

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

Chapter 593: Chapter 593: Will Handle Everything Well

Waylon Lewis glanced in Hope Williams' direction, his deep eyes clouded with intricate emotions. "Hmm, don't let her hear about this."

Thomas Hughes tightened his tone. "You mean to hide it from Mrs. Lewis?"
"Yes."

Thomas Hughes could understand; the Boss probably didn't want his wife worrying unnecessarily.

But...

"Boss, Mrs. Lewis seems to be suspicious already."

Considering Mrs. Lewis' sharp mind, it was impossible for her not to pick up on something. She was likely waiting for the Boss to return and explain.

Waylon Lewis' brows furrowed deeper. Lying to her was something he increasingly found himself struggling with.

He'd just have to take it one step at a time.

Waylon exhaled slowly, seemingly adjusting his emotions. When he returned to Hope's side, he deliberately softened his imposing demeanor.

When Hope saw him return, she furrowed her brows and closely studied his expression, as if searching for a crack in his facade.

Waylon strode over, and with his large hand, gently smoothed out the crease between her brows. "What's wrong?"

Hope pressed her lips together. "Shouldn't I be asking you that?"

Waylon's pitch-black eyes lowered, his voice deep. "It's something at the company."

"If it's just a company matter, why avoid telling me?" Hope asked, scrutinizing Waylon's austere expression.

Clearly, Hope didn't believe his excuse.

"It's a serious issue. I didn't want you to worry."

Silence ensued...

Hope's beautiful eyes blinked as she concealed the emotions within them. She asked softly, "A serious issue? So you need to return to Emperor Capital to handle it?"

Waylon followed her lead, "Yes, I have to make a trip back."

There was a hint of disappointment in Hope's gaze. She stepped forward, nestling into Waylon's broad chest, her arms wrapping tightly around his waist. After hesitating for a moment, she said sensibly, "Then hurry back. I'm here; don't worry and handle your affairs."

Waylon's stiff, handsome face softened with emotion. He held her close, his large hand gently caressing her silky hair. Suppressing the turmoil in his heart, he simply said, "Okay."

"I'll leave someone here to help you. Be careful. Don't overstrain yourself. As for Luke and Willow, I'll inform the Sanders Family to look after them temporarily. Once things are resolved, I'll bring them back."

Hope nodded earnestly. "Okay." She pulled away from his embrace, hiding the tears threatening to spill from her eyes. Pushing him lightly, she said, "Go ahead now. The company is important; really, don't worry about me."

Waylon keenly sensed her subdued emotions. His fathomless eyes brimmed with heartache as he leaned down to kiss her smooth forehead. "I'm sorry I can't stay by your side during this time."

Hope forced a faint, awkward smile. "Who am I? After everything we've been through, I won't crumble that easily. We'll manage things just fine."

Noticing Thomas Hughes stepping aside once more to answer a call, Hope pushed Waylon again. "Go now. I'll take care of myself. Let me know when you're safe in Emperor Capital."

"Alright."

Waylon nodded, wasting no time as he turned and left. Thomas quickly bade her goodbye and hurried after Waylon.

Watching their departing figures, Hope's gaze lowered, her deeply buried emotions threatening to surface.

She knew, based on Waylon's character, that if it were purely about the company—even if it faced imminent bankruptcy—he wouldn't hide it from her.

It must be something else, something with uncertain outcomes. He didn't want her to worry, so he chose to conceal it.

In that case, Hope decided she'd play the fool this time, pretending not to notice anything and letting him return to Emperor Capital.

She'd keep acting nonchalant, sparing him any additional concerns.

Looking at the still-closed door of the operating room, Hope silently prayed in her heart, a whirlwind of emotions stirring.

Just then, the ringing phone brought a momentary reprieve from her suppressed feelings.

Answering the call, she was greeted by Luke and Willow's anxious voices. "Mommy."

Hope immediately adjusted her mood, her voice as gentle as always. "What's wrong, my darlings? Do you miss Mommy?"

"Mm-hmm, we do. We miss you so much! Mommy, have you and Daddy settled things?" Luke's voice carried a trace of worry he couldn't hide.

Willow chimed in eagerly, "Mommy, when are you coming to pick us up?"

Hope replied calmly. "Mommy still has some things to take care of. I might not be able to pick up my little ones for now. Can Luke and Willow stay a bit longer with Sister Zoey and Joseph? Is that alright?"

Even as mature as Luke and Willow were, the news of not reuniting with their parents for the time being left them a tad disappointed. Still, they agreed. "Okay."

"Good kids. While you're at Sister Zoey and Joseph's house, you have to be on your best behavior, alright? Especially Willow—be good about sleeping, eat your meals without being picky, and don't throw tantrums."

Hope wasn't as worried about Luke. Although the two children were only minutes apart in age, Luke was far more mature than Willow.

Willow, on the other hand, had been lavished with attention as a little princess from a young age. Occasionally, her coquettishness and willfulness turned into spats of unreasonable anger.

At home, with Waylon and Hope spoiling her, it wasn't a big deal. But in someone else's home, such behavior wouldn't do.

"Don't worry, Mommy. Willow will definitely be good," Willow promised solemnly.

"Mm, Mommy believes in Willow." Hope then asked, "Willow, is Sister Zoey or Joseph nearby?"

Hearing her name, Zoey Sanders immediately chimed in. “Aunt Williams, I’m here. What’s up?”

“Zoey, I’m sorry to trouble you, but could you look after Luke and Willow a little longer? I haven’t finished sorting things out on my end.”

Zoey promptly replied, “Aunt Williams, please don’t say it like that. It’s no trouble at all. I’m more than happy to have Luke and Willow here. Usually, it’s just me and my brother at home. With the kids around, even my parents have taken to staying home more often. According to my mom, it’s like a preview of the joy of having grandchildren. And Luke and Willow are such angels—don’t worry about them.”

Hope’s lips curved into a slight smile as she heard Matriarch Sanders and Father Sanders’ voices in the background.

Matriarch Sanders said, “Tell Little Hope not to worry. The little ones can stay with us as long as they need—we don’t mind the slightest.”

Father Sanders added, “Yes, yes, tell Little Hope it’s fine. We’ll treat them like our own grandchildren, no rush to pick them up.”

It was clear that even Matriarch Sanders and Father Sanders were genuinely fond of Luke and Willow.

Hope felt a warmth rise in her chest. “Zoey, thank you so much.”

“Aunt Williams, we’re family—don’t be so formal. Really, it’s our pleasure. You take care of what you need to. While we may not be able to help with everything, babysitting is one thing we’re thrilled to take on.”

Hope chatted with Zoey for a while longer, passing along a few more reminders to Luke and Willow before hanging up.

She sank onto the bench, eyes closed, and rubbed her throbbing temples. When she opened them again, she spotted a figure she found utterly detestable striding toward her.

It was Luna Williams!

Hope’s icy eyes narrowed as Luna approached, only to be stopped five meters away by Nolan and Luca Stone.

Luna wore a grim expression. This time, she’d come prepared; knowing Hope had bodyguards, she’d brought the Williams Family’s guards with her. Ten of them in total, forming an impressive row of black-clad men moving with a commanding presence.

Bolstered by her entourage, Luna exuded an arrogant demeanor.

Nolan and Luca, however, showed no fear. Stone and Peak also emerged from the shadows, their towering figures emanating a cold, imposing air.

In an instant, the atmosphere grew charged with tension.