

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 41 – 50

Hope Williams, Haven't You Given Up Yet? - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 41 - 41 Hope Williams, Haven't You Given Up Yet?

Chapter 41: Chapter 41 Hope Williams, Haven't You Given Up Yet?

Luke picked up Hope's computer, which she had left behind, and his small hands flew over it with practiced ease. He had observed during their rush to the Lewis Estate that there were surveillance cameras everywhere. All he had to do was hack into the estate's surveillance system and pull up the camera feeds. This was child's play for him.

This way, he could see Mommy, and secondly, he simply did not trust the estate to be safe for her alone. What if Mommy were bullied by the bad people there? He had to watch and make sure—if Mommy were bullied, he would make sure they regretted it.

Nobody was allowed to bully Luke Williams's Mommy.

"I've got it, there's the feed!" Willow exclaimed, clapping her hands excitedly for Luke.

Luke gazed out into the storm with concern, his heart filled with worry for Mommy.

He hastily climbed out of bed and scampered off, his little legs moving quickly.

"Brother, where are you going?"

Willow ran after Luke, who headed straight for his workshop, where he had various small robots he had modified.

Luke had always had a knack for machinery and electronics, and he loved researching and modifying. Naturally, Hope encouraged his interests, buying him a whole set of mechanical tools and machines, allowing him to tinker to his heart's content as long as it was safe.

"Brother Jimmy, go follow Mommy."

Brother Jimmy was his latest modified robot. Luke had named it so—Brother Jimmy was the size of an adult's fist and shaped like a small, agile, puppy. It was not to be underestimated.

“Roger that, Master,” Brother Jimmy’s robotic eyes lit up, and it rushed out on its four mechanical legs.

Luke carefully controlled Brother Jimmy through his computer and linked Hope’s wristwatch location to Brother Jimmy’s intelligent tracking system.

“Wow!” Willow was utterly amazed. She knew her brother was incredible, but she hadn’t realized just how incredible. “Brother, that’s so cool! Brother Jimmy isn’t just an ordinary toy dog at all—it’s absolutely awesome.”

The two children settled back onto the bed with the computer after their task was complete, watching over Mommy.

Meanwhile, Hope was driving to the Lewis family estate. What should have been a thirty-minute drive, she now slashed in half. The thunder roared and the rain poured as Hope shrunk back in her seat. She couldn’t bother with an umbrella; she grabbed her medical kit and sprinted into the rain.

The iron gate outside the old house was locked. Hope pressed the doorbell, and a guard emerged from the darkness, umbrella in hand.

“I’m Hope Williams. I’ve been called to save Elder Lewis. Your young master dialed me. Could you please open the gate?” Hope spoke quickly, rain soaking her through, but her gaze was earnest and urgent as she pleaded with the guard.

The guard looked down at Hope with disdain, clearly impatient after hearing her out, “Hope Williams? Never heard of her. Get lost, get lost. This is the Lewis family estate; it’s not a place for just anyone to waltz into. Move along.”

“I...” Hope tried to explain further.

“Honk! Honk!” Two blinding headlights came up from behind, with the harsh sound of a horn indicating impatience.

Hope turned around, the dazzling flashes hitting her face directly, blinding her.

“Move, move! Get out of the way,” the guard dutifully opened the wrought iron gate, welcoming the car in.

Despite being blinded by the lights, Hope managed to see Joy Ward in the back seat.

Joy intentionally rolled down the window. Her gentle face was full of contempt as she scornfully glanced at Hope, radiating smugness.

Hope was pushed aside by the guard, her heart filled with urgency and frustration. She silently took out her phone to dial Wyatt Lewis’s number.

Typically, just when she needed him most, he didn't answer his phone.

"Please let me in. It's true that your young master called for me. Elder Lewis is sick, I really am a doctor, and I can save him."

"Get lost, get lost! If you don't leave now, I'll make you," the guard threatened.

Elder Murphy glanced out the window with a frown, asking in annoyance, "What's this girl making a fuss about?"

"You know, Master, there are no shortage of women who yearn to marry into a noble family like the Lewis's, and the women entangled with Waylon are countless. This woman is one of many, constantly bothering Waylon. I can't believe she has the nerve to cause trouble here tonight. She's really thoughtless."

"This girl, doesn't seem to use her heart in the right way, but her..."

"Indeed, Waylon has tried to get rid of her many times, but she won't leave. But Master, is there something troubling you? You seem interested in her."

"Not really, I just feel I've seen this girl somewhere before."

Joy blinked, interrupting Elder Murphy's train of thought, "Elder Murphy, she also studies medicine, but you probably haven't seen her. She was expelled from university due to misconduct and only has a high school diploma. Thanks to some connections, she now works at our hospital. How could you have seen such a low-class doctor?"

"Expelled for misconduct? High school diploma? Employed through connections? Someone like that pollutes our hospital," Elder Murphy shook his head, showing his displeasure. "She works at the same hospital as you?"

"Yes," Joy nodded.

"Then I need to talk to Old Woods about this. What's going on with him these days, hiring such people? He's really becoming senile."

"It probably wasn't the chief himself who hired her. Maybe someone else did," Joy said with delight, not expecting this windfall. Now Hope would finally be out of the hospital.

"Master, Elder Lewis's illness is critical. You go on inside first. She is, after all, a colleague of mine, and with such heavy rain, I can't bear to see her out there getting soaked. I'll go and persuade her to leave."

Elder Murphy sighed helplessly, "Alright then."

Joy unfolded her umbrella and stepped out of the car, with Elder Murphy's vehicle quickly heading into the main house.

Hope lifted her eyes only to see Joy sashaying toward her, high heels clicking, umbrella in hand, with the triumphant air of a victor as she looked down on Hope.

"Hope Williams, haven't you given up yet?"

Chapter 42: Chapter 42: Not Refuting Equates to Default

Hope Williams repeatedly dialed Wyatt Lewis's phone, completely ignoring Joy Ward.

"Hope Williams, I really don't know why you're still struggling. Looking for a sense of defeat? Hilarious."

"Bad woman!" Willow, in front of the screen, got so angry her little face turned red, and she couldn't help but slam the table.

Luke was also furious; the Lewis Family really were all bad people. Mommy went to help them with good intentions, and they actually barred her at the door. And that bad woman, she was flaunting her power in front of Mommy just to irritate her. It was detestable.

"Brother, we need to find a way to help Mommy."

"Mm." Luke nodded firmly, his fingers ready to work the computer keyboard, then his gaze shifted abruptly, "No, Willow, look what Mommy is doing now?"

Hope's expression was chilly. Joy Ward signaled to her bodyguard, who understood and unceremoniously moved to drive Hope away.

The temples at Hope's forehead throbbed violently, and with a cold glance at the bodyguard, she turned towards the car behind her and got in without hesitation.

"Heh." Joy sneered, watching Hope leave in defeat, with unstoppable triumph in her heart, "Competing with me, you still—"

"Beep!" The harsh sound of a horn suddenly blared.

What?

What is this crazy woman trying to do?

Joy's eyes widened dramatically, her entire face twisted in panic, "Hope Williams, have you lost your mind?"

Her only response was the accelerating sound of the engine.

Hope didn't hesitate and rushed towards the gate, the piercing, prolonged noise echoing throughout the space.

With the car windows wide open, the wild wind carrying raindrops poured into the car. Hope narrowed her phoenix eyes slightly; her long hair draped over her shoulders was tousled by the wind. She exuded a chilling and proud aura, and even as the bodyguard pointed a gun at her in haste, her starry eyes remained unshaken, the sound of the engine growing only louder.

With a "bang," the iron gate was knocked askew.

The car charged into the Lewis ancestral home, unstoppable.

She had to get through this door today; she had to save the person inside.

Joy clutched her chest in fright, watching the car break through the iron gate, zooming in, her face in disbelief.

Where did Hope get the guts to crash into the Lewis ancestral home?

She bit her lip fiercely; no way.

She couldn't let Hope see the elder. If she treats the patriarch on the spot, all her secrets would be out.

She would not allow this to happen, and Joy chased after her in a hurry.

At the entrance to the main house, Joy saw Wyatt Lewis come down to meet Hope personally.

"Sister-in-law, I'm sorry my phone died! Come in with me quickly."

Hope frowned and nodded, picking up the medicine box and breaking into a run.

"Second Young Master?" Joy followed closely, frowning.

"Joy Ward?" Wyatt Lewis sneered undisguised, "What are you here for?"

"I came to treat grandfather." Joy said urgently, feigning a pitiful look, with drama in her eyes.

A mocking smile crossed Wyatt's eyes as he stood tall and imposing in front of Joy, leaning nonchalantly against the doorway, his lips curled as if he were a dandy. He mocked, "Joy Ward, still pretending! I can't stand women like you. Don't you dare bother my sister-in-law, or I won't let you off."

"I..." Joy wanted to say more, but Wyatt gave her no chance to speak.

A strong sense of malice surged in Joy's eyes.

She just didn't understand. How could Wyatt Lewis, this arrogant playboy, someone who flouted all decency, be so protective of Hope? And to her horror, she realized something. Wyatt always referred to this woman as sister-in-law, even in front of Waylon Lewis, and what was even scarier was that Waylon never objected to Wyatt's reference to Hope.

No objections meant acquiescence.

A terrifying thought involuntarily popped into Joy's heart.

Could it be that Waylon still, deep down, regarded Hope as his wife?

Oh my God!

Joy freaked out at the thought popping into her head, stumbled back, and looked involuntarily toward the grand and magnificent Lewis family main house, the place she longed to enter as the lady of the house.

No, she absolutely wouldn't allow Hope to beat her there; she would never compromise.

In the room, the patriarch had just been checked by Elder Murphy.

Elder Murphy placed the patriarch's hand back under the quilt, frowning deeply.

Seeing Elder Murphy like that, Waylon Lewis also frowned, his presence chilling, and asked in a deep voice, "How is grandfather doing?"

"Not too good compared to before. Have you been giving the patriarch other medications?"

"No, the medicine we've been concocting for the patriarch is exactly as prescribed by Joy." Alitzel Williams, holding her chest and gasping for air, was being supported by others as she cried.

"What's the situation with grandfather now?" Hope charged in, not letting anyone stop her, and immediately squatted beside the patriarch's bed. She didn't even have time to

catch her breath before forcing herself to calm down, her fingers resting on the patriarch's wrist.

Hope's brow furrowed deeply.

How could this be!

It was even worse than she had anticipated.

Without hesitation, Hope took out a small bottle of pills from the medicine box she had prepared in advance, took out one, and put it in the patriarch's mouth.

Her movements were swift; just as she was about to proceed to the next step, a sharp voice sounded behind her.

"Hope Williams!" Alitzel saw Hope and immediately opposed her as if she saw a nemesis from a past life, "Someone, pull her away from here."

Hope was dragged away from the patriarch's bedside by several servants.

Waylon's gaze flashed, turning cold again in an instant.

The woman was sopping wet, as if she'd just been pulled out of a river; even her hair dripped with water, laying wetly on her frail shoulders, looking as bedraggled as imaginable.

Didn't she know to use an umbrella when it rained?

Foolish woman!

His cold gaze shifted away.

Her dampness was none of his business.

Chapter 43: Chapter 43 Hope Williams gets kicked out of the Lewis Family

"Let go of me," Hope Williams's eyes were rife with cold indignation.

"Why have you come again? Haven't I said you're not allowed to enter the Lewis Family! Someone, throw Hope Williams out," Alitzel Williams angrily pointed towards the door.

Hope Williams was so focused on the old master, her gaze unwilling to stray from afar, that she didn't pay any attention to Alitzel Williams's words at all. Thinking that Hope

Williams was deliberately ignoring her, Alitzel was both angry and furious. If it weren't for maintaining the dignity of a fine lady, she would have personally thrown Hope Williams out.

"Are you even listening to me? Don't you have any manners? When an elder speaks..."

Hope Williams meticulously recalled the process of treating the old master. She knew that each acupuncture point was crucial. With the elder's body being extremely frail, she had deliberated every step, being careful time and again—so she was confident there was absolutely no issue with the treatment.

So where did the problem lie?

"Hope Williams!" Alitzel could not contain her rage, "You're simply..."

"What did you just say?" Hope Williams's icy gaze finally turned towards Alitzel, observing her about to explode with anger, seemingly with new wrinkles fuming into existence.

"..." Alitzel was momentarily stunned, then her anger surged even more.

"Mom, please calm down. My sister-in-law came here to treat Grandpa."

"Treat him?" Alitzel scoffed with scorn, "Is she qualified to treat the elder? With just her medical high school education, what makes her qualified to treat Grandpa."

"Mom..." Wyatt Lewis was speechless. Alitzel's grudge against Hope Williams was too deep, utterly irreconcilable. Further discussion would only intensify the conflict. The most effective solution was to persuade his brother first.

"Is Grandpa alright?" Joy Ward rushed in, one of her high heels broken, with her clothes considerably wet—a spectacle hardly better than the state of Hope Williams.

Seeing this, Alitzel's heart softened a bit, "Joy, how did you end up like this?"

"Sorry, Aunt, I lost my composure because I was so worried about Grandpa. I ran too hastily and ended up like this," Joy Ward said, slightly embarrassed.

But the pretense of worry for the old master was false; the real fear was that Hope Williams's arrival would reveal the truth.

"Master, how is Grandpa?" Joy Ward seemed extremely concerned about Elder Murphy, holding Alitzel's hand as she asked.

"It's baffling, I don't know where the issue lies. Our last examination showed the old master had improved a lot. How could he suddenly fall ill?" Elder Murphy sat aside, utterly perplexed.

"Could there have been a problem with the prescription?" Alitzel asked with concern. Although she recognized Joy Ward's medical skills, the prescription she had written before, when shown to other doctors, was said to be too potent. While it was beneficial to the old master's condition, it was not without its harmful effects.

Alitzel was also worried about the prescription Joy Ward had written...

"It's not the medicine's fault," said Hope Williams and Joy Ward almost in unison.

Hope Williams knew, the medicine she prescribed was tailored to the old master's body, not a smidge too much or too little. If followed correctly, there should be no problem—unless it wasn't followed precisely.

A flicker of disdain passed deep within Joy Ward's eyes. Why was this wretched woman being so proactive?

Ha, as if her prescription could be flawless.

Wasn't it her own modifications to that subpar prescription that were beneficial? The original formula comprised common herbs, too gentle in effect. Her changes would undoubtedly speed up the old master's recovery.

Joy Ward lifted her chin proudly, never doubting her own abilities.

Following Hope Williams's methods was the real problem. Now that the old master had relapsed, it had to be an issue with Hope Williams's treatment.

Wasn't it best if this worthless woman stopped her sloppy treatments? Now she was being blamed for it.

Thinking this, Joy Ward heaved a huge sigh of relief, reassuring herself of Hope Williams's inferior medical skills, as the old master's condition was proof enough.

"Yes, I've seen the prescription; there's no problem. That formula is definitely beneficial to the old master's condition," Elder Murphy defended his apprentice with a stern note in his now chilly voice.

Joy Ward frowned slightly at the side, earnestly nodding in agreement.

"So what is going on then? You tell me. The old master's condition is so erratic, it's torturing him," Alitzel was also anxious.

"Mrs. Lewis, please don't worry. I have the old master's condition under control, and there's no immediate threat to his life for the time being. But we still haven't found the cause of his sudden relapse. I've reviewed the previous treatments and medications by Joy, and there have been no issues. Therefore, to determine the reason for his relapse, we must observe carefully."

Chapter 44: Chapter 44 Grandpa Lewis's Onset of Illness Was Because of Her

Alitzel Williams's frown deepened upon hearing this. She turned to look at Joy Ward, her expression slightly changing, filled with pity as she went over and took her hand, apologizing, "I'm sorry, Joy, I was just too anxious earlier."

Joy bit her lower lip and shook her head, "It's alright, Aunt, Grandpa is more important."

"Elder Murphy, Joy, it's raining so hard, why don't you stay at the Lewis Family home tonight and don't leave? Grandpa Lewis is getting old and fell ill again tonight. We don't know if this will happen again later, so we're really grateful for your concern."

A spark flitted through Joy's eyes at these words, and she immediately looked over at Waylon Lewis with gleaming eyes, eager to spend the night at the old Lewis estate; she couldn't have asked for more.

"As for you, Hope Williams, why aren't you leaving? Do you plan to stick around like a plaster? The goal you had when you married into the Lewis Family has been achieved, what more do you want now?"

"I need to treat Grandpa Lewis." That was Hope's sole purpose.

"Get out, the old man doesn't need your treatment."

Hope insisted; she wouldn't leave today unless she had completed her examination of Grandpa Lewis.

"Fine, bring some people over!" Alitzel Williams's face turned dark, "Throw her out and give this shameless woman a good lesson."

"Yes." Two burly bodyguards at the door immediately stepped forward and grabbed Hope, one on each side.

"Get lost." Wyatt Lewis, furious, kicked the bodyguards aside. His brows furrowed deeply; it was he who had called for Hope, and he would ensure her safety.

But one thing he could never understand was why his mother, Alitzel Williams—a woman who was usually gentle and calm, with impeccable manners—could show such hostility towards Hope as if she had changed into a different person.

How Hope had treated the entire Lewis Family before was beyond reproach.

Wyatt, a member of the Lewis Family, had been arrogant and dismissive since he was a child, his wild ways were ingrained in him, but why was it that he could wholeheartedly accept Hope as his sister-in-law? Because he truly admired this woman.

Because Hope really had the capability to be the head of the Lewis Family, Waylon needed a powerful, decisive, and well-rounded woman like her.

When Hope first married into the Lewis Family, they faced a major crisis; the old lady passed away suddenly, Grandpa Lewis collapsed from the inability to cope, directors took advantage of the chaos to usurp power and the company was attacked by a rival, beset by internal and external troubles. After Grandpa Lewis fell ill, Waylon was made CEO, and he worked tirelessly at the company, facing overwhelming challenges and unable to take care of the household.

The Lewis Family was in disarray; the old lady's funeral had to be held, and Grandpa Lewis's illness could not be neglected. When everyone was losing their composure, Hope single-handedly managed the funeral, took care of Grandpa Lewis, soothed everyone, and stabilized morale. She managed every aspect meticulously and methodically, supporting Waylon from behind as he took the reins of the Lewis Family. She was only 20 years old that year.

Thinking of all this, Wyatt found his mother's current behavior extremely excessive.

He couldn't help but question, "Mom, why do you have such hostility towards her? Have you forgotten how Sister-in-law treated you and this family in the past?"

Not a trace of softening appeared on Alitzel's face; instead, she grew even angrier.

"Have you forgotten what she did five years ago? She left without saying goodbye, causing your brother to search every corner of Emperor Capital, making Grandpa Lewis worry about her night after night, her departure being the cause of his illness!"

Shock trembled violently through Hope's heart, and she looked up at Alitzel Williams in horror.

"What are you saying?"

"What, you can't hear me? I'm saying my son had to scour the entire Emperor Capital for just a trace of you. For three months, three whole months, he searched every street and every alley for you. Grandpa Lewis couldn't sleep, worried sick about you, waking

up only to ask for news about you. It's all because of you, Hope Williams, that you've turned our family upside down. You're a curse! Do you have a heart? Have you forgotten how Grandpa treated you? Think about it, you disappeared without goodbye, evaporation! Ask yourself, do you deserve him?"

"Hope, what right do you have to show up here? Don't you think you should be taught a lesson?"

Suddenly, Hope felt as if a massive rock weighed down upon her heart, so heavy she could barely breathe, her whole body shaking violently.

Waylon had searched the whole Emperor Capital to find her!

Grandpa Lewis's illness was because he worried about her!

His illness was all her fault?

Hope took a deep breath, feeling as though each breath stabbed her like a knife.

Her heart! It hurt so much!

Hope clutched her chest, engulfing herself in unending self-reproach.

"People!"

"Stop." A cold command.

Waylon Lewis's face was grim as he spoke, his frosty voice bringing the advancing bodyguards to an immediate halt.

Before the young and incredibly powerful Family Head, no one dared disobey his command.

Hope's trembling body suddenly felt a weight on her shoulder, the residual warmth of a man's suit jacket enveloping her ice-cold body in unexpected warmth.

Chapter 45: Chapter 45: Take a Shower and Change Clothes, Otherwise You're Not Leaving Through This Door

Hope Williams's eyelashes trembled lightly as she lifted her gaze, only to see Waylon Lewis standing by her side at some point, his powerful aura enveloping her.

Hope's dry lips quivered, and with a choked voice, she said, "Waylon, let me see Grandpa, please."

She questioned herself; her departure in the past had wronged no one, save for his elderly self.

“Waylon, are you still going to protect this woman?”

“Yes,” Waylon answered coldly.

Not only was Alitzel Williams’ heart shaken, but so were Hope and Joy Ward, without exception.

“Ah...”

Suddenly, Hope felt a sense of weightlessness, and before she knew it, the man had hefted her onto his shoulders with ease, his broad shoulders making light work of the task.

“Waylon, what are you doing? Put me down; I want to see Grandpa, Waylon, let me see him! I can save Grandpa, only I can, only me. I must atone, Waylon.”

“Shut up,” Waylon reprimanded coldly.

At that fierce command, Hope couldn’t help her nose tingling, tears swirling in her eyes.

“Waylon!”

Alitzel Williams couldn’t fathom when her son had become so blinded by this woman, to the extent that he’d defend her time and again.

Waylon’s deep gaze swept past her for a moment, his brows knitting together slightly as he coldly dropped the words, “I’m taking her with me,” before leaving the room.

With Waylon taking Hope away, the faces of those left in the room showed diverse expressions.

Alitzel Williams was fuming, and Joy Ward clenched her fists tightly, unable to hide the resentment in her eyes.

Only Wyatt Lewis, with a smile curving his lips, wished he could raise a triumphant flag and cheer for his brother.

Just moments before, he had been scoffing at how his brother could possibly win his wife back.

Unexpectedly, his brother had really pulled through.

“Waylon, where are you taking me? Have you gone mad? I need to see Grandpa; I must see him.”

Waylon paid no heed to Hope’s cries, pushed open a door into a room, and set her down on the bed.

Immediately, Hope scrambled up and rushed towards the door, but Waylon kicked it shut with his foot, and with the door closed, Hope found herself with no way out.

Hope closed her eyes briefly, took a deep breath, and asked, “Waylon, what on earth are you trying to do?”

“Are you deaf? Didn’t you hear Elder Murphy saying that Grandpa’s life is no longer in danger? You want to go now, just to be an eyesore? To be scolded?”

“...This is my business.”

Waylon didn’t converse with her further but directly pulled a white shirt from the wardrobe and tossed it to Hope.

Hope was startled. “What does this mean?”

The man kicked a single-seater sofa near the door and leaned casually against it, his tall and straight figure watching Hope with an arched brow.

“Take a shower, change your clothes, don’t dirty my room.”

“...”

Hope threw the clothes to the side, her expression turning icy. “If you find me dirty, I can leave.”

“Hope Williams! Am I asking for your opinion? Hm?” The man’s magnetic voice was neither loud nor soft, but the raised inflection at the end carried a heavy threat.

His demeanor made it clear that if she didn’t take a shower and change her clothes that day, she wouldn’t be going anywhere that night.

Hope fell silent for half a second, exhaling a turbid breath. “Waylon, I don’t have time for your games. I came to see Grandpa; let me out.”

Waylon’s eyebrows rose slightly, his tone calm, “Discuss with me?”

“Mm.”

“Is that useful?”

Hope was exasperated.

"You can try to outlast me all you want, an entire evening; I'm up for it," Waylon said, lifting his hand and gesturing towards her with a wine glass.

Hope frowned, anger and speechlessness spread across her pretty face. She nodded to herself; indeed, negotiating with this domineering man was wishful thinking.

Hope did what she must out of helplessness, resisted when she felt like it, and after a cold glare at Waylon for a few seconds, she pursed her lips, turned her face away, and said no more.

"Bang!" went the sound.

Hope slammed the bathroom door and immediately after, Waylon heard the sound of the door being locked from the inside.

Heh!

Still so cautious.

Would he peek at her?

That's laughable!

In terms of her figure, what he should have seen five years ago, he'd seen already, and even what he shouldn't have seen, he'd seen as well.

Waylon took his time placing a cigarette between his lips, his gaze drifting indifferently towards the bathroom. His heart skipped at the sight of the woman's slender, graceful figure, silhouetted against the frosted glass; though she was thin, the places where flesh should be weren't lacking at all.

Waylon's heartbeat quickened, his finger curling beneath his lower lip, his sexy Adam's apple sliding up and down once before he finally looked away. He picked up the glass of wine beside him, drinking it down to quell the irritation in his chest.

The sound of the shower echoed in the quiet room, and Waylon's dark eyes unintentionally caught sight of the clothes thrown on the floor.

A trace of a smile crossed the man's lips.

After taking a hot shower in the bathroom, Hope intended to change clothes when she remembered that the dry clothes Waylon handed her were tossed outside!

Hope wrapped a towel around herself, leaned slightly towards the door, wiped the fog from the glass surface, and looked out, seeing nothing at all.

She stood hesitating against the wall for a few minutes before finally speaking up, "Waylon?"

No response.

Hope tried again, "Waylon, are you still out there? Can I ask you for a favor?"

Silence followed.

"I forgot to bring clothes in here; can you pass them to me?"

After Hope finished speaking, there was still no sign of the man outside.

Had he already left?

Hope quietly opened the locked bathroom door, peered through a small gap, looked around, and saw no sign of Waylon. She breathed a sigh of relief, darted out to pick up the white shirt.

Just as Hope looked up, her gaze collided unguardedly with the deep darkness of the man's eyes.

Chapter 46: Chapter 46: Does Hope Williams Have a Boyfriend?

The man was lounging on the sofa, leisurely sipping his drink, and although his gaze on her held a hint of amusement.

Hope Williams was startled, and she quickly covered herself with the bath towel wrapped around her chest, frowning, "Have you been here the whole time?"

Waylon Lewis raised an eyebrow at her, "Yeah."

Hope Williams lost her composure, "You were in the room, why didn't you say anything just now?"

"Didn't hear you."

Bullshit.

He must be deaf then.

Waylon Lewis's expression was indifferent, he raised his brow nonchalantly, lying without a hint of blush or skip of a heartbeat.

"..." Hope Williams really wanted to laugh out of frustration; she took her clothes and went back into the bathroom without engaging in conversation.

Then Waylon Lewis heard the sound from the bathroom of the woman forcefully pulling a cabinet over to block the door, unashamedly making noise to warn him that she was on guard against him.

Waylon Lewis found it amusing, his finger curling under his lip as he chuckled quietly.

Hope Williams changed into her clothes and came out, attracting Waylon Lewis's attention.

His shirt on her draped down to just above her knees, revealing a pair of slender, straight legs as pale and well-proportioned as ivory; the girl had just showered, carrying the fragrance of shower gel, her exquisite and delicate face pure without blemish, a pair of bright amber eyes cool and aloof, unnervingly clean.

"Thanks for your shirt, I'll wash it and return it to you," said Hope Williams as she picked up a bag to put her dirty clothes in, preparing to leave.

"Knock knock..." Two knocks on the door followed by Joy Ward's soft, weak voice, "Waylon, are you in there?"

Hope Williams, already at the door and quick on her feet, opened the intricately carved double doors.

Joy Ward saw Hope Williams and was completely taken aback, her complexion stiffening intensely as if something within her had suddenly collapsed.

"Hope Williams! You..."

The woman was clearly wearing a man's shirt, the scent of post-shower freshness clinging to her, exposing a pair of pale, slender legs, her flawless face still flushed.

Was Hope Williams taking a bath in Waylon Lewis's room? Or had they done something else?

Joy Ward's face couldn't hold composure anymore, tears dropping down with a splash, her expression of utmost grievance and despair as if a faithful wife had just caught her husband cheating with his mistress.

Hope Williams also looked somewhat embarrassed, but she really had not opened the door intending to let Joy see her together with Waylon Lewis; her cool face turned to glance at Waylon Lewis.

The man had somehow already moved behind her and, in contrast, his demeanor was unashamed, not showing the slightest sign of panic of a beloved catching him in the same room with his ex-wife, not even intending to explain, simply asking in a cold voice, "Is there a problem?"

"Waylon, she?" In that moment, Joy Ward really wanted to shout out her questions, to ask if he still had feelings for this woman, she truly wanted to kill this woman right in front of him.

But she couldn't, she didn't dare.

His lips parted slightly, "Is there an issue?"

"Nothing, just surprised to see Miss Williams in your room, Waylon you and Miss Williams, you guys..." Joy Ward trailed off, feigning nonchalance as she shook her head, saying, "It probably isn't what I think, I'm overthinking it, after all, Miss Williams already has a boyfriend."

"I have a boyfriend?"

Hope Williams's cool demeanor deepened, and after a moment of thought, she understood what Joy Ward was implying with her intentional words, her voice cold and mocking, "Joy Ward, which eye of yours saw me with a boyfriend?"

"Hmm?" Joy Ward covered her mouth in feigned surprise, her tearful eyes projecting innocence, "Miss Williams, isn't Doctor Myers from the hospital your boyfriend? We all saw Doctor Myers dining with you, taking you home, and defending you at every turn. I wouldn't believe it if you said he's not your boyfriend."

"Doctor Myers?" Waylon Lewis furrowed his brow, looking at Hope Williams, the image of the woman laughing and talking with that man as they left flashed in his mind.

That man from the underground garage he saw earlier today.

"Yes, Waylon," said Joy Ward, suppressing the turmoil in her eyes as she came closer, hooking Waylon Lewis's arm, clearly declaring her territory, "Waylon you know, Doctor Myers is the doctor we saw today, we all think Doctor Myers and Doctor Williams are a good match."

Hope Williams couldn't help but sneer inwardly; although she didn't care about these things, she wouldn't let Joy Ward slander her and have it her way.

“Joy Ward, you say this only to make Waylon Lewis misunderstand me. Do you find it fun to play tricks and schemes like a monster every day? What you value, I might not care for. Rest assured, guard it well yourself.”

Hope Williams's delicate eyebrows raised slightly as she turned and left without hesitation.

Joy Ward, having her thoughts exposed, froze; her face stiffened as she anxiously looked towards the man. His expression was gloomy, and Joy's heart panicked, as she squeezed a forced and guilty smile.

Waylon Lewis looked deeply at her, saying nothing.

But whether Waylon believed her or not, planting the seed of doubt was all that mattered, and that seed would inevitably take root and grow.

She watched Hope leave, thinking bitterly,

Hope Williams, don't think you can beat me.

Although Alitzel Williams despised Hope, her concern for the old master was genuine. The old master's episode today truly gave her a fright, and she felt a sense of unease.

“Elder Murphy, I'm here to ask if there's any chance for the old master's condition to improve?”

Elder Murphy sighed, “The condition indeed often sends the old master into a coma. If it drags on without improvement, at best he may end up in a vegetative state, at worst...” He paused, “...another episode like this and even I would be helpless.”

Alitzel Williams clasped her hands tightly, her entire heart lifting with worry at Elder Murphy's words.

“What do you suggest we do, Elder?” she asked.

“To save the old master, I'm afraid you must seek her out!”

“Her? Who?”

“Cynthia. She used to be the chief cardiac surgeon at the y country's main hospital, admired by everyone. Despite her young age, she has performed more than a hundred operations with no failures. Her surgeries draw everyone's attention, and in the medical community, she is ranked first, the Saintly Healer. I only saw her from a distance by chance once; she truly was extraordinarily talented and distinguished.”

"This individual is quite mysterious, however, protected by a powerful force, to the extent that the world hasn't even seen her face without a mask." Elder Murphy, highly respected in the medical community, spoke of this person with a gleaming gaze and rare admiration.

"If someone of your high regard holds her in such esteem, then she must be exceptional. But is finding this Cynthia necessary to save the old master?"

"That's correct, she is probably the only one in the world who can save the old master."

"Then I'll notify Christopher immediately to bring this Cynthia here."

"Don't rush, Mrs. Lewis; this person is no longer in y country, and her whereabouts are hard to find. It's going to take some effort."

"As long as she can save the old master, no matter where she is, our Lewis Family will find her."

Hope was not ready to give up and still wanted to see Grandpa Lewis, but there were four bodyguards guarding his room. They saw her as an intruding enemy, drawing their guns without hesitation and commanded sternly, "Miss Williams, please leave immediately, or we won't be polite."

A strong sense of helplessness surged in Hope's eyes; it seemed impossible to see Grandpa Lewis today.

Hope frowned and walked towards Wyatt Lewis's room; she knocked on Wyatt's door.

Wyatt quickly opened the door from inside. Seeing Hope in her outfit, his indifferent eyes took her in for a moment, his frivolous face breaking into a teasing smile, "Sister-in-law, what happened between you and my brother?"

Hope pursed her lips, "Cut it out. And stop calling me sister-in-law; your brother and I are divorced now. Just call me Hope Williams. Here, take this."

Hope took out a small bottle of pills from the medicine box and handed it to Wyatt, who looked on with confusion. "If Grandpa has another episode, give him this medicine first, then call me immediately."

"What kind of medicine is this?"

"It's life-saving. Did you get what I just said?" Hope feared this playful man would forget.

"It's that miraculous?" Wyatt shook the bottle of pills, "Don't worry, from now on, I'll carry this medicine with me every day; I won't forget, even if it kills me."

Hope looked at Wyatt's normally nonchalant handsome face turn serious and couldn't help but find it somewhat amusing.

"Alright, I'm going."

"Sister-in-law, let me walk you out; it's raining outside, and it's not safe for a girl by herself."

"No need, I drove... hey..." Hope's words were cut off as a large hand grasped the back of her neck.

Chapter 47: Chapter 47: Encountering an Unprecedented "Terrorist Attack"

Hope Williams widened her eyes and upon turning around, saw Waylon Lewis with a frost-like complexion. His chilling and stern aura seemed as though he had crawled out from hell.

Hope felt a surge of terror from within and rolled her eyes speechlessly.

"You... let go." Hope gritted her teeth, wondering why he was haunting her like a persistent ghost, "Where are you taking me?"

"Taking you back."

"I don't need it!"

"Like you have a choice?"

"..."

"Uh..." Wyatt Lewis could even feel the fury emitting from Hope's amber-colored eyes.

Annoyed, Hope closed her eyes briefly, "Waylon, you're acting like a bandit..."

Waylon did not speak again, merely grabbing her and walking out without looking at her.

His domineering and arrogant demeanor was fully displayed.

"Waylon, can you not always resort to using force?"

"I can walk by myself. Would letting go kill me? If you have an illness get treated, Waylon..."

Downstairs, Wyatt could still hear Hope, being carried like a small chicken, cursing helplessly and angrily.

Hope had just left, unaware that in the next second, the Lewis family mansion's main hall would experience an unprecedented "terrorist attack."

With a loud "bang," something collapsed thunderously.

The servants gathered downstairs, chasing after... a robotic dog?

Wyatt was thunderstruck, what was going on?

He hurriedly went downstairs, only to widen his eyes in shock as the luxurious hall was in complete disarray in just a moment; the couch was bitten into several holes, a huge vase had smashed to the ground, and sand from the big plant pots was scattered everywhere, with debris all around as if it had been attacked by aliens.

Wyatt was simply dumbfounded.

"Catch that dog."

"Where did this trouble-making dog come from, drive it away, quickly."

Alitzel Williams was so angry, her temples throbbing and her eyes seeing stars.

All the bodyguards were deployed to chase Brother Jimmy, who, being small and agile, capable of leaping and flying, led dozens of them on a merry dance, continuous lamentations filling the air.

And that robot dog, it was mechanically shouting, "Down with the bad guys, rid the people of nuisances, down with the bad guys, rid the people of nuisances."

What the hell was "Down with the bad guys, rid the people of nuisances?"

Joy Ward, hearing the noise, came downstairs and couldn't believe the scene before her eyes, "What's going on?"

Brother Jimmy's attention was drawn by Joy's voice, its mechanical eyes turning red as it locked on its target and charged towards Joy Ward.

Shouting, "Bad woman! Let you feel the consequences of angering me."

Joy hadn't understood what was happening when the unanticipated attack from Brother Jimmy caused her to stumble and fall directly onto the stairs.

"Ah, get off, get off."

Brother Jimmy's powerful suction cups clung directly onto Joy Ward's face, and despite her frantic attempts to hit it, she caused no damage to Brother Jimmy, who grew even more aggressive.

Behind all this, Luke and Willow couldn't help laughing aloud, "Let this bad woman – who always troubles Mommy – get what she deserves."

"Watch this, Willow," Luke said, his evil little mouth curling up as his nimble fingers pressed a small button.

In the midst of her struggle, Joy suddenly felt a chill on the top of her head and a liquid flowed down from her head.

"Ahh..."

Dog urine!

"Ah!" Joy's shrill voice involuntarily amplified, "Gross, so gross."

"Pfft..." Watching with interest as Joy Ward made a fool of herself, Wyatt Lewis couldn't help but burst out laughing.

It was more humiliating than harmful.

"Hey, stupid woman, how can a robot dog pee? It's just water." Wyatt didn't bother moving to help her, instead he leaned lazily against the wall, watching nonchalantly, occasionally cheering Brother Jimmy on.

Joy's face soured, as if she was having the worst day ever. Today, Hope Williams had already embarrassed her, and now even a robot dog dared to pee on her head, completely humiliating her. "Are you all dead? Just standing there watching, can't you come over and help? What's the use of feeding you useless bunch?"

Due to her panic and anger, Joy's voice became shrilly sharp.

Alitzel Williams then realized what was happening and gave Joy another shocked look.

Not just Alitzel, all the servants were stunned. The usually gentle and well-mannered Miss Ward had turned into a shrew.

The robot dog wasn't much of a problem before she came down; it was merely catching and destroying things without any intent to harm humans. Once she came along, it attracted all the attack power, chasing her and biting.

"What a strange occurrence."

“What’s going on here?” Waylon Lewis had just forcefully sent Hope Williams home when he returned to see the living room in shambles, looking like a battle had just taken place, with bodyguards and servants all dirty and disheveled, and Joy the most pitiful of all.

Seeing Waylon return, the sharp and harsh demeanor vanished from Joy, replaced by an innocent, aggrieved expression. “Waylon, umm umm um... This must be someone playing a prank.”

Waylon glanced at Joy nonchalantly, his dark eyes devoid of warmth, and his gaze moved to the robot dog lying on the ground, his deep eyes narrowing.

Waylon signaled with his hand, and Thomas Hughes immediately picked up the robot dog and handed it to Waylon.

Waylon’s brows furrowed, a chill condensing between them.

Luke pressed the switch twice in a row, and Brother Jimmy only moved his legs before losing power completely.

“Brother, what happened to Brother Jimmy?” Willow asked worriedly.

Luke frowned, slightly puzzled. “Brother Jimmy’s out of power.”

“Click.” There was the sound of the door opening from the entrance.

Hearing the door, Luke quickly turned off the surveillance video and put the computer back on the desk.

Willow also immediately scrambled back into her tiny bed, but before she could settle in, the door opened. Hope then saw Willow hanging off the edge of the bed.

Hope’s heart leapt, fearing Willow had fallen off the bed.

“Willow?” Hope quickly picked the child up, “Why are you awake?”

Willow blinked blankly, her clever little mind working quickly. She lifted her small hand to her forehead, her little face twisted in distress, “Mommy, Willow has a headache.”

“A headache?” Hope grew even more worried and quickly touched Willow’s forehead, “It’s not hot, no fever, could it be heat stroke? No, Willow, get up, Mommy is taking you to the hospital.”

Hearing they were going to the hospital made both Luke and Willow tense.

Going to the hospital and getting examined would give them away.

“No, Willow doesn’t want to go to the hospital.” Willow reacted vehemently.

Confused by Willow’s anxious response, Hope said, “What’s wrong? How can you not go to the hospital when you’re sick, Willow, be good...” Holding Willow, Hope sat down on the bed and felt something under her.

Hope suspiciously lifted Willow’s blanket and found a mechanical remote control inside. She had seen this remote control in Luke’s lab before; it was specifically for Brother Jimmy.

“So late and still playing with your brother’s Brother Jimmy?”

“Ah?” Willow didn’t know how to respond and looked helplessly towards Luke, who was pretending to be asleep in the neighboring bed.

Hope’s gaze shifted toward Luke, then to the now closed laptop and the remote control in her hand, all of which belonged in Luke’s play area.

“Luke!” Hope called helplessly, “Mommy found out, you know.”

With that, Luke opened his eyes and guiltily rushed into Hope’s arms.

“Luke, still playing with Brother Jimmy at night?”

“Mm-hm, Luke wanted to quickly fix the problems with Brother Jimmy. Isn’t Mommy’s birthday coming up? I wanted to give Brother Jimmy to Mommy as a present.”

Chapter 48: Chapter 48 The Person Waylon Lewis Cares About is Hope Williams

Luke cleverly changed the subject immediately.

Brother Jimmy was originally intended as a birthday gift for Hope Williams, but due to today’s emergency, it was used ahead of time. Now Brother Jimmy is at the Lewis Family’s home, and they still had to figure out how to get Brother Jimmy back.

“Is that so?” Hope blinked, asking suspiciously.

“Yes, yes,” Willow nodded in agreement.

“So you two stayed up late not to sleep but to tinker with this?”

“Yeah! Yes!” Willow nodded vigorously.

“So Willow wasn’t sick and didn’t have a headache, you just didn’t want Mommy to find out, so you lied to Mommy?”

“Yes, yes!” Willow nodded with a smile, completely unaware of any problem.

“Oh~” Hope Williams raised her eyebrows lightly, nodding thoughtfully, “So that’s it.”

“Oops.” Willow’s chubby little hands quickly covered her mouth, then hurriedly covered Hope’s ears, “Mommy, don’t listen, don’t listen, Willow didn’t say anything.”

Hope Williams, “...” How could her daughter be so adorable.

Hope Williams listened to the two little ones’ childish voices and couldn’t help but laugh, pulling them into her arms and pretending to be heartbroken, “But Mommy was really worried about Willow, so worried that it hurt.”

“Mommy, don’t be heartbroken.” Willow quickly rubbed Hope’s chest, “It was Willow’s fault, Willow shouldn’t have lied about being sick, I promise I won’t do it again.”

“What about Luke? Luke stayed up late and became a little panda, Mommy is heartbroken too.”

“Luke won’t anymore, Luke will definitely go to bed on time next time, Luke promises Mommy,” Luke quickly said.

Hope Williams tenderly kissed both of her darlings on their foreheads.

“Alright, let’s go to sleep now.”

“Okay.”

Meanwhile, at the recently calmed Lewis Family mansion, the servants were cleaning up the messy hall.

“What on earth is going on here, to have been turned upside down by a mechanical dog, really is frustrating.” Alitzel Williams sat on the sofa, frowning deeply, her well-put-together face full of displeasure, “Find out immediately who dared to play pranks at the Lewis Family home.”

Waylon Lewis’s fingers tightened slightly around the mechanical dog, his eyes deep like a dark pool became even more profound.

“I’ll handle it.”

With that, Waylon Lewis stood up and went upstairs.

“Brother, I’ll go with you.” Wyatt Lewis stood up, casually scanning the room and followed Waylon Lewis upstairs.

“Waylon.” Joy Ward, sitting aside, anxiously rose to her feet and called out to Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis turned and stared at her, his barely noticeable brows raised slightly, “Is there something else?”

Joy’s lips quivered, with emotions swirling in her eyes, her right hand tightly gripping her left wrist. She had thought that at least seeing her like this, Waylon would worry, would comfort her, but no, his expression was so indifferent it was as if she didn’t even exist in his eyes.

Joy opened her mouth but ultimately said nothing, unable to help but lower her head, her hands clenched tightly and tears filled her eyes with grievance.

Seeing Joy’s true feelings, Alitzel Williams, who saw her as her ideal daughter-in-law, stood up, walked over to Joy Ward, and had her sit down on the sofa with her.

“Aunt?” Joy’s eyes brimmed with tears, her lowered head and bitten lip expressing a pitiful and enduring sorrow that was deeply moving.

“Joy, don’t rush, take it slow, give Waylon some time,” Alitzel said with heartfelt emphasis.

Joy’s tears couldn’t stop falling as she murmured, “Aunt, I know, and I’m willing to wait for Waylon. I’ve waited five years already, and even if you ask me to wait another five, ten years, I’m willing. I’m not afraid of anything, only that Waylon might have someone else in his heart...” Joy stopped herself mid-sentence.

“Someone else in his heart?” Alitzel frowned, thinking Joy was being overly anxious.

Over the years, she hadn’t seen her stone-cold son showing affection for anyone. Even five years ago, when he agreed to marry Joy, Alitzel knew it was a promise he had made earlier.

“Aunt, I feel that Waylon still can’t let go of Hope Williams.” Joy didn’t want to admit it, but it was true based on what she observed over the past few days.

So she told Alitzel, who she knew despised Hope Williams, confident that Alitzel would strongly oppose Hope.

“What?” Alitzel’s grip on Joy’s hand tightened, “Impossible, Waylon couldn’t be hung up on that woman.”

“Aunt, although I’m not entirely sure, but the way Waylon protected Hope Williams today, saying he didn’t care...” Joy deliberately paused with a sigh, leaving her words hanging, prompting Alitzel to ponder them further.

Chapter 49: Chapter 49 Wholeheartedly in Love with Waylon Lewis

Alitzel Williams was silent for a moment, her eyes narrowing as she rose with authority, “It’s all because Hope Williams has been lingering around the Lewis Family, dead set on seducing Waylon. At first, I thought she was a kind-hearted girl, but you never really know someone just by their appearance. I never expected her to be so scheming. I absolutely won’t let her get close to Waylon again.”

Joy Ward, her plan having succeeded, wore a triumphant smile, feeling thoroughly satisfied. She immediately rose to follow Alitzel, affectionately taking her hand and said softly, “Aunt, don’t be upset. Hope isn’t worth it.”

“Joy, it’s only you who truly loves Waylon, asking nothing in return. There aren’t many girls like you left.”

Joy’s lips pressed together as a soft, tender smile spread across her face. She couldn’t help but glance upstairs—a subtle gesture that laid bare the little girl’s crush in the most obvious way.

Alitzel smiled, “If you want to go, then go.”

Joy immediately withdrew her gaze, her eyes fluttering uncertainly as she blushed, “Then Aunt, I’ll go up to see Waylon and chat with you later.”

Alitzel nodded, “Go ahead.”

Meanwhile, in the study...

Wyatt Lewis detailed the entire process of how he had witnessed Hope Williams treating the old man’s illness and shared his own suspicions with Waylon Lewis.

He had wanted to speak up earlier but never found the right opportunity.

Waylon sat in the CEO’s chair, still holding the mechanical dog Brother Jimmy. The warm glow of the lamp silently highlighted his perfect and handsome profile, his eyebrows knit together in a “||” shape.

“Are you saying that Joy Ward lied and that it was Hope who really saved Grandfather?” a deep voice rose, laced with a few layers of coldness.

“Yes, it’s always been Hope who saved Grandfather. Joy Ward is an impostor, claiming Hope’s credit and deceiving us all.” Wyatt’s face, usually not very expressive, was now serious.

Waylon’s fingers tapped on the desk intermittently. He didn’t speak, unclear how much he believed, but the chill in his eyes deepened.

At the doorway, Joy Ward clenched her hands tightly upon hearing their conversation.

Hope Williams had saved the old man...

How did Wyatt find out?

And he was so sure!

Impossible, Joy thought, clutching her chest, the suffocation making it hard to breathe. A sense of unprecedented fear enveloped her.

“Joy, what’s wrong?” Alitzel had intended to return to her room but saw Joy leaning against the corner of the study’s doorway and came over. Joy’s complexion was deathly pale, utterly bloodless, her whole body trembling.

“Joy, are you not feeling well?” Alitzel asked anxiously.

Startled, Joy looked up as Waylon and Wyatt, having heard the commotion, came out.

Seeing Joy in that state, Waylon’s brow furrowed slightly.

Wyatt’s lips pressed together, his furrowed brow showing a hint of disdain as he sneered, “What? Is your plan exposed, so now you play dead?”

“What plan is exposed?” Alitzel blinked, not understanding what they were talking about, nor why Joy had suddenly turned into such a state.

“You ask her!” Wyatt couldn’t bother to explain.

Alitzel looked between Waylon and Wyatt and then back at Joy, her gaze filled with questions.

Joy staggered, her legs gave way, and she fell backward.

She fainted!

Alitzel’s eyes suddenly widened, “Joy?”

“Quickly, take her to the hospital.”

“Damn, this is too much.” Wyatt placed his hands on his hips, pacing back and forth, his admiration for the woman’s acting talents renewed.

Joy was rushed to the hospital overnight and didn’t wake up until the next morning.

As usual, Hope Williams had surgery in the morning. She went over the surgical procedure early with several doctors and waited for the anesthesiologist to prepare the patient before starting the surgery.

After a morning’s worth of surgeries, Hope stepped out of the operating room and breathed a sigh of relief. The patient’s family, who had been waiting outside, rushed up, “Doctor Williams, how did it go?”

Hope removed her mask and smiled slightly, “Don’t worry, the surgery was very successful, but the patient is very weak now and needs to be taken to the ICU for observation for a few days.”

The patient’s family, overcome with emotion, grasped Hope’s hand and thanked her incessantly, almost bringing Hope to her knees.

Taken aback, Hope quickly helped the aunt up, “Auntie, please don’t do this.”

“Thank you, thank you, Doctor Williams. We went to several hospitals for this operation, and doctors said our old man’s heart condition was too unique and didn’t dare operate. Only you—thank you, you’re our family’s savior,” the aunt said, gripping Hope’s hand, shaking with emotion.

Hope smiled warmly, “Auntie, you flatter me. Treating patients is our duty as doctors. I will send you the post-operative care instructions later.”

“Alright, thank you, thank you.”

It took a while for Hope to extricate herself from the family’s enthusiastic thanks, only to see Aurora Wood hurriedly running over.

“What’s the matter?”

Chapter 50: Chapter 50 Keeping a Distance in the Hospital

“Hope, did you know, Joy Ward got hospitalized.”

Initially tense, Hope Williams’ face relaxed, thinking it was a patient emergency, but it turned out to be just this. What did Joy Ward have to do with her? Hope nonchalantly picked up a bottle of water, drank from it, and casually hummed in acknowledgment.

“Hope, and I heard that as soon as that woman woke up, she sobbed non-stop. The nurses around her have been talking about it, but who knows what happened.”

“What does whatever happened to her have to do with us?”

“Hope, how can you be so indifferent about that woman getting what she deserved? I say it’s karma.”

Yesterday everything was fine, and today she’s hospitalized? Based on her understanding of Joy Ward, it was most likely an act.

It’s none of her concern anyway, “...I’m not interested in her problems.”

“You really are indifferent, Hope. Then let me ask you a question about yourself.”

“Hmm, ask,” Hope nodded.

“What’s your relationship with Doctor Myers? I feel like there’s something special between you,” Aurora Wood inquired with a face full of curiosity.

Hope paused, pursed her lips, and looked at Aurora Wood seriously. Under the gaze of those beautiful and commanding eyes, Aurora shivered unconsciously.

“Hope, why are you looking at me like that?”

“Aurora.” Hope called her with deep seriousness.

Aurora Wood froze, not knowing how to respond, “Ah?”

Hope tapped on Aurora’s forehead lightly, “You seem to have a lot of free time.”

“Later, during rounds, you can join,” said Hope before getting up to leave.

“...”

In the inpatient department.

There were five doctors making rounds together. Hope stoically walked in front, with an authoritative stride, flipping through the patient’s charts and fluently responding to questions from several doctors.

“The recovery’s going well, but you must take your medication on time. Later, Doctor Wood will take you for a check-up, and if everything looks good, you can go home to recover,” Hope concluded the briefing with a serene smile. She closed the patient’s chart, walked out of the ward, and proceeded to the next one.

“Little Hope.”

Just as she exited the door, a deep magnetic voice called out from behind.

Hope turned to see Benjamin Myers approaching gracefully, “Are you doing rounds?”

“Mhm, what about you? Isn’t your department busy?”

“It’s all right. I just finished surgery. They told me you were doing rounds, so I came to see you.”

“To see me? Is something the matter?”

Benjamin Myers, holding a bottle of medicinal alcohol in his slender, fair hand and arching his brows slightly, handed it to Hope, “I knew you wouldn’t remember to apply the medicine.”

Only then did Hope remember the wound on her arm. Suddenly, her wrist felt warm, seized by the man’s large hand as Benjamin Myers placed the bottle in Hope’s palm.

“Being a doctor yourself, don’t you know that not applying medicine properly can slow the healing?” he chided gently.

“...” Hope stared at Benjamin Myers, momentarily stunned.

Benjamin Myers, noticing Hope’s expression, couldn’t help but gently tousle her soft hair, “What’s wrong? Why are you looking at me like that?”

Hope, startled by Benjamin’s affectionate gesture, shrank back slightly. The words Willow had inadvertently mentioned floated through her mind: because Uncle Benjamin likes Mommy.

“Cough...” The thought itself startled Hope.

As her mind raced, she unconsciously shook her head.

Impossible, such a ridiculous thought.

When Benjamin Myers heard Hope cough and noticed her flushed face, he asked with concern, “Little Hope, are you feeling unwell?”

Hope snapped back to reality, suddenly remembering Benjamin Myers mentioning he had someone he liked, so his feelings for her must only be that of an elder brother to a younger sister.

Besides, Benjamin Myers had always been genteel and amiable to everyone; she was just overthinking it.

Hope quickly regained composure and answered with a relaxed smile, “No, thank you.”

Relieved she was alright, Benjamin Myers relaxed.

Aurora Wood, standing to the side, couldn’t help but click her tongue, “Oh my, are you two showing off your love in public now?”

“Aurora, don’t talk nonsense.” Maybe because she hadn’t fully recovered from her own thoughts, Hope’s voice inadvertently rose sharply at Aurora’s comment.

Aurora Wood was caught off guard by Hope’s intense reaction, but Benjamin Myers’ look at Hope was hard to misinterpret. His gaze was tender and doting, as if she was the only one in his eyes, not leaving room for anyone else. Aurora felt overwhelmed, just like watching a romantic TV drama.

It wasn’t just Aurora who was engrossed. Many nurses, doctors, and even patients and their families couldn’t help but take a second glance at the attractive pair.

The whispers among the nurses couldn’t help but carry a hint of jealousy, “Look, it’s Doctor Myers and Doctor Williams. What a handsome couple they make, don’t they?”

“How can they be a match? Our Doctor Myers is so handsome. How could a woman with impure intentions like Doctor Williams deserve him? She must have bewitched our Doctor Myers.”

“Exactly, how could Doctor Williams ever be worthy of Doctor Myers? He’s the pride of the medical world, so handsome and gentle. The last time he spoke to me, I felt like Doctor Myers was the gentlest man in the world, without equal.”

“Not to mention, I heard Doctor Myers comes from a good family, a young master of nobility, rich and handsome with excellent medical skills. Where can you find a man like that?”

Amidst the rustling gossip, Hope felt the weight of the gazes upon her, as if she had accumulated ten thousand tons of resentment.

Benjamin Myers was indeed charming; handsome, with a gentle and genteel demeanor, a perfect gentleman, and a skilled doctor. From his first day at work, he became the idol of all the female staff in the hospital.

Because of the support Benjamin Myers showed for her at the conference, Hope, too, became a focus of hospital gossip.

Hope shook her head with resignation.

“Benjamin, I think we should keep our distance while at the hospital.”