

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 615: 620

Chapter 615: Chapter 615: All Gone Mad

Asher Ross sneered inwardly; even without relying on anyone else, he could beat Hope Williams.

Hope Williams smiled faintly and raised her hand, signaling the croupier to continue.

The crowd held their breath, and this time, tension could be seen on Asher Ross's face—it was evident, especially now that Kya was no longer by his side.

The dice cup was revealed: One, Three, Four! Small!

Hope Williams wins!

Asher Ross had just wagered twenty billion chips, all of which were moved over to Hope Williams.

Asher Ross's expression darkened; the cheerfulness he formerly displayed was gone.

He had been winning because of Kya; Kya was his weapon.

Without Kya by his side, he had to rely entirely on luck, and his confidence wavered.

Hope Williams didn't waste time on him. There were only about twenty minutes left; she had lost sixty billion to him earlier but now had forty billion to catch up. She wasn't just aiming for a tie—she wanted him to repay everything he had destroyed for Liam Cloud, to pay it all back with money!

"Continue," Hope Williams said calmly.

"Wait," Asher Ross called out to halt.

Hope Williams smiled, "What's wrong? Are you scared?"

"Scared? Me?" Asher Ross responded as if he'd heard a ridiculous joke, letting out a cold laugh. "How could I be scared? Continue, then continue."

With that, he leaned back, feigning relaxation.

Once more, Hope Williams wins.

“Good heavens, she won again!” the crowd erupted in astonishment.

Asher Ross’s smile froze on his face as he sat upright, glaring at the three dice on the table, his eyelids twitching furiously.

Hope Williams had now overtaken Asher Ross by ten billion!

The tide had turned. Hope Williams turned to look at Waylon Lewis, her fingers pinching his hand gently, discovering the fine sheen of sweat that covered his palm.

Hope Williams’s smile stiffened slightly as she looked up at Waylon Lewis, a hint of guilt flickering in her eyes.

The gamble was dangerous—if she lost, she would lose herself entirely. Even though Waylon would stop at nothing to get her back, the ordeal of the game itself was no less torturous for him.

Waylon Lewis, sensing the shift in Hope Williams’s emotions, bent closer to meet her clear gaze. He asked gently, “What’s the matter?”

Hope Williams lowered her gaze slightly and shook her head. “Waylon, trust me. For you, I won’t lose myself.”

Waylon Lewis lightly pinched her pale cheek. “I trust you.”

Asher Ross grew more anxious, desperate to win back his losses immediately. He kept glancing in the direction Kya had left, then turned to whisper orders to one of his men.

The subordinate quickly departed.

In the next three rounds, Hope Williams won two and lost one.

Asher Ross ground his molars, his fists clenched tightly, no longer able to sit still in his chair.

Hope Williams, in contrast, appeared carefree, her eyes harboring hints of a cold smile.

“She won again?! Could she be cheating? How else could she keep winning against Master Ross? He’s usually unbeatable!”

“Unbeatable doesn’t mean never losing.” Hearing this, Hope Williams wasn’t pleased. “Actually, you might be right. Being unbeatable all this time—could it really just be luck? Or maybe some special weapon? I wonder if Master Ross is willing to share his secret with us.”

“What are you implying?”

Hope Williams chuckled lightly, “What I’m implying—Master Ross should know very well.”

“This game is all about luck. What secret weapon could there possibly be? Stop muddying the waters.”

“Really? Odd, then, how miserably you’ve been losing. When exactly did this streak begin? Oh, right—it seems it started right after Miss White left.”

Asher Ross’s face turned noticeably unpleasant. Hope Williams and Liam Cloud had deliberately orchestrated Kya’s departure. She must have discovered something.

“Hope Williams! What exactly are you trying to say?”

Hope Williams spread her hands. “You know very well what you use to secure your wins.”

“What do you mean?” Asher Ross could sense the insinuation. Already irate, her sarcastic tone pushed him over the edge; he slammed the table and shot to his feet.

“Are you accusing me of cheating? Fine, let’s stop and thoroughly search. Let’s see if either of us has been cheating!”

Even if he had truly relied on other methods to win, so what? They wouldn’t be able to find any evidence—Asher Ross wasn’t afraid.

“If you don’t want to play, then admit defeat. What’s with the theatrics?” Waylon Lewis’s cold glare was piercing.

Hope Williams smiled, glancing at her watch. “Master Ross, just kidding—no need for anger. Shall we continue?”

He had already lost one hundred and fifty billion! How could Asher Ross possibly let it go?

With so many people watching, backing down wasn’t an option.

The last few rounds had merely been her luck; he refused to believe her streak would last forever.

This next round—he was determined to win everything back.

Asher Ross steadied his trembling hand. “Of course, we’re continuing!”

Having lost one hundred and fifty billion coupled with the pressure of the crowd, there was no way he’d back off—Hope Williams wasn’t surprised in the least.

Just as the words left his mouth, Kya swiftly returned to Asher Ross's side.

Asher Ross's complexion visibly improved. "Kya, finally, you're back."

"Master Ross," Kya White remained enchanting as ever, clinging to his side as though she hadn't been absent. However, her gaze discreetly flicked toward Hope Williams and the others.

"Kya, what did they do to you?"

"Nothing at all. I just changed my clothes and came back to keep you company."

Asher Ross considered it—this was his domain, filled with his eyes and ears. There was no way they could harm Kya.

With that, he relaxed.

Hope Williams raised an eyebrow subtly, glancing at Liam Cloud, then at Kya White.

All was silent.

Asher Ross's gaze locked onto Hope Williams; his confidence surged, the provocation in his eyes nearly overflowing.

He was certain he would win.

There was no way Hope Williams wouldn't lose this round.

This time, he would recover all his losses in one go.

"Let's get started," he said, eager to see the look of defeat on their faces.

The croupier began shaking the dice cup, swiftly pressing it down onto the table.

Kya's gaze subtly shifted, her finger lightly tapping Asher Ross's back.

A glimmer flashed in Asher Ross's eyes—pride, confidence, and undeniable conviction of victory.

Asher Ross stood abruptly, both hands pressing onto the table. "Two hundred and fifty billion!"

Then, he forcefully pushed his hands forward.

Whoa!

He was so sure of victory that he dared bet this big.

"All triples! Master Ross has bet all triples!" Someone in the crowd yelled.

The venue erupted into exclamations.

Triples meant all three dice would show the same number.

Different bet types on dice games had different payout odds.

Betting on small or large had one-to-one odds.

Betting triples had one-to-twenty-four odds.

If Hope Williams lost, she'd have to pay twenty-four times the amount of her wager.

In other words, if Hope Williams bet two hundred billion and lost, she would owe four thousand eight hundred billion to Asher Ross!

The stakes that were already sky-high escalated to astronomical figures; if triples appeared, it would devastate her completely.

"This is insane. Absolutely insane!"

"If she loses, she'd be ruined—this is beyond belief!"

"Ruined isn't the word. She'd be utterly bankrupt!"

The venue buzzed with discussions and chatter.

Hope Williams paused, her gaze fixed on the dice cup, her expression growing solemn.

The crowd turned to her expectantly; all eyes were on her, eagerly waiting for her wager—win or lose would hinge entirely on her next decision.

Hope Williams's gaze flickered between the small and large sections of the field before finally settling on the dice total section.

If betting on total numbers, excluding three and eighteen, the payout odds for totals between four and seventeen would be different.

Under everyone's watchful eyes, Hope Williams abandoned betting on small or large, ultimately betting on the total of seventeen!

"Three hundred billion. I've made my bet," Hope Williams said casually.

Wyatt Lewis and Joseph Sanders felt their knees go weak; they were so frightened they nearly fainted.

Everyone knew that betting on a specific total had an immensely small chance of winning.

She was playing with reckless abandon.

The venue buzzed with murmurs once again.

Already assured of victory, Asher Ross glanced at Hope Williams's chosen number and sneered twice.

No matter what she bet on, she was destined to lose.

Three hundred billion at a twenty-four times payout? Perfect—he'd hit the jackpot!

"Waylon Lewis, get ready to pay for your squanderer of a woman," he mocked.

The table was covered with an array of chips, and buzz of conversations filled the venue as all eyes turned toward the dice cup, the object that would decide multiple fates.

Joseph Sanders and Wyatt Lewis couldn't stop trembling.

Three hundred billion multiplied by twenty-four—seven thousand two hundred billion!

A loss would mean going broke and left in shambles.

Wyatt Lewis swallowed nervously, glancing at his brother, then at Liam Cloud, and finally at Hope Williams.

Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud's faces showed traces of unease, but Hope Williams...

Wyatt Lewis's lips twitched. His own heart was about to leap out of his chest, yet his sister-in-law's face looked casual, as though she were merely gambling one or two dollars for fun.

"Reveal!"

The croupier, hands trembling, grasped the cover tightly, gulping nervously.

All eyes were on the dice cup, and a heavy silence permeated the venue....

Asher Ross spread his arms wide, a grin stretching all the way to the back of his head as he began celebrating prematurely. "You've lost."

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 616: 616: Bankruptcy - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 616: 616: Bankruptcy

Chapter 616: Chapter 616: Bankruptcy

Hope Williams raised a brow at Asher Ross, “Oh, really?”

The dice cup was lifted...

One second, ten seconds, twenty seconds...

“Ahhhhh... What is that?”

“Oh my god!”

“Am I seeing this right?”

“Five, six, six—seventeen! Oh my god! Hope, you won!”

“Hope, you’re amazing! You actually won!”

“This is impossible!” Asher Ross’s triumphant smile froze instantly. He slammed his hands on the table, staring at the three dice, his eyes nearly popping out of their sockets.

Five, six, six—just one point short of Asher’s bet on a Perfect Trio. Yet, the outcome of the game was crystal-clear.

The dice totaled seventeen points, with odds of fifty to one.

In other words, Asher’s twenty-five billion had to be multiplied by fifty and paid to Hope Williams.

Twenty-five billion times fifty...

An astronomical figure...

Hope rested her chin in her hand, smiling brightly as she looked at Asher Ross’s face transform from smugness to sheer terror. “Asher, you’ve lost!”

“This is impossible. This is impossible! How could this happen? How could this happen!” Asher’s eyes locked fiercely onto Kya White.

Kya, frightened by his furious gaze, stepped back repeatedly, shaking her head vehemently. “Master Ross, I don’t know, I don’t know...”

“This is impossible! Let’s go again. This round doesn’t count. You must have cheated! Someone, arrest them!” Asher’s eyes were blood-red.

Kya had never made a mistake in all the time she'd been by his side.

How could she have failed this crucial round?

What exactly went wrong?

Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud immediately stepped up to protect Hope, shielding her from harm.

"Doesn't count? So, you're trying to welch on the bet, huh? Everyone saw it. Let's hear the verdict—Master Ross, playing with a little woman like me and trying to renege after losing! How absurd!" Hope's cold voice deliberately rose, cutting through the tension.

"I..."

The onlookers began pointing fingers and murmuring among themselves. Their judging gazes were like knives stabbing into Asher Ross, making his entire body tremble.

Twenty-five billion multiplied by fifty!

Even selling all his assets wouldn't be enough to cover such a sum!

"Master Ross can't back out of this, can he?"

"Master Ross, everyone's watching! Reneging on a bet wouldn't look good."

"You're a casino owner, for heaven's sake. Don't ruin your own business rules."

The murmurs grew louder and louder.

With everyone watching, Asher had no way out.

Furious and desperate, Asher gritted his teeth. "Someone, take them down!"

But no one responded to him.

Asher turned around to find that the men he'd arranged earlier had all disappeared.

Instead, the place was now entirely filled with Liam Cloud's people.

Asher stared at Liam in horror. Liam raised a brow and curled his lips into a cold smile.

"Liam Cloud, you..."

Liam smirked, "What about me?"

In an hour's time, if Liam hadn't replaced his men, was he supposed to wait for Asher to catch on?

"Asher, are you still trying to back out now?" With the upper hand clearly hers, Hope's exquisite face showed a faint smile. "Didn't you just suggest I should stay behind as your maid? Well, do you still want me to be your maid now?"

Asher gritted his teeth so hard his molars could've cracked. "You all teamed up to play me!"

"And who was it that came looking for trouble? Have you got the nerve to blame us?"

Hope hadn't provoked anyone and was merely trying to take Paisley Ginger home to set him straight.

But Asher insistently caused trouble, and now he was blaming them for playing him?

Hope chuckled coldly, "Losing and flying into a rage—Asher Ross, are you even a man? A real man admits when he's lost. Pay up, or else..."

Liam's men immediately surrounded Asher.

Asher knew there was no way to back out of this now. He clenched his teeth and said, "Fine, I'll pay! But this kind of money—I can't come up with it all now. Even handing you the casino won't be enough."

Hope blinked and teased, "Then give me the casino, and we'll calculate the rest. Just write me an IOU for what you still owe."

Asher painfully swallowed his pride.

"As for the remainder, you'll need to set a deadline. I'll generously give you one month—plenty of time, isn't it?"

Asher's molars nearly cracked in frustration. One month?! Plenty of time?

Should he rob someone, steal, or sell himself?

In front of everyone, Asher reluctantly wrote the IOU. Hope even forced him to read it out loud.

"Hope Williams, don't go too far."

"How am I going too far? Weren't you just forcing me to be your maid? I didn't say you were over the line." Hope's tone was light, her smile carefree. "Besides, I'm doing you a

favor, Master Ross—helping you build your reputation. From now on, no one in this circle will compare to Master Ross for being the most ‘gracious loser’ of all.”

Asher glared at Hope, wishing to tear her apart.

This abominable woman was doing it all on purpose.

She had deliberately agreed to his bet to trap him.

Now, with everyone watching, there was no escape; he had to comply!

Glaring at Liam, his eyes flickered with an idea. Turning back to face the slyly smiling Hope, he thought—

She must’ve been pretending all along!

Ha!

He should’ve realized earlier—Hope was cunning. After all, she had been by Liam’s side for five years; the two were birds of a feather. How could she be clueless and act recklessly?

She must have mastered the nuances of these games long ago—this had all been a setup from the start.

“You’re a fraud. This isn’t your first time at a casino!”

Hope shrugged nonchalantly. “Well, it’s my first time at *your* casino. Where’s the fraud?”

Asher: “...”

In the end, under immense pressure, Asher read the IOU aloud. Hope, not satisfied with his low volume, even brought out a megaphone to ensure everyone could hear clearly!

Inside, Asher cursed Hope a million times over!

After wrapping everything up, Hope turned to Paisley Ginger, who stood off to the side in a daze. She waved at him.

Paisley, still in a state of shock, felt relieved. Fortunately, Asher’s interruption had saved him; otherwise, he might’ve been the one risking it all and losing everything.

“Young Master Ginger?” Hope frowned slightly.

“Huh?”

Hope said, “Do you still want to keep playing with me?”

Paisley hurriedly waved his hands back and forth. “No, no, no, no, no—no way. I give up, I give up. You win, sis.”

Hope: “Don’t call me sis.”

“Then what should I call you? Since I lost, I’ll listen to you from now on. You’re my big sister now.” In Paisley’s eyes was pure admiration. “Sis, how do you manage to win every time?”

Dice is mostly about luck, but there are certainly ways to manipulate it—like Kya White, who could discern dice rolls by sound. Everyone had their own means of winning.

But the truth is, Hope only knew how to play this one game. In other games, she wouldn’t stand a chance against Asher.

“Oh? Do you want to learn?”

“Yes!”

“Then keep dreaming.”

“...”

“I’m heading back to City A tomorrow. Come with me, and promise me you’ll never gamble again. That’s the only thing I want you to listen to.”

Chapter 617: Chapter 617: Direct Seduction

Paisley Ginger froze for a moment before quickly reacting, “You wouldn’t be sent by my dad, would you?”

“Not quite, it’s just a transaction.”

Paisley retorted, “Damn, so it really has something to do with that old geezer. So was I your target from the start?”

Hope Williams tilted her head and looked at him, “Not completely dumb. So now you only have one choice: quit gambling and come back with me.”

Paisley hesitated for a moment, his eyes flickering before he turned to run.

“Stone!”

Stone grabbed the back of Paisley’s collar and dragged him back in front of Hope.

Paisley gave Hope a sheepish smile.

"I came all the way from City A to this casino to catch you. You lost to me, and according to the bet, you have to obey me. Do you really think you can escape?" Hope said coldly.

Paisley's lips tugged into a pout, "If I'd known you were in cahoots with that old geezer, I wouldn't have played with you."

"..."

"Sis, just let me go!"

"Sure."

"Re-really?" Paisley thought the woman's smile was sinister, clearly a trap.

"Wasn't there still half an hour left? Let's continue. If you win, you can do as you please!"

Paisley's face fell again, muttering under his breath, "Isn't that me overestimating myself?"

"Scared?" Hope responded coldly. "Then stop talking and accept your loss."

Paisley kept hesitating.

Hope grew impatient and glanced toward Waylon Lewis, whose face was terribly dark. She shuddered slightly.

No doubt about it, Waylon was still angry!

He had held back earlier out of respect for her, but now that things were over, he would surely settle scores with her.

Hope got up and wrapped her arms around Waylon's arm, her beautiful eyes blinking softly, her expression softened.

Waylon's face still held anger as he pulled his arm back. "Settle this and come outside. I'll be waiting."

"Hey..."

Hope bit her lip, watching Waylon's figure retreat, her gaze dropping slightly.

“Sister-in-law, you really went too far this time. My brother cares about you the most and never tolerates any mistakes from you. Putting yourself up as the wager, you’ve crossed his bottom line. He’s truly angry this time! He doesn’t even want to deal with you anymore.”

In the past, no matter how angry Waylon got, he would never ignore Hope.

At most, he’d sulk but would still stay by her side.

But this time...

Hope massaged her forehead. Of course, she understood.

If the roles were reversed and Waylon gambled himself as a wager with another woman, Hope would be upset and furious too.

Your most beloved person cannot make even the slightest mistake.

Wyatt Lewis shot a disdainful glance at Paisley. “Kid, if not for your gamble, my brother wouldn’t be so mad. And you even tried to run just now.”

“With a beauty in front of me and nothing else I want, of course I’d go for the beauty.”

“You!” Wyatt threw a fist at him.

Paisley quickly shrank his neck. “Wait, wait! But I know I was wrong. From now on, I admire Sis, only admire her! I’ll go with you guys, I’ll stop gambling, I’m done!”

Paisley realized that if Asher Ross hadn’t barged in earlier, tonight’s disaster would’ve likely fallen on him; just thinking about the gamble sent shivers down his spine.

“Now that’s better.”

The group left the casino. Hope kept looking around for Waylon’s figure until she saw him leaning silently against the car, smoking.

Wyatt clicked his tongue twice. “Sister-in-law, how did you guess so accurately at the end?”

Hope raised her eyebrow, “Because of Kya White.”

“Kya White? That woman beside Asher Ross?”

“Yes, she can count cards.”

Wyatt looked shocked. “No wonder Asher lost so terribly at first, but after she came back, he immediately bet 2.5 billion in one go. He was sure he’d win! How did you win then? She can count cards, so did she read it wrong at the last round? Did she give the wrong numbers to Asher?”

Hope shook her head. “No, she didn’t read it wrong. Watch.”

Hope tilted her chin slightly, and almost immediately, they saw a slim figure rush out of the casino.

It was Kya White.

Kya jogged over to Liam Cloud with watery eyes full of expectation. “Master Cloud, you promised you’d help me leave Asher Ross.”

“What’s this?” Wyatt sneered. “Has she turned against him?”

Hope curled her lips. “Liam Cloud had someone take Kya away. If she hadn’t turned against him, how could she have gone back to Asher before the game was over?”

“Brilliant!”

...

Taking advantage of Liam talking to someone, Hope pulled Wesley Ruiz aside.

“Sister Hope, what’s the matter?”

Hope quickly slipped a card into Wesley’s hand.

“Sister Hope? What’s this for?”

“The money I just won from Asher. He caused major losses to Liam Cloud’s businesses. Use this to cover the damages.”

“It’s not really that severe. And if Big Boss finds out I took your money, he’ll surely be angry.”

“Oh, come on, just don’t let him find out for now. Keep it, or I’ll feel guilty for life.”

“Guilty about what?”

“If it weren’t for me, Liam wouldn’t have taken a hit from Asher.”

If not for her, Liam wouldn’t even be in Emperor Capital, and Asher wouldn’t dare act recklessly.

She already owed Liam so much; after all, he'd saved her countless times. She couldn't let him suffer losses again.

"But this is too much; the damage wasn't even close to this figure."

"You said there were injured brothers in the organization, didn't you? Use the extra to buy them health supplements, or get their families some gifts. Say it's from Liam, not me."

"But—"

"No buts. I'm not arguing with you anymore. Please tell Liam that I've left and have someone to pacify. Bye-bye-bye."

Hope shoved the card into Wesley's pocket, giving him no chance to reject, and hurried away.

Waylon saw her approach, lifted his head slightly, extinguished his cigarette, and opened the car door with a cold expression.

"Waylon?"

"Get in."

Even from a distance, Hope could feel the tense and heavy aura around Waylon.

He had every right to be angry. She gambled with Paisley, using herself as the stake; she bet with Asher, also wagering herself. The final gamble was too intense—she hadn't been confident in the outcome. Had she truly lost, she wouldn't know how to face the consequences.

Hope pressed her lips together, unsure of what to say, and silently got into the car.

On the way to the hotel, Hope kept thinking about how to appease Waylon.

Running out of ideas, she decided to ask Wyatt for advice via text. Thankfully, Wyatt replied almost immediately.

Wyatt: "Sister-in-law, you asked the right person. What do you think my brother likes most?"

Hope thought for a moment and typed back: "Me!"

Wyatt: "Exactly. Use your strengths wisely!"

Hope sent back a question mark.

Wyatt: "Seduce him directly!"

"Cling to my brother the moment you approach him. If he pushes you away, hold him tight. If he scolds you, silence him with a kiss! Though, he probably won't even scold you!"

Hope's face flushed red with embarrassment. What kind of ridiculous strategies were these?

Waylon, already in a foul mood, had been waiting for Hope to talk to him. But seeing her staring at her phone, his expression darkened even further.

Waylon leaned back in his seat, closed his eyes, and stewed in his anger.

Hope hesitated again: "What if he doesn't talk to me or even acknowledge me?"

Wyatt replied: "Try first and see if he does or doesn't."

Chapter 618: Chapter 618: Indulging in Favoritism Unrestrainedly

Hope Williams raised her gaze slightly, glancing at Waylon Lewis sitting beside her, motionless with his eyes closed, though he likely wasn't asleep.

How could he possibly sleep while being this furious?

Hope steeled herself and leaned closer. "Waylon Lewis?"

Waylon's brows twitched slightly, but his eyelids remained shut.

"Waylon Lewis, which hotel did we book?"

Hope's tone was gentle as she leaned in closer to Waylon.

Waylon turned his head to face the window, leaving only his impeccably handsome profile visible to Hope.

Hope tugged at the corners of her lips and moved closer to him again.

Waylon didn't budge.

Hope leaned in yet again, and Waylon shifted slightly further away, still ignoring her.

Hope pressed her lips together tightly, completely at a loss.

Hope: "He's seriously ignoring me! What should I do?"

After a brief pause, Wyatt Lewis was likely mulling something over, and then he sent a voice message.

Hope instinctively tapped to play it. Wyatt said, “Just go for it, forcefully pin him down on the bed. There’s no problem a roll in the sheets can’t solve...”

The volume was maxed out, and Hope’s body stiffened as she frantically pressed mute.

Other than her and Waylon, Thomas Hughes was also in the car, driving.

Just as the cabin fell eerily silent, Hope felt the icy glare from beside her boring straight into her.

Her heart skipped a beat—a dread so intense she wished she could leap right out of the car.

Hope tossed her phone aside. “I—This—That—I...”

God, what on earth could she even say right now...

Waylon’s deep eyes stayed fixed on her.

As Hope’s mind went blank, unable to come up with a solution, Wyatt’s earlier words replayed like a mantra in her head: “Just go for it, just go for it, just go for it...”

And then, as if compelled by divine intervention, Hope suddenly lunged forward, wrapping her arms around Waylon’s neck, her soft lips pressing against his.

Her heart pounded like a drum as she awkwardly moved, cautious and placating.

Waylon let her kiss him without reciprocating or pushing her away.

With her face flushed crimson, Hope stared intently into his deep, dark eyes, hoping to decipher some traces of emotion.

“Waylon Lewis, why have you turned into a block of wood? Can’t you talk to me, please?”

Waylon’s hands, which had been resting at his sides, clenched tightly as he struggled to maintain restraint.

Hope leaned in and bit his lip lightly.

At this moment, Waylon exuded an intimidating aura, but when Hope noticed he remained unmoved, she gritted her teeth and decided to go all-in. She raised the divider

in the car, climbed onto Waylon's lap, wrapped her arms around his neck, and kissed him again. All the suppressed emotions from the casino seemed to pour out in that kiss.

Just when Hope thought Waylon would continue to remain indifferent, the man's large hand suddenly held her waist, while his other hand cupped the back of her head, responding to her kiss.

The kiss lingered for a long while...

It wasn't until Hope surrendered that Waylon finally let her go. She lowered her forehead to rest against his, her soft voice accompanied by faint, panting breaths.

"Waylon Lewis, I'm truly... sorry. But in that situation, I couldn't refuse. Otherwise, we wouldn't have gotten out of the casino, and I couldn't possibly abandon Liam Cloud. Please don't stay mad at me, okay? When you ignore me, I get really scared!"

Waylon pressed his lips together tightly. He could hear the unease and cautiousness in Hope's voice, and the rage on his face had subsided a little.

Still, he couldn't forgive her that easily—things had gone too far.

If he hadn't been there today, he'd have no idea she could pull off something so audacious.

"Get off. Stay away from me."

"You just kissed me. Are you really going to pretend it didn't happen?"

"..."

Waylon exhaled heavily. "Did you ever think about what would happen if you lost?"

Hope nodded seriously, "I did think about it."

She had thought about it and understood the consequences—but she still acted. Waylon pressed his lips together tightly... She really was something.

"There definitely won't be a next time. I swear." Hope looked at Waylon earnestly, her eyes bright with sincerity.

"Don't stay mad, please? If you're still angry, just hit me." Hope surrendered, spreading her hands and bowing her head, her attitude remarkably good.

Waylon's deep black eyes held a trace of helplessness.

How could he bear to lay a hand on her?

Hope also knew he wouldn't hit or scold her. On many occasions, she relied on his indulgence to behave recklessly.

In the end, Waylon compromised and raised his hand, pressing hers down and holding it tightly in his palm.

"No next time."

"Absolutely not." Hope made a swearing gesture, repeatedly promising.

Waylon looked at her, this little figure admitting her mistakes with such a good attitude—what else could he say? He had never had any real way of dealing with her.

...

Meanwhile, at the Williams Family residence in A City.

Ted Williams frowned deeply as Blade River reported to him, "Hope Williams flew to Country Y?"

"Yes, this afternoon's flight. She's still in Country Y now."

Behind his gold-rimmed glasses, Ted's slender, grim eyes narrowed. "Why did she go to Country Y? What's her goal this time?"

"It's already been investigated. This time it apparently has nothing to do with us. She went to a casino and entered a five-million-dollar wager with the casino owner, Asher Ross. Reportedly, Asher was played to the point of bankruptcy, and Hope became famous overnight. She did all this to stand up for Liam Cloud. A month ago, Asher maliciously sabotaged several of Liam's industries while Liam was away. Liam and Asher have been bitter enemies for a long time now."

Ted rubbed his chin, his brows furrowing in thought. "That's all she did?"

"For now, that's all that's been revealed. Asher's casino even shut down because of her."

Due to the shock of the gambling duel between Hope and Asher, Paisley Ginger's matter was much less noticeable, treated as a minor footnote that nobody paid attention to.

"She really does have impressive skills."

Ted stood up, pacing back and forth on the marble floor.

After a long time, he still felt that things weren't that straightforward. "Continue sending people to investigate over there. Given Liam Cloud's personality, he wouldn't share his grievances with Hope. Which means she likely wouldn't have known about the grudge between Liam and Asher before going."

"Are you suggesting her original purpose for going to Country Y wasn't specifically to teach Asher a lesson on Liam's behalf?"

Ted paused, a cold sneer flickering across his face as he gazed at Blade River. "Flying across borders just to settle Liam's score with Asher? Think about how absurd that sounds. Liam would never let a woman go overseas to handle his business for him."

"Asher was likely an unexpected detour in her other objectives. I remember Axel Ginger's son, Paisley Ginger, has a gambling problem. If Hope wants Axel Ginger's shares, she'll undoubtedly target his weak spot—which is his useless son. Go investigate whether Hope had contact with Paisley Ginger. Also, station people at the Ginger Family and the airport. The moment Hope returns to the country, report to me immediately."

Chapter 619: Chapter 619: Going to the Ginger Family

The next morning, Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams were having breakfast when Wyatt Lewis and Joseph Sanders walked over. "Brother, sister-in-law," Wyatt said.

Waylon's expression remained indifferent as he let out a dull "mm."

Wyatt glanced at Waylon, then shifted his gaze to Hope, his meaningful look carrying a question.

Hope glared back fiercely. If it weren't for this guy's voice message, she wouldn't have suffered through Waylon's "punishment" all night.

After returning last night, Waylon had pinned her to the bed before she could react. With a face full of confusion, Hope heard him say, "Didn't you want to force yourself on me?"

Hope stabbed her fork aggressively into the sandwich in front of her. Seeing her sulking expression, Wyatt couldn't hold back and lowered his head, his shoulders shaking with laughter.

Waylon pressed his lips together, pushing the food Hope liked towards her. He shot Wyatt a glance, prompting him to quickly bury his head and focus on eating.

Hope concentrated on eating.

"Brother, are you heading back today?" Wyatt asked.

“Or do you plan on staying here longer?” Waylon replied bluntly.

Wyatt tugged at the corner of his lips. “I mean, are you going back to Emperor Capital?”

Hope, who had been quietly eating, suddenly raised her head and looked at Waylon. “Have you finished handling the matters in Emperor Capital? Are you really busy? Mom hasn’t called me lately.”

Since Hope was pregnant and staying away from home, Alitzel Williams had always been overly concerned, usually calling one or two times a day to give various reminders. However, in the last two days, she hadn’t called even once.

Waylon paused briefly, then returned to his usual demeanor the very next second.

Wyatt’s handsome face darkened as well, but to avoid revealing anything, he lowered his head and ate quietly.

Waylon picked out food for Hope and placed it in her bowl. His tone was flat as he said, “Things have been dealt with, but there’s a lot happening at the company right now, so I can’t stay with you in A City for the time being.”

Hope’s eyelashes trembled slightly, but her expression remained calm as she responded with a soft “mm.”

“Mom might be really busy lately and simply forgot to call you.”

Hope nodded. “Alright, I’ll call her later, then.”

Wyatt’s body stiffened, and upon hearing this, he accidentally choked and coughed repeatedly.

Joseph patted Wyatt’s back and quipped, “What’s the rush? You’re eating like you’ve been starved in the afterlife.”

Hope cast a cool glance at Wyatt.

The tension in Wyatt’s face deepened ever so slightly.

“Mm, hurry up and eat. The flight’s at 8 o’clock, and time’s a bit tight.” Waylon’s face remained impassive as his tone carried not the slightest ripple.

Wyatt glanced at his watch. “Yeah, it’s already past seven. Sister-in-law, you should eat faster.”

Hope tucked away her suspicions and nodded. “Alright.”

After finishing breakfast, everyone headed to the airport. As Waylon was returning to Emperor Capital, he arranged for Wyatt to accompany Hope to A City.

Before boarding the plane, Hope tried calling Alitzel Williams, but the line was busy. After two failed attempts, she still couldn't get through.

Just as Hope began to feel suspicious, Old Master Lewis called her. "Little Hope, is everything going smoothly in A City?"

"Grandfather, I'm sorry. I've been so busy lately and haven't had the time to call you. Everything's been going well," Hope said.

"That's good to hear."

"Grandfather, where's Mom? I tried calling her, but I couldn't get through."

Old Master Lewis hesitated for a second before responding in a calm voice, "She might be busy and didn't have her phone with her. Is there something you need from her?"

Reassured by his tone, Hope relaxed a little. "It's nothing important."

After chatting with Old Master Lewis for a while, the airport announced the boarding call. Hope said, "Grandfather, I have to board the plane now. I'll let you know once I safely land."

"Alright. Be extra careful in A City since Waylon won't be by your side."

"I will, Grandfather."

...

At 11 a.m., Hope's plane touched down in A City. Paisley Ginger, who had taken an earlier flight, was supposed to wait for her at the airport but had disappeared.

Meanwhile, Ted Williams had already received word of Hope's return.

Blade River reported to him, "Hope had some interactions with Paisley Ginger at the casino."

Ted squinted his dark eyes. "I knew she didn't go to Y Country for something that simple."

Standing up, Ted adjusted his impeccably tailored suit. "Let's go. To the Ginger Residence."

Hope sought to gather shares; Ted would ensure she had not the slightest chance to succeed.

Back in A City, no sooner had Hope stepped into her car than her informants, who were covertly monitoring Ted, reported that he had gone to the Ginger Residence.

“That scoundrel’s trying to snatch it, huh?” Wyatt’s strikingly handsome face grew uncharacteristically serious. “Sister-in-law, do you think the Ginger family would sell the shares to Ted Williams?”

Hope raised an eyebrow. “Axel Ginger is a man of integrity. Since he agreed, he’s unlikely to go back on his word.”

Taking a deep breath, Hope said, “Let’s head to the Ginger Residence.”

The Ginger Residence.

Axel Ginger was seated at the head of the table. Ted was in a nearby chair, his eyes closed, his expression cold and somber.

The two had been at an impasse for over ten minutes.

In front of Axel lay a share transfer agreement, but it had yet to be signed.

Axel’s face showed his evident displeasure. “President Williams, I’ve already told you: I’m not selling these shares for now.”

Ted slowly opened his eyes, the coldness in them flashing briefly. “Why? What’s made Chairman Ginger so resolute? Or perhaps you already promised Hope something?”

His tone was calm, yet it brimmed with interrogation.

This kind of tone was deeply irritating.

Axel frowned slightly, his gaze revealing his annoyance at Ted’s relentless pressure and aggressive attitude.

“President Williams,” Axel said with a sharp edge in his voice, “these shares are in my hands. Let’s be clear: whoever I choose to hand them to is none of your concern.”

Ted let out a faint, cold laugh. “But you previously assured me you wouldn’t give the shares to Hope!”

“Assured you? President Williams, you’re giving yourself far too much credit. Just because you mentioned it doesn’t mean I’ve promised you anything.”

Ted's frigid gaze shifted momentarily, giving Axel a once-over before laughing lightly, his tone crisp and mocking. "You're waiting for Hope to convince your son to return, aren't you?"

Saying this, he glanced at his watch. "Chairman Ginger, do you truly believe she can bring Young Master Ginger back?"

Axel couldn't help but knit his brows.

"Chairman Ginger, is this your first time dealing with Hope? How can you trust her so readily? What if she's just deceiving you? Isn't it laughable that she's thrown our otherwise cooperative relationship into disarray?"

Axel's gaze fixed on Ted, doubt creeping into his eyes.

Ted's lips curved slightly. "She's always been antagonistic towards me, not to mention exceedingly crafty. Chairman Ginger, don't be foolishly waiting in vain, only to find yourself betrayed in the end. The Ginger Clan and the Williams Clan have worked together for years. You know what kind of person I am. If you sell the shares to me, our clans can continue collaborating harmoniously in the future."

Hearing Ted's words, Axel's brows furrowed slightly.

"Ted Williams, do you not find it disgusting to denigrate others while elevating yourself?"

Chapter 620: Chapter 620: The Person Has Disappeared

A clear voice echoed as the butler led Hope Williams inside.

Ted Williams saw Hope, his brow furrowing sharply, but upon noticing she had come alone, he sneered coldly.

"Didn't you promise Chairman Ginger to bring Young Master Ginger back? So where is he now?"

Hope shot him a cold glance. "He'll arrive shortly."

Axel Ginger's previously somber expression brightened instantly. "You really brought that ungrateful son back?"

Hope nodded. "Since I promised Chairman Ginger, I naturally wouldn't go back on my word."

Hope glanced slowly toward the table. When she caught sight of the equity transfer agreement, her well-defined brows arched slightly. "What's this, Chairman Ginger?"

Axel Ginger quickly pushed it aside. "I haven't signed it."

Hope smiled faintly. "I understand Chairman Ginger is a man of his word."

Ted's lips twitched harshly, his gaze fixed on Hope. "Since you've brought him back, why haven't we seen him yet?"

Hope gave Ted a sidelong glance. "Can't you understand human speech? He'll arrive shortly."

Ted's expression turned ambiguous. He leaned lazily back into his chair, his gaze dark and lingering. "Then let's wait. How long will it take?"

"About fifteen minutes."

Paisley Ginger had taken an earlier flight than Hope and should've already arrived in City A. By all accounts, he should be here by now.

She'd just called him, but there was no answer, so she had directly sent Wyatt Lewis to find him.

Ted glanced at his phone, his eyes brimming with smug amusement. "Alright, fifteen minutes. I hope we'll actually see Young Master Ginger then."

Hope narrowed her eyes at Ted, sensing hidden implications in his words.

Axel Ginger also seemed doubtful. He knew his son all too well. He hadn't been able to bring him back despite beating and berating him, so how had Hope managed to persuade the rebellious boy?

"Miss Williams? Did you really convince that ungrateful son to come back?" Axel asked repeatedly, clearly skeptical.

Hope nodded. "Chairman Ginger, if I hadn't, why would I be sitting here now?"

"Alright, alright. Then I can rest easy."

Axel Ginger's face lit up with some anticipation, his hands rubbing at his knees like an eager father awaiting his son's return.

Seeing this, Ted interrupted mockingly, "Chairman Ginger, we haven't seen him yet, so don't get your hopes up too much. What if it all turns out to be wishful thinking?"

The more Hope looked at Ted, the more suspicious he seemed. He was completely relaxed, showing not an ounce of urgency.

Hope clutched her phone tightly, monitoring her messages and the clock.

As minutes ticked by, Ted's grin deepened.

Axel Ginger also kept checking the time, occasionally questioning Hope.

Hope said, "Chairman Ginger, why don't you call Paisley Ginger and ask him yourself?"

Axel Ginger snapped to attention and quickly pulled out his phone to call Paisley.

But when Axel, full of expectations, picked up the phone and then put it down in disappointment, it was clear the call hadn't gone through.

"His phone is off!"

Hope's brows furrowed tightly.

Ted chuckled. "I warned you not to get your hopes up. Time's already up—so where's the man you promised? He's not even answering his calls. Seems like he's never coming after all."

Hope's icy gaze fell on Ted. "Did you do something again?"

"Hope, if you want to accuse me, get some proof first. I'm sitting right here—what could I possibly have done? You failed to deliver, so stop shifting the blame onto me." Ted smirked coldly, turning to Axel Ginger. "Now do you believe me?"

Axel Ginger cast a doubtful look at Hope. "Miss Williams, where's my son?"

"Chairman Ginger, please trust me. If I hadn't convinced him, you wouldn't give me the shares anyway, so why would I waste my time coming here? Do you think I came just to deceive you?"

What Hope said made sense, and Axel nodded.

"Then we'll wait another half hour," Axel decided.

"Fine. But if we still don't see him in half an hour, Hope, you'll have nothing else to say, will you?" Ted smiled sinisterly at Hope.

At this point, Hope was even more convinced Ted was up to no good.

Hope called Wyatt, and the call connected, but no one answered.

Ted glanced at Hope, his eyes brimming with triumph.

Axel Ginger stood up, pacing back and forth with his hands behind his back, occasionally glancing at the door, his face full of impatience.

Ted leisurely sipped his tea, unruffled as if everything were playing out according to his plan.

Half an hour passed in the blink of an eye.

Ted spread his hands. "Hope, where's the person you promised?"

Hope pursed her lips, suppressing her unease as she gazed at him coldly.

"Yes, where is this 'person'?"

Ted chuckled softly. "How would I know?"

Axel Ginger's eyes lingered between the two, clearly growing impatient and slightly angry. "I should've known that ungrateful son wouldn't come back."

Hope wanted to speak, but Axel waved her off. "Miss Williams, don't. Maybe you really did convince him, but perhaps he ran off. Either way, you promised me you'd make him mend his ways and quit gambling."

Axel sighed deeply. "Clearly, you didn't deliver."

Disappointment filled Axel's eyes.

Ted seized the opportunity, provoking further. "Now, Chairman Ginger, will you sell the shares to me instead?"

Axel snorted heavily, waving his hand in frustration. "Miss Williams, please leave."

Axel's face darkened with anger as he unceremoniously began to dismiss her.

The butler stepped forward and gestured for Hope to exit.

Ted's grin spread wider, practically oozing triumph as he stared at Hope with silent mockery: "You've lost!"

"What did you do to Paisley Ginger?" Hope stared daggers at Ted.

"What do you mean?"

"You know exactly what I mean. Where is he?"

"Don't make baseless accusations. What could I have possibly done?"

Axel paused, casting a suspicious glance at Ted. "What's going on here?"

"Chairman Ginger, she's blaming me for her own failure. She couldn't deliver on her promise, so now she's accusing me of sabotage." Ted shook his head in mock helplessness. "How laughable."

Axel furrowed his brows, his irritation evident. "Enough. Leave now. I don't want to hear anything more. Old Johnson, show her out."

The butler stepped forward again. "Miss Williams, if you don't leave now, I'll have to call for security."

Ted's triumphant smile widened as he approached Hope. "Still not leaving yet?"

"Don't touch my sister-in-law!" A figure stormed in and shoved Ted without hesitation.

Ted stumbled back two steps.

Seeing Wyatt Lewis, Hope's tense heart finally eased slightly.

"Wyatt, you? What happened?"

Wyatt's clothes were disheveled, his forehead damp with sweat, and there was even a wound at the corner of his temple.

Wyatt's face was grim as he glared at Ted and said, "We got into a car accident on the way—our car nearly went off the bridge."

Hope's heart sank as she looked at Ted, realizing that he had gone to such lengths to stop her from securing the shares.

This man was terrifying!

Hope's eyes trembled slightly, her palms cold with sweat as she urgently asked, "And Paisley Ginger?"

Wyatt pressed his lips together. "Paisley, he..."

Hope's breathing hitched.

"I'm here."