

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 531: 531: Planning to Murder Your Own Husband? - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 531: 531: Planning to Murder Your Own Husband?

Chapter 531: Chapter 531: Planning to Murder Your Own Husband?

Scenes of home invasion from TV dramas involuntarily flashed across her mind, as well as those two assassins disguised as bodyguards when she was previously in City A.

Her heart pounded nervously, and as that figure approached her steadily, Hope Williams's heart rate escalated to her throat.

Her hand instinctively reached for the pistol hidden in the cabinet for self-defense.

Just as the person reached her bedside, Hope Williams quickly sat up, pointing the dark muzzle of the gun at that person.

But in the next second, the man bent down and pressed on her, his hand instantly seizing her wrist and pinning it above her head.

"Planning to murder your own husband? Hmm?"

A familiar scent assailed her.

At the moment their eyes met, Hope Williams's heart skipped a beat.

"You... Waylon..."

Hope Williams started to speak in a daze, disbelief filling her eyes. Before she could finish, the man lightly caressed her cheek with his fingers, hooked her chin, leaned down, and pressed his cool lips precisely onto hers.

Hope Williams forgot to close her eyes, blinking uncertainly. The familiar scent kept invading her senses, his firm lips pressing down powerfully, the warmth flowing through the touch of their lips, continuously stimulating her brain.

It's him!

The gun in her hand was taken away, replaced by his fingers intertwining with hers.

“Confirmed yet?” His low, husky voice brought her back to reality.

“Confirm what?”

Waylon Lewis chuckled softly, “Just now you weren’t sure it was me, are you certain now? If you’re still unsure, I’ll just keep kissing you.”

Hope Williams blinked lightly, “Confirmed, confirmed. Weren’t you abroad? How did you come back all of a sudden?”

“Couldn’t sleep without me, so I came back to accompany you.”

Hope Williams’s heart pounded. In the dark, her gaze met the man’s squarely, “You rushed back just because I said I couldn’t sleep without you?”

“Yep, work during the day, at night I should accompany my wife.”

Her heart swelled with emotion, surprise, and pity.

Busy with work during the day, yet he flew back at night especially for her. How could she not be moved?

“Did you drink?” Hope Williams had already smelled the scent of wine on him.

“Socializing, had a little.”

Hope Williams turned on the bedside lamp, and with the dim light, his handsome face was fully revealed before her.

The look in Hope Williams’s eyes held a layer of moisture, “Silly, aren’t you? Not resting so late at night and rushing back on purpose.”

Her voice contained no blame, just compassion.

“How is it silly to come back and sleep with my wife?”

Waylon Lewis’s tone was playful.

Hope Williams couldn’t help but smile, freeing one hand to wrap around Waylon Lewis’s neck, pulling him down, while lifting her own head to meet his kiss.

Waylon Lewis was taken aback. Unlike her previous shy kisses, she hungrily sucked on his lips, her tender tongue chaotically sweeping across his lip, tentatively trying to probe into his mouth.

Caught off guard for a moment, Waylon Lewis loosened his tie, his sexy Adam's apple sliding up and down. His sturdy chest pressed against her slender body, deepening their kiss.

Waylon Lewis dared not use too much force, fearful of hurting the baby, yet the two keenly felt each other's warmth.

The intense kiss caused their breathing to become scorching and rapid, their interlocked hands gripping each other tighter.

Ever since the baby was conceived, Waylon Lewis had not touched Hope Williams, but now a single kiss was enough to throw all his restraint out the window.

He showered her with light pecks on her lips, softly sucking, filled with desire.

Waylon Lewis took a deep breath, unable to fathom the temptation she posed to him.

But... he was scared, unable to take it any further.

Although right beneath him, he dared not indulge. It was a torturous feeling.

Waylon Lewis's dark eyes bore into her, his gaze darkening, "Hope..."

"Hm?"

"I'm really... going to die!"

Hope Williams blinked in bewilderment, panting as she asked, "What's wrong?"

"What do you think? The fire's been stoked, and no one's putting it out."

Hope Williams, feeling his warmth, blushed imperceptibly.

Waylon Lewis, not quite satisfied, sat up, and seeing him like that, Hope Williams couldn't help but laugh out loud. She kept her arms around his neck, not letting him go.

"Waylon Lewis... actually, I'm three and a half months along..."

Hope Williams pursed her lips, coughed lightly, "Moderate intimacy should be okay with caution..."

Waylon Lewis's Adam's apple slid up and down, his breath growing heavier, "Really?"

"Yes."

As soon as the words left her lips, his descended upon hers.

That sentence from Hope Williams thoroughly liberated Waylon Lewis, dispelling his last bit of hesitation.

Waylon Lewis lifted Hope Williams's body, drawing her even closer, as she cooperated by embracing him.

His kisses trailed down to her ear, nibbling on her earlobe softly.

Hope Williams reached to turn off the light, but her hand accidentally struck a glass on the nightstand.

With a "clang," the glass made a clear sound, but it didn't affect Waylon Lewis, who took her hand back.

The desire in his eyes was unmistakable.

His kisses moved down to her neck, then under her nightgown, which had already had its buttons undone by him...

Chapter 532: Chapter 532: Dying for You to Witness!

"Knock knock..."

Two knocks at the door caused both of them to stiffen abruptly, turning their heads sharply towards the entrance.

Waylon Lewis's expression visibly darkened.

Hope Williams took a deep breath and steadied herself before asking, "Who is it?"

"Little Hope, are you asleep? It's Grandma."

"Just a moment."

Hope regained some of her wits, swallowed her saliva, and propped herself up against Waylon's chest, "Wait a moment..."

"Why is your grandma here now?"

"I'll explain that to you later." Hope pushed against Waylon's body, and seeing the man's forlorn look, she uttered comfortingly, "Be good."

Waylon reluctantly allowed Hope to push him away as she sat up, straightening her clothes and pulling the quilt over him.

After adjusting her clothes, Hope checked her reflection in the mirror to make sure she looked presentable before she went to open the door.

Jade Bell stood at the doorway, a somewhat concerned expression on her face.

Hope did her best to breathe evenly, "Grandma, what's wrong? Why haven't you gone to bed so late?"

Jade replied, "I went downstairs to make some hot water, and passing by your door, I heard the sound of something breaking. I wanted to check if everything was okay."

Hope unconsciously pressed her lips, swollen from Waylon's kisses, and feigned calm as she shook her head, "No issues, Grandma. I just accidentally broke a teacup. It's nothing."

Jade noticed Hope's somewhat swollen lips, blinked, and glanced into her room.

She then saw a part of the quilt on the bed moving slightly.

Jade was filled with shock; she remembered Hope saying that Waylon was away on a trip.

Then who was in her room?

Observing Hope's somewhat anxious expression, Jade seemed to understand and her gaze grew complex.

"Grandma, it's quite late. You should go back and rest," Hope said.

Jade was taken aback, staring at Hope in a daze as though she couldn't believe that Hope could be such a person...

"Cough... Grandma?"

"Grandma?"

"Ah?" Jade finally snapped back to reality.

Hope, "What's wrong?"

Jade pursed her lips, seemingly trying to find the right words, and after a long moment, she said, "This... Little Hope, this won't do, it really won't do, you... you can't do this!"

A corner of Hope's mouth twitched as she looked at Jade oddly, "What won't do? Grandma, what are you talking about?"

Jade frowned deeply, took hold of Hope's hand, and pulled her a few steps out before speaking earnestly, "Let me tell you, the young master of the Lewis Family is deeply in love with you. And you're married, with a baby on the way. We absolutely cannot do anything to betray him, understand? Now, get that scoundrel out of your room."

Scoundrel!

Cough...

Jade was fairly angry, extremely sympathetic to Waylon.

Hope hurriedly waved her hands to explain, "Grandma, he is not..."

"Not what? Little Hope, I know young people are more open-minded these days, but this really can't go on. Have that man leave at once."

Jade took a firm stance, not allowing Hope to make a mistake.

"Grandma, he is..."

Jade, catching sight of the person who walked out of the room, "Waylon Lewis?"

"Ah, yes!"

Hope, looking at Jade, nodded repeatedly. At this moment, an arm wrapped around her waist from behind.

Turning her head, Hope saw Waylon Lewis next to her, his expression dark.

Waylon, looking at Jade and keeping his emotions in check out of respect as she was Hope's grandmother, called out, "Grandma."

"You... weren't you supposed to be on a business trip?"

"She missed me, so I came back to accompany her."

Jade coughed lightly, realizing her mistake and feeling somewhat embarrassed, tried to change the subject, "You came back just for her?"

"Mhm."

A smile quickly spread across Jade's face, "I see, well this..."

Jade Bell suddenly felt so embarrassed she hardly knew what to say.

Hope also realized that Jade had misunderstood.

“Do you have anything else, Grandma?” Waylon asked expressionlessly.

Jade shook her head quickly, “No, nothing else.”

“You should go back to your room and rest. We’re going to continue,” Waylon said with a straight face.

Hope nearly choked upon hearing him speak so bluntly and tugged at his shirt.

Feeling overtly awkward, Jade quickly turned to leave, but then she couldn’t help but advise, “Little Hope, you’re pregnant now. You should go to bed early at night and mustn’t play around... recklessly, alright?”

Not play around recklessly?

Hope chuckled and nodded.

Once Jade had left, Waylon pulled Hope back into the room and, the instant he shut the door, he pinned her against it, his dark eyes fixing on her.

Scoundrel!

Hope suddenly burst into laughter.

“Laughing at what?”

“The term ‘scoundrel’... that descriptor...”

Hope shook her head, her laughter not subsiding.

Waylon was close to losing his temper. If it weren’t for the fact that she was Hope’s grandmother, he really wanted to toss her out.

“Hope Williams.”

“Hmm?”

Waylon’s voice was low and carried a hint of anger.

“Stop laughing.”

As he spoke, his lips were about to descend on hers when Hope placed her hand over his mouth, “It’s really late... how about we continue next time?”

Waylon’s face turned as dark as the night outside in an instant, the flames flickering in his dark eyes.

“Hope Williams... if we delay to next time, I’ll just... die right in front of you!”

Hearing Waylon say this with a dark face, Hope’s expression first froze, but then she found the man both funny and endearing.

Perhaps even he felt that his words were somewhat childish, pausing between every few words.

Seeing his indignant and wronged expression, Hope continued to laugh uncontrollably.

Chapter 533: Chapter 533 I Don’t Want the Stars Anymore, I Want to Survive

Waylon Lewis scooped up Hope Williams, and she wrapped her arms around his neck.

Turning around, Waylon carried her back to the bed, the emotions in his eyes growing increasingly intense.

Hope did not refuse him, letting him do as he wished.

But Waylon dared not use too much force, his movements were very gentle, and he did not toss and turn her excessively.

After everything was done, Waylon contentedly carried Hope to the bathroom.

After cleaning up, Waylon carefully carried his beloved woman back to the bed.

Hope, too lazy to move, curled up in Waylon’s embrace, found a comfortable position, and fell asleep.

The next morning, Waylon got up earlier than Hope; the woman in the bed was still deep in sleep. Waylon did not disturb her; after washing up, he tiptoed to the doorway.

Just as he opened the door, two little ones barged in.

Luke and Willow, who had come looking for Hope, were met with the sudden appearance of Waylon.

“Ah~”

Their tender voices couldn’t help but exclaim in surprise, their expressions entirely astonished, then their eyes lit up, and, with arms wide open, they joyfully threw themselves toward Waylon, “Daddy~”

“Shush!” Waylon made a silencing gesture.

Luke and Willow blinked their eyes.

“Mommy is still sleeping, we can’t disturb her.”

Both little ones nodded in unison, quickly covering their own mouths.

Waylon walked out, softly closing the door behind him.

Once the door was closed, the three allowed themselves to speak a little louder.

“Daddy, how come you’re back? Weren’t you supposed to be on a long business trip? You came back so soon, did you miss us?”

Willow’s little face was full of happiness, and of course, so was Luke’s.

Waylon’s business trip was supposed to be long, but to see their daddy in just one day made Luke and Willow almost believe they were dreaming.

“No, I didn’t miss you guys.”

He certainly wouldn’t miss these two mischievous little ones.

All Waylon could think about was his wife.

“Is that so.” Willow hugged her own small hands, her little mouth pouted, feeling aggrieved, “But Willow and brother both missed Daddy so much, and Daddy actually doesn’t miss us, that’s so sad.”

Willow stretched out her hand to hug Luke beside her, seeking comfort from her brother.

Luke cooperated very well with Willow’s act, immediately speaking in a soft voice, “We won’t be sad, Willow; next time, we also won’t miss him.”

Waylon looked down at them, his dark brows raised, the corners of his lips uncontrollably curling up.

Willow had many tricks up her sleeve, and Luke was clever; the two little ones together could put on a full performance.

Even though Waylon knew that these two children were mostly just acting, his heart still softened, and he squatted down, “Alright, alright, I missed you guys, does that make you happy now?”

“Really?” Willow’s eyes brightened, and she said happily, “Then next time, we will also miss you.”

Waylon was close to being amused by these two little ones.

Inside the room, Hope woke up, glanced at the clock on the wall with bleary eyes, blinked, turned over, and her hand subconsciously reached for the space beside her. Feeling nothing but empty air, Hope called out with her eyes closed, "Waylon?"

Hearing Hope's call at the door, Waylon turned around to go back in, with the two little ones following closely behind.

Waylon stopped in his tracks, his tall figure blocking the doorway, "Did she call for you?"

"Heehee..."

Willow raised her little face, smiling mischievously, "Daddy, do you think Willow is cute?"

Waylon looked at his daughter, unable to resist smiling, "Mm, cute, and then?"

"So, can the cute Willow go see Mommy?"

"No, you can't."

Without equivocation, he was resolute.

Luke, "Daddy, I..."

Waylon picked up one child in each arm and moved them outside, "Go downstairs for breakfast."

He closed the door, very decisively.

Hearing the noise at the door, Hope stirred within the blankets, propping herself up a bit, "Waylon, what are you two up to? Why did you send them out?"

Waylon Lewis came over, picked her up, took his own shirt, and helped her put it on.

Hope Williams was mostly awake from her sleepiness now.

Waylon held her in his arms and said, "Do you want them to see and then ask a million questions why?"

Only then did Hope remember that after she had taken her bath and dried herself last night, Waylon didn't dress her but took her directly to bed to sleep.

Last night he couldn't wait to kiss her all over and left quite a few marks on her body.

If Luke and Willow were to see this, she reckoned they'd be on her tail asking for a clear explanation.

Hope rubbed her head and buttoned up her shirt while checking the time, "It's half-past seven, will you be in a rush to get back?"

After all, given that it was abroad, even if Waylon Lewis had a private jet, it would still take two to three hours.

"It's fine, I'll have breakfast with you before I go," Waylon stroked her head gently, "Do you want to sleep some more?"

"Let's get up, no more sleeping. There's a lot to do."

She had lost an entire day yesterday, and today there was even more to delay, "Everything with Ansen has to be taken step by step, and I also have to meet with a herbal medicine dealer this afternoon to discuss a partnership."

"Let someone else handle the discussions for partnerships."

Waylon, a seasoned businessman, knew well that discussions for partnerships inevitably involved eating out, and drinking was hard to avoid.

Hope knew his concerns, "Don't worry, Elias Patel was very considerate and pre-investigated the other party's preferences, we arranged to meet at a teahouse."

Hearing her say this, Waylon felt relieved and nodded.

After getting dressed and ready, Hope followed Waylon downstairs.

In the downstairs dining room, Luke and Willow were having breakfast, and Jade Bell was also there.

Luke and Willow sweetly called out "Great Grandmother," making Jade's smile constant and unending.

Hope couldn't help but smile.

As soon as Hope came downstairs, Jade originally wanted to mention Luna Williams's situation, but seeing Waylon with Hope, Jade pressed her lips together, holding back her words.

After breakfast, Waylon had no time to stay longer and left straight away.

Throughout breakfast, Hope heard his phone ringing incessantly, worrying that there might be urgent matters to attend to.

Jade approached Hope, opened her mouth as though to speak, hesitating, not knowing quite how to say what was on her mind.

“Grandma, I know what you want to say.” Hope, unable to help it, seated Jade back on the sofa, “Don’t worry, she’s an adult with money, she won’t die, she’s probably admitted to a hospital somewhere.”

However, with many hospitals in Emperor Capital, if she intended to hide, finding her could be quite troublesome.

“I know, but, Little Hope, I don’t know why, today my heart feels restless all day, feeling like something is going to happen,” Jade said worriedly.

Hope looked at Jade’s concerned expression and comforted her, “Don’t worry, it’s all right.”

Jade let out a sigh, her gaze drifting into the distance, “Hopefully.”

Last night, Luna Williams ran out of money and could only call Maverick Williams. When Maverick found Luna, she was curled up by the roadside, frail-looking, dressed lightly, her slender figure as if it would collapse with a mere blow.

Maverick immediately took Luna to a private hospital for treatment in a flurry.

Now Luna’s complexion looked much better than when she was first found, but Maverick was still fraught with worry.

“What on earth are you still planning to do?” Maverick sat nearby, asking in a stern voice.

Hope’s words last night also reminded Maverick that Luna was adamant about not returning to City A, because she had a purpose.

She sneaked away and spent all the money she had in one night, what exactly had she done?

Luna, who was originally looking down reading a book, paused. Her pale face was expressionless, calm and natural.

“I don’t plan to do anything, what are you talking about, Grandpa?” Luna kept her head down, not even lifting her eyes, her gaze fixed on the pages of the book.

Maverick frowned, “You still want to use Hope’s bone marrow, don’t you?”

Luna’s face changed slightly, still obstinately reading her book, clearly unable to absorb a single word.

Maverick, angered, snatched the book from her hands and slammed it on the table, "Look at me when I talk to you."

Luna slowly lifted her head, gritting her molars and staring at Maverick, "What do you want me to say, Grandpa?"

"Stop this, not only in Emperor Capital, even if it were in City A, your grandfather has already tried his best, but still let Hope slip away, let alone in Emperor Capital."

Luna's lips trembled, looking at Maverick, "Grandpa, I still remember when I was little, you told me, 'If our Luna wants the stars in the sky, grandpa will pluck them for Luna.' Do you remember?"

Maverick was taken aback.

Picking up the book again, Luna looked down and spoke, "But grandpa, I don't want the stars anymore, I just want to live, can I?"

Chapter 534: Chapter 534 Sudden Attack

Maverick Williams's lips trembled as he stared at Luna Williams, unable to utter a single word.

Finally, wiping away tears, he left the hospital room.

Luna Williams slowly lifted her head and looked at the clock on the wall, murmuring, "It's about time."

Arriving at the teahouse, Hope Williams and Elias Patel got out of the car at the same time.

Hope Williams stepped forward, "Let's go."

Elias Patel followed Hope Williams inside.

Once they reached the designated spot, to their surprise, President Thompson and his assistant had already arrived.

Seeing Hope Williams arrive, President Thompson's eyes lit up, he stood up enthusiastically and said, "I presume you must be President Williams."

You?

Such politeness!

Hope Williams raised her eyebrows slightly. If she remembered correctly, when Elias Patel introduced President Thompson yesterday, he specifically mentioned that President Thompson, having a significant business in medicinal materials, holds a very high and proud demeanor, rarely considering ordinary partnerships and definitely not considering small companies within his scope. To even have a meeting and a conversation like this was not easy.

Hope Williams was thinking about how difficult President Thompson generally was, but yet, he seemed quite amiable.

Hope Williams quickly recovered, her face adorned with a proper smile, "Good to see you, President Thompson."

President Thompson initially wanted to shake hands with Hope Williams but then, thinking better of it, withdrew his hand, maintaining a warm smile on his face.

Hope Williams, lightly smiling, took the gift that Elias Patel had prepared in advance and handed it to President Thompson, "Knowing that you love tea, we specially prepared a small gift."

The laughter in President Thompson's eyes deepened, he accepted the gift with both hands and carefully glanced at it, "Thank you, President Williams, thank you. Excellent tea, excellent tea. I really like it. Please have a seat, President Williams."

Elias Patel was also surprised—had her research been wrong? Why did President Thompson look so undervalued with that smile?

Hope Williams lightly coughed, slightly nodded, and sat across from President Thompson.

Elias Patel sat down as well, pulling out documents from the folder, and began, "President Thompson, this is our proposal from Ansen for the cooperation ..."

President Thompson raised his hand, "No need to say more."

Hope Williams looked at President Thompson, not understanding.

"Assistant Patel also contacted me yesterday, let's proceed with the price discussed then. If the cooperation goes well, we can sign a long-term contract."

The smile on Elias Patel's face froze momentarily, this was too sudden.

Yesterday, he had absolutely refused these terms, so their plan today had been to offer him an additional two points, but unexpectedly, he had agreed.

This change of attitude was inconceivable.

Hope Williams blinked lightly, “President Thompson, are you sure?”

“Yes, we can sign the contract right now.”

Hope Williams’s eyes slightly shimmered, feeling this was unbelievable; getting this partnership was too easy.

However, Hope Williams didn’t think that getting this cooperation so easily was due to her influence, or because of Ansen.

The only possibility was that someone had contacted him and put in a good word.

And in Hope Williams’s mind, after briefly considering, there was no one else but Waylon Lewis.

“Pleasure doing business with you, President Williams. Do say some kind words to President Lewis on my behalf when you have the chance.”

Indeed!

This President Thompson was not only involved in the medicinal materials business, but other businesses as well, and collaborating with the Lewis Clan could bring much more than the current benefits.

Hope Williams smiled softly.

The two parties quickly finalized the cooperation and future arrangements, signing the contract in merely two hours.

To celebrate the successful cooperation, President Thompson suggested he treat them to a meal, and although Hope Williams initially thought to decline, considering the future cooperation, she agreed.

At the dinner table, Hope Williams apologetically mentioned that she does not drink alcohol, so President Thompson did not persist, and they completed the meal smoothly.

President Thompson smilingly said, “President Williams, I wish us a pleasant cooperation.”

Hope Williams smiled and nodded, “Pleasant cooperation.”

After the meal, they came outside, and the sky had completely darkened.

Elias Patel looked uneasy.

“President Williams, today went smoothly probably because the Boss was helping you from behind,” Elias Patel reminded quietly from behind.

Hope Williams turned around, “I know, what do you want to say?”

Elias Patel pursed her lips, “Frankly, you only secured the cooperation because you relied on the Boss, there’s nothing to be happy about.”

Her tone was light yet laden with disdain and sarcasm.

Hope Williams didn’t get angry, she simply smiled gently.

She indeed didn’t know that mentioning she had to meet with the herbal medicine merchants this morning led Waylon Lewis to lend her a hand and smooth out the cooperation.

She was also surprised.

However, the mocking intention in Elias Patel’s words just now meant that Waylon had helped her, and she looked down on her.

But her husband is Waylon Lewis, backed by the Lewis Clan, he has the capacity to solve problems she would struggle with for a long time with just a word, Hope Williams obviously wouldn’t make a fuss about such matters.

Previously, Hope Williams had said that she was new to the business world and needed to cling tightly to Waylon Lewis’s coattails.

“Oh.” Hope Williams nodded, “But he is my husband, he helped me out, Miss Patel seems quite unhappy with that?”

Elias Patel lifted her head, full of arrogance, “No, I just mentioned it casually, don’t think too much about it.”

Elias Patel had come in Hope Williams’s car, and it was already very late, so Hope Williams asked the driver to take Elias Patel home in passing.

Elias Patel didn’t refuse, she got into the car with Hope Williams and sat in the back seat.

As the car started, a vehicle that had been lying in wait quietly followed them.

Both sat silently, Hope Williams took out her phone and slowly scrolled through messages, occasionally replying to some.

The driver, Luca Stone, glanced in the rearview mirror, his expression growing more grave.

“Ma’am.”

Hope Williams looked up, “What’s wrong?”

“We are being followed,” Luca Stone said seriously.

The residential area where Elias Patel lived was a new, high-end complex with not many residents yet, so there wasn’t much traffic.

Hope Williams turned around and could clearly see, besides their car and another that belonged to a bodyguard, there was also a black car following them.

Knowing that Luna Williams hadn’t left Emperor Capital and was bound to make a move, Hope Williams had specifically called several extra bodyguards to accompany them when she left home.

In addition to the driver Luca Stone, and Nolan driving the other car, there were a total of five bodyguards.

Moreover, Luca Stone and Peak, Hope Williams had them follow to protect Luke and Willow, fearing the Williams Family might make another move against them.

Sitting beside her, Elias Patel also noticed something was amiss. Although the area had few people before, it shouldn’t have been this empty.

Luca Stone sensed the danger and discussed a strategy with Nolan through the Bluetooth headset.

Just then, a car coming from the opposite direction suddenly swerved towards them recklessly.

The whole sequence took mere seconds.

Luca Stone’s pupils dilated, he shouted, “Ma’am, brace yourself.”

With a “Bang,”

a loud crash made everyone’s body tremble, Hope Williams’s head buzzed, a wave of dizziness washing over her.

She keenly felt the car being hit hard and tilt sharply to the side, but thankfully, the seatbelts were securely fastened, averting any serious harm.

“Ah...”

Elias Patel wasn't so lucky, she hadn't fastened her seatbelt when she got into the car, and now, hit violently, she tilted instantly.

Her head collided with Hope Williams's knee, causing Hope Williams to feel a sharp pain in her knee, yet ignoring it, she quickly pulled Elias Patel up and leaned over to fasten her seatbelt.

Startled, Elias Patel screamed, clutching the seatbelt tightly, her face filled with terror, “This... what's happening? What is this situation?”

“Ma'am, are you alright?”

While steering the wheel, Luca Stone immediately inquired about Hope Williams's condition.

“I'm fine.”

Luca Stone looked at the black car that had hit them, turned the wheel, and the hostile vehicle continued to charge towards them.

Luca Stone cursed under his breath and advised Hope Williams to sit tight as he fiercely accelerated the car, speeding away.

Chapter 535: Chapter 535: Currently Missing, Presumed Dead

Elias Patel looked as if she had been scared witless, her face pale and her forehead covered with cold sweat, her whole body trembling.

The car kept speeding up, racing forward, the car behind still relentlessly in pursuit.

Hope Williams clenched her teeth, her expression taut.

Looking back, her gaze met the black car that was already tailing them closely.

Thomas steered tightly, fiercely stepping on the gas, making the car speed up once again.

It was clear that the pursuers had come prepared, with many people, whose assaults were both swift and fierce. The bodyguards in the car behind Hope Williams were forced to stop, and Nolan disembarked with people to protect Hope and make their escape.

But after they managed to withstand that wave, there were still cars relentlessly catching up from behind.

“Who are these people anyway? What do they want? I...you... Hope Williams, did you provoke someone...” Elias Patel rambled, continuously turning her head to look behind from her seat.

“Maybe, maybe we should get out and talk to them...” Elias Patel swallowed nervously, “Is there anything we can’t discuss amicably? Thomas, stop the car, stop the car...”

Elias Patel frantically slapped the back of the driver’s seat. “Stop the car, did you hear me...”

Thomas did not slow down at all.

“Hope Williams, you make him stop the car.”

Hope Williams’s face was grim as she contacted the bodyguards at home through her phone. Just when she was about to call Waylon Lewis, a violent impact from behind caused her to lurch forward, and her phone flew from her hand.

Elias Patel yelled incessantly by her side, Hope Williams furrowed her brows and yanked Elias back.

In a cold voice, “Sit tight.”

“Hope Williams, make Thomas stop the car; let’s talk things through...”

“Elias Patel!” Hope Williams looked at Elias Patel, anger in her eyes, “Does it look like they’re in a mood to talk?”

“But they are your enemies; what about me? Let me out... I want to get out...”

Elias Patel suddenly felt that she was about to be killed by this woman, desperately trying to pull open the car door.

Hope Williams bit down hard.

The car that had been tailing them slammed into them again with great force.

“Bang!”

It seemed determined to knock them over.

“Ahhh—” Elias Patel screamed loudly, the usually proud and composed woman now shrieking in panic, “I want to get out...”

Hope Williams tried to reach for the phone that fell forward, but the recent collision left her feeling dizzy and bleary-eyed.

“Hope Williams, let me out...”

Hope Williams bit down hard on her teeth, “Thomas... find a chance to let her out.”

Hope Williams did not want to drag others down with her, especially with this woman incessantly yelling by her side.

They were targeting her; if they let Elias Patel out of the car, they wouldn’t harm her.

“When I say jump, you jump out, do you hear me?”

At a grassy turn, Thomas slowed down the car, and Hope Williams gritted her teeth, pulled open the car door, “Jump.”

“I... I...” Elias Patel’s lips quivered, even though the car had only slowed down a little, it was still moving at a high speed, and she was battling with her thoughts.

“There’s no time left.”

Ignoring Elias Patel’s scream, Hope Williams pushed her out.

“Ah!”

Elias Patel rolled harshly on the grass several times and the cars pursuing them also slowed down a bit to identify the person who rolled out.

“It’s not Hope Williams, keep chasing.”

Elias Patel was terrified, and she let out a huge sigh of relief as she watched them continue chasing Hope Williams’s car.

Elias Patel struggled to get up; she was injured but not severely.

Elias Patel picked up her phone and tremblingly slid it open, her gaze falling on Waylon Lewis’s number.

She hesitated on whether to tell Waylon about Hope Williams’s situation.

After some thought, she did not like this woman, feeling she was not worthy of Waylon.

But, she did not want to see her get killed either.

So Elias Patel still dialed Waylon Lewis’s number.

At that moment, Waylon Lewis was still in a meeting.

He was somewhat distracted, doodling on a document with a pen.

“Scratch—” The sound of the pen tearing the paper, leaving a long trace of ink on the document.

Waylon frowned at the ugly scar on the document, his expression souring further, eventually capping the pen and tossing it onto the desk.

It made a “snap” sound.

The manager introducing the project jumped, and everyone looked up at him.

Waylon pinched the bridge of his nose and waved his hand dismissively, “Continue.”

Upon hearing Waylon’s words, people bowed their heads again, talking or taking notes as needed.

Thomas Hughes hurried in, bending down beside Waylon, “Boss, it’s Sister Patel’s call, she seems to have an emergency for you.”

Waylon usually didn’t answer calls during meetings, except for Hope’s, but this time he took the phone.

His voice was low, “What’s wrong?”

“Boss, Madam... she...”

Before Elias could finish, she heard a loud “boom” from ahead.

She shrank her neck in fright.

The moment Waylon heard Elias mention Hope Williams, his heart clenched fiercely, a stabbing pain as if being pierced.

His dark eyes were like a vast abyss, “What happened to her?”

Elias Patel was stunned, speechless for a moment.

“Speak.”

Waylon’s voice was icy cold at this moment, with no patience to spare.

The people present went silent, holding their breath as they watched Waylon.

"I... don't know, Madam was just driving me home when we were chased down. Then Madam pushed me out of the car, but now..." Elias hesitated because the recent noise was clearly the sound of a car crash, "Now... Madam appears to have been in an accident, her current status... is unknown..."

Waylon's breath hitched, his blood as if freezing at this very moment.

The entire room fell into a deathly stillness.

"The address," Waylon's voice trembled.

Limping, Elias Patel started running forward, followed by a "boom" and a massive explosion, flames reaching for the sky.

Elias Patel's eyes widened in shock, staring in that direction, completely frozen.

The sound of the explosion was so loud that Waylon could hear it on the phone as well.

Waylon's mouth twitched, his expression emotionless as he gripped the phone, seemingly void of human sentiment. His lips trembling, struggling for a long time, he couldn't utter a word.

Chapter 536: Chapter 536: Not After Money, But Lives

He stood up.

"Return to the country." Waylon Lewis clenched his back teeth, his mind in utter chaos.

Elias Patel had never seen such a scene and was completely panicked, trembling as he reported his address.

Waylon Lewis hung up the phone and picked up his cellphone to make another call.

"Bro, what's up?" Wyatt Lewis's voice came from the other end of the phone.

"Get someone to South China Community immediately, Hope Williams has had an accident, and I'm not in Emperor Capital."

Wyatt Lewis was stunned for several seconds, hearing Waylon Lewis's emotionless voice, he instantly sensed that something was terribly wrong, "I'm on it right away."

Just after hanging up, a helicopter approached from a distance and landed.

Waylon Lewis stepped onto the helicopter one foot at a time, and the helicopter returned to the country at top speed.

Waylon Lewis still had no expression on his face, and soon the surveillance footage of the road in South China Community was sent over.

Thomas Hughes opened the surveillance video and handed the tablet to Waylon Lewis.

Thomas Hughes had a grave expression, his face full of deep concern.

Watching the scenes on the surveillance, Thomas Hughes's heart rate accelerated countless times.

Wesley Ruiz was skilled at driving, but the pursuer was relentless, the car behind approached Hope Williams's car and rammed it wildly.

Hope Williams's car was struck, leaving one deep indentation after another.

Waylon Lewis just watched, his chest continuously spasming with pain.

Then, seeing that this kind of ramming was futile, a truck appeared from the front, not swerving, charging straight at Hope Williams's car.

Wesley Ruiz could only dodge, violently turning the steering wheel.

With a "boom," a loud noise, the whole car turned sharply towards the trees on the side, the front of the car deformed upon impact, and a thick plume of smoke erupted in the darkness.

The fate of the people inside was unknown.

A moment later, the persistent pursuers stopped their cars.

Figure clad in sealed black clothes got out of the car and approached Hope Williams's vehicle.

Waylon Lewis's heart seemed as if it were about to leap out of his chest, and just then, the driver's door opened, and Wesley Ruiz came out from the driver's seat.

Wesley Ruiz was injured, his steps unsteady due to the collision, but he still fought fiercely with these black-clad assailants, stubbornly guarding the car door, not allowing the assailants to get any closer.

But the assailants were numerous and well-armed, and with Wesley Ruiz injured, he was quickly beaten down.

The car door was forced open, and Hope Williams was dragged out, her forehead covered in blood.

Obviously, Wesley Ruiz's driver's seat had an airbag, and despite such an impact, he was still injured, let alone Hope Williams who didn't have an airbag.

The assailants checked Hope Williams's breath, said something to the man beside them, and then Hope Williams was taken away.

Clearly, Hope Williams was still alive.

The last sound was an explosion, the deafening sound of a car exploding, and Waylon Lewis felt as if his eardrums were tearing with pain.

After Hope Williams was put into a car, the car quickly left the area.

However, just one or two minutes after that group took Hope Williams away, another car quickly approached from behind, someone got out and after checking Wesley Ruiz's injuries, looked around for a while, perhaps not finding the person they wanted, quickly got into the car and sped off in pursuit.

But this person was bundled up tightly, it was impossible to see their face.

Thomas Hughes looked at the silent Waylon Lewis, extremely anxious.

"Boss..."

Waylon Lewis turned off the video, "That last car, investigate its license plate number, send people after it."

Having said that, Waylon Lewis directly sent out the video from his phone and quickly made another call.

Liam Cloud's voice came over the phone, "When did this happen?"

"Fifteen minutes ago, mercenaries!"

At those last three words, Waylon Lewis spoke through gritted teeth, "You better pray she's fine."

Liam Cloud hung up the phone, his silver-white hair casting a cold light under the lamp, his grave expression almost destroying everything, his aura filled with unbridled menace.

"Wesley Ruiz, prepare the car!"

The subordinate next to him trembled as he stepped forward, “Big Boss, Brother Wesley already left, and he hasn’t come back yet.”

Liam Cloud’s eyebrows knotted tightly.

...

At the hospital, Luna Williams, in a very good mood, had Maverick Williams arrange for her transfer to another hospital.

She wanted to go back to the previous hospital because it was the best in Emperor Capital, and she was about to receive a bone marrow transplant.

Of course, she wanted to have the surgery at the best hospital.

Maverick Williams watched her joyful demeanor, but his heart skipped a beat in fear.

Seeing Maverick Williams unable to share in her joy, Luna Williams pursed her lips, “Grandpa, I will be saved soon, aren’t you happy for me?”

Maverick Williams looked at Luna Williams, his mouth moved, but he was unable to utter a word.

Ted Williams entered and saw Luna Williams’s happy face, a cold sneer crept into his heart.

Bone marrow?

This fool is still naively waiting for a bone marrow transplant, it’s laughable.

They are probably never going to see Hope Williams again in their lifetime.

Heh heh!

Just wait three more months, and once Luna Williams is dead, he will be the last one standing.

...

At this moment, Hope Williams lay on the ground with both hands and feet tied, her eyes covered with a black cloth, plunged into darkness, unable to see anything.

When she was in the car, she had been knocked dizzy and passed out. Upon regaining consciousness, she discovered her hands were tied, and the car was still in motion.

So she concluded she had been captured. Now, in the enemy's hands, she stood no chance alone and decided not to make any rash moves, pretending to be unconscious.

She was also injured; her legs and shoulders were numb with pain, but thankfully, there was no pain coming from her abdomen.

In the moment when the car crashed into the tree, Hope Williams desperately protected her stomach. Fortunately, fortunately, the baby in her belly was unharmed.

Now she had no idea what was happening.

Blindfolded, she could see nothing and carefully pricked her ears to listen to the sounds nearby.

Only a few gusts of wind could be heard; no other movement – it seemed she was alone here.

Hope Williams couldn't just wait for death; she had to save herself.

Hope Williams forced herself to calm down.

These people had been driving with her for nearly half an hour on a very uneven road surface, as if on an undeveloped path, indicating that this place might very well be in a suburban area.

If that was the case, even if Waylon Lewis and his people realized she had been kidnapped, it would be very difficult to find her quickly.

And these people did not seem to be sent by Luna Williams. If Luna wanted to kidnap her, she would eagerly tie her to a hospital's operating table immediately rather than bring her to a remote place.

These people didn't seem to be after money either.

So... they must be out for her life!

Hope Williams moved her body and suddenly hit a bottle, which rolled across the floor, making a sound of glass scraping on cement.

Hope's ears twitched, identifying the direction the bottle rolled based on the sound.

She laboriously shifted her body, her bound hands groping continually.

"Clink." Her fingernail tapped the bottle.

Hope took a deep breath, not daring to rest; someone might enter this place at any moment.

She wanted to break the bottle and use a shard to cut the rope, but such an act was undoubtedly very risky.

There were no people here, but she couldn't be sure that there were none outside.

Hope Williams bit her lip, but she had no choice. Between waiting to die and taking a chance, she chose to take a chance.

She used force on her wrist, gripping the bottle tightly and smashing it hard on the ground.

"Crack." The jarring shattering sound echoed in the quiet and unknown surroundings, making the heart skip a beat.

"What was that sound?"

"Seems like it came from inside, let's check it out."

The voices and footsteps of people talking came one after another.

Hope Williams hastily grabbed a piece of glass shard in her palm, covered the rest of the fragments with her body, and continued to feign unconsciousness despite the pain.

Two men entered, glanced at the motionless Hope on the ground, and walked around her.

"Nothing unusual, did we hear it wrong?"

"Impossible, I clearly heard something just now."

After another round of searching and finding nothing amiss, they concluded, "Must have been a false alarm, the wind gets strong here at night, could have been that."

The other person approached Hope closer, and although she was blindfolded, she could sense the faint movements.

Someone was coming closer to her.

Alarms went off in Hope Williams' heart.

"Why hasn't this woman woken up yet?"

Hope's heart pounded in terror.

“Could she be dead?” The person reached out to check Hope’s breathing.

“If she’s dead, she’s dead. The point of taking her was never to keep her alive. If she’s dead by herself, that saves us trouble.”

“She’s still alive.”

Because they didn’t know she was awake, the two men spoke without reservations by her side.

Hope’s tied hands behind her back, holding the shard, frantically sawed at the rope.

The man hadn’t left, his gaze fixed on her.

“You know, this woman is really something. Saw her once when she was with the Big Boss, she looked just like a fairy descending to Earth.”

Big Boss?

Hope Williams thought to herself, Liam Cloud’s people always referred to him as the Big Boss.

The other man sneered, “You like her, huh?”

“What man wouldn’t like such a babe? Heard she’s Waylon Lewis’ woman now, tsk tsk, never thought she’d fall into our hands.” The man squatting in front of Hope spoke with a sleazy tone, “Anyway, Uncle Ruiz wants her dead, so why don’t we have some fun before he comes over.”

Dirty hands caressed Hope Williams’ cheek, causing her inner disgust and revolt to surge.

Her wrist kept exerting force, unconcerned about the cuts, desperately cutting through the rope.

Chapter 537: Chapter 537 A Bunch of Trash

“Fine, suit yourself. I’ll keep watch at the door. Hurry up, Uncle Ruiz will be here soon.”

The man let out a lascivious laugh, “Don’t worry, it’ll be quick.”

With excitement gleaming in his eyes, the man grinned wickedly as he undid the buttons of his shirt, while his other hand tore at Hope Williams’s clothes.

Hope Williams clenched her back teeth hard, but the coarse rope was not so easily cut by glass.

“Where is this?” Hope Williams feigned awakening, her voice trembling and dazed.

She had no choice but to stall for time.

“Oh, you’re awake,” chuckled the man.

“Who are you? Where am I? Why did you kidnap me?” Hope Williams’s voice was laden with tears, sounding both scared and terrified, as she curled up and moved backward.

The man sneered, “A person on the brink of death does not need to know so much.”

Hope Williams cried out, fearful, “Can you please not kill me, I don’t want to die, why would you kill me? I’ve never offended you.”

“It’s the boss’s orders, blame yourself for offending someone,” the man grabbed hold of Hope Williams’s collar.

Hope Williams became even more frightened, her whole body trembling, “What are you going to do?”

“What do you think? Let you enjoy one last time before your death.”

Saying this, the man continued tearing her clothing.

Hope Williams was dumbfounded, these damn ropes were too strong.

“Wait,” Hope Williams curled up on the spot.

“Wait for what.”

“Can you untie the ropes on my legs? It’s uncomfortable like this,” Hope Williams’s voice was weak, resembling a powerless rabbit facing danger, entirely at someone else’s mercy, easily lowering one’s guard.

“Oh, still thinking about comfort?”

“Isn’t that what you just said, to enjoy one last time before I die? Besides, it’s inconvenient for you too if my legs are tied, isn’t it?”

The man thought Hope Williams’s reasoning was sound, thus he excitedly untied the ropes around her ankles.

With the ropes untied, Hope Williams's legs were free, "Could you also untie the black cloth? I can't see anything with it on, I'm scared."

"Why does everything bother you?"

"Please."

Led by his desires, the man, thinking Hope Williams couldn't escape, reached out and untied the black cloth over her eyes.

Just then, Hope Williams's eyes flickered fiercely, her glass-cutting hand clenched the glass shard tightly and stabbed fiercely at him.

Hope Williams exerted all her strength, and the glass plunged directly into the man's neck.

The man's eyes widened, clutching his blood-spurting neck, "You!"

Hope Williams looked at him coldly, "Feels good, doesn't it?"

The man covered his neck, and with his other hand tried to pull a gun from his waist, but Hope Williams was faster, snagging it and kicking the man in the stomach.

"You!"

The man spewed blood and tried to charge at Hope Williams again, but he had already lost his strength and fell directly to the ground.

Meanwhile, the man who had been keeping watch outside heard the noise and immediately entered, seeing his comrade fatally countered by Hope Williams, he swiftly raised his gun.

Hope Williams didn't hesitate, "Bang" a shot hit the man in the stomach and he fell.

She had not intended to use the gun because firing it would surely draw others' attention, but just now she had no choice.

Hope Williams looked around and found herself in an unfinished building, approximately seven or eight stories tall by her estimate.

Hope Williams gripped the gun, eyeing the doorway, realizing her only chance now was to take the stairs down.

But she had no idea how many people were outside.

With no other choice, Hope Williams could only try her luck.

She tiptoed out, the pitch-black corridor was empty, Hope Williams walked deeper down the hall.

Suddenly, a hand covered her mouth sharply, dragging her into the dark room.

Hope Williams's pupils sharply constricted, her arm bent, and she fiercely jabbed an elbow backward.

But the attacker, as if anticipating it, caught her strike.

"Sister Hope, it's me!"

Hope Williams' brow slightly furrowed.

Wesley Ruiz whispered, "I'll let you go, don't scream."

Hope Williams nodded.

Wesley Ruiz immediately released Hope Williams. She was so frightened that her scalp tingled, and she looked at Wesley Ruiz with lingering fear.

"Why is it you?"

Wesley Ruiz raised his finger to his lips, made a silencing gesture, and leaned against the wall listening to the sounds outside.

"Someone is coming up." He turned back to Hope Williams and pulled out a dagger and car keys, stuffing them into her hand, "I'll hold them off, use this chance to escape. My car is parked five hundred meters south of this unfinished building. Take my car and go."

Hope Williams grasped the dagger and car keys, "What about you?"

"Don't worry about me, I'll be fine," Wesley Ruiz said earnestly.

Hope Williams suddenly remembered a name that the two mercenaries had mentioned earlier, 'Uncle Ruiz'.

If these people were indeed from Liam Cloud's organization, then the only person who could be referred to as Uncle Ruiz was one person.

Wesley's father!

Hope Williams looked at Wesley Ruiz, her eyes gradually becoming puzzled. Wesley's father wants to kill her, yet Wesley came to rescue her.

“Did you know early on that your father was going to kidnap me?”

Wesley Ruiz pursed his lips. The last time in City A, he caught a mercenary who turned out to be one of his father’s men.

But because it was his father, he hid this fact from Liam Cloud.

He didn’t know what his father wanted to do and also feared that his father might harm Hope Williams again, so he had been secretly monitoring his father.

That’s why he knew of his father’s plan this time.

“I’ll explain this to you later, but believe me, I won’t harm you.”

Although she did not understand the whole situation, Hope Williams had previous interactions with Wesley Ruiz and knew he was a trustworthy person.

Hope Williams nodded, “Okay.”

Wesley Ruiz looked at Hope Williams with complexity, “Sister Hope, can I ask you for a favor?”

“What is it?”

“After you get out, can you not tell the Big Boss about this?”

Wesley Ruiz’s eyes were filled with worry—knowing Liam Cloud’s nature, he surely would not let his father off easily.

“With all the commotion today, he couldn’t possibly not know,” Hope Williams said.

Wesley Ruiz took a step forward, his expression pleading, “Big Boss only listens to you, Sister Hope. If the Big Boss finds out, please plead for my father, considering... considering Aaron Ruiz once saved your life, can you?”

A sudden pain flashed through Hope Williams’ eyes at the mention of Aaron Ruiz.

She still owed the Ruiz Family a life.

Hope Williams took a deep breath, “If I can get out safely, I will.”

Wesley Ruiz gratefully looked at Hope Williams, “Thank you.”

After finishing speaking, Wesley Ruiz handed over a mobile phone to Hope Williams. Originally, he was afraid that Hope Williams would contact Liam Cloud and did not intend to give her a phone.

But now, since Hope Williams was willing to speak for his father, Wesley Ruiz handed the phone over to her, “This place is far from the city, the terrain is complex, there are no surveillance cameras, and it’s hard to trace. It will be troublesome for them to find you here. There’s a map in the phone, you can use it to send messages for help.”

Hope Williams took the phone, “Thank you.”

Waylon Lewis had already returned to Emperor Capital and was searching in this direction.

The people downstairs had already come up, and discovering that Hope Williams had escaped, they became annoyed.

“The woman has run away, chase her.”

Taking this opportunity, Wesley Ruiz dashed out, a figure flashing in the darkness, instantly attracting the pursuing group’s attention.

“There he is, chase him.”

Hope Williams hid behind the wall watching them chase after Wesley Ruiz, then she ran towards the stairs on the other side.

Meanwhile, gasping for breath, a subordinate reported to Uncle Ruiz, “Uncle Ruiz, bad news, Hope Williams has escaped.”

“Where did she go?”

Uncle Ruiz furrowed his brows tightly, showing displeasure—a woman whose hands and feet were tied managed to escape; this was utter incompetence.

Chapter 538: Chapter 538 Waylon Lewis Must Be Going Crazy

“Still inside this house.”

“Then hurry up and have people surround all the exits of the house for me.”

“Yes.”

Wesley Ruiz caressed the string of beads in his hand, his eyes narrowed slightly, “I’ll go in person.”

...

The old Lewis Family residence.

A serious car accident occurred in the South China Community, a luxury car crashed into a tree, leaked oil, and exploded, extremely tragic, with media vying to report and broadcast live.

Wyatt Lewis happened to arrive at the South China Community with his team, and was caught on the live broadcast.

Upon seeing the news, Old Master Lewis was suddenly struck with alarm, and he looked towards Alitzel Williams who was anxiously making phone calls at his side.

“How is it? Still no contact with Little Hope?”

Alitzel Williams shook her head with deep concern, “Not yet.”

“Dad, don’t worry for now. I’ll call Wyatt and ask,” Christopher Lewis comforted from the side.

“Already called, nobody’s answering. And Waylon is away on a business trip, this...”

“Quick, send someone to check on Little Hope’s movements today,” the Old Master urged with a trembling voice.

“I’ll go check right away,” Christopher Lewis quickly directed his assistant to investigate.

By now, everyone had anticipated that Hope Williams might have had an accident.

Because the wrecked car was a limited edition Rolls-Royce, there wasn’t a second one to be found in the whole city, and with Wyatt Lewis handling the situation on-site, how could they not be worried.

In just a few minutes, it felt as if they had gone through an eternity...

Soon the person dispatched to investigate reported back, “The staff from the Young Madam’s company said she went with Elias Patel, Assistant Patel, this afternoon to meet with a medicinal herb trader and didn’t return to the company.”

“Elias Patel?” Christopher Lewis frowned tightly, “Quickly bring Elias Patel here.”

“Yes.”

Old Master Lewis’s profound gaze was filled with worry, and Alitzel Williams sat on his side, continuously trying to console him.

“Quickly send someone to pick up Luke and Willow. Neither of them is at home; the two children must be scared,” Elder Lewis said with concern.

Alitzel Williams nodded hastily, “Okay, I’ll send someone immediately, no, I’ll go myself.”

Alitzel Williams rushed out in a fluster, her heart in chaos, fervently praying that nothing had happened to Hope Williams.

Elias Patel was quickly called to the Lewis Residence.

Because Elias Patel had worked as an assistant to Waylon Lewis for a long time, everyone in the Lewis family was familiar with her.

Old Master Lewis, seeing the injuries on Elias Patel’s face, grew even more concerned.

“Elder Lewis, did you summon me for something?” Elias Patel’s voice was still somewhat trembling.

“Were you with Little Hope this afternoon?”

Elias Patel bit her lower lip and nodded, her eyes welling up with tears at the mention.

“Yes... yes.”

Seeing Elias Patel in this state, a foreboding sense of dread intensified, Old Master Lewis clutched his chest, “Speak, what happened?”

Elias Patel’s eyes flickered.

“We... we were being chased to be killed, the madam pushed me out of the car, and then... the car seemed to have been flipped over, then exploded, and then, then...”

Old Master Lewis and Christopher Lewis both felt a roaring in their ears.

Elder Lewis clutched his chest, struggled to stand up with the aid of his walking stick, his complexion dreadful, sweat streaming down his forehead, gritting his teeth, he asked strenuously, “And then what happened?”

“Then the madam... her life or death is unknown.”

“Dad!” Christopher Lewis exclaimed in shock as he watched Old Master Lewis collapse.

“Elder Lewis.”

“Quick, call the family doctor.”

The Lewis Family plunged into chaos at Old Master Lewis's sudden fainting.

The words 'life or death uncertain' were too heavy, suffocating Christopher Lewis to the point he could hardly breathe.

He used to look down on Hope Williams, but now she is the mother of two children, still the most beloved woman of his son, pregnant with another; if she really died...

Christopher Lewis didn't even dare to imagine what this family would become...

Waylon Lewis would probably go insane.

In the end, Old Master Lewis was rushed to the hospital for emergency treatment.

Meanwhile, on Hope Williams's side.

"Bang—" A gunshot rang out.

"Ah—" Hope Williams cried out in pain, her shoulder instantly pierced by a bullet.

She had just come down from upstairs, cautiously surveying her surroundings when she was shot just as she was about to step out the door.

People lurking in the shadows around her immediately sprang into action.

Hope Williams's face turned to panic, disregarding the excruciating pain in her shoulder, she clenched her teeth and stood up straight.

Guns were aimed at her from all around, ready to riddle Hope Williams with bullets in an instant.

"Hope Williams, long time no see."

A voice sounded.

From the crowd, Wesley Ruiz stepped out at a calm and unhurried pace.

Clutching her wound, Hope Williams looked icily at Wesley Ruiz, "Indeed, Uncle Ruiz, long time no see. I wonder how I've offended you to deserve such a ruthless attempt on my life by you."

"You want to know?" Wesley Ruiz's eyes, dark and spiteful, stared at Hope Williams.

"Yes, I'd like to die knowing why, don't you think?"

Wesley Ruiz sneered coldly and raised the gun in his hand, "If you want to know, go ask Lord Blake in the underworld."

"Dad, stop." Wesley Ruiz was caught and escorted over by two people.

"Wesley Ruiz?" Wesley Ruiz's eyes flicked to the car not far away, "You followed me?"

"Let Hope Williams go, don't make one mistake after another."

"Let her go? In your dreams." Wesley Ruiz's gun still aimed at Hope Williams.

"Dad! The past is the past, Aaron saved Hope Williams willingly, it had nothing to do with her. If you kill her, wouldn't Aaron's death be in vain?!" Wesley Ruiz shouted.

"Shut your mouth, ungrateful son, if it weren't for her, Aaron wouldn't have died. She was only twenty-one years old and died because of this woman; it was her feud with the Fuller Family, why should my daughter pay with her life?"

Hate filled the bottom of Wesley Ruiz's eyes, impossible to hide.

So that was it, a heavy emotion settled in Hope Williams's eyes, realizing it was because of Aaron Ruiz's death that Wesley Ruiz harbored such resentment against her.

Hope Williams took a deep breath.

"No, it's not like that, dad, calm down, Aaron wouldn't be happy if he saw what you're doing."

Wesley Ruiz struggled desperately, trying to break free from the restraint of the two people.

Blinded by hatred, Wesley Ruiz's mind was not swayed, and he instantly pressed the trigger.

"Bang!"

At that moment, almost simultaneously, two more gunshots followed from a distance.

The first shot was from Wesley Ruiz; the two shots that followed were from two different men.

Chapter 539: Chapter 539 Two Clear

Everyone was stunned by the scene, those three gunshots had been completely unexpected.

Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud rushed towards Hope Williams almost at the same time, with Waylon getting there a step faster to catch the falling woman into his arms.

“Hope Williams.”

As her limp body fell into his arms, Waylon Lewis tightened his grip, only to smell the strong scent of blood. Raising his hand, he saw it smeared with a large stain of blood from the woman’s arm.

Waylon’s pupils constricted as his heart shattered in an instant, his face wishing he could kill everyone present.

Liam Cloud’s expression was equally icy cold.

Wesley Ruiz covered his bleeding arm, his heart filled with shock. When he had fired at Hope, the shot went astray because his arm had been hit, and therefore missed her.

“You’ve got some nerve, Wesley Ruiz! Who gave you permission to touch her?” Liam Cloud’s face was terrifying as he gritted his teeth, lifting his gun.

“Bang bang.” He fired two more shots at Wesley Ruiz.

Wesley’s knees were hit, and the piercing pain forced him to kneel instantly.

“Big Boss!” Wesley Ruiz exclaimed in shock.

The rage on Liam Cloud’s face encompassed the sky, causing everyone present to lower their heads as they inwardly cursed the situation.

Waylon Lewis picked the woman up, his gaze ice-cold as he scanned the crowd, committing every face to memory.

Waylon held Hope and turned around, leaving quickly without a word.

Hope Williams needed to get to the hospital as soon as possible.

Liam Cloud’s deep eyes scanned the direction they had left, then slowly withdrew his gaze to rest on Wesley Ruiz, raising the gun again, the dark muzzle pressed against his forehead, “Why did you try to kill Hope Williams?”

Leo Ruiz rushed forward in a dash, kneeling on one knee before Liam Cloud, “Big Boss...”

“Shut up!”

Wesley Ruiz gritted his teeth in pain, biting down, “Her fault my daughter died, left you obsessed and staying in Emperor Capital, even neglecting the organization. Doesn’t she deserve to die?”

“You’ve got the nerve to justify yourself!” The man’s face was filled with murderous intent.

Wesley Ruiz hung his head, “Does my daughter deserve to die then?”

“It was I who sent Aaron Ruiz to protect her. By that logic, the one who should die is me! Why don’t you come and kill me, why touch her? Huh?”

Wesley Ruiz bit his teeth, “I wouldn’t dare!”

“Not dare? I think you dare a lot, even daring to touch someone I’m protecting.” Liam Cloud’s gaze was sharp as an ice blade.

The people around were all shuddering, heads bowed low.

“Big Boss, my father’s lost his mind, but please, for the sake of our past relations, spare his life, I beg you...” Wesley Ruiz pressed his head down hard.

Wesley Ruiz let out a cold laugh, shaking his head continuously, “Ah Cloud, look what you’ve become. For a woman, you’ve lost all reason. She’ll be the death of you.”

“If a woman can destroy me, then maybe I should let you take my place?”

“That’s not what I mean. More words are useless, I know you won’t let me go; just kill me if you’re going to.” Wesley Ruiz closed his eyes, seemingly reconciled with the coming of death.

“Big Boss...”

The murderous intent on Liam Cloud’s face spread.

Dead silence swept through the area, as a coldness filled the air.

Wesley’s subordinates were by his side, but at this moment no one dared plead for him.

Just then, the sound of a phone ringing broke the silence, Liam Cloud picked up the call expressionlessly.

A weak and hoarse female voice came through.

“Liam Cloud... let him go. I owe the Ruiz Family a life, I’m repaying it today.”

Liam Cloud’s gaze swept over Wesley Ruiz, white as a sheet, eyes tightly shut in wait for death’s embrace.

“Sure?”

“Mm.”

After hanging up the call, Liam Cloud suppressed the intense murderous intent in his eyes and coldly said, “Hope Williams pleaded for you. She says she owed Aaron Ruiz a life, which she’s now repaid. We’re even from now on.”

The moment Liam Cloud’s words fell, Wesley Ruiz was stunned, releasing the breath he had been holding with force and opening his eyes in disbelief, “She pleaded for me?”

“Mm.” Liam Cloud fixed his stare on him, “Your life was saved with your daughter’s life. From now on, get lost and never let me see you again in this lifetime.”

Liam Cloud’s gaze swept towards those who followed Wesley Ruiz as his henchmen and said coldly, “As for you, all of you get lost and go back to receive your punishment.”

“And you, take double the punishment.”

Wesley Ruiz immediately nodded, “Yes.”

As long as he could save Wesley Ruiz’s life, he would be willing to take tenfold the punishment. Deep in his heart, he was immensely grateful to Hope Williams and, at the same time, worried about her injury.

Because the bullets used by their organization had greater lethality than regular bullets, fortunately, it hit the shoulder, otherwise, Hope Williams would be dead by now.

At this moment, Wesley Ruiz couldn’t say anything, hanging his head low, making it impossible to discern his emotions.

After a long time, he raised his head as if relieved of a weight, let out a heavy sigh and slowly said, “Okay, we’re even.”

Thomas Hughes drove the car, racing towards the hospital, his foot never dared to leave the accelerator.

Hope Williams’ eyelids felt heavy as she weakly leaned in Waylon Lewis’s arms.

“Don’t sleep, Hope... hang in there, we’ll be at the hospital soon...” Waylon Lewis’s voice trembled, his hand covering her shoulder wound that wouldn’t stop bleeding, his eyes bloodshot and hollow.

Hope Williams’s face was incredibly haggard and pale, she struggled to lift her hand lightly brushing over Waylon Lewis’s face.

With a faint smile, she said, “Don’t be afraid, Waylon, I should... probably won’t die, it’s okay... Look, I can still give you a smile.”

Hope Williams forced a smile, but no matter how it looked, it wasn’t pretty.

Waylon Lewis bowed his head, his forehead against Hope Williams’s forehead, a tear inadvertently rolled down his closed eyes, falling on Hope Williams’s cheek.

“Fool.”

Seeing Hope Williams like this, Waylon Lewis felt even more distressed. It was her who was injured, yet she was the one worrying that he would be afraid of her dying, comforting him instead.

How could his girl be so wonderful.

...

Hospital.

Luna Williams held her phone, still confidently waiting for good news.

She even had Maverick Williams find a doctor to arrange an operating room for her in advance.

As soon as they bring Hope Williams over, they would start the surgery.

She would be saved; she wouldn’t have to die.

Maverick Williams looked at Luna Williams, who seemed delirious, utterly unsure of what to say.

Ted Williams frowned, lifted his hand to glance at his watch; it was already this late, but there was still no news from the other side.

He thought, could something unexpected have happened?

Otherwise, it’s impossible that there was no news at this point.

As Ted Williams was thinking this, the Carter father and son appeared at the door of the hospital room.

“Elder Williams.”

Seeing the Carter father and son, Maverick Williams’s expression softened slightly, nodding in acknowledgement.

“Brother Leo.” Luna Williams brightened upon seeing Leo Carter, her smile blooming, “You’re finally willing to come see me.”

Noah Carter gave a signal to Leo Carter, “Go on.”

Leo Carter had no choice but to walk towards Luna Williams, knowing that she was about to die; the two families were to be joined by marriage, and it would be improper not to visit her now and risk criticism later.

As soon as Leo Carter approached, Luna Williams leaned in to hug his waist, her face full of joy.

“Brother Leo, you’ve finally come to see me. Don’t worry, I don’t have to die now. I’ve found a bone marrow that can be transplanted, and I can have surgery soon. Once I’m well, I can marry Brother Leo. I will be the most beautiful bride, Brother Leo, I’m so looking forward to our wedding.”

Leo Carter’s frown deepened, he looked back at Maverick Williams with a questioning expression.

Maverick Williams knitted his brows, his face expressing resign. He said nothing.

The atmosphere in the hospital room was strange, and it seemed that only Luna Williams was in good spirits.

“Why are you all not talking?” Luna Williams blinked innocently.

Leo Carter stretched out his hand to peel off Luna Williams’s arms wrapped around his waist.

Luna Williams blinked pitifully. Although she was gaunt and her complexion was pallid, her delicate features still revealed her beauty.

Leo Carter sighed, chose his words carefully, and spoke, “Luna, I came here today... to call off our engagement.”

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Luna Williams' expression froze on her face, "What...what? What did you say?"

Leo Carter looked at Luna with some reluctance, but he couldn't accept such a version of Luna, who was cruel, ruthless, and would poison someone by all means necessary.

"Brother Leo, did I do something wrong? Or, or is it because I am sick that you want to cancel our engagement?"

Leo Carter pursed his lips, "It's not because you are sick, I just don't want to continue anymore, so Luna, let's end this."

Luna Williams' voice trembled as she clumsily reached to grab Leo Carter's hand, "I, no, no, I don't want that, Brother Leo you can't leave me, my illness will get better, it really will..."

"Luna!" Leo Carter shouted at her forcefully, "It's not because of your illness. If it were because of your illness, I could have ended the engagement from the start, there's no need to have dragged it out till now."

"Then what is it because of?" Luna cried and shouted, "Tell me, I can change."

Leo Carter clenched his teeth, feeling the pressure of facing Luna in this state.

"Say it! Say it!" Luna Williams roared.

Leo Carter looked at Luna with a face of agony, "Because you've become completely different from before. The Luna I knew was gentle and pleasant, kind and generous, and dignified, someone I could describe using all the wonderful words in the world, but now look at yourself..."

"What have I become? I'm still the same as before." Luna Williams tried hard to squeeze out what she thought was a gentle smile, "I am still kind and gentle, gentle and pleasant, I'm still the same Luna Williams..."

"Have you forgotten how you harmed Hope William's child?" Leo Carter asked with a cold voice.

"I..." Luna Williams was truly stunned, and when she realized it, her pupils dilated, "Is it because of Hope that you despise me?"

Leo Carter was somewhat speechless, "No."

It was because of what she had done.

"It is! You despise me because of Hope."

"It has nothing to do with her."

"How can it have nothing to do with her? If it weren't for her, there wouldn't be so many problems, I wouldn't have become like this, and you wouldn't despise me."

Leo Carter closed his eyes tightly, feeling the impossibility of communication, "Think whatever you want."

At last, Leo Carter sighed, and with as gentle a voice as he could muster said, "Luna, take good care of yourself. I'll visit you when I have time."

After speaking, Leo Carter took a deep look at her and turned to leave.

Noah Carter sighed, looking at Elder Williams and said, "Elder Williams, I am very sorry."

Maverick Williams found himself unable to say anything at that moment.

Luna Williams sat still on the hospital bed, as if she had been abandoned by the whole world.

As Leo Carter and his son were about to leave, they saw Waylon Lewis rushing into the hospital carrying a bloodied Hope Williams.

The two of them were taken aback.

Noah Carter frowned, "Was that Waylon Lewis just now and the person in his arms, Hope Williams?"

Leo Carter also had a serious expression as he nodded, "Yes."

Noah Carter felt a shock in his heart. For some reason, he felt an infinite worry for this person he had only met once.

"Let's go have a look."

Leo Carter had no objections, "Alright."

The two followed quickly and arrived at the emergency room doors.

Hope Williams had already been taken into the emergency room, and Waylon Lewis stood outside the operating room looking disheveled and hollow.

Noah Carter wanted to ask Waylon Lewis about Hope's condition, but opening his mouth, he felt unable to speak in the face of Waylon in such a state.

Alitzel Williams and Christopher Lewis, who had already been in the hospital because of the Old Master's fainting spell, were the first to arrive on the scene.

Alitzel Williams arranged for Luke and Willow to stay in the Old Master's hospital room, not telling them about Hope's condition.

Wyatt Lewis also arrived soon after.

"Little Hope? How is Little Hope? Waylon, where is Little Hope? How is she?" Alitzel's face was pale as she looked at her son, covered in blood and disheveled, tightly grabbing onto his clothes.

Christopher Lewis was also genuinely worried, "Waylon, how is Hope?"

"Bro, sister-in-law, she... she won't..." Wyatt Lewis's voice trembled. He had personally attended the scene and seen the brutality firsthand, worried the entire way.

Noah Carter and his son also looked at Waylon Lewis anxiously.

Seeing him silent, everyone was almost driven mad with urgency.

After a long while, Waylon Lewis finally spoke, "She'll be fine."

She'll be fine?

That sentence seemed more like consolation to himself.

Seeing Waylon Lewis's state, Wyatt Lewis didn't say anything more, walked over and patted Waylon's shoulder, "Right, brother, sister-in-law is blessed, she will be fine."

Waylon Lewis' gaze remained fixated on the door, silent.

Time ticked by slowly...

Suddenly, the door to the emergency room opened, and a nurse came out.

"How is she? Doctor, how is my daughter-in-law?" Everyone crowded around.

Waylon Lewis stood at the back, his hanging hand tensely clenched.

"The patient is not in good condition, she has lost too much blood and is in shock. She's also pregnant, and prolonged shock could affect the fetus. Moreover, the patient has a

rare Rh-negative blood type, our hospital's blood bank has run out of this blood type. Does anyone in the family have Rh-negative blood?"

Alitzel Williams shook her head immediately, knowing full well that everyone in the family had a different blood type, none were Rh-negative...

Just as the nurse was about to say more.

"Wait." Noah Carter, who had been silent, quickly stepped forward, "I have Rh-negative blood."

The group looked at Noah Carter in unison.

Christopher Lewis asked, "You are?"

"My name is Noah Carter, I've met Hope Williams before, I came over to check after seeing her injured."

The nurse looked at Noah Carter's white hair and asked, "Sir, may I ask your age..."

Because the suitable age range for blood donation is between 18 and 55 years old.

"50." Noah Carter immediately answered.

The nurse immediately said, "That's great, sir, please come with me for a blood test."

Noah Carter readily agreed, "Okay."

"Thank you so much." The Lewis family members looked at Noah Carter gratefully.

Noah Carter's deep eyes took one last look at the emergency room, with a touch of surprise in his gaze.

Seemingly thinking of something but knowing that saving the patient was urgent, Noah Carter quickly followed the nurse to get his blood tested.