

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

## **#Chapter 611: 614**

### **Intentionally Supporting Her - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 611: 611 Intentionally Supporting Her**

#### **Chapter 611: Chapter 611 Intentionally Supporting Her**

Kya raised an eyebrow, "Yes, sir."

"By the way, have someone block the door for me as well. It's a rare chance to have them all here together; don't let them get away."

The subordinate immediately went to carry out the order.

Kya smiled, "Sir, they dare to come to your turf, they're just seeking their own demise."

"So we need to play with them slowly," Asher Ross laughed.

Downstairs, everyone thought Hope Williams was just rushing to give away her money.

Although dice is a game of luck, those who've played a lot know there are some tricks to it.

Paisley Ginger, although he occasionally loses big, also wins a fair amount. And after mixing in the casino for so many years, compared to someone who has to ask about the rules on the spot, his win rate absolutely far exceeded Hope Williams.

"Let's start quickly."

Paisley Ginger gestured for the croupier to begin.

Everyone stared intently at the croupier, waiting for them to shake and place the dice in the center. For the first round, Paisley Ginger bet high, Hope Williams bet low.

Everyone fixed their eyes on the croupier's dice cup.

The cup was opened.

Five, four, two, eleven, high!

Paisley Ginger won.

A burst of laughter and jeers erupted from the sidelines.

Hope Williams listened to the comments around her, her expression unchanged, fiddling with a chip in her hand, resting her chin and said indifferently, "Continue."

The fact proved everyone's speculation correct. Hope Williams continued to lose several rounds in a row; Paisley Ginger looked at his fifteen million and couldn't stop grinning, almost floating; it seemed to have recouped all he had lost today.

"Young Madam Lewis, will you continue? This is already fifteen million, continue, and you'll just lose more miserably." Naturally, Paisley Ginger hoped Hope Williams would continue.

However, he also felt it strange why Hope Williams would suddenly come to play with him.

At first, not knowing her identity, he didn't think much of it.

Now, it just felt odd, something felt off, but he couldn't pinpoint what it was.

Hope Williams said, "Of course, continue."

"This lady, spending money like this, did you ask for your man's permission?" Someone couldn't stand her attitude and questioned aloud.

"Yeah, having money doesn't mean you can play like this, isn't it foolish?"

Paisley Ginger stopped considering other things and laughed, "Did your husband agree to you spending like this?"

Waylon Lewis pressed his lips tightly, gestured for a waiter to come over, whispered something, then the waiter looked surprised, bowed slightly, and left.

Everyone was puzzled.

Soon, the waiter returned, exchanged five million in chips, and Waylon Lewis expressionlessly placed them in front of Hope Williams, saying in a deep voice, "Continue."

Hope Williams looked up, blinked at Waylon Lewis, her face showing a sly smile like a little fox.

Just now, the crowd's chatter quietened instantly.

Waylon Lewis's intent to back her up couldn't be more obvious.

This woman played hard, and her man played even harder.

Now it's not just a regular game, the key is that this man not only let her play but also actually bought chips for her.

Hope Williams gestured for the croupier to continue.

Paisley Ginger's face was full of smiles, determined to win all the chips in front of Hope Williams; he raised an eyebrow slightly, "Young Madam Lewis, how much are you betting this time?"

Hope Williams raised her brows slightly, let her hand fall, and tossed the chips in her hand onto the table, then pushed several piles of chips forward in one go.

Estimated to be about ten million.

"High."

Seeing the pile of chips, Paisley Ginger's eyes gleamed with excitement, and without hesitation pushed forward all the fifteen million chips he had won from Hope Williams just now, "I'm betting low."

Paisley Ginger felt his luck was up, and encountering Hope Williams, a woman seemingly down on her luck, he was obviously on a roll, buoyant.

The croupier finished shaking and directly placed the cup on the table.

Paisley Ginger seemed certain he would win, didn't even look, his entire face was smug and looked at Hope Williams with pride.

The croupier lifted the cup...

Five, six, five, high!

Hope Williams won.

"Yes! Sis-in-law, you finally won." Wyatt Lewis was so excited he almost rushed over to hug Hope Williams, but was stopped by a cold stare from Waylon Lewis.

Wyatt quickly stopped, made a cheering gesture.

Paisley Ginger was stunned for a moment, looked at the points, and then at the chips being moved to Hope Williams's side. After pausing for a moment, he finally came to his senses.

"Winning and losing is normal, continue."

## Chapter 612: Chapter 612: Let Hope Williams Stay as a Maid

“Winning and losing is normal—continue.”

Hope Williams smiled faintly, glanced at the croupier, and signaled for them to proceed.

This time, Hope pushed half of her chips forward—approximately three billion.

Paisley Ginger narrowed his eyes, sensing that something was off.

Is there really someone that dumb, treating money like it's nothing, just here to give it away?

Paisley glanced at the people around Hope, feeling an inexplicable sense of unease.

Could they have grouped together to scheme against him?

But he had no connections to Hope, nor any feud—why go to all this trouble to plot against him?

Shaking his head, Paisley couldn't figure out their motives and stopped dwelling on it.

Hope bet on small, Paisley bet on big.

Everyone held their breath, eyes fixed on the black covering.

The lid was lifted—1-6-2, small.

Hope won!

Paisley's face turned slightly pale. He frowned, staring intently at the dice, repeatedly confirming he hadn't misread.

Hope's expression remained calm as she watched the croupier push all the chips over to her side.

She smiled and then turned to Paisley, whose face was already clouded, and spoke coolly, “Young Master Ginger, shall we continue?”

Paisley gritted his molars, his hands firmly planted on the table—clearly unwilling to lose, though he had already suffered significant losses today.

Hope wasn't in any rush, quietly waiting for him to decide.

Finally, Paisley glared at Hope and ground his teeth. “You were just lucky earlier. Of course we'll continue.”

Just as expected.

Hope smiled faintly, standing with her hands braced on the table.

“Let’s start then.”

Once the croupier finished shaking the dice cup, Hope raised her hand and, without hesitation, pushed all her chips forward. “I’ll bet on small.”

Wyatt Lewis, witnessing this, was so shocked he exclaimed urgently, “Sister-in-law, you can’t play like this—you... this, this, this... if you lose, it’ll be over for you...”

There were nearly ten billion chips at stake. If Hope lost, and that Ginger guy didn’t bet large afterward, her single defeat would mean total disaster.

Earlier, Hope’s win was entirely due to luck.

No one could guarantee her luck would hold.

But Hope remained unmoved. “It’s fine—continue.”

“Bro, you better stop her somehow!” Wyatt’s voice was frantic.

Waylon Lewis frowned deeply as his eyes met Hope’s confident gaze. After pausing briefly, he reached out, pulled the pair apart, and said coldly, “Continue.”

Wyatt, hearing this, collapsed backward, pressing on his philtrum as Joseph Sanders caught him just in time.

“It’s over—it’s over! Sister-in-law’s lost it! Now the brother’s crazy too!”

Crazy. Everyone’s gone mad!

Better start preparing for some rogue tactics to snatch people back later.

Paisley was so tense he was drenched in sweat, staring at Hope’s near ten billion chips. Gritting his teeth, he exchanged for ten billion in chips and followed with a bet on big.

Before the croupier uncovered the dice cup, Paisley raised his hand. “Wait—mind if I ask you a question?”

“Go ahead.”

“You suddenly decided to play against me at this table—don’t tell me there’s some hidden motive?” Paisley felt something was off with this woman. His anxiety and discomfort were growing unbearable.

“Not entirely clueless, I see.”

If not for certain shares and defeating Ted Williams, Hope would never have wasted her time playing these games with him.

Now that Paisley realized the oddities—what could he do?

“Reveal it.”

1-1-2! Small!

Hope wins!

“She really won.”

Gasps erupted all around.

Beads of sweat trickled down Paisley’s body—so far, he’d already lost thirteen billion to Hope!

It was nearing the limit of his financial tolerance. If he wanted to continue, he’d have to take out loans.

Plus, in the next round, this crazy woman would likely go all-in again, essentially forcing him to match her bet—which he could no longer afford.

Hope saw that Paisley was close to breaking point, but she knew he hadn’t been pushed to the brink where he’d learn his lesson. If he took a break now, he’d come back for more.

This time, Hope wanted to ensure he lost so devastatingly that he wouldn’t dare return.

But Paisley, in his obsessive state after losing thirteen billion, even though he’d sensed her strangeness, could no longer pull back.

“Young Master Ginger, shall we continue?”

Right as Hope finished speaking, a commotion stirred in the crowd, accompanied by respectful calls of, “Master Ross.”

“Master Ross!”

Paisley was pushed aside as a tall man, with a woman in his arms, replaced him at the table.

The man's abyss-like eyes locked onto Hope, his face bearing a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"How about I take over and play with Young Madam Lewis?"

Hope's gaze landed on the man who had abruptly stepped in, her eyes narrowing in displeasure. "Who are you?"

Hope had come today specifically to take Paisley down—this sudden appearance throwing her plans into disarray was nothing short of infuriating.

"I don't know you. Why should I play with you? Step aside."

"Young Madam Lewis, surely you remember me? We've met before."

Hope frowned, but then another presence emerged beside her—it was Liam Cloud.

At this moment, Liam exuded an intense fierceness, his icy glare seeming ready to devour his opponent.

"Well, well, isn't this the infamous Master Cloud?" Asher Ross smirked provocatively. "Didn't expect to see you show up at my venue. What's the occasion? Not satisfied with the beating last time and here to hand over more money?"

As he finished, his woman, accompanied by his gathered lackeys, erupted in mocking laughter.

The woman clinging to him giggled. "Master Ross, who'd have thought Master Cloud didn't get enough of your lesson and is back for more!"

"You despicable rat! If it weren't for using dirty underhanded methods while our Big Boss was away, do you really think you'd have been able to pull it off?" Wesley Ruiz clenched his fists, veins bulging.

About a month ago, Liam Cloud's businesses suffered malicious attacks, causing significant losses, and many of his brothers were injured—all because Asher Ross seized the opportunity while Liam was away. Normally suppressed by Liam, Asher's arrogance had run unchecked.

Asher curled his lips, smiling wickedly. "Dirty methods? Tell me—weren't you lot silenced by us after the lesson? Spouting off now doesn't make you any less of a joke. For a mere woman, you dragged yourselves to Emperor Capital, and yet she doesn't even belong to you. I wonder, is this part of your brain malfunctioning?"

Asher scoffed, tapping his finger against his temple, his laughter growing more brazen.

The harsh, mocking laughter grated on Hope's nerves. Her brows furrowed deeply as recognition dawned on her—this man was Asher Ross.

She had encountered him once before when Liam took her out in Y Country, but after suspecting Asher might target her, Liam had made sure she didn't cross paths with him again.

This man was the rival Wesley had warned her about before entering—the man Liam despised most.

Chill and resolve glinted in Hope's eyes.

Liam stared daggers at Asher, his clenched fists making it appear as though he'd leap forward and tear him apart at any moment.

Hope scanned the area cautiously. At some point, besides the guests, a significant number of black-clad guards had appeared.

They were surrounded.

Hope's lashes trembled slightly. She raised her hand, pressing it softly against Liam's clenched fist.

Liam paused, his intense gaze shifting to her.

Hope shook her head gently, whispering, "Leave this to me."

Liam had come to Emperor Capital because of her and stepped into this place because of her. No matter what, Hope couldn't let him get hurt again because of her.

Hope turned her gaze to Asher, her brow arching slightly.

Seeing her attention shift, Asher sneered, "What's wrong? Still don't remember me?"

Feigning a headache, Hope furrowed her brow. "Apologies, I have this peculiar problem. For those who are ugly, vile, and an eyesore, I struggle to waste brainpower remembering them."

Asher's expression faltered.

Hope teased mockingly, "So... who the hell are you?"

For a moment, silence descended.



Asher narrowed his eyes, his smile returning. “Hope Williams! Ha, still as sharp-tongued as ever. Earlier, you and Young Master Ginger’s bet was over people, wasn’t it? Kya, you in need of a maid? How about I win her back as your servant?”

### **Chapter 613: Chapter 613: Seeking One’s Own Doom**

Asher Ross had just finished speaking when he suddenly let out a scream.

Hope Williams turned her head at the sound and saw Asher Ross spit out a blood-stained poker chip from his mouth.

The woman next to him screamed, “Master Ross, are you okay? Who? Who did this?”

Waylon Lewis withdrew his hand, pulling Hope Williams to his side. His handsome face remained expressionless, yet the unfathomable depth of his eyes clearly revealed his anger at the moment.

“If you can’t speak properly—shut up.”

Asher Ross was truly enraged this time, slamming his palm heavily on the table with a loud thud. “Waylon Lewis, this is my territory! Who the hell gave you the guts to act this way?”

His words had barely left his mouth when the black-clad guards who had been standing at the ready stepped forward simultaneously.

The guests gathered around, sensing a fight about to break out, were startled and anxious.

Waylon Lewis remained unperturbed, his features not betraying even the slightest crease of discomfort.

“Tch...” Liam Cloud suddenly chuckled coldly with his head bowed, his casual, disdainful laugh making it seem as though he thought Asher Ross was nothing more than a joke.

“What are you laughing at?” Asher Ross wiped away the blood at the corner of his mouth from being hit with the chip.

Liam Cloud pulled out a chair, sat down lazily, leaned back with his legs crossed, and sighed like an old master, “Play with me. Let them go.”

“Liam Cloud, you can’t even protect yourself. Playing the hero now? Do you really think you’re getting out of here alive tonight?”

Liam Cloud smirked, his lips curling slightly. “Try me.”

The tension escalated between the two, the atmosphere freezing into an uneasy standoff. It felt like even the smallest spark could ignite an outright conflict.

Hope Williams frowned deeply in her anxiety, stepping forward, only to have Waylon Lewis grab her hand and stop her. She turned to look at him.

Waylon Lewis shook his head faintly, clearly unwilling to let her get involved in the grudge between the two men.

It wasn't because Waylon Lewis feared them or wasn't loyal to Liam Cloud; it was because she was beside him. She was pregnant with their baby, and he couldn't afford even the slightest mistake.

She was undoubtedly their greatest vulnerability.

Even Asher Ross understood that using her to provoke the two of them was his best advantage in his own domain, surrounded by his men. That's why he had dared earlier to insult her in front of Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud.

Hope Williams glanced toward Liam Cloud. Liam Cloud also looked at her, his slightly narrowed gaze silently instructing her to find a chance to escape.

But Hope Williams couldn't leave.

Too many times, he had helped her, carried her burdens silently. Hope couldn't bring herself to abandon Liam Cloud.

Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis, understanding what he was worried about, but...

"Waylon Lewis, I'm sorry. I know what you're worried about, but I can't... leave him behind."

As Hope Williams spoke those words, Waylon Lewis furrowed his brow, which then softened into a look of helplessness.

Hope Williams stepped forward, her icy expression devoid of even the faintest smile. "Weren't you just challenging me to a gamble? Fine! Let's do it!"

Asher Ross chuckled coldly, the corners of his mouth twisting into a sneer. "You really have guts, don't you?"

Kya White couldn't help but chime in, "Miss, are you seriously thinking of becoming my servant? Let me warn you, our Master Ross's gambling skill is renowned in the circle. Betting against him is as good as digging your own grave."

Compared to the games Young Master Ginger had played earlier, Asher Ross saw them as child's play. He was the owner of the casino and thoroughly mastered all its tricks and systems.

In the eyes of everyone present, Hope Williams accepting the challenge was no different from seeking her own downfall.

"Miss, I advise you not to risk it with Master Ross. You're not even on the same level. Your earlier win against Young Master Ginger was pure luck—don't waste it all here."

"If you don't know Master Ross's reputation in the gambling world, let me tell you—don't overestimate yourself."

The surrounding onlookers, convinced Hope Williams was walking into a disaster, tried to dissuade her one after another.

Listening to their voices, Asher Ross smirked. "I agree—it feels like I'd be bullying you. So, how about this: have those two apologize to me in front of everyone here, and I'll let you all off. How does that sound?"

Naturally, he was referring to Liam Cloud and Waylon Lewis.

Hope Williams stared coldly at Asher Ross, her expression tinged with a mocking smile. "Why would they apologize to you? They've done nothing wrong. You're the one who ought to apologize."

Asher Ross coldly sneered, unfazed. "Fine, have it your way. Let's play. If you lose, you'll be my woman's maid—a foot-washing servant would do nicely."

Asher Ross clicked his tongue a couple of times, then provocatively turned his gaze toward Liam Cloud and Waylon Lewis. "The thought alone is pretty entertaining, isn't it?"

"Shut the f\*\*\* up, you idiot!" Wyatt Lewis rolled up his sleeves and stormed forward.

Hope Williams was Waylon Lewis's wife and someone Liam Cloud fiercely protected. For Asher Ross to humiliate her was tantamount to insulting both Waylon and Liam.

Hope Williams frowned and turned her head, reaching out to hold Wyatt Lewis back.

Suddenly, a woman's sharp scream pierced through the air, sending chills down Hope Williams's spine.

She turned her head swiftly, only to see that the man who had been sitting calmly had unexpectedly sprung up.

He grabbed the chair behind him and smashed it viciously forward.

## **Chapter 614: Chapter 614: Victory Without Martial Honor**

Hope Williams's eyes widened as she shouted, "Liam Cloud!"

The chair that was meant to land hesitated for a split second, its force slightly withdrawn.

Ultimately, under everyone's horrified gaze, the chair shattered on the table, scattering debris everywhere, poker chips flying into the air.

Waylon Lewis strode forward and pulled the stunned Hope into his arms, shielding her with his body from the sharp fragments.

Screams erupted across the room.

Everyone present was petrified, staring at the debris-strewn ground. That figure seemed like a devil.

Asher Ross clutched his head and, in the instant Liam Cloud was about to strike, dragged the woman in his arms to shield himself.

Kya White let out a scream, her face turning pale from fright.

Liam Cloud's strikingly handsome face was full of hostility, his lips curling into a cold, mocking smile.

"Coward!"

"Liam Cloud!" Asher Ross roared, his face turning dark, his teeth clenched with rage.

Liam Cloud shook his hand casually, his voice calm, "Apologies, my hand slipped."

"Men! Send them all to hell!" Asher Ross shouted.

"Wait!" Hope Williams snapped out of her daze and quickly interjected, "You may outnumber us, and we can't possibly overpower you. But you saw what Liam Cloud can do just now. If he really wanted to kill you, it'd be effortless. At that moment, who ends up in hell is still up for debate."

"Even if we truly can't kill you, Waylon Lewis is backed by the Lewis Family, and Liam Cloud has countless allies in various organizations. With so many witnesses here, if news of any incident spreads, do you think you'd still have a way out?"

Asher Ross's brows furrowed tightly.

“Let’s settle it as discussed before: with a gamble to determine the outcome. One hour. Whoever wins the most takes it all. If I lose, I’ll let you decide my fate. If you lose, you let us leave safely.”

Asher Ross cast a sinister glare back and forth among them before finally gesturing to his men to lower their weapons.

“Fine! We’ll play it your way. Just don’t regret it.”

Hope Williams maintained a calm expression, “Everyone present will bear witness. As for the bet between me and Asher Ross, no matter who loses and how much, both sides must honor the wager without playing tricks.”

Asher Ross’s face relaxed slightly, and he let out a menacing chuckle, “Fine. Today, I’ll let this ignorant woman experience what it means to lose everything — both wealth and dignity.”

A different gambling table was set up, chips sorted, and the entire casino gathered around them. Even the railings of the second and third floors were packed with spectators looking down.

For some reason, even before the game began, the atmosphere was already unbearably tense.

“Let’s start.” Asher Ross took a seat, motioning for the croupier to begin.

The croupier, under the weight of countless stares, was visibly nervous.

Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud stood protectively on either side of Hope. Wyatt Lewis and Joseph Sanders were equally tense.

With so many eyes watching, there was no room for regrets if they lost. The stakes were far higher than the match against Paisley Ginger, where they could afford to think about resorting to brute force if needed. This time, cheating would not only bring disgrace but also ruin the reputations of their families.

This round simply could not be lost. Both Liam Cloud and Waylon Lewis, who had been cracking jokes earlier, now wore grim expressions.

The crowd didn’t dare blink, staring intently as the croupier shook the dice cup with measured rhythm.

Asher Ross remained calm, wearing a smug smile, as though his victory was already assured. Beside him, Kya White lowered her gaze, her ears subtly twitching.

The croupier finished shaking and placed the cup at the center of the table, opening his hands to signal, "Place your bets freely. Minimum wager: fifty million."

Asher Ross casually pushed almost ten billion in chips forward with a clatter, betting on "big."

Hope Williams blinked twice, matched his ten billion, and placed it on "small."

The cup was lifted.

Five, five, four. Big.

Asher Ross wins!

Predictably, Asher Ross flashed a triumphant smile.

Hope furrowed her brows.

The game continued—Hope bet on small, Asher on big.

Asher Ross wins again!

Another round followed. The croupier shook his dice cup as usual. Asher Ross lazily pushed all his chips forward, raised an eyebrow at Hope, forcing her to match his bet.

Asher bet "small," Hope bet "big."

The cup was opened. One, six, one. Hope lost again.

Hope Williams's face turned grim, her eyes narrowing.

The spectators, watching Hope lose around thirty billion in a flash, shook their heads one after another.

"I told her not to challenge Master Ross, but she didn't listen. Look at her now—losing both money and face."

"The outcome is already determined; she'll lose miserably next too."

Asher Ross's grin widened, shining his pearly whites in obvious provocation.

"Next round." He beckoned her to place her bet first.

Hope pushed ten billion forward, betting on "big." She then raised her eyes to lock onto Asher Ross.

Asher's eye twitched slightly before he pushed ten billion forward, matching her bet.

The croupier lifted the cup. Four, four, six. Big.

Hope had finally won!

Yet no one in the casino showed the slightest joy.

Waylon Lewis reached out to comfortingly tousle Hope's hair. "Don't be nervous. Keep going."

Hope pulled her lips into a faint smile.

Asher Ross shrugged nonchalantly and shoved ten billion chips her way. "Doesn't matter. You'll lose it all anyway."

Hope's icy gaze sharpened. "How can you be so sure?"

Asher Ross chuckled boisterously. "Because I said I'd win. If I say I'll win, I will win. Do you really think I'd lose to an amateur like you?"

Hope's lashes fluttered, her brows curving into a smile. It was clearly a smile, yet somehow it looked utterly cold.

"Let's continue, then."

The croupier resumed shaking the dice cup, but Hope stared fixedly at Kya White. She noticed her ears twitch slightly, her hand always resting on the back of Asher Ross's chair.

This round, it was Asher Ross's turn to bet first.

As always, he pushed twenty billion forward without hesitation and bet "small."

Hope bet "big."

Once again, Hope lost.

A collective sigh echoed across the room.

A heavy, oppressive air enveloped Hope's side of the table.

"What the hell are you doing? Still pretending?" Liam Cloud leaned toward her slightly, lowering his voice.

Hope turned her head and gritted her teeth. "I'm done pretending."

Given the situation, she'd be stupid to keep up the act.

"This is you not pretending anymore? Is this your skill level?"

Out of five rounds, she'd won once and lost nearly sixty billion!

Even Hope was panicking now. At that moment, she noticed the woman beside Asher Ross whisper something into his ear, prompting a satisfied smile from him.

Hope had already been observing this closely. Every time the croupier finished shaking, this woman would place her hand behind Asher Ross before he confidently bet his entire stack.

And every time, he was spot-on.

The issue clearly lay with this woman.

Hope dropped her hand and tugged at Liam Cloud's sleeve, signaling toward the woman beside Asher Ross.

At that moment, Asher Ross was holding the woman while eating some fruit offered by a server, openly flirting.

"What?"

Hope lowered her voice, "Grab her."

"Not interested."

Hope discreetly kicked Liam Cloud's shin, her brows furrowing tightly.

Liam Cloud begrudgingly straightened up. His towering form moved swiftly to Asher Ross's side. Before Ross could react, Liam Cloud scooped up the woman in his arms.

Kya White shrieked in fright, her wide eyes locking onto Liam's unruly and careless gaze.

"Nice catch. I'll borrow her for a moment."

Hope tugged at her lips. She'd told him to grab the woman, but he truly just walked over and snatched her outright.

Asher Ross's expression darkened as he slammed his hand on the table. "Let her go!"

Liam Cloud provocatively raised an eyebrow. "If you've got the guts, take her back."



Hope's lips curled slightly. Judging by Asher's reaction, her guess was right.

Kya White must have undergone special training—likely possessing exceptional hearing capable of discerning dice values.

Hope had heard of such a skill before but had never expected it to exist in reality.

Asher Ross grabbed at Kya's arm, but against Liam Cloud, he was no match. Liam didn't release his grip, leaving Asher unable to retrieve her.

At that moment, there was a "rip" sound—the tearing of satin fabric.

Kya White screamed anew, her face going pale. Wearing only thin, delicate materials to showcase her allure, there was no way her outfit could withstand such rough handling.

Taking advantage of the chaos, Liam Cloud pulled Kya back and shoved her toward Wesley Ruiz. "Take Miss White downstairs to change."

Asher Ross grew even more frantic, lunging forward to stop them, but Liam Cloud raised his hand and blocked him.

"What's the rush? Is she your mother? Can't handle taking a piss without her by your side?"

Hope combed back her loose bangs and spoke slowly, "Asher Ross, let's continue!"

Asher watched helplessly as Kya White was led away, grinding his molars audibly in fury. He snarled and waved his hand viciously, "We'll take a break."

"Not happening!" Hope asserted firmly, "Half an hour remains. If you take a break for that entire time, it's equivalent to conceding my loss. What's the matter? Cheating, are we?"

Asher Ross let out a cold snort. "Bullshit! I'm not that kind of person."

"What kind of person are you, then? Maybe I struck a nerve; without Miss White, Master Ross is nothing at all?"

Hope's words were loaded with innuendo.

Asher Ross narrowed his eyes, leaning forward with both hands on the table, glaring menacingly at Hope, teeth bared. "Have it your way. Let's continue!"