

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 61: 70

: Promotion to Director - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 61: 61: Promotion to Director

Chapter 61: Chapter 61: Promotion to Director

“No way, we are just being careful about Mommy’s matters.”

Hope Williams shook her head helplessly with a smile, “Alright, I know you two little mischief-makers are the cleverest.”

“That’s right, who else could we be when we are born to such a beautiful Mommy.”

Hope Williams laughed out loud, “Go inside, don’t be late.”

“Goodbye, Mommy.”

“Make sure not to forget.”

...

At the hospital, Hope Williams was in a good mood; her steps were brisk, and, having applied some light makeup this morning, she looked radiant and extraordinarily beautiful, shimmering with vitality.

Even though she had some makeup on today, Hope Williams felt it unnecessary for them to keep staring at her.

And those looks they gave her were filled with strange assessments, whispering to each other conspiratorially, pointing and staring.

Hope Williams’s smooth brow furrowed slightly as she entered the elevator, bumped by a young nurse who, far from apologizing, fiercely rolled her eyes at her.

Such unwarranted malice flashed a hint of solemnity across Hope Williams’s usually calm face.

As soon as she returned to her office, she heard several cold snorts as if there were serious objections to her, only adding to her confusion. Aurora Wood alone welcomed her with a big bear hug upon seeing her.

Hope Williams was at a loss.

“Congratulations, Hope.”

Hope Williams blinked and slowly spoke, her cool voice tinged with a bit of puzzlement, “Congratulations on what?”

“Don’t you know? Director Woods personally announced it, the old director has retired, and you have been promoted to Chief of Cardiac Surgery. Hope, you are definitely the youngest chief our department has ever had.”

Hope Williams’s brows arched slightly, and beyond a trace of surprise on her face, she felt no other emotion about the news—it was hardly exciting to her, just meriting a slight smile, “It is indeed something to be happy about.”

“Hope, why aren’t you excited?” Aurora Wood knew Hope Williams’s temperament was aloof and she was always composed.

Becoming the chief was a position numerous people coveted fiercely, yet could not reach; she was only 28 and had already been appointed as the chief, but she showed no excitement or happiness.

If Aurora Wood had secured the position of chief before she turned forty, she would certainly have been ecstatic for days and nights.

“It was expected,” Hope Williams replied calmly as she changed her clothes.

When Hope Williams joined the hospital, Director Woods wanted her for the position of chief, but she had declined.

She was just 28 years old, and it was improper to secure a position that someone had held for over a decade so soon after arriving, and difficult to gain acceptance.

But now that the position was vacant, she naturally wouldn’t refuse and hand it to someone else.

“Hilarious, expected indeed; it’s all about connections after all.”

“Connections indeed make a difference; her connection is Director Woods himself, quite a capability there.”

“Hey, unlike us who have slaved away at this hospital for so long, and yet our efforts don’t compare to someone who’s been here just three months with the right connections.”

“What are you all so sour about? You have all seen Dr. Williams’s surgical skills as first and second assistants, can’t you see for yourselves her success rate in surgeries?”

Aurora Wood, hands on her hips, a look of anger stretching across her plump face, could not stand their sarcastic tones. If they were capable, they should secure a position themselves, each sounding so bitter like a lemon.

Hope Williams squeezed Aurora Wood’s arm lightly, her brows furrowed slightly, “Let it be.”

Arguing with them wouldn’t be as worthwhile as spending time to see a few more patients.

She had prepared herself to face ridicule and mockery upon taking over the position, and was also ready to accept their challenges.

She would prove through her actions how ridiculous their scorn, sarcasm, and disdain were.

While some rejoiced and others grieved, Joy Ward had been lingering in the hospital for two days, thinking it would earn Waylon Lewis’s pity, but aside from his visit the day she awoke, he had not appeared again. Already harboring resentment towards Hope Williams, hearing this news nearly made her leap from the bed, wishing she could pull Hope Williams by the hair and demand whether she deserved it!

“Hope Williams promoted to chief? Who announced that?” Joy Ward twisted the bedsheet tightly, one hand over her heart, stifling the rage inside, her face contorted, an expression more uncomfortable than constipation.

“Who else could it be, she’s so capable, having a connection with Director Woods,” Valentina River sneered bitterly, almost grinding her teeth.

“What?” Joy Ward squinted, disbelief surging in her eyes.

How did Hope Williams establish such a connection with Director Woods to be directly promoted to chief? Director Woods had never made such unprecedented decisions before.

Valentina River turned to Beau Harrison, who was indifferently pouring water for Joy Ward, “Doctor Harrison, didn’t you say you’d go through thick and thin for Joy, sparing no efforts? Now that Hope William has become chief, our Joy is almost dying here, how can you remain indifferent?”

Valentina River was stomping her feet in anger.

“Doctor Harrison, do you even care about this matter?” Joy Ward didn’t take the water handed to her, eyes brimming with tears, looking pitiful.

Seeing this, Beau Harrison’s heart tightened, nervousness clear in his eyes behind his rimless glasses.

“Joy, I care about everything that concerns you, but these days Aurora Wood has been causing me so much trouble...”

“That’s enough, Doctor Harrison, you can leave. I know I’ve put you in a difficult position, I don’t deserve you doing so much for me,” Joy Ward said, her pretty face smeared with tears, her frail and heartbroken appearance eliciting sympathy.

Chapter 62: Chapter 62: Soon, they had only waited for a little over an hour

Beau Harrison hastily lifted his glasses and scrambled to hand Joy Ward a tissue to wipe her tears.

“It’s my fault, Joy, don’t be sad. You deserve it, you deserve everything. Rest assured, Joy, as long as I am here, Hope Williams won’t become the department head. I’m going to find my father-in-law right now.”

Joy Ward finally heard the words that satisfied her, her eyes brightening. If it weren’t for the fact that he was the son-in-law of the vice director, she wouldn’t have spent so much effort keeping him on the hook.

“Will that work?” Joy asked as she took the tissue from him, wiping her tears.

“Trust me one more time, Joy. I’ve got this covered,” Beau Harrison assured her, thumping his chest.

Joy’s eyes flickered with conflict and reluctance. “But won’t this cause too much trouble for you...”

...

“How could it be troublesome? I am more than willing to do these things for you.”

Joy still looked hesitant as she bit her lip, “I don’t have anything against Doctor Williams, and she truly doesn’t have the ability for this position. She has always climbed up the ranks through connections, and I just don’t want to continue to let this kind of atmosphere persist.”

Joy continued to craft her image as a kind and innocent person, ensuring that all her motives seemed benevolent.

It was laughable how some people persisted in believing such clumsy rhetoric; Valentina River snorted with contempt.

Such innocence and kindness, but she was clearly nothing but a venomous woman consumed by jealousy.

"I know you have a kind heart, Joy, and you're so innocent, with no bad intentions. You don't need to explain, I understand. Wait for my good news."

"Thank you, Doctor Harrison."

As soon as Beau Harrison left, Valentina River's expression switched instantaneously to one of adoration for Joy Ward, approaching her eagerly, "Joy, it's still you who gets things done. Hope Williams, that bitch, definitely cannot succeed this time."

Gracefully fiddling with her exquisite nail art, Joy curled her lips into a cold smile, "If Hope has a connection with Director Woods, then both Beau Harrison and the vice director won't be very useful. Give me your phone."

"Do you have another plan, Joy?"

"The higher Hope Williams wants to climb, the more tragic her fall will be. I want her to never be able to turn this around."

Joy's expression carried a sinister venom as she dialed the number, brewing her emotions while waiting for the call to connect. As soon as it did, her voice was filled with sobs, "Master..."

"Joy, what's wrong? Why are you crying?"

"I... Can I trouble you to come to the hospital..."

After hanging up, a triumphant smile curved Joy's lips.

Hope Williams, however you climbed to this position, that's how I'll make you roll back down.

And she didn't just want to pull Hope down; she was also determined to secure the department head position for herself.

Joy continued to give orders, "Also, regarding that video on the forum from a few days ago, get someone to keep leaking it. We must make it clear that Hope Williams is two-timing and has bad character. Even if it's fake, make it seem real for me."

“Joy, you’re so smart. I’ll take care of it right away.”

Joy smirked disdainfully with a cold laugh, with so many “capable helpers” at her side, there was no need for her to take action herself.

Joy leant back, closing her eyes, an involuntary smile on her lips. This time, she could rest easy without worries.

Hope Williams had been conducting consultations all morning and was busy until twelve-thirty. She had planned to postpone lunch in the canteen, realizing only then that she had promised to have lunch with Waylon Lewis.

Casting a glance at the clock, Hope carelessly tied her hair into a ponytail and, by the time she arrived at Crane Clearing Tower, it was nearly one o’clock already.

Because she was late, Hope sped up her pace but also noticed that Crane Clearing Tower was eerily empty, without the usual crowd. Even though it was a workday, it shouldn’t be this desolate with not a single customer in sight.

The manager, in a sharp suit, anxiously awaited at the entrance. At the sight of Hope, he took just one look to confirm her identity before welcoming her, “Miss Williams, President Lewis is upstairs in the private room. Please follow me.”

Hope Williams nodded perfunctorily and emitted a light sound of acknowledgement, following the manager upstairs. She swept a glance over the still quiet and empty second floor and couldn’t help but wonder. She had never seen this place calm and thought it might be closing down.

“Why are there no customers today?”

As the manager led the way for Hope, he answered her question, “Well, the big boss said we’re not open to the public today.”

In the midst of conversation, the manager paused, opening the door to the private room in front.

Hope’s eyes quickly caught a glimpse of Waylon Lewis sitting by the window on a couch, basking in the afternoon sun streaming through the window, silently casting his perfect, chiseled facial features in sharp relief.

His eyes were downcast as he moved his long fingers across the keyboard of his laptop before him, obviously waiting for a while already.

The manager’s entrance wasn’t quiet, but Waylon Lewis acted as if he hadn’t heard, not even lifting his head.

When Hope drew near, she herself pulled out a chair and sat down opposite Waylon, who then leisurely lifted his gaze.

Hope also looked up, and suddenly their eyes inadvertently collided amidst the deep black of his pupils.

His eyes were profound, dark orbs fixated on her.

Hope was taken aback, feeling he might have been waiting too long and was getting annoyed. She opened her mouth and awkwardly said, "Sorry, I got delayed by some patients."

Being over an hour late indeed wasn't excusable, and Hope felt a bit guilty.

Waylon Lewis didn't say much, just lowering his gaze to tidy up the laptop in front of him, pushing it aside. As Hope's eyes followed his hand, they landed on the third-filled water glass beside him.

Hope felt a twinge in her brow and tentatively asked, "Have you been waiting long?"

Waylon raised his eyebrow slightly, leisurely pouring her a cup of water, his lips curling into an almost imperceptible smile.

In a low and pleasant voice, he replied, "Not long."

Hope let out a heavy sigh of relief, "Then... good..."

"And have been waiting just over an hour," he said, his tone even, his words carrying a hint of irony for Hope to pick up on.

"..."

Waylon lifted his lengthy fingers and, with a slight gesture to the manager, the latter immediately understood to leave to serve the dishes.

Crane Clearing Tower served their dishes quickly, and within about ten minutes, the dozen or so dishes they had ordered were all on the table.

With the waiter gone, the private room was once again empty save for Hope and Waylon facing each other across the table.

The man leisurely picked up his chopsticks, eyes shifting to Hope, who hadn't moved hers.

Hope seemed to be deep in thought, her gaze slightly unfocused, with memories flashing through her mind.

Chapter 63: Chapter 63: Chief of Helicopter Science, You Are Quite Capable

“html

She has been married to Waylon Lewis for three years. He is busy with work, and although she personally prepares three meals a day waiting for him to come home and eat, opportunities to sit and eat together are few and far between.

Sometimes she would pack the meals in an insulated box and deliver them to his office, but usually, she couldn't even see him.

It was rare to sit down formally and have a meal together like this, which actually made her feel a bit uneasy.

Waylon Lewis noticed she wasn't eating, raised his eyes to look at her deeply, and reminded, “Eat.”

Hope Williams came back to her senses, responded softly, and started eating. Whether it was the reason for the restaurant or something else, every dish that came up suited Hope's taste perfectly, as if it had been prepared with her in mind, avoiding all her dislikes.

...

“Does it suit your taste?”

“Not bad.”

“By the way.” Not forgetting the main agenda even while eating, Hope planned to talk to Waylon about Grandpa Lewis's illness today. After all, it was on his request that she was to treat the old man, and Hope hadn't forgotten, “When will you take me to see Grandpa?”

Waylon put down his chopsticks, remained silent for a moment, and asked, “When do you want?”

“As soon as possible. Grandpa's illness really can't be delayed. The last time I went to the Lewis Family, you wouldn't let me see Grandpa. I could only ascertain that his condition had worsened but couldn't determine his current symptoms, making it impossible to proceed with treatment.”

“Tonight?”

Hope mentally reviewed her surgery schedule for the afternoon, confirmed there was no conflict, and nodded, "Okay."

"Shall I pick you up?"

Hope raised her eyebrows in question, "Aren't you busy?"

"For this, I have time!"

"..." Hope thought Waylon seemed to have a lot more free time recently. She nodded, thinking that if he picked her up to go to the Lewis Family, she could avoid many unnecessary troubles, so she agreed.

"What time do the kids get out of school?" Waylon asked in a calm tone, as if casually bringing up the question.

A strange shiver went through Hope's mind, and her gaze froze for two seconds without control.

Even though his tone was calm, without any malice, Hope had repeatedly told herself, yet this matter was still like an unremovable thorn. Mentioning it made Hope's heart tremble.

Hope's expression changed slightly, but she quickly regained composure and buried her head in her food, "Four-thirty."

Waylon didn't miss the tremor in Hope's eyes and said nothing more.

The two of them had a rare harmonious lunch, and at the end, Hope received a call from the hospital saying a patient had an emergency, so she told Waylon and returned to the hospital directly.

As soon as she arrived at the hospital, she was told that Vice Chancellor Wood wanted her in the office immediately. Hope frowned, "I have surgery."

"Vice Chancellor Wood said to let another doctor do it. He wants you in his office right away."

Hope's eyes glimmered coldly, continuing her pre-surgery preparations, coldly replied, "Do you think anything is more important than the patient's life?"

The patient was already on the operating table and anesthetized; the surgery couldn't be stopped. No matter how important the issue, it had to wait until she finished the surgery first.

"But... Dr. Williams..."

Hope entered the medical access hallway directly without looking back.

Three hours later, the surgery ended.

Hope barely had time to relax when the nurse from before urgently came back, urging her to go to Vice Chancellor Wood's office again.

Hope washed her hands, raised her neatly trimmed eyebrows slightly, her voice somewhat hoarse, "Got it."

Vice Chancellor Wood's office.

Hope politely knocked on the office door. She knew that Vice Chancellor Wood was Aurora Wood's father, but had no connection with him, working so seldom together that until she entered the office and saw the people inside, she roughly understood why she had been called.

Hope's hand lightly clenched, her expression calm and unfazed.

On the office sofa, Vice Chancellor Wood sat impressively in the middle, and next to him was Beau Harrison. On a single sofa sat an elder with a stern expression whom Hope had seen at the Lewis Family. He was Elder Murphy, whom Joy Ward bragged about every day, and coincidentally, Joy was also sitting nearby.

The two women exchanged glances, Joy giving a provocative smile.

Their collective gaze was cold and focused on her, resembling a courtroom trial. Hope couldn't help but curl her lips in a sarcastic smile.

It seemed someone was eager to see her removed from her position as department head before she even had a chance to settle in.

"Did you guys need something from me?"

Her voice was flat, her expression indifferent, and facing this setup, she seemed to not understand the situation at all.

But rather than ask Vice Chancellor Wood directly what he wanted from her, she addressed everyone.

Vice Chancellor Wood's composed gaze lingered quietly on Hope, his inherently authoritative face carrying a hint of anger directly at her.

Hope's expression stayed cool as she sat on the single sofa beside, crossing her elegant legs, her lips slightly curved upward, as relaxed as if she was at home. That

faint upward curve appeared harmless but invisibly clashed with the tense atmosphere in the room.

Seeing her act this way, they became angrier.

Hope's eyes darted to the clock on the wall, wondering how long they planned to glare at her. She blinked lightly, reminding them, "If you have something to say, say it quickly." She raised her wrist indicating her watch, "Get to the point, I clock out in ten minutes."

Their faces turned dark with fury.

Could she truly not see what was happening? They had been waiting for her to finish surgery all this time, finally getting her presence here, and now she was thinking about leaving on time. Clearly implying, don't keep me from leaving work.

Vice Chancellor Wood, furrowing his brows heavily, sipped from his teacup at a leisurely pace, placing it back heavily on the table to show his displeasure.

Hope kept her face neutral, slightly arching her delicate eyebrows without any disturbance.

"Are you Hope Williams? In just three months, you managed to get Director Woods to bypass protocol and promote you to department head. You're quite capable, aren't you? Do you know that doctor promotions in our hospital always require reviews and votes by department heads and directors?"

"^

Chapter 64: Chapter 64: Doubts, Slander, Mockery, Bring It On

"I know." But Hope Williams looked indifferent.

Vice Chancellor Wood furrowed his brows, a strong aura emanating from him, "Many doctors in our hospital are older, more experienced, and more famous than you. Why do you think you should bypass them all and become the lead director of cardiac surgery?"

"It's because I am capable and because Director Woods was insightful in recognizing my talent."

"..."

"..."

"Ha..."

...

Seeing Hope Williams so forthright and confident, Vice Chancellor Wood couldn't help but laugh in frustration.

"You're too confident," Elder Murphy said gravely.

"Confidence is true, but my confidence stems from my extraordinary abilities and solid skills. When I came to this hospital, I faced all sorts of skepticism, dismissals, and even defamation.

I know there are many controversies over my position, but since I had the courage to take on this role amid these controversies, I was prepared to face challenges.

Doubts, defamation, mockery—bring them on!

I, Hope Williams, will prove with every patient I heal and every successful surgery I perform that I am indisputably the right person for the department head position.

If I lacked strength or ability, you were wholly welcome to remove me from this position, Hope Williams followed your inclination."

Her voice was clear, cold, and brooking no interference, her powerful presence intimidating.

Vice Chancellor Wood and Elder Murphy exchanged glances—the overly confident words did not incite disgust but instead a flicker of deep interest in this ambitious young woman.

She said, "I, Hope Williams, will prove with every patient I heal and every successful surgery I perform that I am indisputably the right person for the department head position."

Such arrogance, such audacity—just how confident she must be to say such things.

How many of her peers or even senior doctors would dare to speak like that?

Joy Ward saw the gleam in Vice Chancellor Wood's and Elder Murphy's eyes, and she panicked severely, immediately signaling to Beau Harrison with her eyes.

Beau Harrison, who was initially entranced by Hope Williams' dominant aura, barely managed to regain his composure, still finding it hard to divert his gaze from her.

It had to be said that such a Hope Williams indeed radiated an undeniable charisma, truly capturing everyone's attention.

Joy Ward, despite grinding her teeth, could not have foreseen how a few words from Hope Williams could turn the situation so drastically.

She couldn't accept it!

How could she accept it!

"Doctor Harrison," Joy Ward, unable to bear it any longer, clenched her fist and called out to Beau Harrison as a reminder.

"Huh?" Beau Harrison turned to Joy Ward in bewilderment.

"Your water is about to spill," Joy Ward suppressed the anger in her heart and "kindly" reminded him, noting that the water in the glass he held was about to overflow as he was fixated on Hope Williams.

Beau Harrison, fully returning to the moment on catching Joy's expression, promptly said, "Regardless of what you say, Doctor Williams, based on what we know, you only have a high school diploma, were dismissed from the medical school after two years due to improper conduct and deficient morals, engaging in unethical deeds. A doctor like you isn't usually hired in our hospital, and if you have managed to get here, it's inevitably by some means. Although we're unaware of the specifics, these rumors unavoidably raise our suspicions..."

Hope Williams straightened up slightly, raised an eyebrow and smiled, "Dismissed for lack of moral integrity? Using connections? Rumors?"

She deliberately paused, keeping her gaze fixed unwaveringly on Beau Harrison, and calmly asked, "Are you saying you actually have no real evidence?"

Beau Harrison felt a sudden emptiness in his chest, not expecting Hope Williams to be so confrontational. Having listened to her speak earlier, he felt the strength of her presence and now, under her intense scrutiny as she questioned him, he subconsciously held his breath, on alert.

Hope Williams paused deliberately, her gaze sweeping toward Joy Ward, who was visibly infuriated.

"These words, I first heard from Doctor Ward; she must have told you all this, right?"

"I..." Joy was caught off guard and her expression suddenly changed.

Facing Hope Williams' calm and unruffled demeanor, Joy actually started panicking, growing more wary as well.

But Hope Williams didn't even acknowledge her, her expression remaining calm and detached as she continued, "Let me guess, Doctor Ward also said that my conduct was improper, that I was dismissed from the university for seducing a professor, that I'm a doctor without capability or morals, that having someone like me in the hospital would simply ruin its overall image. She said she wasn't targeting me personally but was rather thinking of the hospital, unwilling to let such a practice continue... Everyone, am I wrong?"

Those words from Joy Ward demeaning her and uplifting herself, making it seem as if all her motivations were benevolent; Hope didn't even need to think to be able to recite them.

Everyone was stunned as they recalled Joy having indeed spoken such words to them before.

Joy's expression stiffened, and seeing the others' expressions, she tightened her grip on the armrest.

Hope's words led them into deep thought.

If spoken with the righteous tone Joy often used, others might believe she was well-intentioned, solely focused on the welfare of the hospital.

But hearing them in Hope's neutral tone completely altered their flavors.

Her words did nothing but tell them how Hope was supposedly full of faults, predisposing them to despise Hope and oppose her position as department head.

It was clear that she was driven by jealousy of others, speaking ill of them while pretending to be utterly righteous.

This art of using others to do her dirty work and yet securing her image as a kind and simple person was a double win, truly ingenious.

A few simple sentences from Hope Williams had put Joy Ward in an incredibly awkward position now.

Joy Ward pulled at her lips, posing a supremely aggrieved counter-question, "Doctor Williams, what I said wasn't true, was it?"

"True?"

Chapter 65: Chapter 65: Let's Go. Is It My Fault for Being Beautiful?

She gave a light smile, her laughter as thin as a fragile wing, yet filled with immense sarcasm.

“Truth demands evidence, where is yours? Just because it comes out of your mouth, Joy Ward, does it become the truth—even without evidence you want to declare me guilty? Is this your autocracy?”

Joy Ward’s brows furrowed tightly, she opened her mouth, and said weakly, “Isn’t your expulsion the best evidence?”

“Ridiculous.”

“Since you deny these accusations, then how do you explain this video?”

Beau Harrison directly opened his phone, displaying the widely promoted video on the table.

...

She had seen the video before; because of the angle, only the backs of Benjamin Myers and Waylon Lewis, who had interacted with her, were captured, while Hope Williams’s entire face was visible. The comments below it escalated violently, labeling her as a flirt and two-timer.

Angry netizens even dug up posts about Hope Williams driving a luxury car, suspected of being kept as a mistress, and being a homewrecker.

Hope Williams’s brow twitched; she rarely paid attention to online matters and hadn’t expected to become the protagonist of public opinion.

“Doctor Williams, what do you have to say about this?” Joy Ward’s expression softened slightly.

Hope Williams smiled and nodded, unflustered. “Oh, this I admit.”

Her eyebrows raised slightly, “Being beautiful, my fault.”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Could her answer be any more smug?

“As for driving a luxury car?” Hope Williams nodded lightly again, her tone playful, “Being rich is also my fault.”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Her words, brimming with flaunt, not even concealing, her confident and self-praising demeanor though made it hard to dislike her, because it was the truth.

“You...” Joy Ward choked on her words, finding Hope Williams to be more troublesome than she had expected.

“Enough, all of you, let’s not bring these things up, so your approach towards Aurora isn’t that simple, is it?” Vice Chancellor Wood looked at Hope Williams resentfully.

Hope Williams didn’t rebut immediately to Vice Chancellor Wood’s accusation; instead, she poured herself a glass of water and elegantly took a few sips. Her gaze serene, she slowly began,

“Vice Chancellor Wood, do you think I approached Aurora to secure your support when I was being promoted to director?”

That was exactly what Vice Chancellor Wood meant.

When this point was mentioned, Joy Ward seemed to have caught Hope Williams’s shortcoming, her voice immediately rose.

“Doctor Williams, you’ve cozied up to Aurora to win her trust just to climb up, Doctor Williams, forgive my bluntness, but you have gone too far.”

Joy Ward’s frail face was filled with indignation, holding a posture of righteous fury, yet her eyes revealed contempt.

“Yes, you even incited Aurora to divorce me, stirring up strife between us. Aurora and I always had a good relationship, but ever since this woman appeared, she has been stirring trouble between me and Aurora. Aurora is naive, influenced by her, and constantly wants to divorce me.”

This scumbag was trying to shift everything onto her.

Hope Williams wouldn’t let him succeed.

“This matter, Doctor Williams, you better explain yourself well.”

Hope Williams spoke coolly, “Vice Chancellor Wood, you might have never doubted your son-in-law, as you say, Aurora deeply loves Doctor Harrison. So why does she now fervently want a divorce? Surely not because of my few provocations, making this marriage unsalvageable. I don’t think I have that power. You might want to ask Aurora what your son-in-law has done that makes her persistently want a divorce.”

Vice Chancellor Wood’s eyes stalled, and he looked up at Beau Harrison beside him, his expression complex and doubtful.

“Father, how I treat Aurora is visible to everyone in the hospital. You cannot simply believe this woman on her few words. What she’s best at is turning black into white...”

“Enough, everyone has their own story, dragging out a whole bunch of quarrels, regardless, Doctor Williams, you are still not qualified for this director position.” Elder Murphy’s slightly hoarse voice finally spoke, “Although I’ve already retired, and these matters aren’t under my jurisdiction, but I still have the right to speak. I’ll go talk to Director Woods, and you wait for a notice.”

Hope Williams’s face showed no warmth, “Elder Murphy, you have a high opinion of me, whether I am qualified or not isn’t up to you, but the scalpel in my hand.”

Hope Williams’s words were extraordinarily straightforward and confident, listening to them felt audacious; yet, during surgery, everyone appreciates such a confident surgeon.

Patients’ hope is given by the doctors, and doctors’ hope is self-given.

For someone like Hope Williams, who steps onto the operation table with great confidence, which patient’s family wouldn’t appreciate her?

“Heh, fine.” Elder Murphy was indeed startled.

“You’re one of the most resolute doctors I’ve seen over the years. Then let your skills prove it to me. I will ask Director Woods to let the entire hospital staff decide the next cardio director by voting. It will be absolutely fair and transparent. If you can win, no one will oppose your committee chair position. If you lose, you can’t blame anyone else. The date is set for one month from now, do you accept?”

Hope Williams’s lips were tightly pursed, her eyes cold as she looked at Elder Murphy for a few seconds, the corners of her mouth slightly upturned.

“Fine.”

“But I have a request.”

Elder Murphy’s deep eyes narrowed, “What’s the requirement?”

Chapter 66: Chapter 66 Bringing Persistent Haunting to the Extreme

Elder Murphy’s deep-set eyes narrowed, “What demand?”

Hope Williams smiled faintly, “Quite simple, if I win, I’d like you to apologize for all the doubts you’ve had about me today.”

Elder Murphy stared at Hope Williams for half a second, and finally smiled meaningfully, “Young lady, let’s talk about it after you win.”

Given her current reputation, to be voted as department head by all the medical staff in the hospital was essentially pushing herself toward a dead end.

They all knew full well that Hope Williams couldn’t possibly win.

A woman with a tarnished reputation, rumored to be of poor conduct, who had been suspended shortly after taking up her post—it was uncertain if she would even get any patients in the future.

...

What could she possibly use to prove herself, to conquer everyone in the hospital?

But she was ultimately too proud.

Impossible just meant impossible, without any suspense.

But she didn’t believe it...

She said, “No, I will win.”

Her eyes were full of determination.

“Ha-ha, well then, I’ll wait and see!”

Joy Ward had never been as thrilled as she was at that moment—within a month, Hope Williams would become a laughingstock to everyone.

It couldn’t be too wonderful.

This time she would not only pull her down from her department head position, but she would also make it impossible for her to stay in the hospital.

No, not just the hospital.

The entire medical field, causing her to be despised, her reputation ruined, not even able to see a single patient—thinking about all this filled Joy Ward’s heart with surging excitement.

Hope Williams, just you wait.

You’re finished.

Hope Williams had been delayed inside for more than half an hour, and when she came out, she hurriedly dialed Luke's phone.

"Mommy," came Luke and Willow's milk-soft voices. As soon as Hope Williams heard the voices of her two darlings, the gloom in her heart was swept away.

Hope Williams asked with tender laughter, "Babies, has Aunt Bailey brought you home?"

Hope Williams had recently found a new housekeeper, especially for times when she was busy, to pick up and drop off Luke and Willow—she definitely didn't want a repeat of the kids sneaking out again.

It was too frightening, and another instance might as well land Hope Williams straight in the operating room herself.

"Aunt Bailey has already brought us home, but Mommy, are you working overtime again today, why couldn't you come to pick us up?" Willow asked softly.

"Yeah, Mommy, you've been really busy lately," Luke pouted slightly, also slightly dissatisfied, "But how was your meal with Daddy today? Have you guys made up? Did you clear things up? Did Daddy make you mad?"

That was their real concern.

Suddenly bombarded with a slew of questions, Hope Williams laughed helplessly, not knowing which to answer first, then said after thinking, "Everything's quite good."

"What about the details? The process?" The little kids seemed relentless, continuing to insist.

"Are you two possessed by Aria Richardson right now? Why are you even gossipier than your godmother?" An exasperated Hope Williams rubbed her forehead.

"Your voice sounds really good today, Mommy, and there's even a bit of laughter," Luke noted.

Hope Williams muted the smile from her lips, "Really?"

"Yes, really." Keen as little detectives, they didn't let any detail slip, and after a series of persistent questions, Hope Williams finally relented.

"Alright, Mommy has to visit Grandpa Lewis at the Lewis house later today, so you two stay home and behave. Aunt Bailey will cook for you."

"Okay, Mommy, just take care of yourself, we'll be waiting for you to come back."

“Alright, my loves.”

“Bye, Mommy, love you~”

Hope Williams held her phone as she walked downstairs; behind her, a smug voice sounded, “Hope Williams.”

Hope Williams’ neat eyebrows slightly furrowed, but she didn’t stop walking, and the person kept self-assuredly following next to her, sneering, “Haven’t you given up yet?”

“You surely take ‘haunting’ to the extreme,” Hope Williams said with a bland voice.

“Ha, it won’t take a month before you’re out of this hospital, and after that, we won’t see each other again. I naturally want to see more of you. Hope Williams, if I were you, I’d just give up early to spare the last shred of embarrassment; I’d even feel embarrassed for you.”

Joy Ward laughed uproariously, jubilant as if she had already seen Hope Williams leave the hospital in humiliation, and herself as the victor, surely destined for the position of department head.

Hope Williams coldly scoffed without responding.

“Hope Williams, you just wait, this time I’m going to make sure you lose face so badly, you won’t be able to stay in the medical field.”

“Fine, I’ll be waiting.”

Hope Williams didn’t want to entangle herself with this woman any longer, not wanting to say another word; she quickly walked out.

Outside, unknown when, it had begun to drizzle, and being deep into autumn, a chill had set in. Hope Williams wasn’t dressed very warmly and slightly shivered her shoulders, her gaze drifting far off. Through the hazy drizzle, she saw a tall and commanding figure.

The man had refined and handsome features, exuding a distinguished grace under his black umbrella, an innate authoritative aura surrounding him.

He slowly walked forward with his umbrella, pausing in front of her, his hand gesturing slightly as the umbrella shifted toward her side.

The man’s strong presence engulfed Hope Williams, and she, slightly dazed, looked up at the imposing figure before her.

“Have you been waiting long?” His low, magnetic voice gradually resonated in her ear.

Hope Williams gently shook her head, “I just came down, actually. You don’t have to come over if you’re busy, I could have gone there by myself.”

No sooner had Hope Williams finished speaking than that persistent voice suddenly chimed in behind her, “Waylon.”

Joy Ward came over with a smile, naturally walking up to Waylon Lewis’ side. She could even afford to completely ignore Hope Williams’ presence, calmly and gently clutching Waylon’s hand.

Yet, no matter how composed she appeared, Hope Williams still noticed her forced smile and uncontrollable panic.

Fearful she was a second too late, and Waylon might be taken from her.

“Waylon, how did you know I was being discharged today, and even made a special trip to pick me up? Thank you. By the way, I was planning to visit Grandpa Lewis today. It’s perfect, let’s go together.”

Chapter 67: Chapter 67: Love Clearly Revealed

Joy Ward tilted her head up slightly, her smile sweet as she spoke in a gentle tone.

Hope Williams’s butterfly-like lashes quivered gently, a trace of desolation flickered through her eyes imperceptibly.

So, it was because Joy was being discharged that he came to the hospital, picking her up was simply a matter of convenience, no wonder he suddenly had the time—it was all for Joy.

Hope’s indifferent eyes flickered slightly, a tightness formed in her chest; she turned her head away, pressing that sliver of emotion deep down where it could not be seen.

The slightly oversized black umbrella could shelter three people without issue, but Hope felt the air beneath it stiflingly oppressive, unbearable to stay, she stepped back.

A few raindrops landed on her, the cold touch made Hope shiver, then suddenly a shadow fell over her, and her back bumped into a sturdy figure—Hope turned to see Benjamin Myers, clad in a white shirt, unknowingly standing behind her with an umbrella.

...

Benjamin’s gaze was gentle, his voice soft and clear as he spoke, “Just off work?”

Hope nodded slightly and murmured an affirmation.

Benjamin watched Hope for a moment, glancing up at the man with the black umbrella and then back to Hope's expression, understanding dawning on him; he sighed softly and handed the umbrella to Hope.

Hope hesitated for a moment before instinctively accepting the umbrella.

The next second, her shoulder felt a weight, her body briefly warmed as Benjamin took the umbrella back from her, tilting the majority of it toward her as he said slowly, "It's cool out, and you're dressed so lightly. Are you a kid to catch a cold like this, huh?"

His voice was clear and tender, sounding like a rebuke but laced with indulgence and helplessness.

The blatantly obvious affection in his glance caught Waylon Lewis's eye, causing his brows to twitch sharply, and a stormy darkness descended over his eyes, coldness radiating outward.

Joy's eyes twinkled, and she immediately smiled, raising her head to tell Waylon, "Waylon, I think Doctor Williams and Doctor Myers look really good together, a match of talents and looks, don't you think..."

Joy was cut short, a cold glare landing on her, a chill spreading through her body, and she dared not breathe another word.

Waylon stared at her, saying nothing, but his eyes filled with rage, as if his fury had been triggered, cold enough to freeze everything around at any moment.

Joy stiffened badly, her hand sliding down from Waylon's arm.

The chill in Waylon's eyes subsided slightly, and, sensing his master's displeasure, the quick-witted Thomas Hughes immediately stepped forward to take the umbrella from Waylon's hand.

Waylon's gaze turned away, his deep and rigid voice addressed Joy, "I was unaware you were being discharged today."

Joy's eyes tightened sharply, as Waylon's unhesitant exposure of the truth caused her facial expression to collapse in rapid succession.

After a half-second of silence, Joy managed to conjure a stiff smile, the words she'd held back slipped out impulsively, "Then you came here to..."

"Pick her up."

The man's deep voice sounded out evenly but was laden with coldness.

Saying this, his icy eyes shifted toward Hope.

The woman was lifting her head, a light smile on her face as she talked with the man before her.

It was a gentle demeanor she had not shown him since her return.

And the man before her looked down with a soft smile, his gaze affectionate, a love so evident it could not be ignored.

Joy was right; standing together, they did seem... well-matched...

Because they looked so well-suited, it was particularly glaring in Waylon's eyes—his pupils narrowed slightly, full of swirling darkness and a storm, rage burning in his chest; he could no longer bear to see the woman standing with another man, appearing so well-matched.

It was irritating!

Insufferably irritating!

Suddenly, he strode forward, his frosty gaze never leaving Hope's face.

Benjamin was asking Hope about the day's events at the hospital. Before she could reply, she suddenly felt a chill as her clothes were yanked away, stuffed back into Benjamin's arms.

"..."

"..."

Then Hope felt a sudden weight on her shoulder, practically encased in a rude manner by a black suit jacket.

Hope turned her head to find Waylon standing beside her, his face dark and frightening.

Hope's eyes twitched, deprived of the chance to speak before she was forcefully pulled into the man's embrace. Startled, she staggered, her hand instinctively pressing against Waylon's chest to steady herself.

Hope glared at Waylon, feeling both frightened and annoyed like a startled little animal.

"What's gotten into you?"

Always yanking her around; was she some toy to him? One moment enjoying the company of his paramour, the next lashing out at her—Hope was thoroughly confused by him.

“I’m a bit... come here and treat me,” Waylon stated gravely, his voice grittier than usual, pulling Hope toward the car.

“...” Hope caught her breath.

Benjamin, without hesitation, grabbed Hope’s other wrist.

Hope was caught between two men.

Waylon halted, his gaze upon Benjamin growing colder, “Let go.”

Benjamin’s eyebrows furrowed with a chilling intent, and the air between the two men became tense, “She doesn’t like you doing this to her.”

“That’s none of your damn business.”

Benjamin’s normally serene face darkened, showing no intention of releasing his hold.

Waylon’s handsome face darkened with ink, his fingers curled tight as he tugged on Hope.

“Looking for a fight?”

“If I win, will you let her go?”

The chill on Waylon intensified.

Hope startled, promptly interjected, “Both of you, let me go.”

Chapter 68: Chapter 68: She Said She Would Win, and I Believed Her

Hope Williams took a deep breath, turned around, and said to Benjamin Myers, “Benjamin, thank you, but today I indeed have something to attend to at the Lewis family with him.”

Benjamin Myers looked at her for two seconds and said nothing.

The icy expression on Waylon Lewis’s face gradually dissolved quite a bit, his profound eyes staring at Benjamin Myers even with a hint of pride.

...

Director Woods had just returned to the hospital when he heard that Hope Williams's position as department head was temporarily put on hold. As for who among the cardiologists would ultimately take the position, it would be decided by a hospital-wide vote.

The news spread from one to ten, ten to a hundred, and within an hour almost everyone in the hospital knew.

...

Director Woods initially didn't believe it, finding it absurd as he personally had appointed the department head. Upon inquiring who had said this, he was told that Vice Chancellor Wood and Elder Murphy were in his office waiting for him.

On his way back to the office, Director Woods heard plenty of outrageous rumors, one even suggesting that if Hope Williams couldn't retrieve her position as department head, she would leave the hospital.

Director Woods stopped in his tracks, feeling as if the sky were falling; the person he had struggled to recruit was about to leave.

Growing more infuriated, the nearly sixty-year-old Director Woods kicked open the office door and charged in, wishing he could crack open their heads to see if they were filled with sludge.

"You two old fools, played a fine game of acting first and reporting later—have your brains been kicked by a donkey?"

Both Michael Wood and Elder Murphy had anticipated that Director Woods might erupt in anger, but given their relationship, a scolding was all they had expected—not such an explosive reaction; their mouths agape as if to swallow them whole.

Just because of Hope Williams?

"Foolish, extremely foolish—who allowed you to do this?" quivered Director Woods, his fingers trembling with anger.

Being scolded to the face despite his old age, Elder Murphy felt even more angered, convinced that Director Woods had lost his judgment, mistaking the ordinary for the precious. "You're the one who's become senile—what were you thinking by promoting her directly to department head?"

"I had my reasons for doing it; Hope Williams is capable of holding that position," insisted Director Woods, his voice growing louder, audible even outside the closed office door.

Director Woods was rarely this irate, and passing doctors looked at each other in confusion.

"Capable? There are many doctors more capable than her! If you have the ability, promote them all," Elder Murphy retorted, banging the desk loudly.

"Heh," Director Woods scoffed in frustration. "You don't know shit. If she leaves, I'll never let you off the hook."

"Old fool, is she really worth all this trouble? Besides, ever since she arrived, I've heard nothing but rumors swirling around the hospital. It'd be quieter if she left," Elder Murphy argued, not intimidated by the harsh words.

Furious, Director Woods's fingers shook, "That's just children making trouble; you two aren't young anymore, do you believe that? If she wasn't competent, would I have recruited her?"

"Competent? She does make big claims, saying she's sure to win—I hardly believe it."

"Did she say that?" Director Woods's eyebrows twitched.

Elder Murphy smirked, thinking that Director Woods also saw Hope Williams's statement as bravado. "Yes, she did."

"Sharp-tongued, indeed. Guess what she said? She said she'll prove to everyone that she's the only one for the department head position through each patient she cures, each successful surgery she performs. Based on that statement, I did think highly of her for a moment, but around here, one must speak through ability, not just be skilled verbally. If she truly has the ability, she'd secure that position and show us, and we'd definitely support her without a second word."

Both Michael Wood and Elder Murphy always valued ability, which wasn't false nor was it to deliberately make it difficult for Hope Williams. If she truly were talented, it would be more than great for both the hospital and the patients, giving them no reason to oppose her.

Listening, Director Woods chuckled meaningfully, "Truly a girl respected by that old man."

"What are you muttering about?"

Director Woods replied, "Just watch, she will win."

“How can you be so sure? The current situation is highly unfavorable for her.”

“She said she would win, didn’t she?”

“You believe that?”

“I do!” declared Director Woods firmly.

“Heh,” laughed Elder Murphy, turning to Michael Wood, “He’s obsessed.”

“What, you don’t believe? Then let’s wait and see.” Since the situation had developed this way and Hope Williams had personally confirmed it, Director Woods chose to believe in her decision.

“The two of you just wait and see, her medical skills will surprise you beyond your expectations.”

The two men exchanged glances—Hope Williams’s credentials were not yet convincing enough to sway their belief.

At the Lewis family estate.

When they arrived at the old mansion, voices chattered in the large living room. Christopher Lewis, Alitzel Williams were there, and there was another elegantly dressed lady—Kaeli Thompson had also seen her before, she was Joy Ward’s mother.

Waylon Lewis went to park the car while Hope Williams, expressionless, walked into the hall with Joy. Those on the sofas chatting paused.

Although Hope Williams didn’t want to engage in such insincere interaction, being in someone else’s house, she couldn’t just ignore these people and go straight upstairs. Carrying a medicine box and maintaining a calm demeanor, she greeted politely, “Chairman Lewis, Mrs. Lewis.”

“Uncle, Aunt,” Joy approached the people on the sofa with a bright and graceful smile.

“Mom,” Joy sat next to Kaeli Thompson, “What brings you here?”

Chapter 69: Chapter 69 Waylon Lewis and Joy Ward Engagement

“Mom,” Joy sat next to Kaeli Thompson, “What brings you here?”

“What, I’m not allowed to come while you can?” Kaeli Thompson chuckled behind her hand, teasing, “You’re always busy with the hospital, not even worrying about your own

marriage. I'm here today specifically to discuss your marriage to Waylon with your aunt and uncle."

"Joy has always been the daughter-in-law of my dreams, and they are not getting any younger. Christopher and I have been planning their engagement recently."

"Well then, we're on the same page. Joy has always been the pearl in the palm of our family, treasured so much that we fear she might fall or melt away. But entrusting her to the Lewis Family eases my mind and her father's."

"Of course, you can rest assured that our family will always cherish this treasure."

"Mom, Aunt, you two are really..." Overcome with shyness and excitement, Joy was caught off guard by the pleasant surprise, her face blushing with coyness.

...

"Look at her, getting all shy."

The room was filled with cheerful banter, but Hope Williams's smooth brows furrowed slightly, aware that some of it was deliberately said for her to hear. They were keen on performing a show that she had no interest in watching; she turned to leave.

"Miss Williams is here too," Kaeli Thompson deliberately called out to her, pretending to have just noticed her, "You can also give some suggestions for Joy and Waylon's engagement party; after all, you've lived with Waylon for years and know his preferences."

"Mom~" Joy called out helplessly, "Miss Williams and I have different tastes in parties. There's no point in asking for her advice, don't trouble her."

"Right, what can an ex-wife suggest?" Alitzel Williams sipped her fragrant tea elegantly, scoffing disdainfully, "Joy, you should stay away from her. She's cunning, while you're pure-hearted; don't let her influence you."

Joy pressed her lips together, her expression a mixture of warmth and helplessness.

"No matter what, I still hope Miss Williams can wish Waylon and me well." Joy said gently, her eyes hopeful as she looked at Hope Williams.

As if she truly looked forward to her blessing.

Yet the pride and triumph in those eyes couldn't be hidden.

Hope Williams had an icy expression void of other emotions.

She chuckled lightly.

All eyes turned to her.

Finally, Hope Williams spoke slowly, her voice full of mocking desolation, "Grandfather lies on his deathbed, and here you are, jubilantly planning your engagement. I truly wish you peace of mind in holding the ceremony."

Faces around her tightened.

Hope Williams was about to leave when a strong arm wrapped around her waist.

Hope Williams turned back, her eyes flickered, and due to their height difference, she instinctively stretched her slender neck.

Waylon Lewis stood behind her, his dark eyes fixed on hers. Sensing her discomfort, his brow furrowed slightly.

"What's wrong?" Waylon's lips moved subtly, his voice deep.

Hope Williams's body trembled slightly, she glanced at him hurriedly, then averted her gaze and moved her lips, her voice was as cold as usual, revealing no emotion, "It's nothing. I'm going to see Grandfather."

Hope Williams lowered her eyes, deliberately avoiding touching Waylon, and stepped aside to go upstairs.

"Sister-in-law." Wyatt Lewis had just come back from outside, noticed Hope Williams passing by, and called out to her.

Hope Williams politely nodded.

Waylon's gaze flickered as he followed the woman's slender figure, with narrowed eyes full of depth.

"Waylon, you're back just in time. We're discussing your marriage, and as the person involved, you should also care," Alitzel said, noting her son's gaze fixed on Hope Williams, ignoring everyone else, while Christopher Lewis next to her was already slightly annoyed. Before Christopher could reprimand, Alitzel spoke first.

Only then did Waylon's gaze shift back to the people on the sofa. At the mention, his features slightly darkened, understanding the sudden change in Hope Williams's emotion.

He said nothing, his handsome face taut, every line expressing anger.

“Ch...” The tense atmosphere was too much for Wyatt; he couldn’t help but chuckle, “My brother’s getting married? How come I didn’t know about this? And who is the lucky person? Hope Williams? Ah, Mom, you’ve got the wrong word; for my brother and sister-in-law, it should be called remarriage.”

“...”

“Who said it’s with that woman?”

“Oh? There’s someone else?” Wyatt teased with a smirk, “Then I do not approve.”

“Shut your mouth,” Alitzel was infuriated, things were chaotic enough, and her unruly son was making it worse, “Is it your place to approve?”

“Hey Mom, am I not a member of the Lewis family? Why don’t I have a say? Besides, did my brother agree to this? Did Grandfather on his sickbed agree? Grandfather clearly stated that the future mistress of the Lewis family can only be Hope Williams, and no one else. Are you not afraid that this will awaken Grandfather against your actions?”

“Shut up.” Alitzel was beside herself with rage, both of her sons going against her.

Wyatt made a zipping motion across his mouth, having said his piece, and leaned coolly against the arm of the nearby sofa, standing united with Waylon.

“This marriage, Waylon...”

His mother’s words were cut off by a chilling and somber voice.

“There’s no need to discuss it further.”

“?”

“...?”

“Suit yourselves.”

The man, unhurried and without a trace of warmth in his voice, continued.

Chapter 70: Chapter 70: Hope Williams, Is She Pregnant?

The man spoke unhurriedly, his voice devoid of warmth as he continued.

“Really?”

“Waylon.”

“That’s great, then I’ll immediately instruct them to...”

“Bro, stop joking!” Wyatt Lewis couldn’t stay calm. If Joy Ward became his sister-in-law, would he leave home, believe it or not?

“Hmm, don’t notify me, I won’t attend.”

...

“...”

“...”

“Waylon?” Joy Ward’s face stiffened fiercely and she blinked desperately, “What does this mean?”

Wyatt Lewis’s mouth twitched as he chewed over Waylon Lewis’s words to fully explain the meaning.

Damn.

This sudden reversal from his brother was unexpected and scared him.

This was meant to anger several people.

His brother meant that they could have their wedding banquet and he wouldn’t care, but even if they did, they shouldn’t invite him, as it had nothing to do with him.

It had to be said, his brother was ruthless, effectively shutting everyone up with a single sentence.

Joy Ward hurriedly rose to Waylon Lewis’s side, “Waylon, are you... are you angry? We had already agreed on this before, right? Mom and Dad just moved the date earlier, I know you’re busy, but you don’t need to worry about the engagement party, I...”

“Agreed?” Waylon Lewis slowly uttered the two words. He paused, his piercing eyes slightly squinted, and a chill gathered between his brows.

Joy Ward gave a guilty hum. Under his icy gaze, her heart felt like it might jump out of her chest, and she desperately wanted to escape, but the man gave her no chance.

She had no choice but to plow on, “Waylon, you promised to marry me five years ago, and I’ve waited for you for five years... getting married is our eventual outcome, isn’t it? I love you, and you have feelings for me too...”

Joy Ward spoke hurriedly, her voice choked up, her eyes filled with love and expectation as she looked at Waylon Lewis.

“Is that what I told you back then?”

“... I.” Joy Ward opened her mouth but was left speechless, her hidden intentions now blatantly apparent.

Her hands clenched at her sides, his deep eyes turned colder as he slowly said, “Don’t try to be clever.”

With a “smack” sound.

Christopher Lewis slammed his hand on the table and rose furiously, “Waylon Lewis!”

Joy Ward’s face turned deathly pale as Waylon Lewis had already started walking upstairs. She hastily followed, “Waylon, I...I didn’t mean to pressure you...”

Joy Ward had been thinking that even if Waylon Lewis didn’t like her, she was always by his side and there were no other women around him. It would inevitably come to her when it was time to marry, especially since both parents were present today, Waylon Lewis would likely comply.

But...

Waylon Lewis paused, and the chill in his eyes deepened as he looked at Joy Ward.

Joy Ward opened her mouth, but the words about marriage also slipped out.

Tears swirled in her eyes as she desperately regulated her breathing, anxiously wanting to flee from this displeasing topic, “Waylon...I...I’ll go check on Grandfather.”

Joy Ward turned to flee, but her last expression was helplessly grievous.

“This...this...” Kaeli Thompson struggled to speak, both embarrassed and helpless, yet she didn’t dare show her anger.

Comparatively, the Ward Family’s marriage into the Lewis Family would naturally be considered marrying above their station, only climbing into the ranks of the wealthy due to the Ward Family’s effort in treating Elder Lewis over the years, supported by the Lewis family.

The Ward Family was determined to marry Joy Ward into the Lewis family, which would substantially raise their status in Emperor Capital.

Everyone knew the three great households of Emperor Capital, with the Lewis family at the helm, followed by the Mu and Jun families. But if the Ward family could solidly attach themselves to the Lewis family's "vessel," rising to become the fourth great household was only a matter of time.

They must seize this opportunity through Joy Ward.

But now, although Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams had no objections, the head of the Lewis family was naturally Waylon Lewis, and if he didn't agree, no one could force him.

A fierce determination flashed in Kaeli Thompson's eyes, realizing she must discuss a strategy with Christopher Ward soon, she promptly bid farewell to Alitzel Williams and hurried home.

Christopher Lewis, infuriated, returned to his study. Only Alitzel Williams and Wyatt Lewis were left in the living room, Wyatt leisurely leaning on the sofa, eating an apple.

"Mom, you shouldn't worry about my brother's affairs, he knows what he's doing."

"He may know, but which girl would want to marry someone as cold and distant as him? And Girl Joy is not bad, always by your brother's side, she even specifically studied cardiology for grandfather's illness, she's kind-hearted and wholeheartedly loves your brother, she has saved grandfather several times, she is a benefactor of the Lewis family..."

Wyatt Lewis was somewhat speechless, straightened up, "She's a benefactor of the Lewis family? Mom, my sister-in-law is right now upstairs treating Grandfather, you can go and see for yourself who saved Grandfather."

"Let's not talk about that, no matter how much you try to matchmake, it's useless if my brother is unwilling, especially since my sister-in-law now has three people to think about, just for one Joy Ward..."

"What did you say?" Alitzel Williams's voice suddenly rose as she abruptly stood up.

Wyatt Lewis's voice halted in his throat as he slowly shifted his gaze towards Alitzel Williams.

At that moment, Wyatt Lewis wished he could detach his lips.

Alitzel Williams was breathless, "You...what did you say about three people? What are you talking about? Wyatt Lewis, you need to clarify, Hope Williams, is she pregnant? Pregnant with your brother's child?"

