

# **She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor**

## **#Chapter 601: 610: Suing You - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 601: 601: Suing You**

### **Chapter 601: Chapter 601: Suing You**

Harry Williams' gaze was icy cold.

The Williams Family first abandoned Hope Williams, but when they needed her, they went to any lengths to bring her back—manipulating, coercing, even kidnapping her. All of it just to keep Luna Williams alive, sparing not even Hope's child in the process.

And yet, in the end, she was deemed the heartless one, accused of neglecting family bonds?

Harry's eyes grew even colder. "You have no shame, do you?"

Faced with Harry's repeated cold questioning, Ted Williams' expression darkened as he barked at the bodyguards, "What are you standing there for?"

The reporters, sensing something unusual, swarmed in relentlessly.

"Can you explain what's going on here?"

"Is there some hidden truth behind all this?"

"Don't leave yet—tell us everything!"

"What a scene!"

A crisp, cool voice rang out, drifting lazily into everyone's ears.

The moment the voice was heard, most of the people at the scene fell silent.

Hope Williams, wearing a caramel-colored coat with her hands in its pockets, walked forward unhurriedly, her steps calm and steady.

Beside her was a silver-haired man with an imposing presence. His face was expressionless, his striking features emanating a constant sense of frostiness.

Behind them trailed two burly, towering bodyguards—Xiao Shi and Wesley Ruiz.

Hope stopped at the side of the steps and climbed onto the stage.

Seeing it was Hope, someone in the crowd muttered, “How does she still dare show her face?”

Hope paused for a moment, her gaze zeroing in on the speaker. She smiled faintly. “Why wouldn’t I dare? Did I break some heavenly law?”

The person hesitated, clamming up and pressing their lips tightly together.

Hope resumed walking, finally standing still in front of Luna and Ted Williams.

Luna’s face turned tense, and Ted’s expression subtly shifted as well.

“It’s been a while, hasn’t it?” Hope said, directing her words at Ted.

Truth be told, it had been some time since she’d arrived in A City, yet she had not encountered Ted Williams even once.

This was a man who not only liked hiding behind others but also seemed to enjoy hiding himself.

Ted’s narrow eyes narrowed further, the sharpness within them undisguised.

The reporters, recovering their wits, immediately surged forward, raising microphones high as they questioned:

“Miss Williams, is what Second Miss Williams just said all true?”

“Miss Williams, do you have any rebuttals to what Second Miss Williams claimed? Or are you here to confess your wrongs?”

Hope stared quietly at Luna, her lips curving faintly in what could only be called a mocking smile.

“Confess? I didn’t do it. Why should I confess?”

This single line stirred the crowd into an uproar.

“So, does this mean Miss Williams is denying Second Miss Williams’ statements?”

“Of course.”

The reporters continued peppering her with questions, and one female reporter's sharp voice rang out distinctly over the others. "Since Miss Williams claims she's innocent, could she present evidence to prove it?"

"I didn't do it. When I entered the room, Old Lady Williams was already lying on the ground, unconscious."

The female reporter let out a cold laugh. "Is that your so-called evidence? Just your word?"

Hope's expression remained unchanged. She nodded slightly and fired back, "Did she present any evidence for what she just said?"

"Second Miss Williams said she saw with her own eyes that you pushed Old Lady Williams in the room."

Hope replied, "And what else?"

"...That's all!"

The crowd exchanged uneasy glances.

Hope curled her lips into a smile. "Hmm, so it's all just words. Why is it, then, that her words are treated as evidence and mine aren't? Is this discrimination?"

The crowd snapped back to attention, their expressions shifting dramatically. Indeed, Luna hadn't provided any substantial evidence; it was all based on her claims of having witnessed the act.

"And as for this reporter here, your ability to stir the narrative is quite notable. Whoever's behind you must've paid you a fair sum."

The bespectacled young female reporter's face went pale. Meeting Hope's clear, penetrating gaze, she subconsciously dodged her eyes."

"Don't slander me! There's no one behind me. I'm just reporting the facts."

"Oh." Hope's tone was light and dismissive as she straightened her back, no longer sparing the reporter another glance.

The female reporter, however, grew flustered, her nerves rattled as the glances her colleagues threw her became increasingly odd.

Hope turned back to look at Luna, whose eyes flickered with panic. Her pupils trembled visibly in her sockets.

“What are you staring at me like that for, sister? Don’t blame me for exposing you. I had no choice—what you did was so heinous and against all reason—it demanded exposure,” Luna stammered, attempting to defend herself.

Hope said nothing. The black-suited lawyer behind her stepped forward, fixing Luna with a stern gaze. “Second Miss Williams, regarding your earlier statements—beyond claiming to have personally witnessed Miss Williams pushing someone, do you have any other substantial evidence?”

Luna bit her lip hard.

Seeing her silence, the lawyer continued, “Alright, it seems there is none. Based on your earlier statements, your account at the police station differs entirely.”

The lawyer retrieved a document from his briefcase, “This is the transcript we obtained from the police station. At the station, you explicitly said you didn’t witness anything firsthand. Furthermore, the police determined that Miss Williams, during the ten minutes she was in the Williams Family residence, did not have the time to commit the crime. Their investigation also concluded that Miss Williams and Old Lady Williams shared a good relationship, with no existing conflicts or motive for harm. Based on the current circumstances, your statements today already constitute slander. Miss Williams has decided to press charges against you.”

The crowd erupted into chaos.

Luna’s expression tightened fiercely. “No... don’t!”

Ted Williams cast a chilling glare at Luna, realizing she hadn’t told him about what she had revealed at the police station.

Luna clenched her teeth in frustration, mustering the courage to glare back at Ted. Wasn’t it he who dragged her into this mess? And now he blamed her?

“Oh, and wasn’t it mentioned earlier that I refused to save you, acting indifferent to family?” Hope said, her gaze now shifting to the audience. “She understates it. It’s not indifference I feel toward her—it’s hatred.”

The crowd watched Hope in stunned silence.

Luna trembled violently, her teeth clenched as she stared at Hope, utterly at a loss as to what she might reveal next.

“I’m pregnant. To save her, I would have to abort my child. Why would I agree to that? During her leukemia diagnosis, she even traveled to Emperor Capital, bribing a former tutor from my family to drug me with abortion pills. She thought that as long as I lost the baby, she could use my body to save herself. There is no familial bond between us. I’m

not a Holy Mother, and I can't bear to sacrifice my child to save her. Her actions against me and my child are why I hate her so deeply."

Luna's entire body shook as if on the verge of collapse.

Hope's calm voice continued. "If you doubt me, feel free to investigate the truth."

After finishing, Hope turned to Ted and Luna. "Any other dirt you want to throw at me? Don't hold back."

"..."

Seeing their silence, Hope smiled slightly and nodded. "It seems not. Well then, I'll take my leave."

Hope turned to walk away. Ted gave several reporters a pointed look.

The female reporter nodded and raised her voice sharply. "Miss Williams, may I ask—was it you who personally sent your grandfather to prison?"

## **Chapter 602: Chapter 602: She is the Accomplice, He is the Mastermind**

As soon as this question was raised, the room fell silent for a moment before a buzz of chatter erupted.

"What's going on? Old Master Williams is in prison?"

"No way. When did this happen?"

"But come to think of it, we haven't seen Old Master Williams in a while. Even at Old Lady Williams' birthday banquet the other day, he didn't show up."

"Could this be true? Was it Miss Williams who sent Old Master Williams to prison? My God, what happened?"

"A granddaughter sending her grandfather to jail—what kind of deep hatred must there be?"

Everyone was discussing fervently; this revelation had absolutely stunned them.

Luna Williams stared at Ted Williams in disbelief. "What are you doing? Why would you reveal this? Have you lost your mind?"

"If you expose this, what if Hope gets angry and tells people about my situation?"

Maverick Williams had taken her place in prison, after all.

Ted Williams cast a cold glance at Luna Williams. "Oh, and how is that my problem?"

Luna Williams glared at Ted Williams, her eyes on the verge of popping out in fury.

Ted Williams stopped paying attention to her, instead locking gazes remotely with Hope Williams.

Hope's eyes narrowed slightly, and a biting cold glimmer shone in her crystal-clear gaze.

The young female journalist with glasses was particularly zealous, stirring up chaos as she charged forward. Naturally, the reporters behind her weren't about to miss the opportunity, and in an instant, everyone surged forward, creating a chaotic scene.

Almost simultaneously, Liam Cloud stepped forward and stood protectively in front of Hope Williams. Wesley Ruiz and Stone Xiao tried with all their might to block the frenzied reporters, but there were just too many present today. People fired questions one after another, and the disorder became uncontrollable.

Hope frowned slightly, retreating two steps. The journalist with glasses deliberately pushed her way forward, shoving her microphone directly into Hope's face.

Liam Cloud reached out and shoved the troublesome journalist aside, his previously composed eyes now brimming with a suffocatingly dark and ominous expression.

"Let's go."

This chaotic scene was likely being manipulated by Ted Williams' people to stir trouble.

Liam Cloud shielded Hope Williams, intending to escort her out first.

Hope turned to leave, but the journalist blocked her path once again.

"Miss Williams, please answer my question immediately. Did you personally send your grandfather to prison? Is your attempt to leave a sign of your guilty conscience?"

"Did I personally send him to prison? Why don't you go ask him yourself?"

Hope's icy voice countered sharply, but the journalist grabbed Hope's wrist, her face radiating intensity.

Hope's eyes narrowed swiftly, and her expression turned cold in an instant.

"Are you threatening me, Miss Williams? Answer my question! Why is Old Master Williams in prison? Is it your doing? As a granddaughter, why would you treat your grandfather like this? Isn't it too much?"

“Let go,” Hope ordered coldly.

The journalist’s grip was strong, causing Hope’s wrist visible pain.

“Please answer my question,” the journalist pressed relentlessly.

Hope furrowed her brows, raised her hand, and was about to fling her away. “Let go!”

“Ah!” The journalist screamed sharply and suddenly collapsed to the ground.

Seeing someone fall, a few individuals prepared to assist.

The journalist’s eyes reddened as she cried out in grievance, “Miss Williams, even if you didn’t want to answer the question, you didn’t have to push me.”

Upon hearing this, the surrounding crowd felt that Hope’s actions were unjustifiable—she shouldn’t have gotten physical, no matter the circumstances.

“Miss Williams, that’s too much. You shouldn’t resort to violence.”

“Exactly. If you don’t want to answer, just say so. Why shove someone? That’s crossing the line.”

“You could have refused to respond outright. Pushing someone down is way out of line.”

Faced with malicious voices coming from all directions, Hope raised her hand and pointed at the security camera, her frustration boiling over. She snapped, “Want to know how she fell? The surveillance footage has it all recorded. And since she was gripping my hand tightly and refusing to let go, even if I did push her away, that would be self-defense. Don’t believe me? Go check.”

Hope’s frigid tone suddenly escalated, carrying an undeniable intimidation. Her words stunned the crowd momentarily, prompting them to all glance toward the surveillance camera following her gaze.

The female journalist’s eyes flickered noticeably with guilt.

“And about your questions—why do you think I have to answer just because you ask?” Hope’s icy glare bore into the journalist.

The journalist opened her mouth to rebut, but under Hope’s imposing demeanor, her words faltered. After composing herself slightly, she said, “I just want to uncover the truth, that’s all.”

“Little Hope, why take this matter so seriously? It’s just a minor incident—you should openly admit it and move on,” Ted Williams casually descended from the stage, meeting Hope’s frosty eyes with a provocative raise of his brows.

Hope observed Ted quietly before letting out a cold laugh. “Oh, yes, it’s true you all shouldn’t be asking me. The reason behind Old Master Williams’ imprisonment should be directed at him, because he not only knows the truth but is likely feeling deeply guilty about it.”

Ted smirked, his hands casually in his pockets, and looked indifferently at Hope.

“Miss Williams, what do you mean by that?”

“Miss Williams, please elaborate.”

The journalists at this point, without the instigation of the aggressive female reporter, appeared more orderly in their questioning.

Hope smiled faintly at the crowd. “Because the person truly meant to go to prison was him!”

An icy tension surged within Ted’s frame, though his expression revealed no ripples of emotion. “Heh, if you don’t dare admit it, you shouldn’t make up nonsense to mislead the public.”

Hope swept a dispassionate glance at him, her face void of emotion. “Old Master Williams didn’t end up in prison because of me. He took the fall for someone else. The person who truly should be incarcerated was him.”

Hope turned her gaze toward the stunned crowd, her peripheral vision catching Luna Williams desperately wanting to disappear.

“Oh, and before I forget—there’s her too...”

Hope reached out a finger, pointing toward Luna Williams. “She was an accomplice. As for the mastermind...”

Hope’s gaze pivoted sharply back to Ted Williams. “It’s him!”

Back during Wesley Ruiz’s kidnapping and attempted assassination, Luna was merely Ted’s scapegoat.

The real person orchestrating everything, including Wesley’s intended harm toward her, was Ted Williams!



Wesley Ruiz was exposed at the scene, and Luna was implicated because of the three million dollars. But Ted, who deliberately introduced Wesley to Luna and cunningly concealed his motives, had left no evidence behind.

Even Hope herself had only just realized that Ted was the true mastermind hiding behind the scenes, scheming meticulously to emerge unscathed despite orchestrating everything.

The crowd was stunned beyond belief.

Ted fixed a seething stare on her.

“Hope, stop spouting nonsense,” Luna Williams shouted at Hope angrily.

Hope’s gaze fell lightly on the approaching Luna. She curled her lips into a faint smile and, as Luna moved closer, abruptly grabbed her arm and pulled her closer, leaning toward her ear to murmur, “Do you understand why Ted feels so unburdened revealing all this?”

Luna froze, making no attempt to resist.

Hope’s voice lowered further. “It’s because he believes in pretending indifference. Everything revealed is framed as incidents between you and me, while he sidesteps completely, without a care in the world for public opinion.”

Luna’s eyes widened, her thoughts flashing back to the journalist’s earlier remarks.

First, the manipulation of Jade Bell—a conflict tied solely to her and Hope.

Second, the matter of donating bone marrow—again, between her and Hope.

Third, the grandfather’s imprisonment. If Hope hadn’t implicated him, it still appeared linked only to her and Hope.

So if Hope couldn’t vindicate herself, the public perception would smear her reputation. Even if vindicated, it wouldn’t taint him, as he’d have Luna to shield him from blame, leaving him utterly unaffected.

Well played.

Brilliant calculations!

Hope released Luna, who turned back angrily to glare at Ted. His actions served only to pit the two women against each other while he stood aside, savoring the spectacle.

In her fury, Luna raised her hand and slapped Ted hard across the face. "Aren't you clever."

Ted hadn't anticipated this, taking the slap fully. His eyes chilled instantly, and he moved to stop her, but it was too late. Luna turned to the reporters and yelled, "Everything today was his plan, including bringing this journalist here deliberately to target Hope!"

### **Chapter 603: Chapter 603: It's Time for a Major Reshuffle in the Williams Clan**

Ted Williams glared fiercely at Luna Williams, "Stop talking nonsense here."

Luna's eyes were filled with madness.

"How am I talking nonsense? If you want to target Hope, do it yourself. Why hide behind me and reap the benefits?"

This press conference was not Luna's idea; she was coerced by Ted. The anger she had been suppressing was now erupting.

The expression on Ted's face under the flashing lights couldn't hold up anymore. He furrowed his brows and reached out to grab Luna, lowering his voice.

"What did Hope tell you? Get your head clear, don't get deceived by her!"

Luna resolutely shook off Ted's hand, "Don't touch me. My head is clear now. The most shameless person is you. You, an adopted son, causing trouble in our Williams Family. If Grandpa were still here, I'd have him throw you out."

Ted's handsome face was full of anger.

Being glared at nastily by Ted's vicious eyes, Luna felt a bit scared but still stood straight because of the crowd, "What are you staring for?!"

Angrily, Ted shifted his gaze away from Luna.

His eyes fell directly on Hope, whose delicate face held a faint smile as she stood by, raising a brow gently.

The reporters' focus shifted entirely to the two of them.

"Young Master Williams, what's going on? Is it really like Miss Williams said, a play directed by you for your benefit?"

"Why are you targeting Miss Williams? Is there some conflict between you two?"

“Why does Miss Williams say Old Master Williams is going to jail for you two? What happened here? Can you tell us?”

“Tell us a bit...”

Ted frowned deeply in annoyance.

Just then, the female reporter who had been leading the discussion tried to sneak away, but Wesley Ruiz caught her, “Big Boss, Sister Hope, this woman is trying to run.”

The female reporter trembled, “I just couldn’t hold it, needed the bathroom, wasn’t running away.”

Liam Cloud raised a brow, glancing at the floor, “Go.”

The reporter became flustered and blushed immediately.

Luna couldn’t let go of Ted, having endured a lot of his anger these past days, she took this chance to vent.

Luna pressed on relentlessly while the surrounding reporters bombarded with questions, forcing Ted to frown and say in a deep voice, “Has she produced any evidence for what she said? Without evidence, it’s slander.”

Upon hearing this, Hope calmly spoke with a cool voice, “I know everyone has many questions now. I currently don’t have any solid evidence, but in five days, I’ll give everyone an answer.”

Hope said this and seemed to think of something, looking at Ted, “How about this, in five days, the Williams Clan will hold an interim shareholders meeting.”

“What?”

Luna and Ted both froze, not expecting Hope to suddenly declare to hold an interim shareholders meeting.

Ted couldn’t stand still anymore, storming forward in anger, “Hope, what are you doing? You think a shareholders meeting can be held just because you say so?”

“I own fifteen percent of the Williams Clan shares, apart from Grandma, I’m currently the largest shareholder. I am naturally eligible to convene a shareholders meeting. I will also apply for board approval. I trust given the current situation, no board will disagree, right.”

Everyone knew now that Old Master Williams was in prison, and Old Lady Williams was still lying in a hospital bed. The Williams Clan's successor was not yet determined, still a headless state, and the board was naturally anxious too.

Ted squinted at the woman in front of him, unable to understand what she was really trying to do.

In the Williams Clan, whether in terms of experience, connections, or familiarity, she couldn't beat him.

Apart from five percent more shares than him, she had no other advantages.

What's the point of convening a shareholders meeting?

Oh right, she was collecting shares. An hour ago, she even approached Chairman Cox, but obviously hit a wall. Chairman Cox is his man; he holds leverage over him, so Chairman Cox wouldn't dare transfer shares to her.

As for others, they had no intent on transferring shares too. He would send a word to them, and they wouldn't transfer their shares to her, either.

Ted suddenly smirked coldly. She wanted to find evidence of his past crimes and also wanted to become the ruler of the Williams Clan by collecting shares.

Five days, too naive.

He didn't believe she could change anything in five days. Hope was too naive this time, too anxious.

Thinking of this, Ted felt somewhat comforted, his gaze swept over Hope's pretty face, and he nodded, "Fine, win or lose, in five days, let's wait and see."

Listening to their conversation, Luna, holding thirty percent of the shares, remained silent, but her eyes flickered.

Fight, fight, just don't notice her.

Anyway, she currently held thirty percent of the shares, more than the two of them combined.

In five days, she'd show her hand, and she would be the final winner.

Thinking of this, Luna felt overjoyed internally.

Hope took note of the thoughts playing on both their faces, her lips curling slightly without showing any outward emotion.

It's time for a major shuffle in the Williams Clan!

The news of the Williams Clan holding a shareholders meeting was eagerly reported by the media.

The Williams Clan is a giant in the industry, and holding a shareholders meeting was definitely a big deal, affecting not only all major shareholders but also drawing unprecedented public attention.

Moreover, today's turmoil was enough to show that the issue of the Williams Family's successor had stirred quite a storm internally.

This upcoming shareholders meeting of the Williams Clan promises to be exceptionally thrilling.

### **Chapter 604: Chapter 604: Suddenly Wanting to Be a Good Person**

This Williams Clan shareholders meeting is bound to be quite a spectacle.

After taking care of everything, Hope Williams turned around and left.

Her immediate priority was still to gather the Williams Clan shares, but it was already too late today. She'd continue tomorrow; five days would be enough.

Coming out of the noisy place, Hope only then realized her phone was ringing.

It was Waylon Lewis calling.

Hope's voice, cool as usual, softened a bit, "Sorry, I just stepped out of the Williams building. It was too loud there, I didn't hear it."

"Hmm, I understand. The shareholders meeting in five days? Isn't the timing awfully tight—will it be enough?"

Hope paused briefly, pressed her lips together, "It's enough, I'm confident. This time I won't give Ted Williams any opportunity to catch his breath."

"Hmm, as long as you're confident. I've rearranged a new batch of bodyguards around you. Ted is bound to make moves during this time; he's been eyeing the Williams Clan for a while now. His forces in secret aren't as simple as they appear."

Hope frowned, "So you're saying he's still concealing his strength?"

"Mm."

Hope raised her eyebrows slightly; it didn't come as a surprise. With such ambition and adeptness at disguise, Ted wouldn't expose his full strength unless absolutely necessary.

"Alright, I'll keep that in mind."

"I'm sorry I can't be by your side. I'll come find you as soon as I finish handling things here."

"It's fine; don't stress yourself out, okay? And don't forget to eat," Hope admonished seriously.

"Alright." Waylon's voice carried a faint hint of warmth.

After ending the call, Hope exhaled softly.

"Hm, how rare that he still has the presence of mind to care about you," Liam Cloud's airy voice came from the side.

Hope hadn't noticed Liam leaning against the car body and nearly threw her phone when she heard him suddenly speak.

"Are you a ghost? Why don't your steps make a sound? When did you get next to me?"

Liam let out a casual laugh, his voice lazy and unrestrained, "Just floated over."

Hope raised an eyebrow, picking up on an oddity in Liam's earlier remark, "Why wouldn't he have the presence of mind to care about me?"

Hope's puzzled gaze settled on Liam, who hesitated briefly.

Hope blinked. "Did something happen to him? Do you know something?"

"..."

Liam froze for a moment.

Before coming to the Williams building, Liam had mentioned two pieces of bad news to her—one of which was about the Lewis Family plane crash, with Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams currently missing and their fate uncertain.

However, after some thought, he had decided not to tell Hope.

Judging by the current circumstances, Waylon was deliberately keeping it from her as well. Since that was the case, Liam opted to feign ignorance, though he had almost let it slip earlier.

“Didn’t you say his company ran into trouble?”

“When did I tell you it was his company? I only said he had some urgent matters in Emperor Capital.”

Hah!

This girl has too good a memory.

Hard to fool!

“You said it. I remember clearly.” Liam diverted his gaze, pretending to calmly open the car door.

“Did I really say it?” Hope questioned, uncertain.

“What are you suspecting? Do you think I’d lie to you?” Liam said, smiling.

“I don’t recall ever saying that.”

Liam confirmed, “You did say it. You really did, or how would I know? Get in the car, I’m starving. Let’s grab food; your treat.”

Hope scrutinized him for a moment, her eyes flickering, “Then I must’ve mentioned it...”

Liam sighed in relief, closed the car door, and got in from the other side.

The two went for dinner. After leaving the restaurant, Liam tossed the car keys to the bodyguard, Wes Ruiz, trailing behind Hope, telling her, “I’m not seeing you home. I’ve got something to deal with.”

Hope nodded, “Alright. Thanks for today.”

“Little Hope, say thanks again and I’ll flip out.” He spoke lazily, though there was a trace of genuine annoyance.

Hope smiled faintly, “Alright, I’m heading off then.”

“Go ahead.”

After Hope left, she returned to the hospital first thing, where Jade Bell had two caretakers assigned by her, but she still needed to check in personally.

Watching Hope’s car drive away, Liam pulled out a cigarette from the pack, lit it, and took a few drags, slowly exhaling long wisps of smoke.

Leaning against the black car body, Liam pulled out his phone and dialed a number.

The phone rang for a while before being answered.

“What is it?” A low voice with little warmth responded.

Liam took a languid drag of his cigarette, exhaling with an eerie tone, “Let’s talk about your situation.”

“Your intelligence is sharp.”

Liam smirked, “My sources would put even you to shame. How about this? Beg me, and I’ll help you find them.”

Waylon Lewis chuckled faintly, “What’s suddenly gotten into you to offer your help?”

“Good mood, feeling generous. Although wiping out Ted Williams directly would be far less of a hassle.”

“No one’s stopping you.”

Liam tugged his mouth into a sly grin, “Hah. Wiping him out—aren’t you worried your parents’ whereabouts would vanish along with him?”

There was a slight pause on Waylon’s side before his voice came through, steeped in dark intensity, “They’re with him?”

“No idea, just a guess. Right now, we can’t find them, so anything’s possible.”

Alive, dead, held by the enemy—anything could be.

Waylon was well aware of this, too. Despite today’s extensive search efforts, they had turned up nothing.

“Are you short on manpower? I can lend you mine; I have enough, and I know the terrain well between A City and Emperor Capital...” Liam chuckled, gearing up to say more.

Waylon replied, “Okay.”

Agreed so fast!

Liam paused briefly and let out a small laugh, “You really aren’t shy. I haven’t even named my terms yet.”

Waylon was silent for a moment before saying curtly, “Hope is off-limits to you.”



Liam smiled, bemused, “I’m not that shameless.”

“Name any other conditions.”

“Let me think. I’ll let you know when I come up with something.”

“Alright.”

After ending the call, Liam noticed Wesley Ruiz off to the side, staring at him with a look of disbelief.

“What? You see a ghost behind me or something?”

Wes shook his head, hesitated for a moment, and said, “I just think it’s surprising you’re actually being a good guy now, Boss.”

## **Chapter 605: Chapter 605: Disguise**

It’s almost unbelievable that someone would voluntarily help Waylon Lewis out.

...

The Lewis Family.

Waylon Lewis finished his call and returned to the old man’s room.

The old man’s eyes, which were slightly red, lit up as Waylon walked back in. “Waylon, is there news about your parents?”

Nearby, Wyatt Lewis kept his composed expression, his gaze filled with anticipation as he looked at Waylon.

Waylon furrowed his brows slightly and replied in his calm, deep voice, “No.”

The old man’s expression darkened again, his lips trembling.

Seeing the distress in the old man’s eyes, Waylon softened his tone and spoke steadily. “The search area will be expanded tomorrow. We will find them.”

The old man heard Waylon’s words, but the pain in his eyes did not lessen. The chances of survival after a plane crash were exceedingly slim, and there had been no trace of them since. His son and daughter-in-law’s fate remained uncertain.

Searching, relentlessly searching, was all they could do now.

The feeling was utterly agonizing.

Wyatt, standing to the side, his handsome face taut, repeatedly clenched his hands hanging by his sides.

After a moment of silence, the old man finally spoke.

“Alright, you two go get some rest. Don’t stay here with me; I’ll be fine.”

Watching the old man pretending to be calm, Waylon sighed softly. “Please rest well. Mom and Dad will definitely be okay.”

With that, Waylon and Wyatt walked out of the old man’s room together.

Wyatt gently closed the door, and the two brothers stood outside. Wyatt looked at Waylon and opened his mouth, “Brother, will Mom and Dad really be okay?”

When Wyatt asked this question, even his breathing seemed tense.

Waylon glanced at him, paused for a moment, then reached out and patted the back of his neck, his tone uncharacteristically gentle. “They’ll be fine.”

Hearing Waylon say this, Wyatt felt his heart ease a little. He had trusted Waylon completely since childhood—as long as Waylon said it would be fine, their parents would surely return safely.

Wyatt lowered his head and wiped away the tears from the corner of his eyes.

Waylon, seeing this, frowned slightly. A six-foot-tall man bowing his head and wiping away tears...

“Why are you crying?” Waylon’s voice deepened.

Wyatt wiped his tears clean, then raised his head to look at his older brother, pursing his lips. His handsome face looked slightly aggrieved.

“Brother, your gesture just now was so affectionate. It’s been so long since you’ve spoken to me so kindly. I’m touched...”

Upon hearing these words, Waylon’s lips twitched, his face momentarily unsure of what expression to make.

Waylon briefly reflected on whether he had been too strict with his younger brother over the years.

But recalling how he’d previously tasked Wyatt with managing the company, only to see him sleeping, gaming, and loafing about, Waylon felt he had been far too lenient.

Waylon's expression returned to its usual sternness. "Stop wasting time and help me with something."

"What kind of help?" Wyatt immediately perked up.

"Hope Williams is still in City A, and I'm worried Ted Williams might harm her. I can't leave right now, so I need you to protect her. Stay alert and report any abnormalities to me."

Wyatt, upon hearing this, nodded solemnly without hesitation.

"Got it, Brother. Don't worry, I'll protect Sister-in-law. Even if I have to shed my skin, I won't let her suffer even the slightest injury."

...

Meanwhile, Hope returned to Jade Bell's hospital room. Jade hadn't woken up yet, and two caregivers stood up to greet Hope as she entered.

Hope nodded. "Thank you for your hard work. I'll stay with Grandma for a bit; you can take a break."

"Alright, Miss Williams."

The two caregivers left, leaving Hope alone with Jade in the hospital room. Hope sat by Jade's bedside, her expression tinged with melancholy.

"Cousin."

A soft call brought Hope back from her thoughts. She turned to look at Harry Williams standing at the door and signaled the bodyguard at the entrance to let him in.

Harry walked in, his gaze falling on the still-unconscious Jade, and asked worriedly, "When will Grandma wake up?"

Hope shrugged lightly. "It's still uncertain for now."

Harry pressed his lips together and said, "Cousin, I'd like to apologize to you on behalf of my brother."

Hearing this, Hope turned to look at Harry. Seeing his sorrowful expression, she raised her brows slightly and sighed helplessly, "It's not necessary."

Harry's expression dimmed.

“Instead of apologizing for him or pleading on his behalf, I’d much rather you avoid getting entangled in his affairs. Live your own life well. You don’t want your brother to dispute the Williams inheritance, but you can’t persuade him, can you? In that case, you’re better off being a bystander,” Hope said with a faint expression.

Harry lowered his head silently after hearing this. “But he’s my brother; I can’t stand by and watch him stray further down a wrong path.”

Harry sighed softly. “Cousin, is what you said at the Williams Group true? Did Grandpa take the fall for my brother and Luna?”

Hope lowered her eyes slightly and nodded gently. “Yes. To be precise, he didn’t know that Ted Williams was orchestrating things behind the scenes. At the time, he just wanted to protect Luna. If it weren’t for Ted’s scheming, none of this would’ve happened.”

So, in essence, Maverick Williams took the blame for both of them.

Harry’s emotions became complicated. “I never expected my brother would turn out like this.”

Hope lowered her gaze, thinking perhaps he hadn’t changed—this might’ve been his true self all along.

A man highly skilled at putting on a facade, never dropping his guard even around those he trusted most.

Hope looked at Harry but decided not to say these thoughts aloud. He’d been through enough hardship recently; it was better left unsaid.

After a while, Harry didn’t leave. He glanced at Hope and said, “Cousin, you’re still pregnant. You should go rest. I’ll stay here with Grandma.”

“You’ll manage alone?”

“Don’t worry. Aren’t there doctors and caregivers here? You go rest. I’ll call you if Grandma wakes up or if there’s any news.”

Hope sighed softly. “Alright, but make sure to call me if anything happens.”

“I will. Go back and rest easy.”

Hope nodded and walked out of the room, with Xiao Shi immediately following her.

As she walked, Hope gave instructions, “Xiao Shi, find two bodyguards to secretly protect Luna Williams.”

Xiao Shi was puzzled. That woman was vile, malicious, and had repeatedly plotted against the Young Madam. Yet, the Young Madam was asking him to send people to protect her?

“Why, Young Madam?” Xiao Shi didn’t understand.

“Luna provoked Ted Williams during the press conference. I’m worried Ted might retaliate against her. Before settling accounts, if anything were to happen to her, it would actually hurt our position.”

Xiao Shi only semi-understood but could only comply with Hope’s instructions.

Returning to the villa, she was alone. The vast space echoed softly as she walked.

Hope went to her room, freshened up, and lay in bed. She initially wanted to call Luke and Willow, but seeing it was already past ten, she figured they were asleep and decided not to disturb them.

She considered calling Waylon but thought he might be busy and didn’t want to bother him.

In the end, Hope simply opened the trending news about today’s events.

The situation was building up faster than she had anticipated, and the online community was abuzz with various opinions.

But thanks to Luna’s dramatic outburst, Ted Williams had successfully been thrust into the spotlight.

Ted repeatedly issued statements demanding evidence to prove his guilt, claiming anything less was slander.

Meanwhile, Hope’s final words during the press conference became ammunition for netizens to deflect Ted’s accusations.

“Didn’t Young Madam Lewis say she’ll present evidence in five days? Let’s wait and see. This time, I’m fully behind Young Madam Lewis. That Ted Williams guy has a sinister grin—it screams trouble. Plus, he hired reporters to target Young Madam Lewis. Outrageous.”

“I’m supporting Young Madam Lewis too. Looking forward to the evidence in five days!”

“Feels like five days from now, the Williams Group is going to be a battlefield.”

Hope browsed the comments for a while before turning off her phone, pulling up the blanket, and falling asleep. Likely due to her exhausting day, she quickly drifted off.

The next morning, Hope returned to the hospital to relieve Harry Williams.

Jade Bell showed no signs of waking up. Hope consulted the doctor, who explained that Jade's condition remained serious and her waking would depend on her recovery.

## **Chapter 606: Chapter 606 Going to Country Y**

Hope Williams didn't have the luxury of staying at the hospital all day. After lunch, she arranged for a nurse to take over and left to collect shares from the shareholders' list.

Half an hour after leaving the hospital, Hope headed to the Ginger Family's residence. Patriarch Ginger, Axel Ginger, much like Eli Cox, also held ten percent of the Williams Clan's shares.

When the car stopped at the Ginger Family's gate, Hope rang the doorbell. The butler came to the door, and, as if entirely unsurprised by her visit, gestured politely, "Miss Williams, this way, please."

Hope raised an eyebrow slightly, a trace of suspicion flickering in her heart, yet she nodded and followed the butler into the main house.

She was led into a tea room, and the moment she walked in, she saw someone sitting across from Patriarch Ginger. Hope's eyes flickered briefly, and the earlier bit of suspicion vanished entirely.

"Well, what a coincidence."

Ted Williams set down the tea cup in his hand. His long, narrow eyes narrowed slightly as he looked at Hope, a mocking expression filling his gaze.

Hope responded indifferently, "Oh, yes. It's not a coincidence if you haunt me like a ghost, is it?"

It was obvious that Ted had deliberately come here ahead of her, likely having already reached an agreement with Axel Ginger.

Hope suppressed her frown and refused to acknowledge him further. "Chairman Ginger, nice to meet you. I'm Hope Williams."

"Miss Williams, please have a seat." Axel Ginger nodded politely, gesturing for her to sit. His smile appeared warm, but it didn't reach his eyes.

Hope took her seat at the tea table. Axel Ginger slowly brewed the tea with steady movements and poured her a cup. "Have a taste."

Hope nodded slightly, picking up the delicate cup and taking a small sip. “Rich and smooth when it first enters, a subtle sweetness lingering after the bitterness fades, with a fragrant aroma—excellent tea.”

Axel Ginger nodded approvingly. “You know your tea.”

“A little. My old master loved tea, and over time, I picked up a thing or two.”

Ted, sitting nearby, let out a cold laugh. “Let’s skip the pleasantries and get to the point—why are you here today?”

Hope didn’t even lift her eyes as she replied coolly, “Why don’t you tell me your purpose? Mine is naturally the opposite of yours, so why bother with such redundant questions?”

“Then I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed today,” Ted said, raising an eyebrow as his gaze swept over her.

“How can you be so certain I’ll be disappointed when I just arrived?”

“Try me,” Ted sneered. “Didn’t you say you weren’t interested in vying for family assets? So what exactly are you doing now?”

The question struck Hope as ludicrous.

“Indeed, I didn’t want to fight. But it seems you and your brother are never at ease. To both of you, as long as I’m alive, I’m a grave threat. One tries to harm my grandmother; the other tries to kill me. Do I really have any choice left?”

Hope let out a sigh. “Since you two are hell-bent on dragging me into this battlefield, I can’t just wait to be eliminated by you before regretting it, can I?”

Ted gave another cold laugh but didn’t bother replying.

Seeing the tension between the two building to a peak, Axel Ginger finally spoke up, “You’re both family. Why must you draw your swords on each other? Come on, have some tea.”

Ted drained the tea in his cup. “No, thank you, Chairman Ginger. I have other matters to attend to. Don’t forget the promise you made me.”

With that, he shot Hope a sharp glance before leaving.

Hope’s expression remained calm and indifferent, showing not a hint of distress or urgency.

Axel Ginger spoke up. “Miss Williams, as you heard, I truly have no intention of selling my shares today. Please take your leave.”

Hope, however, replied steadily, “Is there absolutely no room for negotiation?”

Axel Ginger let out a faint chuckle. “Miss Williams, to be honest, I don’t lack money. Holding onto the Williams shares lets me collect dividends every year, living worry-free. Why wouldn’t I?”

“Worry-free? But as I understand it, Chairman Ginger, your life hasn’t been all that carefree lately, has it?”

Axel’s hand paused mid-pour, his eyes lifting to meet Hope’s gaze.

She continued, “As I hear it, your only son, Young Master Ginger, spends his days idling in casinos, and you’ve had no small amount of trouble with him.”

Axel’s brow twitched violently. “Have you been investigating me, Miss Williams?”

“It’s hardly a secret in our circles. I only needed to ask a few people to piece it together.”

The mere mention of his son brought a deep frown to Axel’s face. The stress had been eating at him for years.

“Supposing I had a way to guide Young Master Ginger back onto the right path, would you reconsider your decision?”

Axel’s dark eyes flickered, his gaze sharpening as he looked at her. “You have a solution?”

As soon as the question left his mouth, Axel gave a mirthless chuckle.

“I’ve tried beating him, scolding him. Years of effort, and I haven’t managed to change that ungrateful child. What could you possibly do?”

It wasn’t unlike Maverick Williams’ situation—a vast inheritance but no suitable successor. The frustration was endless.

“What if I could?”

Axel regarded her with utmost seriousness. “Heh. If you can truly set that kid straight, I won’t just sell you the shares—I’ll hand them over for nothing.”

After all, compared to the ten percent stake, his family’s entire business empire mattered much more.



Hope gave a slight smile and stood. "It's a deal."

Axel looked at her in disbelief. "You really have a way?"

"Yes."

There was something about her calm confidence that inspired an unexpected sense of trust.

"Fine. It's settled, then. If you can truly bring my son back from his wayward ways, I'll relinquish the shares without hesitation. But if you fail, I have no reason to cross Ted for your sake, either."

Leaving the Ginger residence, Hope immediately instructed her team to track down Young Master Ginger's whereabouts. Sure enough, he wasn't in the country—he was currently gambling in Y Country.

Hope promptly purchased a plane ticket for Y Country scheduled for 2 PM.

"To the airport," she instructed.

The driver, Eli Stone, glanced at her in the rearview mirror. "Madam, are you heading straight there?"

"Yes. The sooner I go, the sooner I can return."

Hope checked the time. Things were pressing, and her trip to Y Country wasn't just about persuading a gambler to mend his ways—she had other, more urgent plans in mind.

"Understood."

With time running short, Hope made several calls during the car ride. Arrangements were made for Jade Bell. Instructions were left for Willow and Luke.

Arriving at the airport, Hope boarded with Eli and her four bodyguards.

The bodyguards sat in the two rows behind Hope. Nervously, Eli hesitated, debating whether to inform the Boss.

After all, the casino world was chaotic and unpredictable. If something were to happen to Madam...

Just as the four men sat on edge, they saw two figures approaching.

Hope leaned back in her seat, resting with her eyes closed. Sensing someone approaching, she opened them, only to find Wyatt Lewis standing before her, accompanied by Joseph Sanders.

Joseph grinned broadly and greeted her. "Hey there, sister-in-law."

Hope blinked, glancing between Joseph and Wyatt. "What are you two doing here?"

Joseph explained, "This guy's been looking for you. I heard from Willow and Luke that you were heading to Y Country, so he rushed over. I had nothing better to do, so I figured I'd tag along for some fun."

Wyatt took the seat beside Hope. "Sister-in-law, mind if you pick up two extra bodyguards?"

## **Chapter 607: Chapter 607: The Appearance of Linfeng Crown, Gathering Evidence**

Hope Williams's eyes flickered, "Did your brother send you?"

"Yeah, my brother's worried about you, so he sent me to be your bodyguard."

Hope Williams tugged at her lips, "Does he know I'm going to Y Country?"

Wyatt Lewis paused for a moment, "Sister-in-law, you know nothing gets past my brother."

"Alright, how is he doing now?"

Wyatt Lewis didn't dare show much expression. At home, Waylon Lewis had specifically instructed him that Hope Williams wasn't aware of the incident involving their parents, so he couldn't let it slip.

"He's fine, really busy, otherwise he would have come himself."

Looking at the stiff expression on Wyatt Lewis's face, Hope Williams felt as if everyone was hiding something from her.

The two sat back in their seats, and soon the plane broadcast announced takeoff.

...

A few hours later...

Y Country!

Just as they got off the plane, Wyatt Lewis's words hit home.

“Sister-in-law, you know nothing gets past my brother.”

Feeling a bit apprehensive, Hope Williams looked at several missed calls and called back immediately.

Waylon Lewis’s deep voice came through immediately, “You’ve gone to Y Country?”

Hope Williams blinked her eyes, afraid he was angry, and quickly said, “Yes, I plan to settle everything in City A as soon as possible and return to see you early. I have it under control, don’t worry.”

Waylon Lewis was silent for a few seconds and finally said helplessly, “Don’t leave their sight... forget it, just wait.”

“What? Hello?”

Hope Williams seemed to hear him say to wait, but then the call ended.

When did hanging up become so quick?

“Sister-in-law, what did my brother say?”

Hope Williams turned and glanced at Wyatt Lewis, “He said to wait.”

“Uh...”

The brother probably doesn’t trust you and wants to come personally.

That must be it.

Hope Williams didn’t dwell on it anymore. Originally planning to book a restaurant for dinner, she found out that the two young masters had already booked a restaurant and a car, leaving her with nothing to worry about.

At the restaurant, they sat in a window seat. After eating, Hope Williams sat and checked her phone, glancing out to see a figure passing by, and she got up.

“You all finish eating, I have something to do, I’ll be right back.” Hope Williams picked up her bag to leave.

“Wait, sister-in-law, where are you going?”

“Just to the coffee shop next door, you don’t need to accompany me.” Hope Williams stopped Wyatt Lewis’s impending words and strode out of the restaurant.

Wyatt Lewis had no choice but to let her go.

When Hope Williams entered the coffee shop, the person she was meeting was already waiting for her.

With a calm expression, Hope Williams walked over. Wesley Ruiz looked up at her, his eyes enigmatic and unreadable.

His voice was cold, "Didn't expect you'd have the guts to arrange to meet me. Aren't you afraid I'll put a gun to your head again?"

Hope Williams slightly shook her head, "If you were going to, you wouldn't have asked that question."

Wesley Ruiz smiled faintly, dressed in a cotton jacket and leaning on a cane. After leaving the organization, there was less hostility in his eyes and more of a weathered look, like an ordinary person.

"You arranged this meeting to get evidence that Ted Williams was the mastermind behind that assassination, right?"

Hope Williams blinked, "Didn't expect Uncle Ruiz to follow trending news."

"You guys made such a big scene, hard not to know." Wesley Ruiz fumbled in his pocket, took out a voice recorder, and tossed it to Hope Williams, "Take it."

Hope Williams was stunned, "What's this?"

"What you want is in there." Wesley Ruiz replied expressionlessly.

Hope Williams opened the voice recorder in surprise, and it contained all the conversations between Ted Williams and Wesley Ruiz.

"Why did you record all your chats with him for no reason?"

"Our type of people are always cautious, especially when dealing with someone as deceitful as Ted Williams."

Wesley Ruiz scoffed, "He thinks himself smart, but if I couldn't see through his little tricks, I wouldn't have risen to my former position. He plans everything carefully, manipulates others to take risks, and hides in the background. When things go wrong, he just walks away, so hypocritical and ridiculous."

Hope Williams looked at Wesley Ruiz, with a hint of surprise in her eyes. She thought she would need to talk it through, but instead, he willingly handed over the evidence.

Hope Williams put away the voice recorder, "Thank you."

“Thank yourself.” Wesley Ruiz leaned back and looked at her blandly.

“What?”

“If you hadn’t pleaded for me back then, you wouldn’t have gotten the evidence today. Shouldn’t you thank yourself?”

Hope Williams smiled slightly, “It was Wesley who asked me to plead for you before saving me. I said if I make it out unharmed, I’ll help you.”

“You are honest. I thought I was done for, even if Liam Cloud didn’t kill me, Waylon Lewis wouldn’t spare me. I hadn’t expected to survive so well; it’s quite unbelievable.”

The dark eyes of Wesley Ruiz gazed at Hope Williams as he curled his lips, continuing,

“I used to really like you, this little girl, smart, clever, and sensible, about the age of Aaron.”

Speaking of Aaron Ruiz, a melancholic shadow fell over Wesley Ruiz’s face, filled with regret.

“But the worst mistake was your presence taking away Liam Cloud. The organization couldn’t be leaderless. He followed you to Emperor Capital and was gone for months. Do you think whenever something happens to you, he shows up instantly because he has well-informed sources? It’s just that he is always protecting you from a place you can’t see him, so back then, I thought you were trouble.”

Hearing this, Hope Williams frowned deeply. She had always been curious about how Liam Cloud managed to appear so promptly whenever she was in danger.

At the time, she thought Liam Cloud assigned people around her, hence he got wind of things quickly.

Turns out it wasn’t the case. She stood in the light, while he stood in the dark, unseen by her.

A strong sense of guilt washed over Hope Williams.

Wesley Ruiz continued, “Moreover, my daughter died protecting you. Although I knew as Liam Cloud’s subordinate, she might die protecting him one day, which was her mission and duty, but I can’t come to terms with it. Grudges fester and spread. I can’t do nothing for my daughter, even though I know it might not be right.”

“I am deeply sorry... Aaron’s death is something I’ll feel guilty about for the rest of my life. I know saying sorry now is empty and powerless, but I...”

Wesley Ruiz raised his hand, a glimmer of tears in his eyes, “No need to say more, Aaron’s life was repaid when you saved me after I aimed a gun at you. Now, all I ask is that once you’re done with your matters, you persuade Liam Cloud to return to Y Country. He only listens to you.”

With a melancholic and complex feeling, Hope Williams pressed her lips together, “Yes, I will.”

...

At seven in the evening, at the casino.

Getting out of the car, six people tightly watched Hope Williams, afraid she’d make any mistake.

“Sister-in-law, you must be careful. If something happens to you, my brother would sacrifice me.” Wyatt Lewis shuddered at the thought.

“Got it, I won’t, I’m not a child.” As Hope Williams listened to their repeated warnings, she felt they weren’t even this nervous taking Luke and Willow.

Hope Williams turned to walk inside, but someone caught up behind her, pulling her back by the collar.

“Hey!”

Hope Williams turned to see Liam Cloud looking at her with a serious face.

“Hope, have you forgotten you’re carrying someone in your belly? Disappear for a bit and you’re off to Y Country’s casino, you’ve got some nerve.”

## **Chapter 608: Chapter 608 Becoming the Focus of the Casino**

Hope Williams stiffened, gazing at Liam Cloud’s stern face, her brows furrowing into silence.

Her heart was full of guilt.

She never knew how long he had been silently protecting her from the shadows.

She felt so remorseful and apologetic...

His feelings for her were something she could never reciprocate in this lifetime.

“Liam...” she softly called out, her eyes inexplicably glistening with a layer of crystalline tears.

Seeing this, Liam's heart skipped a beat, suddenly left at a loss for what to do.

"What's wrong? Why are you crying? Did I pull too hard just now and hurt you?"

Hope Williams, "..."

"...Hope, don't cry, okay?"

Hope sniffled, unable to control the surge of emotions overwhelming her despite her attempts to suppress them.

By Liam's side, Wesley Ruiz, Wyatt Lewis, Joseph Sanders, and Silas Stone were momentarily stunned, their faces full of surprise.

"Liam!" Wyatt's face darkened immediately. "You made my sister-in-law cry, you'd better make up for it!"

While the 'culprit' was still in a state of confusion, Hope quickly adjusted her emotions, wiping away the tears at the corner of her eyes. "Sorry, I just... got a bit too emotional all of a sudden. Couldn't hold it in."

Liam, "..."

Wyatt, "..."

Joseph, "..."

Too emotional?

Liam looked even more puzzled. "What are you so emotional about?"

Under Liam's penetrating gaze, Hope took a deep breath before responding, "Just seeing you makes me emotional now."

This response...

Liam laughed twice, momentarily unsure of what expression he should wear.

Was she implying that his appearance was \*moving\*?

Cutting back to the point, Liam cast a cold glance at the casino in front of them. He then looked at her again and asked, "What are you doing here?"

"Looking for someone—Axel Ginger's son, Paisley Ginger."

Upon hearing this, Liam immediately understood that Hope was here for some shares.

But still...

"This place... truly well chosen," Liam remarked faintly.

"Huh? What do you mean?" Hope sensed there was a deeper meaning to his words.

"Never mind, stop dawdling. Let's go." Liam didn't explain further and stepped inside.

As Liam walked in front, Hope blinked a few times. Wesley walked up to her and lowered his voice. "Sister Hope, the owner of this casino and Big Boss are sworn enemies. They've always been at odds. Just a while back when Big Boss was in Emperor Capital, that guy took advantage of his absence in Territory Y to stir up quite a bit of trouble for him."

Hope's starry eyes narrowed slightly. So, this was Wesley's real concern.

She glanced at Liam, no wonder there was something off about the aura surrounding him earlier.

"How bad is the conflict?"

"The kind where they'd come to blows the instant they meet."

Hope frowned. "Then why is he here...?"

"What are you standing there gawking for? Were you hired to be a door attendant?" Liam, already ahead, turned back and urged impatiently, "Hurry up."

Hope's eyes darted briefly before she said to Wesley, "Got it, let's head in first."

She then quickened her pace to catch up with Liam.

The interior of the casino, reputed as the largest in Territory Y, did not disappoint. It was enriched in grandeur and decadence, brimming with noise and excitement, a truly lively scene.

One gambler's table followed another, each surrounded by crowds of onlookers.

Hope's beautiful eyes swept across the surroundings, observing the situation. In such a crowded place, finding someone would indeed not be an easy task.

"You guys look over there, I'll check this side," Hope instructed.

Liam murmured something to Wesley, who nodded and left immediately.

Then Liam said to Hope, "Play around for now. We'll call you when we find him."



Hope blinked. "Play? Just me?"

That'd feel terribly awkward.

After all, this was her matter to resolve, yet now she was just here to... play?

"What, you think you could find him all night on your own? Go have fun for a bit," Liam's voice was coaxing, almost as if he were talking to a child.

He raised a hand, and soon a staff member approached. Liam instructed, "Take her to a private room on the second floor."

Hope glanced at the tray in the staff member's hands, then casually picked up a chip and fiddled with it in her palm.

"What's interesting on the second floor?"

"Things you've tried before. You can practice a bit."

Finding this to be a good suggestion, Hope nodded. "Alright, lead the way."

"This way, please." The staff member gestured invitingly.

Hope didn't frequent places like this. It was her first time here, so naturally, everything seemed novel to her.

Upon reaching the open private room on the second floor, Wyatt leaned against her side and lazily asked, "Sister-in-law, how do you plan on persuading that kid to go back? Gamblers aren't easy to deal with."

"Make him lose so much it hurts."

"Make him lose so much it hurts?"

Before the phrase had fully landed, someone across the table whom Hope was up against cheered loudly. The man smiled so broadly his face couldn't contain it. "Miss, is this your first time playing?"

Seeing how the man across was having the time of his life winning against Hope, Wyatt was speechless.

Who exactly was supposed to "lose so much it hurts"?

"Sister-in-law, didn't that Liam guy say he'd taught you how to play before? And you're still playing like this?"

Unbothered, Hope smiled lightly. “Well, it really is my first time playing.”

So essentially, she knew nothing but still planned to make someone else “lose so much it hurts”?

Just then, Hope’s phone rang. “We found him! Come downstairs.”

“Alright.” Hanging up, Hope tossed the chip in her hand lightly aside. “I’m done playing, time to get serious.”

With that, Hope left the table. Just as she reached the staircase, a man walking toward her stopped and looked at her.

But Hope didn’t notice his gaze.

“Master Ross, what’s wrong?” the man’s subordinate asked.

The man raised an eyebrow. “It’s nothing, saw wrong. Thought I caught sight of someone familiar.”

The subordinate was curious. “Who did you think you saw?”

The man gave a faint smile. “Liam Cloud’s sweetheart.”

...

Hope walked up to Liam’s side. “Where is he?”

Liam gestured with his eyes, and Hope followed his lead. As they passed by one of the gaming tables, Liam raised his brows slightly. “That’s him.”

Hope looked up. Indeed, it was the man from the photo—Axel Ginger’s son, Paisley Ginger!

Judging by his mood tonight, he’d clearly lost a lot. His entire demeanor was steeped in gloom, his brows furrowed deeply.

They were playing Dice, a simple high-low game. Both sides seemed to have bet significantly, and it was at the most nerve-wracking moment after the bets were placed.

Seeing them all holding their breath, Hope raised her chin and smiled.

The cover was lifted—five, six, six. High.

Paisley’s face grew taut, and he pounded a fist on the table, spitting out a curse.

Evidently, he had lost again and was reaching his breaking point.

His opponent beamed brightly, raking in all of Paisley's chips, leaving with his gains.

Hope's lips curled into a faint smile as she handed Wyatt a card. "Go cash this in for chips—lots of them."

"Sister-in-law, weren't you just talking about getting serious? And now you're playing?"

"Exactly, this is my serious business. Didn't I say I'd make him lose so much it hurts? How else can I take him back?"

After speaking, Hope stepped forward, seamlessly replacing the spot left by the man who had just won big. She said in an even tone, "A few rounds with me—how about it?"

Paisley looked up at the woman who had approached him, sizing her up with a glance. "Who are you? I don't gamble with women."

"Why not? Afraid to lose to one?"

Paisley glanced at Hope again, raising a brow. "Afraid to lose? Ridiculous. Bring it on—who's afraid of who."

His luck had been awful today, but maybe he could win some of it back against this woman.

Paisley's lips twisted into a smile as he eyed Hope. "You're the one asking for this. Don't cry when you lose, alright?"

Hope chuckled. "Of course not. But since this is a gamble, just playing for money is dull—how about we add some stakes?"

Intrigued, Paisley leaned in. "What kind of stakes?"

"If you lose, from now on, you listen to me. How about that?"

Paisley sneered. "Like I'd lose to you. And if \*you\* lose?"

Unbothered, Hope shrugged lightly. "You decide."

Paisley raised an eyebrow, his eyes glinting mischievously as he rubbed his chin and sized her up from head to toe.

Hope's beauty was unrivaled—her every gesture, her every smile, enough to stir even the calmest of hearts.

"I don't really want anything else, but you... You're not bad. If you lose, how about being my woman?"

## **Chapter 609: Chapter 609: Wolf in Sheep's Clothing**

"If you lose, how about becoming my woman?"

Paisley Ginger's gaze slowly darkened with desire.

"You wish, kid." Money didn't matter. The Lewis Family could afford it, but trying to claim someone like that? That's crossing the line.

This brat was clearly driven by lust.

"Tsk, sister-in-law? Hmm, a married woman, huh? But I don't mind. What do you say? Want to play? Five million a round."

Listening to Paisley Ginger's words, Wyatt Lewis and Joseph Sanders couldn't hold back. As men themselves, they could clearly see through his intentions.

Not only was he a lecher, but he wanted to gamble five million a round, aiming to leave Hope Williams both broke and defeated. Utterly shameless.

Wyatt Lewis stepped forward, "I'll play with you. Stop bullying women."

Paisley Ginger shot Wyatt Lewis a smile, "But I'm not interested in men."

Hope Williams raised her hand to block Wyatt Lewis and Joseph Sanders, then turned to Paisley Ginger, "I won't play for five million."

Wyatt Lewis let out a long breath of relief. Thankfully, thankfully, his sister-in-law still had her head on straight.

She was so clever; agreeing to this would be a miracle.

This idiot really thought he could trick his sister-in-law...

"Five million is too small. I won't play. If we're betting, make it fifty million per round." Hope Williams liked efficiency.

The key was, betting five million at a time would lead to, at most, losses of a few tens of millions after an entire night. For a young master like Paisley Ginger, it wouldn't even sting.

Once he recovered, he'd dive right back into the casino, so Hope Williams wouldn't have truly solved Axel Ginger's major headache.

Hope Williams wanted him to lose big and feel the pain.

Only then would he truly remember the lesson and completely quit gambling.

Upholding the principle of honoring a commission with diligence, Hope Williams naturally intended to cure Axel Ginger's son of his rotten habits once and for all.

Otherwise, taking so many shares from someone else wouldn't sit right with Hope Williams.

Wyatt Lewis's legs went weak, nearly losing his balance.

Fifty million!

Who was he? Where was he? Had he misheard? Was he hallucinating?

"Sister-in-law, let's not joke around."

Paisley Ginger froze for a moment, as if he hadn't heard clearly, then tilted his head to ask someone nearby, "What did she just say?"

"Young Master Ginger, she just said she wants to bet fifty million per round!"

Paisley Ginger burst into laughter, "Are you sure about that?"

Hope Williams nodded, "Sure."

Paisley Ginger felt as though he was about to make a fortune tonight. Without hesitation, he hurriedly agreed, "Alright, since a beauty made the request herself, I'm happy to oblige. Just don't cry later when you lose both money and yourself."

Fifty million definitely qualified as a high-stakes gamble.

"Sister-in-law, what's going on with you today? There's no need to go this crazy over shares. It's just some shares, right? Let's go back and ask my brother to buy them. There's really no need to gamble for this."

"But the thing is, he won't sell. His only demand is to take his son back."

Wyatt Lewis spoke in all seriousness, "Then let's give him a beating! Beat him into submission and then take him back. There are plenty of ways to handle this—seriously, don't play. Let's go back, I'm begging you."

Hope Williams looked at the two clowns clinging to her arms, as if trying to pull her back from the brink of disaster.

Hope Williams broke into a sweat and resignedly said, “If beating him worked, Chairman Ginger’s sticks would’ve broken countless times. Plus, there are only four days. We have to head back tomorrow. I don’t have time left. Don’t worry, I’ve got this.”

“You don’t, you don’t have this. Sister-in-law, listen to me! Let’s try something else. When he comes out of the casino later, we’ll throw a sack over him and just carry him out.”

Hope Williams chuckled, “It’s fine, really. Besides, your plan doesn’t address the root of the problem. Can you tie him up for a lifetime? Wyatt, we honor commitments—we follow through. Understand?”

“But...”

Liam Cloud couldn’t hold back and dragged the two bickering men away from Hope Williams, “You two are annoying.”

Wyatt Lewis stared at Liam Cloud, who remained unfazed. His eyes nearly popped out of their sockets, “Why aren’t you the least bit worried? She doesn’t know anything. While I was upstairs talking to her earlier, she lost two million already. Can’t you see that brat’s intentions?”

If it were before, this guy would’ve already charged forward to fight him without hesitation.

Liam Cloud casually glanced at him, “What’s there to worry about?”

“How can I not worry?”

“She’s a wolf in sheep’s clothing—the kind that ruins people for fun. What’s there to worry about?” Liam Cloud’s voice was raspy and nonchalant.

“What do you mean?”

Liam Cloud shot him a disdainful look, “Idiot, don’t talk to me.”

Wyatt Lewis was furious. This guy’s words were infuriating.

“What if she actually loses?”

Everyone knew gambling was uncertain, often relying on luck, especially for games like Dice.

“If she really loses?”

Liam Cloud smirked.

“We snatch her back.”

Wyatt Lewis tugged at his lips and gave Liam Cloud a thumbs-up, “When it comes to being shameless, you’ve got no equals.”

“Let’s start.” Hope Williams’s words had barely landed when an inexplicable chill swept over Wyatt Lewis.

Joseph Sanders hunched his shoulders and leaned closer to Wyatt Lewis, “Do you feel suddenly cold?”

Wyatt Lewis shivered all over, stiffened, and slowly turned around, only to spot his older brother standing silently nearby.

Wyatt Lewis’s lip curled in reflex as he jolted with dread, preparing to speak.

Waylon Lewis’s icy glare tore through him.

Wyatt Lewis instinctively went silent.

Waylon Lewis stood quietly in place, apparently keen to observe just how audacious this reckless woman planned to be.

Joseph Sanders and Wyatt Lewis discreetly edged half a step backward to avoid any chance of collateral damage.

Hope Williams clearly hadn’t realized Waylon Lewis was there.

Her gaze rested on the gambling table. Inside the black cover were three dice, with a row of betting options laid out in front. Besides the simplest one-to-one odds for small versus large bets, there were various other betting methods.

She lifted her clear, bright eyes toward the croupier, “Can we start?”

Paisley Ginger curled his lips, “Don’t say I didn’t warn you again. You’re gambling fifty million all at once. Lose, and it’s not just money—it’s yourself too. Don’t cry about it later.”

“I won’t.”

Wyatt Lewis and Joseph Sanders were just about to find chairs to sit and collect themselves, but those words shocked them into standing upright.

This is bad, this is really bad—will his brother flip the table on the spot later?

As the crowd laughed dismissively, Hope Williams's expression remained unchanged. Her gaze was still pure and steady, with an air of foolish boldness.

Meanwhile, her peripheral vision seemed to catch something. Fixating on a spot in the crowd, her gaze locked onto a remarkably handsome yet grim face.

### **Chapter 610: Chapter 610: So Angry I Don't Know What to Do**

Hope Williams blinked her eyes. Seeing Waylon Lewis, whom she hadn't seen for two days, her eyes lit up as she ran two steps forward and unhesitatingly threw herself into his arms.

With her soft and fragrant body pressing against him, Waylon tightened his arms around her, and his previously empty heart felt whole in that moment.

Hope tilted her chin upward, staring at the tense expression on the man's handsome face, his aura clearly radiating anger.

Hope knew all too well—he was mad.

Evidently, he had overheard everything just now. A faint sense of guilt welled up inside Hope.

"Waylon, I missed you so much. Did you miss me?" Hope asked as she gazed at him with stars in her eyes, her smile becoming even more radiant.

Waylon looked at Hope's ingratiating smile, his anger undiminished. "No."

"No? Really, not even a little bit?"

Waylon kept a cold expression and said nothing.

Disappointed, Hope let go of Waylon, and her face scrunched up with a sad expression. "Alright then, if you don't miss me, I'll just leave."

Seeing Hope still have the audacity to walk away, Waylon reached out with a stern expression and pulled her back into his arms.

At once, Hope's face lit up with a mischievous grin. "See? You do miss me after all."

"Hope, flattery won't cut it. While I wasn't by your side, did you enjoy yourself?"

Hope quickly shook her head. "Not at all! I wasn't happy one bit without you. But I really had no other choice—it's all for the Williams Clan's shareholder meeting in five days, no, four days now. I've been working hard to topple Ted Williams in one move."



“Paisley Ginger—his old man holds some shares. He promised me that if I could convince Paisley to return, he’d give them to me. I’m even saving you some money. Besides, I want to sort out the Williams Family matters quickly so I can go back and spend time with you sooner.”

Waylon looked at the woman in his arms, listening to her well-structured reasoning. “You make everything seem reasonable.”

“Trust me, I won’t lose.” Hope raised her brows and flashed a sly smile.

Waylon let out a deep breath and rubbed his temples with his fingers, staring at Hope with his pitch-black eyes full of warning.

Hope stood on tiptoes and planted a quick kiss on Waylon’s chin. “Don’t be mad, okay?”

Waylon clenched his jaw tightly and then loosened it again, completely at a loss about how to deal with her.

Seeing Hope’s relentless attempts to appease him, Waylon’s expression finally softened somewhat.

Wyatt Lewis and Joseph Sanders exhaled in relief.

Sure enough, when dealing with his brother, only Hope could manage him.

Upon seeing Waylon, Paisley felt a chill in his heart. He remembered seeing them at Jade Bell’s birthday celebration a few days ago, and now the woman who was about to gamble with him was none other than Waylon’s wife.

Hope Williams!

Paisley swallowed hard, thinking, Waylon’s woman—this feels like courting disaster.

But if he could win against Waylon’s woman, it’d certainly be a major bragging right.

With this thought, Paisley suppressed the urge to retreat and straightened his back.

Before starting, the croupier explained the rules: “Three dice, totals between four and ten are considered small, eleven to seventeen are considered large. Triple dice excludes all dice matched together.”

Hope nodded. “Okay.”

Waylon pursed his lips tightly and stood behind Hope, his cold gaze sweeping over the three men behind them as he walked past.

Liam Cloud raised an eyebrow indifferently and leaned lazily against a gambling table, an expression of cold vigilance mixed with a hint of caution.

He discreetly observed the surroundings.

The casino was filled with its eyes and ears everywhere.

Their presence here was far from safe.

Meanwhile, upstairs on the second floor.

“What’s the commotion downstairs?”

A man’s sharp and cold profile turned darker with displeasure.

A subordinate stepped forward with immediate deference and reported, “Sir, Master Cloud has arrived.”

“Liam Cloud?” Asher Ross narrowed his gaze, his eyes radiating a piercing chill. “He dares show his face at my venue? Go find out what he’s here for!”

“Sir, we already checked. He’s done nothing yet, but he’s brought a woman. Apparently, she’s a novice to gambling; she lost two million within minutes and is now about to bet fifty million in the next game.”

With a cigar between his fingers, Asher Ross raised an eyebrow, chuckling coldly. “Bringing a woman here to lose money? What’s her background?”

Asher narrowed his gaze. Based on his years of hoarding information on Liam Cloud, there was only one woman Liam had ever kept by his side—a Williams—and no other.

The subordinate quickly responded, “I’ll investigate straight away.”

Asher gestured with his hand and slowly stood, walking to the railing to peer downwards. His eyes immediately found the densest part of the crowd, spotting a silver-haired man casually leaning against a table, smoking, while his gaze remained fixed on one woman.

Asher’s gaze shifted toward the woman and his lips curled up. “It’s her, isn’t it?”

Hope Williams!

So he hadn’t misjudged earlier.

After confirming it was Hope, Asher's attention turned towards the man standing behind her, and his brows furrowed at the sight. He spat out several words coldly, "Waylon Lewis! Ha! What a surprise—this casino is becoming rather lively."

"Sir, what's making you smile so brightly?" A seductive woman walked over and leaned coquettishly against Asher, beaming with charm. "Oh, isn't that Master Cloud? He actually came to your venue. Truly rare to see."

Asher pulled the woman into his arms, narrowing his eyes as he observed the scene below.

At this moment, Liam Cloud seemed to sense something and raised his head, his gaze meeting Asher's instantaneously. A burst of frigid tension pervaded the air around them.

Asher's eyes glinted with a trace of amusement. "Kya, tonight we have quite the show—gather everyone. Let's go meet them."