to find a powerful ally to survive and rise again.

The importance of these two children to the Lewis Family was evident, and if she saved them, the Lewis Family might forgive past grievances, even be grateful to her.

Vivia Fuller clenched her teeth, and while Mia Fuller wasn’t paying attention, reached out to grab Willow.

Mia Fuller, startled, looked at Vivian Fuller, confused and loudly scolded, "Vivian Fuller, what the hell is wrong with you?"

Vivian Fuller shouted, "Let go of the children, you can't harm the children! Let them go!"

Mia Fuller had no idea why Vivian Fuller suddenly changed, like she was someone else, and pushed her away forcefully, "Get lost, have you gone mad?"

Vivian Fuller, already injured, was overpowered by Mia Fuller and was pushed to the ground; but she immediately gritted her teeth and stood up.

"Let go of the children; they are innocent; you can't harm them. Mia Fuller, you must have a conscience; how can you be so cruel to such small children? Please, let them go."

Mia Fuller's brain couldn't process this sudden shift; she thought Vivian Fuller had taken the wrong medication and cursed at her before turning to leave.

Vivian Fuller's eyes flashed with viciousness; seizing the opportunity, she rushed forward, catching the man off guard, and pulled Luke from his grasp to protect him behind her, all the while urging Mia Fuller, "Stop it, stop harming the children."

"You must be freaking mad," Mia Fuller charged forward, trying to push Vivian Fuller.

Vivian Fuller bit her lower lip hard, fiercely grabbed Willow's arm, and with force pulled her away from Mia Fuller.

Willow fell to the ground in pain.

Seeing Vivian Fuller's serious determination, Mia Fuller grew even angrier and pulled out a dagger she had prepared earlier.

Vivian Fuller's face turned pale, "What are you doing?"

"You dare to ruin my plan; you're asking for death. I've been sick of you for a long time," the venom was clear in Mia Fuller's eyes.

Vivian Fuller silently moved back to the edge of the stairs, her eyes filled with terror, shouting, "Don't come closer, stay away..."

Mia Fuller made to slash with the knife, and Vivian Fuller, grabbing Mia Fuller's hand, slammed the dagger deep into her own stomach.

Vivian Fuller let out a muffled groan.

Mia Fuller was stunned, somewhat in disbelief.

But the scared look in Vivia Fuller's eyes just a moment ago turned to a menacing chill; she mocked with a twisted lip, forming the words with her mouth, "Thank you, sister, for your help."

After speaking, before Mia Fuller could react, Vivia Fuller grabbed her hand, pulled out the knife, and threw herself backward.

Mia Fuller watched the person rolling down the stairs, her hand covering her mouth in horror.

Chapter 371: Chapter 371: Hope Williams Must Pay the Price Chapter 371: Chapter 371: Hope Williams Must Pay the Price Mia Fuller watched in horror as the person tumbled down the steps, covering her mouth in shock.

She didn't push her!

Has Vivia Fuller gone mad?

Mia Fuller shrunk her neck and stood completely stunned, watching the unmoving Vivia Fuller below, holding a bloody knife in her hand, feeling its scalding heat.

Her hand shook, and the knife in her hand fell to the ground with a piercing noise.

Luke and Willow also watched the scene, unable to recover their senses; they didn't understand why this evil auntie was trying her best to save them at this moment.

A flurry of rapid footsteps approached from afar.

Mia Fuller tensed up, looking upstairs warily, then forcefully pulled Luke in front of her.

"Brother!" Willow cried out in panic, but a force behind her pulled her back.

Willow turned her head back in alarm, only to see the breathless Hope Williams running toward her.

"Mommy." Willow's eyes reddened.

Mia Fuller's expression changed, and she tightly grabbed Luke, pressing the knife against Luke's neck.

Hope Williams turned pale with fright.

She had just seen the situation here through the surveillance, notified Waylon Lewis, and couldn't help bringing two hospital security guards rushing down.

“Stop.”

“Hope Williams! I can’t escape, but I’ll take your son with me,” Mia Fuller said, displaying a fierce demeanor.

One security guard was calling for backup using a walkie-talkie, while another cautiously approached, “Calm down, let the child go; you won’t escape...”

Mia Fuller, swinging the knife wildly, shouted, “Nobody come over here, stay still.”

The hospital security, not trained like the Lewis Family’s bodyguards, were daunted by the sight of a mad woman waving a bloody knife, and no one dared to approach.

“Okay, okay, we won’t move, we won’t move!” Hope Williams steadied her spirit and replied continuously, “Don’t make another mistake.”

With the sharp blade pointed at Luke, Hope Williams dared not make any rash moves.

Mia Fuller was no different from a madwoman who had lost her reason.

Hope Williams’s brow furrowed deeply.

“One mistake after another, isn’t it all because you forced me? Why do you all force me? You forced me into this, what wrong did I do? You made me into this mess, why shouldn’t I make you pay, Hope Williams!”

“Don’t hurt the child, the one you hate is me, you want my life, okay, let the child go, I’ll be your hostage...”

“Mommy, no.” Luke’s face was full of rejection to Hope William’s suggestion.

“Luke, don’t be afraid, mommy will save you.”

Luke looked at Hope Williams, not crying despite the cold blade against his neck.

But hearing that Hope Williams intended to exchange herself for him, tears couldn’t stop swirling in Luke’s eyes.

Mia Fuller pointed the knife directly at Hope Williams, signaling Willow to move back.

“Don’t think you can fool me, if I let the child go, do I have any way out? I want to kill your child.”

Mia Fuller was simply like a lunatic.

"It's because of you that I ended up like this, why are you still okay, when I clearly was the miss of the Fuller Family, yet you made me into this monstrous state, I hate you, I hate you! If I'm not okay, don't think you can be either."

Mia Fuller's face twisted hideously as she continually waved the knife.

"Stay calm..." Hope Williams feared she might hurt Luke.

"Calm? Hope Williams, what gives you the right to tell me to stay calm? What do I have left to be calm about? I just want you dead, I want you to pay."

"If you hate me, you should strike at me, hurting my child will only cause me pain, but I can still live, let the child go, you're not supposed to kill me, I'll stand right here, this life, I give it to you, just let the child go."

Mia Fuller's face was vigilant, but her eyes flickered.

She had always dreamed of Hope Williams dying, and now the opportunity was right before her eyes.

Seeing her waver, Hope Williams continued, "Let the child go, come at me."

Mia Fuller's gaze darkened as she looked at Hope Williams with a cold laugh, her eyes full of satisfaction, and her gaze slowly shifted downward, "You're pregnant, aren't you? Two lives for one corpse seems good."

She would even gain an extra one.

"Fine, you come here, and I'll let him go."

Hope Williams clenched her teeth, "Okay."

"No, Mommy don't, Luke is a man, Luke doesn't need Mommy to exchange for him," Luke shouted with reddened eyes.

"Shut up you brat," Mia Fuller pressed the blade down threateningly.

"You evil woman, don't hurt my Mommy, you're not allowed to hurt my Mommy."

"Won't hurt her, should I hurt you instead?"

"Don't!" Hope Williams screamed in terror, "Don't hurt him, I'm coming over now, don't hurt him."

Mia Fuller looked at her menacingly and barked, "Hurry up."

Seizing this opportunity, a security guard behind gathered his courage and stepped forward, trying to sneak up on Mia Fuller.

A soft step sounded.

Mia Fuller immediately turned around, her alertness heightened manifold during such tense moments.

Her body tensed, she stared at the security guard, frantically waving the knife, "Stand there! Don't move!"

Seeing this, the security guard could only back away. He never expected Mia Fuller to be so vigilant, immediately alert at the slightest noise, as if ready to strike the next second.

Fearing something unexpected would happen, and that she would end up killing none, Mia Fuller's expression changed as she shouted at Hope Williams, "You, stop too."

Hope Williams froze in place.

"You were trying to sneak attack me, weren't you? Your son can just die," Mia Fuller bared her teeth and glared, raising her knife high, ready to strike.

Hope Williams furrowed her brow, her heart in her throat, and she continuously assured, "No one will move, I promise you, he won't move, let him go, let Luke go, I will come over, let him tie my hands, and then I will come to you, don't worry."

Hope Williams tried her best to soothe Mia Fuller, hoping to buy time and pacify her.

Mia Fuller's eyes flickered, she snapped, "No more tricks."

"Absolutely not," Hope Williams had the security quickly tie her hands, Mia Fuller watched intently as Hope Williams's hands were securely bound, then signaled her to come over.

Hope Williams quickly approached Mia Fuller, who then pushed Luke away and grabbed Hope Williams pulling her in front, the knife pressed against Hope Williams's neck.

Mia Fuller stared at Hope Williams's face and burst into maniacal laughter, "Hope Williams, you're finally in my hands."

Hope Williams kept looking towards the staircase.

According to the floor and timing, Waylon Lewis would arrive soon.

She had been deliberately stalling for time.

“Hope Williams, go to hell,” Mia Fuller didn’t hesitate, raising the knife, her mind filled with thoughts of Hope Williams dying.

The moment Mia Fuller raised the knife, Hope Williams quickly lifted her foot with lightning speed, stomping on Mia Fuller’s foot. Mia Fuller screamed in pain, and Hope Williams seized the opportunity to quickly break free and desperately dodge to the side.

Mia Fuller’s desire to kill Hope Williams was extremely strong, ignoring the pain, she grabbed Hope Williams’s hair in one go.

Hope Williams’s hands were tied and she couldn’t resist.

Despite being mentally prepared, Hope Williams was still panicking at that moment.

“Mommy!” Luke and Willow rushed forward, screaming loudly.

Chapter 372: Chapter 372 Vivia Fuller Might Never Wake Up Again Chapter 372: Chapter 372 Vivia Fuller Might Never Wake Up Again Just as the knife was about to pierce her neck, Hope Williams instinctively closed her eyes.

“Swoosh.” The sound of the blade grazing skin echoed.

Crimson liquid dripped drop by drop onto the ground, the ticking sound in the silence was eerily clear.

Hope Williams didn’t feel the expected pain in her body; instead, she sensed a familiar presence closing in at that moment.

The next second!

She opened her eyes, fixating on the large hand gripping the sharp blade.

Waylon Lewis’s face turned a ghastly pale, his molars tightly clenched as he seized the blade with his bare hand.

Hope Williams’s heart clenched violently, “Waylon Lewis!”

At that instant, Mia Fuller’s face turned deathly pale. Waylon Lewis’s expression was extremely grim as he kicked Mia Fuller in the abdomen. Mia Fuller screamed, losing balance and tumbling down the stairs.

He couldn’t afford to care about anything else and immediately grabbed Hope Williams.

“Are you alright?”

His dark eyes filled with worry as he gazed at Hope Williams for a good while, only relaxing when he was certain that she wasn't injured.

Luke and Willow, frightened by the incident, burst into tears and plunged into Hope Williams's embrace, crying loudly.

“Mommy, wuuu~”

“There, don't cry, don't be afraid, Daddy's here, Mommy's fine, Mommy's fine,” Hope Williams quickly comforted Luke and Willow.

Waylon Lewis, looking at the trio huddled together, sighed in relief, grateful that they were all safe.

He turned his cold gaze to Mia Fuller, who was being held by the security guards.

Waylon Lewis, expressionless, picked up a wooden stick dropped by a security guard and walked step by step towards Mia Fuller. Before he could speak, Mia Fuller, her head hanging low, burst into manic laughter.

“How come you're so lucky, Hope Williams? Even this couldn't kill you. You wretch, how could you have such good luck? I truly regret not killing your son right away.”

Mia Fuller, her head bloody, still shouted resentfully, her eyes filled with hatred as she glared at Hope Williams.

Waylon Lewis's brow furrowed deeply, his eyes rolling with intense fury, he raised the wooden stick.

“Waylon Lewis, stop!” Hope Williams yelled, “Hand her over to the police, don't dirty your hands.”

Waylon Lewis paused, his hand frozen in place, he glared fiercely at Mia Fuller, suppressing the murderous intent in his eyes, and threw down the stick, walking back to Hope Williams.

Mia Fuller continued to curse Hope Williams incessantly as she was dragged away.

Hope Williams ignored her, grasping Waylon Lewis's hand. The wound was deep and continuously bleeding. She immediately pulled him to tend to his wound.

Vivia Fuller was taken to the emergency room, and Mia Fuller was taken by the police, while a thug hired by Mia Fuller, seeing things go south, had long abandoned her and fled.

Alitzel Williams, still in shock, hugged Luke and Willow tightly and cried, "Thank goodness, thank goodness. That was too close; from now on, you must never leave the sight of adults, do you hear?"

Luke and Willow reached up to wipe Alitzel Williams's tears, continuously comforting her.

After Waylon Lewis had his wound treated, the color returned slightly to Hope Williams's face.

Alitzel Williams saw them come out after treating the wound and hurriedly approached, asking, "How is it? Is the injury serious?"

"It's nothing." Waylon Lewis said expressionlessly.

Alitzel Williams looked at Hope Williams and then at Waylon Lewis, asking, "Did Vivia Fuller really save Luke and Willow this time?"

Hope Williams furrowed her brow. She had seen from the surveillance footage that Vivia Fuller indeed argued with Mia Fuller to save Luke and Willow.

Vivia Fuller already had injuries on her body and then suffered a stab wound. She rolled down the stairs, hitting her head on the ground, and was now in emergency treatment.

It seems she indeed saved Luke and Willow, but it's unknown if it was premeditated.

Hope Williams nodded.

Alitzel Williams found it unbelievable, "How could she be so kind-hearted?"

"Vivia has never been bad; it's you all who have always been prejudiced against her," Christopher Lewis spoke up from the side.

Alitzel Williams glanced at him, this time choosing not to continue arguing.

Five hours later, the doctor emerged from the emergency room to explain the situation: Vivia Fuller had lost a lot of blood and suffered severe head trauma; whether she could wake up was a question.

"What? It's that serious?"

Alitzel Williams hadn't expected it to be so severe.

Might she never wake up, essentially becoming a vegetative state?

She had thought Vivia Fuller only had knife wounds, not expecting it could go to the extent of possibly not waking up.

This means Vivia Fuller really made a huge sacrifice to save Luke and Willow.

Alitzel Williams was greatly shocked; Hope Williams hadn't expected it to be so serious either.

Soon, a bloodless-faced Vivia Fuller was moved from the emergency room to the intensive care unit.

Henry Fuller hurried over as soon as he heard the news, too rushed to even catch a breath and anxiously inquired, "What happened, President Lewis? How did my cousin end up like this?"

Waylon Lewis didn't answer him.

Christopher Lewis sighed, stepped forward, and explained to Henry Fuller what had happened today. Henry Fuller's brows furrowed deeply, and he couldn't help but feel a bit of respect for Vivia Fuller.

This woman is fierce.

His face full of melancholy, he asked, "Does this mean it's very unlikely that my cousin will wake up?"

Christopher Lewis paused before responding, "That shouldn't be the case, with medical science so advanced now, there should be a way. You rest assured, since Vivia did this to save the Lewis Family's children, we Lewis Family will take responsibility through and through. As for Mia Fuller!"

Christopher Lewis's expression turned cold.

That woman who intended to kill his grandchildren should definitely not be let off.

Without waiting for Christopher Lewis to speak, Henry Fuller hastily said, "She dared to do such a despicable deed, it's utterly inexcusable, she deserves punishment. Fortunately, cousin Vivia discovered it in time, preventing irreversible consequences."

Speaking, Henry Fuller looked toward Hope Williams standing to the side with her cool and serene demeanor. He approached her respectfully, bowed slightly, his face full of apology, "Young Madam Lewis, I'm very sorry for the harm my cousin Mia brought to you and your children. To atone, let me know what compensation you need and I will do my best to fulfill it."

Hope Williams slightly raised her eyebrows and swept her chilly gaze over the exceedingly humble man in front of her.

Her gaze penetrated his eyes, capturing all the insincerity within.

Hope Williams collected her gaze calmly and said indifferently, "No need, her crimes can't be redeemed by anything."

Henry Fuller raised an eyebrow and, hearing Hope Williams's words, didn't insist further, apologizing again.

Glancing at Waylon Lewis next to him, he bowed his head slightly again, "I'm truly very sorry, President Lewis."

Waylon Lewis pursed his lips, saying nothing.

Just then, the doctor approached, and Henry Fuller went to discuss the further treatment.

Since Vivia Fuller indeed got injured this severely while saving Luke and Willow, the Lewis Family had no reason not to keep someone here to watch over.

Alitzel Williams asked Waylon Lewis to take Hope Williams and the children back; she stayed behind.

Hope Williams looked meaningfully towards the intensive care unit, still finding it hard to believe that Vivia Fuller could be so benevolent without any ulterior motive in saving her children.

Chapter 373: Chapter 373: I Only Want to Have a Loving Relationship with You Chapter 373: Chapter 373: I Only Want to Have a Loving Relationship with You Back home, Hope Williams settled Luke and Willow.

The two little ones were scared today and fell into a deep sleep in the car, and Hope Williams gently covered them with a blanket, her face full of concern.

Downstairs, Hope Williams saw Waylon Lewis sitting on the sofa, with Thomas Hughes standing next to him, who was moving his mouth, seemingly reporting something to Waylon Lewis. Upon seeing Hope Williams, Thomas Hughes immediately greeted her respectfully.

Hope Williams gave a slight nod, and Waylon Lewis stretched out his hand to pull her to sit next to him.

“What is this?” Hope Williams glanced at the notebook computer on the coffee table, which seemed to be displaying a segment of surveillance video.

“Hospital surveillance.”

It was from the period when Vivia Fuller was hospitalized due to injury until Luke and Willow were kidnapped by Mia Fuller.

“Do you also suspect Vivia Fuller?” Hope Williams glanced at the surveillance, looking towards Waylon Lewis.

“Yeah,” Waylon Lewis responded gravely, “She’s not that kind-hearted.”

Hope Williams frowned, “I feel the same way, found any clues?”

Waylon Lewis shook his head, “No, everything seems normal.”

Everything is normal, which made it puzzling. The surveillance showed that since her admission, Vivia Fuller had not been in contact with Mia Fuller, and she didn’t have a cell phone to contact Mia Fuller either. The only person she had any contact with those days was Henry Fuller.

This was confirmed by Thomas Hughes asking the other patients in Vivia Fuller’s room, who could all attest to it.

Moreover, a fellow patient said that Vivia Fuller was mentally unstable, either crying at night or hiding under the covers, looking utterly dejected.

Thus, she was also not in the right state of mind to plan anything during that time.

Looking back at the segment when Luke and Willow were kidnapped by Mia Fuller, the surveillance indeed showed it was solely Mia Fuller who had taken the children.

Vivia Fuller had just happened to see Mia Fuller taking the children away and had started an intense argument in an attempt to rescue the children, during which Mia Fuller stabbed and pushed her down the stairs.

Everything suggested that Vivia Fuller really wasn’t at fault this time.

However, Hope Williams still felt it was impossible for Vivia Fuller to be so benevolent, as someone who could betray her own kin wouldn’t save the enemy’s children without having their own agenda.

Regarding Vivia Fuller, Hope Williams could not find any reasonable explanation for her actions and was dazedly watching the surveillance when the entrance door opened, and two hurried figures rushed in.

“Bro, sister-in-law, Luke and Willow are alright, right? Mom said that crazy woman Mia Fuller kidnapped Luke and Willow.”

“Hope, are you okay? Where’s Luke and Willow?”

Hope Williams looked at the people who approached her, blinked lightly, “It’s alright, don’t worry, Luke and Willow are fine, they are upstairs sleeping now.”

“That’s good, that’s good, I was so scared, how could such a thing happen, has Mia Fuller been caught? That’s so wicked,” Aria Richardson said anxiously.

“She’s been caught and taken to the police station,” Hope Williams glanced at Aria Richardson, then toward Wyatt Lewis, “Speaking of which, how come you two came together?”

“Because we were together last night,” Aria Richardson said without hesitation.

“What? You were together last night?” Hope Williams raised her voice slightly, glaring at Wyatt Lewis.

Waylon Lewis gently raised his eyebrows, giving Wyatt Lewis a meaningful look.

Wyatt Lewis jolted under that gaze, quickly waved his hands to explain, “No no, nothing like that, we were just drinking together in a private booth last night.”

Wyatt Lewis, seeing the way Hope Williams looked at him as if he had bullied Aria Richardson, hurriedly added, “Not just the two of us.”

Hope Williams’s clear eyes shifted inch by inch towards Aria Richardson.

Aria Richardson, realizing her words had caused a misunderstanding, quickly said under Hope Williams’s probing gaze, “Right, right, we were drinking, many people, don’t think too much.”

“Mmm, just talk, no need to blush,” Hope Williams said playfully, her voice laced with amusement as she raised an eyebrow and chuckled.

Aria Richardson touched her own cheek subconsciously, seeming a bit hot, wondering what was going on.

Hope Williams shook her head and smiled, “Since you’ve come, stay for dinner.”

To change the subject, Wyatt Lewis quickly chimed in, “Yeah, yeah, who’s cooking, sister-in-law, will you cook? I haven’t had your cooking for a long time.”

Wyatt Lewis remembered how previously his sister-in-law had cooked for his brother, but his brother didn't appreciate it and wouldn't eat, and the food would end up in his own stomach, and now it's been quite a while since he last savored such delicious meals.

Wyatt Lewis looked at Hope Williams with anticipation, but before Hope Williams could respond, Waylon Lewis's cold gaze had already shot towards him sharply.

Wyatt Lewis felt a chill and instinctively swallowed, managing a stiff smile under his brother's icy stare.

Waylon Lewis stood up, and Wyatt instinctively backed away, thinking he was about to be hit again.

But Waylon didn't lift a hand; instead, he rolled up his sleeves, revealing a well-built forearm.

Isn't he still going to hit me?

"Bro, what are you doing?" Wyatt shrank back, asking tentatively.

"Am I going to cook for you?"

Wyatt was horrified, jumped up from his chair, grabbed Waylon's arm, and wailed, "No, I was wrong, I won't eat, I won't eat anymore."

That would be better than a beating.

Seeing Wyatt's resistant expression, Waylon's face darkened.

"Is my cooking not good?"

"It's delicious, so delicious, beyond even a five-star chef's skills, but it's just too good for me, bro!"

Wyatt blinked sincerely at Waylon, roaring inside: It's all my fault, all my fault, okay? It was just letting your wife cook a meal, why use such torture on me, can't I just shut up!

Waylon's gaze slowly moved down to the hand Wyatt plastered against him, still tightly holding his arm; Waylon's brow furrowed deeply, "Get off, stop disgusting me."

"Click."

"Click."

The sound of two camera clicks landed.

Waylon glanced sideways, only to see Hope Williams and Aria Richardson, who had taken out their phones at some point, giving them a close-up.

Waylon, slightly taller than Wyatt, who was now leaning against him and clinging to his arm, looked somewhat coquettish and a touch clingy.

Such a fantastical scene needs to be recorded.

The scene of a Domineering President and his delicate wife popped into fujoshi Aria's mind, cough cough...

Aria wanted to slap herself awake. They are real brothers, such thoughts feel somewhat perverted...

Waylon and Wyatt both darkened their expressions, "What are you doing?"

Aria, in a panic, shoved the phone back into her pocket, coughed lightly, and glanced away, showing a caught-in-the-act type of embarrassment.

Hope paused, then slowly put away her phone, tugging at her lips with a light smile, "Uh... you two brothers are really... loving!"

Waylon's brow quirked up, he shoved Wyatt away with disgust, and took big strides back to Hope.

Seeing Waylon's threatening demeanor, Hope instinctively stepped back.

What now? Domestic violence?

Waylon, expressionless, fixed his gaze on Hope.

Hope, feeling a chill on her back from his stare, blinked and looked desperately at Aria for help.

Where was Aria?

Aria had already shrunk back her neck and disappeared.

Jaw clasped by the man, Hope was forced to look at Waylon.

"You... what are you trying to..." do?

Before she could finish, the man leaned down and wrapped her in his arms.

Hope was stunned.

"I only want to love you."

Wyatt, "..."

Aria, "..."

Chapter 374: Chapter 374 Caught Peeking Chapter 374: Chapter 374 Caught Peeking
Thomas Hughes, "..."

The three people next to him almost exploded on the spot, could it be any more disgusting?

Has anyone ever told Waylon Lewis that his stern and imposing demeanor is quite terrifying?

Moreover, he stormed over with such an imposing aura only to suffocate out: "I only have affectionate feelings for you."

Hope Williams tugged and thought... this man... was getting all black-faced just because he said he and Wyatt Lewis have affectionate feelings for each other...

Hope Williams couldn't stifle her laughter, amused by Waylon's earnest and slightly aggrieved tone.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing." She reached out and patted Waylon Lewis's shoulder, "Okay~ you only have affectionate feelings for me."

With that one sentence from Hope Williams, Waylon Lewis's expression instantly blossomed like spring, and he gently kissed her lips.

Aria Richardson, "... Talk about nauseating affection!

"Damn! I can't take this anymore, I am leaving." Wyatt Lewis walked away angrily and embarrassed.

Are these two going to let single dogs live in peace?

Aria Richardson blinked, thinking that Wyatt, being neglected by his big brother, was upset and stormed off. She went over and grabbed him, "Don't go. Your brother still loves you deeply, don't get mad, huh."

Wyatt's eyelid twitched, that sounded kind of odd.

“Yo, this is quite lively.” A deliberately careless voice chimed in.

Nobody knew when Liam Cloud lazily arrived at the entrance, his silver hair as eye-catching as ever. He walked in with a smile, lips curled up in a slight smirk.

“Liam Cloud, what are you here for?” Wyatt furrowed his brow.

“Definitely not to mess with you,” Liam Cloud winked and chuckled towards Wyatt.

“Damn!” How could this guy be so irritating, “Can’t you talk properly?”

“If I couldn’t talk, how could you have heard me?”

Wyatt, “...”

Liam Cloud’s casual gaze shifted towards Waylon Lewis, whose countenance grew cold, and he raised an eyebrow with a smile, “Shall we talk about the one who’s in the terminal stage of craziness?”

Hope Williams, “...”

This guy...

Waylon Lewis, expressionless, looked up at Liam Cloud and remained silent.

The two were ten steps apart, and when their gazes crashed into each other, the air suddenly filled with the smell of gunpowder.

Subconsciously, Aria Richardson shuffled behind Wyatt.

“What are you doing?” Wyatt looked back at Aria Richardson.

“Don’t you feel the atmosphere suddenly turned terrifying?”

Wyatt trembled involuntarily and nodded in agreement, “I feel it too.”

“Demi-god fights tend to hurt the innocent; we should back off a bit.”

Hope Williams felt overwhelmed, “Liam Cloud, please talk properly.”

Liam Cloud’s eyes narrowed slightly, “Shall we have a talk, Waylon?”

The usually composed Waylon Lewis’s face was icy, showing no interest in talking.

Liam Cloud obviously didn’t have a good temper either. Seeing Waylon’s attitude, a frosty expression gradually surfaced on his face.

Hope Williams closed her eyes, leaned towards Waylon Lewis, and pleaded with a smile, "Why not have a chat?"

Waylon looked at Hope Williams and responded, "Okay."

Aria Richardson, "..."

Wyatt, "..."

Waylon Lewis turned and walked towards the upstairs study, with Liam Cloud following nonchalantly after packing up his overwhelming chill.

Aria Richardson swallowed hard. She even felt that Hope Williams had to coax these two immature men with sweet nothings like "baby" and "darling."

Ridiculous!

Hope Williams finally exhaled in relief.

She was just worried that they were going to fight the moment there was a disagreement. Wasn't it already difficult for her?

Aria Richardson leaned towards Hope Williams and looked meaningfully at the two icy silhouettes moving upstairs, clicking her tongue, "Hope, are you sure those two can stay together without fighting?"

Hope Williams's heart sank, how could she have forgotten this part.

What if, in the middle of their talk, things heat up? After all, none of them are easy to talk to, each worse-tempered than the other.

"If you want to know, why not go up and see?" Wyatt suggested in a low voice.

Hope Williams and Aria Richardson simultaneously looked at Wyatt.

Wyatt stepped back, "... What?"

Aria Richardson, "Great idea!"

Hope Williams, "I don't think that's good."

The three tiptoed upstairs.

In the study, the two tall men were standing by the French windows, one aloof and steady, the other brazenly flamboyant.

Wyatt took the lead and sneaked a peek through a crack in the door.

Aria Richardson, seeing his practiced movements and methods, couldn't keep her tongue in her cheek and whispered in a lowered voice, "You do this often, don't you?"

"Occasionally, occasionally, for special circumstances."

Hope Williams glanced inside; she couldn't see much, only Waylon's silhouette, and naturally, what they were saying was too far to hear.

"Sister-in-law, come to the front." Wyatt tugged Hope Williams, positioning her at the forefront.

Hope Williams gestured with her hands, "Never mind, as long as they talk peacefully and don't get physical."

"Don't be like that; now that we're here, listen to what they're saying."

"Could we be discovered?"

"Shush, keep it down and we won't." Wyatt stepped back to let Hope Williams stand in front.

"Let's not, it would be so embarrassing if we get caught."

"No we won't!" Wyatt asserted definitively.

As the two pushed and pulled, Hope Williams was pushed to the very front, followed by a "snap" sound.

"Ouch."

Aria Richardson, "It's over."

Wyatt, "Run."

The two men inside turned their gaze to the door, breached by the intruder.

Hope Williams scrambled up from the ground, her eyes flustered and suddenly awkwardly locked with the two men inside.

Hope Williams was stunned, "I can explain. It wasn't intentional eavesdropping. They dragged me here..."

Hope Williams pointed at the empty air behind her...

Liam Cloud raised an eyebrow, tilting his chin slightly.

Hope Williams looked behind herself and her expression collapsed.

...Where are they?

Damn! They ran off!

These two!

Hope Williams, on the verge of tears, watched as Waylon Lewis approached with tight lips and a strained look, crouching down to check her knees.

“Are you hurt?”

Hope Williams nodded obediently, somewhat sheepishly murmuring, “No.”

Waylon Lewis grasped Hope Williams’s hand that had pressed against the floor, noticeably reddened.

Waylon’s expression darkened further as he gently rubbed and carefully blew on her palm.

Hope Williams’s heart melted by Waylon’s series of actions.

“Be more careful next time, do you hear me?” Waylon’s voice was low, with a hint of reprimand but even more so, concern.

Chapter 375: Chapter 375: Two Tsunderes Chapter 375: Chapter 375: Two Tsunderes
Hope nodded obediently, “Got it, you guys keep talking, I won’t disturb you.”

Hope turned her head to slip away.

Waylon Lewis grabbed her hand, “We’re done talking.”

“That fast?” Hope blinked and glanced at Liam Cloud.

Liam Cloud approached leisurely, flashing a lazy smile, “What, you thought I had a lot to talk about with him?”

Hope was a bit curious about what they talked about but didn’t ask at that moment. She pursed her lips, “Since you’re done, let’s go downstairs to eat. Lunch should be ready by now, and Liam, you should join us.”

Liam Cloud gave a faint smile, as always devoid of much warmth, but a unique tenderness towards her was hidden deep within.

“No thanks, you guys go ahead, I have things to do,” he said, and left.

Hope asked, “In such a hurry?”

Liam Cloud glanced at Waylon Lewis and chuckled lightly, “Yeah, quite urgent.”

Following Liam’s gaze, Hope unconsciously looked at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon’s expression was mostly stoic, just a sober stare at Liam, “What are you looking at me for?”

As if he was the one forcing Liam to leave.

Liam’s gaze returned to Hope, his voice suddenly tinged with a hint of helplessness, “Being forced to leave does feel rushed.”

“Forced out?” Hope furrowed her brows and glanced at Waylon again.

Waylon wanted to kick him but restrained himself because Hope was there; with a dark face, he retorted, “I did not.”

“He did.”

“I didn’t.”

“Huh?” Hope was puzzled.

Liam’s lips curled into a mischievous smile, “Indeed, he’s forcing me to leave.”

This was totally something Waylon could do, so Hope turned to him, “Waylon Lewis...”

Waylon was about to explode from frustration, dark eyes focusing on Liam, “Are you asking for a beating?”

Liam smiled wickedly, “Try it and see who ends up beating whom.”

Hope rubbed her furrowed brow, feeling helpless as she looked at the two men in front of her.

Fine!

Fight!

She didn't care anymore!

"Alright."

Both men turned to look at Hope simultaneously.

"Why don't you two have a fight? You won't settle down otherwise. Do I need to set up a ring for you, bring in a few people to cheer you on or something?"

"..."

"..."

"Maybe I should also arrange an award ceremony for you two, right? Get a trophy set up, make a poster to promote it. Otherwise, it wouldn't do justice to the effort you put into fighting, right?"

Hope raised her delicate eyebrows and wrapped her arms over her chest, watching them.

Waylon, "..."

Liam, "..."

Hope arched an eyebrow and continued with a light tsk, "Better yet, end up in a hospital together, getting casts that keep you bedridden for half a month. If not, you won't learn your lesson and you'll fight again."

Hope said this with all seriousness, showing no sign of joking around.

The two men froze yet again, their clenched fists unconsciously relaxing, and the tense atmosphere around them calmed.

Seeing both their thin lips pursed into a line, Hope let out a teaser smile.

Taking the opportunity to let the two prideful men step down, she walked downstairs.

Waylon pursed his lips and glanced at Liam before naturally following her down.

Liam snorted lightly at Waylon, "Childish."

Perhaps Liam really did have something to do as he didn't stay for the meal and left straight away.

...

Descending the stairs, Hope wanted to scold the two who ran off faster than rabbits.

Aria Richardson and Wyatt Lewis sat upright on the sofa, but as Hope swept her gaze over them, they both shivered and turned around to give her a genuinely heartfelt smile. In unison, they waved, "Hi~ Hope (Sister-in-law)."

Hope sat down on the couch with a stern face, arms folded, ignoring them both.

Aria slid closer to Hope, tugging on her arm and shaking it, "Hope, this... that..."

"No this and that. I'm not listening."

Hope was a little miffed.

"Cough cough..."

Wyatt tilted his head, "?"

Aria desperately sent eye signals to Wyatt, her eyes almost blinking out, but Wyatt kept looking bewildered, not getting the hint.

Aria felt like crying but had to fend for herself, her voice softening, "Hope, we were wrong, we messed up. We'll never leave you behind again."

Wyatt coughed lightly, this coquettish behavior... wasn't really like the tomboy Aria at all.

"We are breaking up with you," Hope declared decisively.

"Please, dear Hope, we really won't dare next time, please forgive us," Aria pleaded with sincere, wide eyes.

"Sister-in-law, we really won't dare next time..."

"Hope, don't be mad, please..."

Hope couldn't hold back and let out a snort of laughter inadvertently.

Aria was caught off guard for a moment.

"Alright, enough of the coyness. I was just teasing, I'm not that petty," Hope said, containing her laughter.

"So you're not mad."

"Not at all."

“What a relief.”

“Dinner is ready,” the servant announced, carrying the last dish to the table and approached.

“Great.” Hope nodded, called out to Aria and the others, then went upstairs to fetch Luke and Willow.

Hope padded softly into the room, careful not to startle the two deeply sleeping little ones, and gently patted Luke first, whispering, “Luke, time to get up for eats.”

Luke curled up, stirred but didn’t wake up, so Hope turned to the other little bed, “Willow, it’s time to eat.”

Willow also didn’t open her eyes, and Hope frowned, feeling that something was not right.

Chapter 376: Chapter 376 Illness Chapter 376: Chapter 376 Illness “Willow?” Hope Williams reached out to touch Willow’s cheek, which she hadn’t noticed before was flushed red, and upon touching her forehead, indeed it was very hot.

Hope grew frantic, and also touched Luke’s forehead, which was similarly not a normal temperature.

Both children had fevers, and they were high.

Hope stood up and ran outside, calling down the stairs, “Waylon Lewis.”

Waylon, who was sitting downstairs, rushed up upon hearing the panic in Hope’s call.

“What’s wrong?” He asked in urgency.

“Luke and Willow have fevers,” Hope hurriedly said, extending her arms to pick up the lighter Willow.

Waylon took big strides towards Luke, tested his temperature with a hand, and it was burning hot!

“To the hospital.”

He furrowed his brows, bent down and picked up Luke with one hand and took Willow from Hope’s arms, then ran downstairs.

“What happened to brother and sister-in-law?”

Seeing the two of them rushing with the kids, they realized something was wrong and immediately approached.

Hope was too rushed to explain much, "Luke and Willow have fevers, we're taking them to the hospital first."

Without waiting for an answer, Hope followed Waylon out.

"What are you waiting for, let's drive over together," Aria Richardson reminded Wyatt Lewis.

"Right, right." Wyatt grabbed the car keys, and the two quickly got into the car.

Fortunately, they found out in time; Luke and Willow's fevers were quite serious, reaching nearly 39 degrees. The two little ones had taken medicine and were now awake, lying on the hospital bed, whimpering in discomfort.

Hope's eyes were full of distress, intermittently reaching out to touch their foreheads to check their temperatures.

"Mommy, Willow's head hurts, am I sick?" the little guy's face was burning red.

"Good Willow, you have a fever, you've just taken medicine, it won't hurt soon."

Seeing such young children with fever was heartbreaking, not only was it hard to bring down the temperature, but it also fluctuated.

Hope let out a light sigh.

"Luke and Willow, get well soon, Aria will take you to play, okay?" Aria was also overcome with concern.

"Yes." The voices of the two little ones were weak, but they couldn't resist asking, "Where will we go to play?"

"Is the amusement park okay?"

"Yeah, can Daddy and Mommy come too?"

Hope immediately agreed, "Of course, once Luke and Willow get better, we'll all go with them to the amusement park."

"Me too, your Uncle Wyatt will also come with you." Wyatt raised his hand and stepped forward, causing the two little ones to giggle, pulling at their somewhat pale lips.

Waylon ordered some food to be brought in, as nobody had eaten lunch and had come straight to the hospital.

Waylon gently rubbed the top of Hope's head, tenderly encouraging, "Eat something first."

Having said that, Waylon handed a bowl of porridge to Hope, just as she was about to speak.

Waylon knew what she wanted to say and preempted her, "You eat, I'll feed them."

Waylon had learned a bit from watching Hope take care of the two little ones; clumsily yet carefully holding a small spoon, he blew on the porridge to cool it before feeding it to them.

Waylon was extremely fair, sitting in the middle with two bowls of porridge on the table – one mouthful for Luke on the left and one for Willow on the right, feeding them vigorously.

The two little ones were apparently quite hungry, eating as much as Waylon would feed, creating an atmosphere of unusual harmony.

Watching this scene, Hope smiled with deep relief. Waylon actually loved these two children very much, though he wasn't always tender with them and even at times fiercely vied for their affection.

Of course, Waylon had also prepared portions for Wyatt and Aria. After the two had eaten, seeing the family enjoying their time harmoniously, they didn't want to impose anymore. Seeing that Luke and Willow were okay, they were reassured and told Hope they would leave the room.

The two walked to the elevator, and as the doors opened, a man walked out.

Aria's attention was caught by the man's appearance in black clothing, a black mask, and a duck-billed cap pulled very low over his face.

Chapter 377: Chapter 377: Doesn't Look Like a Good Person Chapter 377: Chapter 377: Doesn't Look Like a Good Person Aria Richardson couldn't help but stare at that man, feeling that his figure looked very familiar, as if she had seen him somewhere before, but she couldn't remember at the moment.

The key was that the man was wrapped up so tightly, it was basically impossible to see his face. He was holding a bouquet of flowers and several people, all fashionably dressed, were following him.

Aria stepped into the elevator and kept gazing at the man until the last moment before the elevator doors closed.

Wyatt Lewis raised an eyebrow, an almost imperceptible chill in his voice, "What are you looking at? Can you see the person's face under the mask through the mask?"

"No, I can't." Aria stared at him oddly.

"Then stop staring. What if, all wrapped up like that, he is ugly as sin?"

Aria rolled her eyes at him, "Cut it out, that guy is obviously a hottie, and he even looks a bit familiar."

"You can recognize him wrapped up like that?" Wyatt leaned against the elevator wall, his face devoid of any smile.

"Tsck." Aria frowned deeply, "Don't change the subject, I really do find him familiar. I'm sure I've seen him before."

Where have I seen him!

Just can't remember...

Harry Williams approached the nurse's station, his well-defined fingers tapped lightly on the counter, he slightly raised his head, his pleasant and magnetic voice spoke, "Please check which hospital room Luke Williams and Willow Williams are in."

He had known that Hope Williams was in the Emperor Capital; the old man had already inquired about all of Hope's circumstances and knew that she gave birth to twins five years ago.

The people sent out came back to report that Hope had hurried to the hospital with the two children, the old man guessed the children were sick, and was very anxious, so he was sent to have a look.

The busy nurse raised her head to look at the man, "Who are you?"

"Their uncle."

The nurse nodded, "Alright."

She then lowered her head to check the computer and reported the room number to Harry Williams.

Harry thanked her with a nod.

The nurse twisted her brow slightly as she watched the man's figure, turning to her colleague with confusion before reacting, "Do you feel like that voice just now sounded like Harry Williams?"

"Harry Williams? You're crazy for idols. How would Harry Williams come here?"

"To visit someone ill, he asked for the Lewis family's young master and young miss's hospital room number..." The nurse frowned in thought, "Wait, Harry Williams is their uncle?"

"I think you're just obsessed with celebrities. Stop gawking and get back to work; there's still so much to do, we won't get to see Harry Williams anywhere but on TV."

The nurse still couldn't help but tiptoe and crane her neck to look into the distance, weakly saying, "But it really seemed like Harry Williams."

After the kids Luke and Willow had finished eating, Waylon Lewis began to eat. Just as he finished eating and put down his utensils, Thomas Hughes knocked and entered, whispering a few words to Waylon, who nodded in response.

Hope Williams was wiping the sweat from Luke and Willow's foreheads with a towel, turned her head to look at Waylon, and spoke, "If you have something to do, go ahead and take care of it. I'm here with them, don't worry."

Waylon looked at Luke and Willow, then at Hope, "Are you okay by yourself?"

"No problem, the doctor is also here, go take care of your things," Hope urged.

Waylon stood up, reached out to embrace Hope, and kissed her forehead lightly, "Alright, call me if anything comes up."

"Okay, hurry along."

Afraid of a repeat of previous incidents, Waylon had Thomas assign two bodyguards at the door.

The moment Waylon left, Harry Williams arrived from the opposite direction searching for the hospital room number.

"This is it." Harry looked up at the room number, feeling a bit excited to meet his nephews for the first time.

Just as he was about to step inside, the two emotionless bodyguards at the door stopped him, "Stop right there, who are you? You can't enter here."

Harry paused in his tracks, lifted his cap slightly, and glanced at the two bodyguards.

Both bodyguards sized up the strangely dressed man.

"I'm here to visit the sick."

"Visiting? What's your name?"

"Harry Williams."

"Don't know you, you can't enter," said the bodyguard, raising his hands to block Harry.

Harry tugged the corner of his mouth, "What do I need to do to get in? I know Hope Williams."

"You know our madam?" The bodyguards once again sized up Harry, who was wrapped up tightly as if he feared being recognized, clearly no good guy, "You can't enter."

No room for negotiation.

"Why not?"

"You don't look like a good person."

"..."

Harry was somewhat annoyed, he took off the cap from his head and irritably ran his fingers through his blonde hair, glaring at the two bodyguards.

A strong chill spread from him.

Behind him, his manager Lucas Carter was terrified; this ancestor had a foul temper and was used to being treated with utmost respect wherever he went. Lucas feared an outburst from Harry and was about to step forward to hold him back when he heard Harry say, in a surprisingly mild tone:

"Big brother, please take a good look, where do I not look like a good person? I've come from so far, just let me have a look inside..."

Chapter 378: Chapter 378: Becoming an Idiot Chapter 378: Chapter 378: Becoming an Idiot Hope Williams heard the voice and came out. Her gaze scanned the man at the front, particularly drawn to his striking blonde hair, "Who are you?"

"It's me, it's me." As soon as Harry Williams saw Hope come out, he quickly pulled down his mask, revealing his handsome face with a sincere smile.

"It's you! The one who deliberately crashed into my car."

Hope found him very memorable, especially his blonde hair which stood out under the light.

She looked him up and down and asked, "What else do you want?"

Hope's eyes were somewhat wary, and Harry Williams hastened to explain, "Don't be scared, that day was an accident. I heard that Luke and Willow were sick, and I specifically came to visit and to express my apologies for before."

As he spoke, Harry Williams shoved the flowers he was holding into Hope's arms, suddenly filling them with the scent of fresh flowers.

"And these, these, I bought them for Luke and Willow," Harry said, gesturing for the people behind him to bring up the big and small packages they were carrying.

Hope glanced at him, her gaze growing more suspicious. Despite his sincerely smiling face, she unhesitatingly shoved the flowers back into his arms.

Harry Williams was at a loss.

"Your kindness is appreciated, thank you, but we don't need these things. I've said I don't hold a grudge over the past incident. You can leave now."

Harry Williams stepped forward in urgency, "Miss... Miss Williams, I swear I'm not a bad person..."

Why does she always have to look at him with eyes like he's a criminal? It's quite hurtful.

Hope's starry eyes narrowed, and she grew even more cautious than before.

"How did you know my surname is Williams? How did you know the names of my children? And where did you hear that my children were sick? We don't even know each other."

Hope found this man really strange.

She didn't know him at all, yet he seemed to know a lot about her. This unsettling feeling made her feel extremely insecure.

Harry Williams was choked up; he certainly couldn't tell her that the old man had investigated everything that had happened to her before.

So he knew not only that she had two children and their names, but also why she went abroad five years ago, and what the Lewis Family's attitude towards her was at that time. Even the news of her being driven out of the Lewis' family house by them and

Christopher Lewis looking down on her as his daughter-in-law had been dug up by the old man and were facts.

So he and the old man both concluded that the Lewis Family was not good to her. And seeing that both children were sick, with only her looking after them, and no other family members in sight, it was obvious how difficult her life with the Lewis Family must be. Thinking about this, Harry Williams felt indignant.

“Actually, I...” Under Hope’s suspicious gaze, Harry Williams hesitated to reveal his identity.

He couldn’t say that either.

The old man was worried that their sudden approach might scare her, so he suggested a gradual process, fearing that she couldn’t accept it all at once.

So Harry Williams couldn’t reveal his identity.

Seeing him unable to answer and hesitating, Hope frowned slightly and imperceptibly took a step back, her eyes growing more wary.

“Little Hope, what’s happening?” Alitzel Williams approached quickly from afar.

She had just run into Waylon Lewis on the elevator and learned that Luke and Willow were sick, so she hurried over but then saw this man persistently lingering at the door.

“Nothing, mom.”

Alitzel Williams sized up Harry Williams, and Harry glanced back at her with a dismissive look, blurting out, “Evil mother-in-law.”

Hope turned to look at Harry Williams in disbelief.

What kind of nonsense was “evil mother-in-law”?

“What ‘evil mother-in-law’? Who are you?”

“What does it matter to you who I am?” Harry Williams retorted irritably.

“You...” Alitzel Williams was somewhat annoyed.

Lucas Carter, the agent, hurriedly pulled back the outspoken Harry Williams, apologizing to Alitzel with a smile.

Harry Williams was fuming, “What are you doing?”

Lucas Carter pulled Harry Williams aside, clenched his teeth, lowered his voice, and through clenched teeth came the words, "She is still the lady of the Lewis Family, can't you speak without offending people?"

"Who have I offended? Can't I tell the truth?"

"Don't forget the old man sent you to visit the sick, not to offend people, and put your mask on quickly. With people coming and going here, what will you do if you are recognized?"

Just as Lucas Carter's words fell, someone exclaimed nearby, "Harry Williams!"

"Ah, ah, ah... It really is Harry Williams, I'm not seeing things, am I?"

"It really is, really is Harry Williams..."

"Oh my god, Harry Williams, I can't believe I've met Harry Williams, I must be seeing things? Is it really him in the flesh?"

If you were to ask who the hottest male superstar in the entertainment industry is nowadays, Harry Williams would undoubtedly be the one.

Lucas Carter was startled by the shrill screams, shivering all over.

Harry Williams tugged at his lips speechless, "You must have a blessed mouth with how accurate you are!"

"Quickly put your mask on."

In a rush, Harry Williams put on his mask and hat, and seeing people already coming his way, he did not have time to say more and immediately handed the flowers to Hope Williams and said, "I'll be going first, see you next time."

Lucas Carter signaled to the assistant and the bodyguard behind him to stop the people and protect Harry Williams as he left.

Hope Williams had a slightly somber expression, looking at the flowers in her hand and the toys scattered all over the floor, not knowing what to do for a moment.

Observing the departing figure and the current situation, she suspected this person must be a big star, but she didn't pay much attention to the entertainment circle, nor did she watch much TV drama, so she did not recognize him.

She furrowed her brows, genuinely puzzled as to when she had offended him.

Looking at the toys and the fresh flowers on the floor, Hope Williams instructed the bodyguard to move them inside and close the door. Alitzel Williams sighed and asked, "Hope, do you know Harry Williams?"

Hope Williams shook her head, "I don't know him, there was a misunderstanding last time."

Alitzel Williams nodded thoughtfully after hearing what Hope said and did not ask more, going to check on Luke and Willow's conditions.

"Grandma." Because of the fever, Luke and Willow's voices were a bit hoarse.

Looking at the two little ones with IV drips attached, Alitzel Williams was heartbroken and reached out to touch Luke and Willow's foreheads.

"How did they suddenly come down with a fever?"

Hope Williams tucked them in a bit, "They might have been a little startled when they were taken away by Mia Fuller, but now they have had some medicine, got an IV, and they are much better, the fever has come down a bit, you can rest assured."

Alitzel Williams still felt heartache, feeling worse for kids suffering like this and the more she thought about it, the more she blamed Mia Fuller.

Looking at the little ones' hands with bruised marks from the IV needles, she gently patted them and asked, "Are you still feeling unwell?"

Luke shook his head, "Don't worry, Grandma, I'm much better."

"Willow is much better too."

The two little ones smiled at Alitzel Williams, hoping to reassure her.

Alitzel Williams looked at Hope Williams, "What did the doctor say?"

"Once the IV is finished, as long as there's no fever, they can go home."

Alitzel Williams breathed a sigh of relief with a nod.

"Don't you need to stay with Dad?" Hope Williams walked over and poured a cup of warm water for Alitzel Williams.

Talking about this, Alitzel Williams couldn't help frowning, "He's fine, doesn't need anyone with him, he was rushing me to take care of Vivia Fuller, and he keeps mentioning that Vivia Fuller is the lifesaver of Luke and Willow, our Lewis Family should be really grateful to her."

Hope Williams wasn't surprised and casually asked, "How is she now?"

"No life-threatening danger, but the doctors said her brain injury was quite serious, and even if she wakes up, she may..."

"May what?"

"May turn into an idiot!"

Chapter 379: Chapter 379: Like Two Little Pigs Chapter 379: Chapter 379: Like Two Little Pigs Hope Williams couldn't help but raise her eyebrows, slightly taken aback.

"It's strange to say, but does Vivia Fuller really have such a kind heart to save Luke and Willow? Could there be some ulterior motive?" Alitzel Williams was puzzled, "But if she had a scheme in rescuing Luke and Willow, the price she paid was too great, wasn't it?"

Who would pay such a huge price just to concoct a scheme.

"Regardless, she really did save Luke and Willow. If she genuinely became a fool, then our Lewis Family indeed has a responsibility towards her." Alitzel Williams clicked her tongue lightly and shook her head with a bit of distress.

Because of what Alitzel Williams said, Hope Williams fell into deep thought.

Alitzel Williams was right, no matter what Vivia Fuller's intentions were at that time, the fact that she saved Luke and Willow was true.

Now Christopher Lewis was already grateful toward Vivia Fuller, and it seemed like Alitzel Williams had softened as well.

Hope Williams suddenly understood.

Her gaze became meaningful; Vivia Fuller was always cunning, and smarter than Mia Fuller. She knew the Fuller Family had lost its former glory and without Old Master Fuller, she had no backup. If she had harmed Luke and Willow, she wouldn't have been able to survive herself.

Thus, she went with the flow and saved Luke and Willow. In doing so, not only would the Lewis Family let her off the hook, but they would also be indebted to her.

She was securing a way out for herself.

Even if it involved Waylon Lewis, they would remember her favor for saving Luke and Willow, making it hard to hold past events against her.

Otherwise, it would seem like they were both petty and ungrateful.

Hope Williams' lips twitched, suddenly unsure of how to feel. She wondered if she should praise Vivian Fuller for her cleverness or scold her for her craftiness.

She was capable of being so ruthless to herself, which was an ability in itself.

Hope Williams took a deep breath and exhaled slowly.

Alitzel Williams stayed with Luke and Willow for a while and then saw it was time to return to Christopher Lewis and she left.

Not long after Alitzel Williams left, Waylon Lewis came back. The IV drips for the two little ones had just been finished.

The doctor came in to take their temperatures. One was 36.9 and the other 36.5; for the time being, the fever had subsided.

Hope Williams decided to take the two little ones home, after all, they didn't want to stay in the hospital either.

With not much to pack and worried about the discomfort of the two little treasures, Hope Williams let Waylon Lewis carry Luke while she lifted Willow.

Willow gently patted Hope Williams.

Hope Williams looked at Willow in her arms and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Willow has gained weight and is too heavy now, Mommy shouldn't carry me. Mommy is pregnant with a baby, it's too tiring to carry Willow too." Willow said understandingly.

Hope Williams was moved by these caring words from her little cotton coat, her heart melted completely, and she kissed Willow's cheek with a smile, "Mommy loves holding Willow, it's not tiring at all."

"No, Willow has gotten fatter recently." Willow's little hands touched her chubby cheeks, obviously aware of how many pounds she had gained, reluctantly letting Mommy hold her.

"Mommy shouldn't carry Willow anymore." Willow wisely climbed down from Hope Williams' arms.

Hope Williams couldn't help but laugh at the sight of this little one with a soft and cute face, yet speaking so seriously and solemnly about being overweight.

"Let me hold you," Waylon Lewis said, bending down to pick up Willow too.

Hope Williams smiled lightly. Waylon Lewis was very strong and could easily carry both children.

Willow wasn't worried about being too heavy for Waylon Lewis and let him hold her.

"Then let's go," Hope Williams grabbed her bag, and the family of four stepped out of the ward.

"By the way... Daddy, why are you so willing to hold us today?" Luke hugged Waylon Lewis' neck, his bright eyes looking at him.

"Yeah, yeah, didn't Daddy used to carry us before?" Willow, equally curious, asked with her soft, cute voice.

"If you like being carried, I can carry you too."

"No," the two little ones immediately clung tighter to Waylon Lewis, "We still prefer being held."

"Just this once, next time you walk by yourselves."

If it weren't for the fact that they had been sick, he'd rather be holding his wife right now.

"Daddy, are we heavy?"

Hope Williams initially thought Waylon Lewis would answer 'not heavy'...

"Heavy."

Perhaps Waylon Lewis thought that wasn't enough, so he added, "Like two little pigs."

"Little pigs?"

Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis, then at the two little ones. The two little ones also awkwardly looked at Waylon Lewis, then at Hope Williams, both small faces not sure how to react.

Who would have thought Waylon Lewis could be so blunt.

"Hmph, you're the pig," Luke and Willow protested unhappily, eyes full of accusation.

"Hmm," Waylon Lewis replied indifferently.

"Hmm?" Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis, puzzled.

Glancing at Hope Williams and then at the two little ones—oh no, two little pigs—Waylon Lewis curled his lips into a smile, “If I remember correctly, the nickname Piggy Waylon was given by you two.”

Calling him a pig, then they were two little pigs, right!

Memories flooded in, and Luke and Willow pursed their lips. Under Waylon Lewis’ gaze, the two little ones suddenly seemed a little guilty.

Hope Williams still remembered when they made a video riding on Waylon Lewis, ridiculously funny.

But Waylon Lewis’ ability to hold a grudge was indeed formidable; after so long, he still remembered.

“If I’m a pig, aren’t you two little pigs?”

Not wanting to admit they were little pigs, Luke thought for a moment and said, “Times have changed, you’ve been upgraded.”

Pig upgraded?

“A demon pig?”

Waylon Lewis raised an eyebrow.

Luke and Willow fell silent—“...” suddenly not wanting to talk anymore.

Hope Williams, “...”

The two little treasures kept a serious expression.

Hope Williams really thought she’d die of laughter from their conversation, and said helplessly, “Alright, alright, stop arguing. If you continue, it’ll turn into a battle of winning and losing again.”

Luke and Willow looked up at Hope Williams with sorrowful faces, as if to say, we don’t want to talk to him ever again.

“Is my logic flawed?” Waylon Lewis turned to Hope Williams with an inquiring look.

Hope Williams pursed her lips, seemingly unable to find fault with that logic.

The four of them got into the car, and Hope Williams sat in the back with Luke and Willow. She was worried that if the two little ones sat in the back, they would fall asleep.

Just as she expected, after a short while of driving, one leaned into her arms, and the other rested on her legs and fell asleep.

Waylon Lewis glanced at the rearview mirror and couldn't help but slow down the speeding car.

Chapter 380: Chapter 380: Take Good Care of Yourself Chapter 380: Chapter 380: Take Good Care of Yourself Waylon Lewis glanced at the rearview mirror and unconsciously slowed down the car speed.

Hope Williams exhaled a breath of stale air gently, gently stroking the two little ones, with a somewhat solemn expression as if contemplating something.

After pursing his lips, Waylon Lewis's eyes and brows sank, and he asked, "What's bothering you?"

Hope Williams was somewhat lost in thought, and Waylon Lewis's sudden voice made her instinctively startle.

Hope Williams composed herself and lowered her gaze, "It's nothing, just that today at the hospital I encountered a very strange person."

"A very strange person?"

"Mhm, do you remember the people who crashed into my car last time?"

Speaking of this, Waylon Lewis lifted his gaze, looking at Hope Williams through the rearview mirror, "I remember, they came looking for you again?"

"Mhm."

Waylon Lewis furrowed his brows, they really were persistent.

Hope Williams continued, "They are really strange, Waylon Lewis, you don't know, they seem to know a lot about me. Not only do they know my name, but they also know Luke and Willow's names, and what's more, that person even knew that Luke and Willow had fallen ill."

How did someone who isn't close to her know these things? Even knowing their names was one thing, but how did he find out so quickly that Luke and Willow were ill?

It was too strange, really too strange. She didn't want to obsess over this question again and again, but these people just baffled her, so Hope Williams couldn't help but sigh.

"No, Waylon Lewis, I feel like they're investigating me, they're not bad people, are they? I haven't offended them, and I don't even know them, they know my whereabouts, they won't be tracking us, right?"

Hope Williams couldn't help looking back, suspicious and paranoid.

After hearing Hope Williams's words, it was not just a possibility that they had investigated her, it was a certainty.

Waylon Lewis saw the girl's concerned expression in the rearview mirror and his brows knitted slightly, comforting her, "Don't worry, it's okay, give me some time, I won't let them appear in front of you again."

"You know them?"

"I don't." But he was investigating, and believed the results would come soon, "I've arranged for someone to follow you, they won't appear in front of you again."

Hope Williams nodded slightly, not rejecting, "That would be good."

Hope Williams thought for a moment and called out, "Waylon Lewis."

"Hm?"

"I'm planning to go back to work at the hospital in a few days."

The wound on her arm had healed, and the baby in her belly was also stable, so she could go back to work now. She really couldn't stand staying at home any longer.

"Alright."

Hope Williams was surprised, she hadn't expected Waylon Lewis to agree so readily.

Seeing Hope Williams's astonished look mixed with some realization, revealing a unique cuteness.

Waylon Lewis chuckled softly, wishing he could just hold her in his arms and kiss her if he weren't driving.

"So surprised?"

"I didn't expect you to actually not stop me."

"Then I'll stop you next time."

"Don't." Hope Williams raised her hand in refusal.

Waylon Lewis chuckled softly, "Wanting to return to work is your freedom, I have no reason to stop you, as long as you don't wear yourself out."

"Alright." Hope Williams agreed obediently with a smile.

"And promise me, no getting on the operating table, I worry that surgery will tire you out, don't forget the doctor's advice."

Waylon Lewis reminded her once more.

"Mhm, I know."

"If you encounter any trouble, first protect yourself, otherwise I'll hide you away."

Waylon Lewis's voice was tender in a way that was hard to believe, carrying with it an inherent assertiveness.

Hope Williams gave a gentle smile, her beautiful face filled with emotion.

"I will definitely protect myself and the baby in my belly, I won't make you worry."

Waylon Lewis slightly curled his lips, "Hmm, good girl."

Soon the car came to a smooth stop at the entrance. Seeing the group return, the mansion's servants came out to meet them.

Waylon Lewis got out of the car, opened the door, and bent down to pick up the sleeping Willow from Hope Williams' arms. Willow moved against Waylon Lewis' body, found a comfortable position, and continued to sleep.

Hope Williams reached out to move Luke, who was resting on her legs and, with some effort, picked him up. A servant hurriedly approached to take Luke.

Everyone moved very carefully, afraid to wake the two little ones.

Hope Williams gently rubbed the hand that had been holding Willow, feeling a bit numb.

As she was about to get out of the car, she moved slightly, and a wave of numbness spread through her legs. She paused, her legs involuntarily weakening.

Noticing Hope Williams' unusual state, Waylon Lewis furrowed his brows and turned to hand Willow over to a servant behind him.

Waylon Lewis strode to the car door and bent down.

Before Hope Williams could react, a strong arm scooped her up and held her in an embrace.

A unique, fresh, and mild fragrance from his body enveloped her.

Hope Williams instinctively clung to his shoulders, feeling embarrassed, "My legs are numb."

"I can see that."

Hope Williams subconsciously bit her lower lip, unaware that this action was extremely tempting to Waylon Lewis.

Being so close, Waylon Lewis pursed his lips, and the suppressed impulse made him unable to resist bending down to kiss her.

There were still many servants nearby.

Hope Williams quickly covered her mouth, shyly glancing aside, "Why did you suddenly kiss me?"

"It wasn't sudden," replied Waylon Lewis as his sexy Adam's apple moved up and down.

"Hmm?"

"I've been thinking about it the whole way."

Hope Williams was at a loss for words... So while he seemed utterly calm driving the car, his mind was filled with thoughts of kissing her?

This man was even direct enough to say it out loud, with people all around.

He lowered his head to look at her, her face flushing red.

Knowing she was shy, Waylon Lewis had the servants take Luke and Willow inside first.

Hope Williams glared at him as he carried her back to the car and then climbed in himself.

Hope Williams placed her hands against Waylon Lewis' chest, sighing helplessly.

"Waylon Lewis, your intentions couldn't be clearer, it's no different from telling them directly that we're going to do something shameful in the car."

Waylon Lewis caught Hope Williams' hand, pulling it to his lips to gently kiss her palm.

“What shameful thing?” Waylon Lewis chuckled as he looked at her, his voice growing husky and filled with allure.

Hope Williams bit her lip, shook her head and avoided making eye contact, remaining silent under his intense gaze.

“Hmm?” His voice rose playfully with a chuckle.

Waylon Lewis lifted her chin with his hand, making her look at him, his fingers caressing her tempting red lips.

“Tell me what you’re thinking!” Hope Williams grunted, expecting her to say it outright.

“I want to kiss you.” As soon as he finished speaking, he bent down to fiercely kiss her lips.

Hope Williams let out a soft gasp but didn’t reject the kiss, gradually wrapping her arms around his neck, matching his passion.

The heat in the car was turned up high, the breathing between the two of them rapidly became more urgent, chaotic...

Waylon Lewis’ hand involuntarily slid into her sweater, tracing her delicate skin, his unrestrained exploration causing Hope Williams’ body to shiver uncontrollably.