

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

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Chapter 621: Chapter 621: Utterly Without Principles

"I'm here."

A tall, upright figure appeared at the doorway.

Hope Williams froze for a moment and then turned her gaze to the door.

Paisley Ginger walked in hurriedly, limping slightly.

"Paisley!" Axel Ginger's eyes widened, his previously angry expression instantly transformed into one of excitement as he looked at his son intensely and strode over.

Hope Williams lightly tugged at the corner of her mouth. Seeing that both of them were fine, she finally felt relieved.

"Dad."

Axel Ginger gave Paisley Ginger a strong hug, and just as Paisley felt the warmth of his father's embrace, Axel suddenly raised his hand and slapped Paisley's backside.

"You ungrateful brat, you know to come back now, huh? Wasting every day outside and neglecting your duties. Are you trying to drive me to my grave? Watch how I teach you a lesson today! Old Johnson, go fetch the family discipline tools!" Axel's fury flared instantly.

Paisley's tall figure stiffened for a moment. Twenty-two years old, yet getting spanked by his old man in public—what even was this feeling?

Paisley limped his injured leg and quickly ducked behind Hope Williams. "Dad, I came back, didn't I? And I'm injured! Sis, take a look! I told you I should hide far away. This old man can't see me without wanting to beat me."

Upon hearing that Paisley was injured, Axel Ginger's rage from a second ago collapsed instantly. His face was now full of urgency as he pulled Paisley in front of him, "Where are you hurt? Let me take a look."

Hope Williams tugged lightly at the corner of her mouth. She couldn't help but marvel at how Chairman Ginger managed to cycle through three distinct emotions in one minute.

Excitement upon seeing him, anger upon realizing the situation, and then worry upon learning of his injury.

Hope smiled—it was clear how much Axel loved this son of his.

Paisley, seeing Axel about to inspect him, quickly waved his hand, “Dad, Dad, Dad! Hey, hey! Oh, alright! It's just a scrape on my knee, no big deal, a little medicine will do.”

Axel Ginger's mind flashed back to Hope's earlier words, and he looked up, asking, “What exactly is going on here? How did things get to this point?”

At the mention of this, Paisley's eyes grew cold. “Young Master Lewis came to pick me up, everything was fine on the way. Then, suddenly, a car rushed straight at us. Thankfully, Young Master Lewis reacted quickly and pulled me out of the car in time. Otherwise, I wouldn't have made it out alive today.”

Wyatt Lewis's tone was chilling as he shot a cold glance at Ted Williams, clearly targeting Axel Ginger deliberately. “If it weren't for my wife being extra cautious and telling me to pick this brat up, he would have died on the way.”

Axel Ginger furrowed his brow. “Was it an accident or something intentional?”

Wyatt Lewis sneered, “Chairman Ginger, haven't you figured it out yet? It looks like just an accident, but how could there be so many coincidences? Of all the cars, why this one crashing into ours? Ha, and now that Paisley's back, you're about to transfer the shares to my wife—think carefully about who wouldn't want your son to make it back. I shouldn't need to spell it out.”

With that, everyone's gaze unanimously turned to Ted Williams.

Hope Williams frowned deeply, her eyes frosty.

Ted had people following her, so he undoubtedly knew the purpose of her trip to Y Country. Naturally, he would try to stop her from bringing Paisley back.

She had considered the possibility of Ted kidnapping Paisley, hiding him away, or sending him back to Y Country. Therefore, upon arriving in A City, she immediately instructed Wyatt Lewis to lead his men to find Paisley.

But she hadn't expected Ted to be ruthless enough to outright kill someone who bore no personal grudge against him.

This man truly had no boundaries.

Ted Williams stood silently in place, his gaze dark and inscrutable. Seeing everyone fix their eyes on him, he raised his brows innocently. “Why are you all looking at me?”

Axel Ginger flew into a rage. Thinking about Wyatt’s earlier comment of “this brat almost dying on the road,” Axel became overwhelmed with dread.

Axel stepped forward, grabbed Ted Williams by the collar. “Ted Williams, you actually tried to kill my son? You’re utterly despicable—I’m calling the police!”

Ted Williams looked even more bewildered. “Chairman Ginger, what did I do? I’m sitting here calmly, and you rush over to accuse me! I really don’t understand what you’re talking about.”

“Don’t spout nonsense—who else would it be besides you? Still trying to deny it?”

Ted Williams furrowed his brow. “But I truly don’t know what you’re referring to. Accidents happen worldwide every day, and car crashes are no exception. Is it fair to pin every incident involving someone with a minor connection to me onto me? Besides, the truth behind this hasn’t been determined yet, and here you are sentencing me already. Am I not the one being wronged here?”

Axel Ginger was red with anger at Ted’s shamelessness. Everyone present knew Ted had something to do with this, yet he still had the audacity to claim innocence.

Completely absurd.

“Where’s the driver?” Hope Williams asked Wyatt Lewis in a low voice.

“After crashing into us, he hit a stone pillar hard. He’s badly injured and has been sent to the hospital. The car is being sent for inspection and damage assessment.”

“Have someone watch the driver.” After all, Ted might try something extreme to destroy evidence.

“Got it.”

Without solid evidence, mere words wouldn’t hold Ted accountable.

Judging by Ted’s composed demeanor, it was clear he had prepared contingencies.

The car was likely tampered with—either the brakes sabotaged or the driver drunk. Ultimately, the matter would be spun as either an accident or the driver’s personal error.

“Check the driver’s personal accounts and his family background.”

Either money or coercion. Otherwise, why would anyone willingly undertake such a deadly task?

“Alright, I’ll send people to investigate now.”

“Okay.”

Ted maintained a look of unbothered innocence as Axel Ginger berated him furiously. Not only did he remain unprovoked, but he patiently continued explaining himself.

That feigned innocence really could make one wonder if he was truly being wronged.

Hope Williams stepped forward. “Chairman Ginger, let it go. Talking any more is pointless; save your energy to warm your stomach.”

With people like him, unless you present undeniable evidence, even if you exhaust yourself arguing, he’ll still maintain his innocent front. You’d only frustrate yourself further.

Axel Ginger reluctantly let his hands drop, huffing twice in anger. “Ted Williams, you watch—when I find the evidence that you tried to harm my son, I’ll make sure you pay.”

“Chairman Ginger, I really didn’t—”

“You know the truth within yourself,” Hope Williams cut in coldly.

Ted Williams’ eyes briefly flickered with cruelty, but he maintained his casual demeanor, spreading his arms and sinking onto the sofa. “If you don’t believe me, what else can I do?”

“Don’t sit on my sofa. Get up,” Axel Ginger snapped as he yanked Ted off, wishing he could immediately toss him out.

Ted Williams’ expression shifted slightly, a flash of restrained anger passing through his mind, though his outward appearance remained calm.

Axel Ginger, chest heaving in fury, glanced toward the equity transfer contract on the table, signing his name with broad, forceful strokes before handing it to Hope Williams.

“Miss Williams, I’ve signed it. Once you sign as well, these shares will be yours.”

Chapter 622: Chapter 622: Not Selling, But Giving Away

Axel Ginger didn’t hesitate.

Ted Williams squinted slightly, his brows furrowed, “Chairman Ginger, are you sure?”

"I think whether it's being a person or doing business, integrity matters. I promised Miss Williams before. What now? You have a problem with that?"

Ted Williams ground his molars, "Speaking of integrity, you're truly consistent, aren't you? Originally, you agreed not to sell to her. But now, just because she brought your son back, you've changed your mind. This is your so-called integrity."

Axel Ginger let out a cold laugh, "First of all, I told you before — does informing me count as my agreement? You must think highly of yourself. Secondly, I didn't sell it to her. I gifted it to her!"

Gifted it to her?

"..."

Ted Williams found it increasingly absurd, "Axel Ginger, are you out of your mind? This involves over two billion!"

"I'm perfectly lucid. Is money more important than my son?"

Upon hearing this, a wave of emotion washed over Paisley Ginger, who stood to the side.

"Do your Williams Clan shares mean more to me than the future of the Ginger Clan? I'm someone who keeps my promises. When I say I'll gift it, I'll gift it. Here, Miss Williams, sign the papers."

Ted Williams clenched his anger tightly, his eyes glaring stiffly at Hope Williams.

After everything he had schemed, it turned out he had unwittingly paved the way for her success.

Utterly infuriating!

Axel Ginger glared at Ted Williams with resentment and bellowed in a sonorous voice, "From this day forward, there's no sentiment left between us. If you, Ted Williams, ever take control of the Williams Clan, my Ginger Clan will never collaborate with you. Also, regarding today's matter, I promise to find evidence to throw you behind bars."

Ted Williams tightened his fist until his knuckles turned white. Axel Ginger didn't grant him another glance, declaring coldly, "Old Chen, throw him out. From now on, the Ginger Family won't welcome him."

Ted Williams ground his molars so hard he nearly crushed them, "Fine! Axel Ginger! You're ruthless enough!"

With that, Ted Williams cast a venomous glare at Hope Williams before storming off.

Axel Ginger let out a deep sigh, then turned to Hope Williams. “Miss Williams, my apologies for misunderstanding you earlier. Had I known Ted Williams was such a person, I would never have worked with him.”

Ted had touched his bottom line—Paisley Ginger was his lifeblood. He couldn’t tolerate anyone moving against his son.

“But what’s the current situation with the Williams Clan? Make sure it doesn’t fall into the hands of someone like him.” Axel Ginger looked at Hope Williams, the worry evident in his gaze. “That man is ruthless and shrewd. You need to be careful.”

Hope Williams pursed her lips slightly, “Don’t worry. He won’t last much longer.”

In three days at the shareholders’ meeting, everything should come to an end.

Hope Williams collected her thoughts, took a card from her bag and placed it on the table, pushing it toward Axel Ginger.

Axel Ginger paused, puzzled. “This is?”

“The payment for the shares.”

Ten percent of the shares were valued at over two billion, not including future dividends, which would add significantly more.

Even though Axel Ginger was willing to gift it, the amount was substantial, and Hope Williams couldn’t let him incur such a huge loss.

Axel Ginger chuckled lightly, “Miss Williams, are you looking down on me?”

Hope Williams blinked, “What does Chairman Ginger mean by that?”

Axel Ginger pushed the card back to her. “I’m someone who never goes back on my word. When I say I’ll gift it, I’ll gift it.”

Hope Williams sighed helplessly, shaking her head. “But the sum is so large, if you don’t take it, I’ll truly feel burdened. Please, accept it.”

“You don’t need to feel burdened. As I said, nothing is more important than my son. He is the future of the Ginger Clan. If he continues to squander life away in casinos, recklessly waste time, then the Ginger Clan has no future. I’d be done for. To put it bluntly, you helped me solve the biggest problem for the Ginger Clan. So, please don’t stand on ceremony. If you keep doing so, it only means you don’t respect me.”

Hope Williams tugged at the corner of her lips lightly, "...Alright, since you put it this way, I won't insist."

"Good. Besides, you're very likely to become the future chairman of the Williams Clan. If that's the case, our families can continue to collaborate. If you truly feel burdened, it's enough for you to offer more support in business later on."

...

When Hope Williams stepped out of the Ginger Family estate, Ted Williams, who hadn't left, immediately blocked her path.

Hope Williams looked at the man in front of her. Her expression turned colder.

Wyatt Lewis, who had been watching, clenched his fists involuntarily, eager to land a punch on this hypocritical scoundrel.

"What do you want?" Hope Williams said icily.

"You've got quite the skills, haven't you? You actually managed to pull it off," Ted Williams said, his tone dripping with venom.

Chapter 623: Chapter 623 Jade Bell Wakes Up

"Ted Williams, you've harmed so many people. Aren't you afraid of going to hell in the end?"

"I don't know if I'll go to hell. I only know that I'm going to win—no one can stop me."

Hope Williams furrowed her brows slightly, watching the clear expression on Ted Williams' face. There was no one else here, and he didn't even bother to pretend. The malice hidden in his narrow eyes was unmistakable.

"Don't get too smug. Just wait. You may have gotten ten percent of the shares, but after this, I won't give you another chance."

Hope's expression remained calm. "Oh, I'll wait."

Ted strode away.

Wyatt Lewis let out a cold laugh. "Sis-in-law, was he trying to warn you? It's honestly ridiculous."

Hope shrugged. "Whether it's a warning or a threat, we've fought to this point already. There's nothing left to be afraid of."

Wyatt squinted his eyes slightly. "That guy really has no limits. You'll need to be careful with him. Sis-in-law, you don't know how dangerous the situation was back then. Luckily, you weren't in the car at that time. Otherwise, we'd be done for."

The two men, agile and quick, had managed to jump out of the car before it crashed into the river. If Hope had been in the car, however, being pregnant, it would have been nearly impossible to jump to safety, and escaping unscathed would have been out of the question.

Hope's gaze flickered. She looked at the wound on Wyatt's forehead. "Let's go. I'll take you to get that injury treated."

Only then did Wyatt remember that he had hit his head. Raising a hand to touch it, he said indifferently, "It's not that big of a deal. A band-aid should do."

Hope looked at his carefree smile and said, "Aren't you worried about leaving a scar on that handsome face of yours?"

"A scar?"

Hope nodded nonchalantly. "If it's left untreated, yes."

"Then I guess we'd better take care of it."

"Follow me."

Wyatt quickly caught up with Hope's pace.

After tending to Wyatt's wound, Hope immediately headed to the Sanders Family estate without wasting a second.

She hadn't seen Luke and Willow for nearly two or three days now. Now that she'd finally found a moment of free time, Hope wasn't willing to delay even a second longer.

Luke and Willow had never been away from her for this long before, and Hope missed them dearly.

At the Sanders Family home, the servants were familiar with Hope and Wyatt, so they led them directly inside.

Wyatt, walking behind Hope, blinked.

Wow!

His sister-in-law was moving at such a speed, she looked like she wanted to fly in!

When the servant led Hope to the living room, Zoey Sanders was sitting on the carpet with Luke and Willow, playing with Legos.

Zoey was doing her best to cheer Luke and Willow up, and the two were doing their best to be happy. However, the smiles on their faces were noticeably fewer, and Willow's soft voice would occasionally ask Zoey, "Sister Zoey, when will Mommy come pick us up?"

Zoey didn't really know either. Her expression showed a bit of hesitation as she gently tidied Willow's hair. She said warmly, "I'm not sure, Willow. If you miss Mommy, would you like to call her?"

Willow shook her head, clutching her doll and drooping her little head. "No, Mommy must be very busy. If we call her, she'll just worry about us. Let's not make Mommy worry. Willow is grown up now. I need to be obedient and sensible."

Zoey, looking at the two well-behaved little ones, was full of pity.

Hope's eyes stung as she blinked away the ache. Her two little treasures had really grown up—so obedient and sensible, it made her heart ache.

"Luke, Willow." Hope called out to them softly, her tone as gentle as possible.

The two little ones, facing away from her, froze in their small frames.

After a brief second, Luke and Willow turned their heads and saw Hope standing not far away.

Two large, sparkling sets of eyes stared at her. Willow's lips quivered slightly. "Mommy!"

In an instant, Luke and Willow jumped to their feet, spreading their short arms wide as they ran towards Hope.

Hope quickly squatted down and caught them in her arms. Willow couldn't help but tear up. "Mommy, you finally came back. Willow missed you so much."

"Luke missed Mommy too."

With the two little ones in her arms, a rush of warmth surged through Hope's heart. The cold, tense look in her eyes softened into unparalleled tenderness.

"Mommy missed you too. I'm sorry, both Mommy and Daddy have been too busy these past few days to take care of you."

Luke and Willow slid out of Hope's embrace, their big, bright eyes glowing with newfound joy.

Willow shook her tiny hands, her rosy face breaking into a smile. “Even though we missed Mommy, Mommy doesn’t need to apologize. We know Mommy has important things to do, so we were very good!”

Zoey walked over with a gentle smile and said, “Yes, Willow really has been very well-behaved, though someone hiding and secretly shedding tears might want to explain themselves.”

Willow stubbornly denied it. “It must’ve been my brother! Definitely not me!”

Luke blinked. “I’m not like Willow—I’m not a little crybaby.”

Willow stuck out her tongue shyly. “Caught me again.”

The two little ones were so adorable, they brought smiles to everyone’s faces.

After spending some time at the Sanders Family home, Hope’s phone began to ring.

The call was from Harry Williams, and it seemed to be about the hospital.

Hope answered and held the phone to her ear. Harry’s voice came through immediately. “Cousin, Grandma’s awake.”

Hope’s eyes widened, her joy impossible to hide. “Really? How’s Grandma doing?”

Over the phone, Harry paused briefly. “...The doctors are running tests on her.”

Hope realized the situation might not be optimistic. “I’ll be there soon.”

“Okay, Cousin. Don’t rush, take your time.”

“Alright.”

Hope hung up the phone and sighed. “Sis-in-law, what’s the matter?”

“My grandmother woke up. I need to get to the hospital.”

Upon hearing this, Luke and Willow, who had just gotten to spend a little time with Hope, showed clear disappointment in their eyes.

Seeing their expressions, Hope said, “Great Grandmother Tah woke up. This time, let’s all go together to visit Great Grandmother Tah.”

“Yes, yes, okay!” Luke and Willow nodded enthusiastically.

“Do you want Uncle to carry you?” Wyatt stepped forward and asked.

“Yes!” Luke and Willow stretched out their arms.

Wyatt smiled and crouched down, lifting both of them easily into his strong arms, with hardly any effort.

Hope chuckled softly and went over to give Zoey a gentle hug. “Zoey, thank you so much for looking after Luke and Willow these past few days. I’m sorry for all the inconvenience.”

“It’s no trouble at all. I’ve been really happy spending time with Luke and Willow. I hope they’ll come and visit often.”

“Alright. We’re heading out now.”

“Okay, take care on the way.”

...

At the hospital, in Jade Bell’s room.

When Hope arrived, Luna Williams and Ted Williams were already there.

Luna was sitting by Jade Bell’s bedside, crying uncontrollably. The few tears she shed carried an air of ambiguity—unclear how genuine they were.

Hope suddenly found herself wondering: As the perpetrator, what was Luna feeling at this moment?

Nervousness, fear, or relief?

Chapter 624: Chapter 624: Seeking the Truth

“Cousin.” Harry Williams called out to Hope Williams.

Hope Williams nodded slightly in acknowledgment.

Luna Williams and Ted Williams both turned their heads, seeing Hope emerge at the door. Their expressions looked anything but pleasant.

Inside the hospital room, a few doctors were still present, seemingly having just finished examining Jade Bell.

These doctors were specifically arranged by Hope to prevent Luna and Ted from meddling with Jade. Upon seeing Hope arrive, they instinctively stepped forward and addressed her, “Young Madam Lewis.”

Hope nodded. "How is my grandmother?"

The doctor hesitated, glanced at the people in the room, and recalling Hope's previous instructions, cautiously said, "May I speak to you privately?"

A flicker of panic flashed in Luna's eyes. Ted was faster to react, saying, "Doctor, we're all family. It's better to discuss the Old Lady's condition openly."

Luna promptly chimed in, "Exactly. We're all family. There's nothing Hope can hear that the rest of us can't."

"Uh..." The doctor hesitated, looking at Hope.

Hope's gaze landed on Jade, who lay silently on the hospital bed, eyes open but voiceless. From the moment Hope entered until now, Jade hadn't said a word.

"It's fine, speak."

They were all members of the Williams Family, and nothing could be concealed for long anyway.

Receiving Hope's permission, the doctor spoke openly before everyone in the room, "Based on the Old Lady's current condition, we preliminarily diagnose Alzheimer's disease."

The implication was dementia!

Jade Bell had dementia?

The moment the doctor finished speaking, everyone in the room immediately raised their heads. Hope clearly saw the range of varied expressions on their faces.

Harry was shocked and saddened.

Ted was indifferent and cold.

Meanwhile, an immense glee flashed across Luna's face, though she controlled her emotions quickly. Upon hearing the news, she cried even more dramatically, sniffing and asking, "Doctor, how could this happen? How could my grandmother end up like this?"

The doctor explained, "The primary cause is brain cell damage due to head trauma, and some factors might also stem from emotional distress."

Hope blinked, her brows furrowing as she stared at Jade Bell on the hospital bed.

At that moment, she noticed Jade's eyes subtly shift their focus—to Luna.

Luna didn't notice. She seemed immersed in her grief, continuing to ask, "What are the symptoms of Alzheimer's disease? Why hasn't my grandmother said anything upon waking up?"

When Luna first heard the news that Jade woke up, it had terrified her. She had rushed to the hospital ahead of Hope.

But upon arriving, she felt relieved. Jade seemed as if she'd become senile, voiceless, staring blankly with a dazed expression that added to her former pallor.

Luna curved her lips slightly. She genuinely hadn't meant to harm Jade before; she truly felt attached to her grandmother. If not for her careless mishap, this wouldn't have happened. But the deed was done, and she had been genuinely scared of Jade waking up and exposing her secrets.

Now that Jade had dementia and forgotten everything, it was the best possible outcome.

Even the heavens were helping her.

These thoughts raced through Luna's mind, though her expression remained sorrowful as she gazed at the doctor.

The attending doctor continued, "Symptoms include memory loss, decline in cognitive ability, diminished recognition, and impaired emotional control."

Memory loss, decline in cognitive ability.

Perfect!

Luna felt even more at ease hearing this.

Hope took in every shift of emotion in Luna's eyes.

"Can it be cured?" Hope asked the doctor.

The attending doctor adjusted his rimless glasses and shook his head, "Currently, there is no cure. Medication can only help manage the condition."

Even with her attempts to mask her excitement with tears, Luna couldn't entirely suppress the joy on her face. With her back turned to the room, she cried in front of Jade Bell.

Jade's eyes shifted again, watching as the sobbing Luna displayed hardly any true grief in her gaze.

Hope sighed, her heart aching even more as she observed these individuals in the room with their hidden agendas, and felt deeply for Jade Bell.

An octogenarian, beaten down by her own family—what a tragedy.

After detailing a few precautions, the doctors left.

Hope approached Jade's bedside, bent over, and took her hand. Luna reacted with alarm, abruptly standing up and shoving Hope aside.

"You're the one who hurt Grandma. Don't touch her! If it wasn't for you, Grandma wouldn't be like this. How do you have the audacity to stand here, Hope?" Luna yelled furiously at Hope.

Hope calmly raised her eyes, a chilling sharpness evident as she said coldly, "Everyone here knows who the real culprit is. Why keep up the pretense?"

Luna's pupils flickered in uncertainty, darting between Ted and Harry.

Harry's lips tightened, the fury evident in his expression.

Ted stood with his arms crossed, his face unreadable and devoid of emotion.

Luna faltered momentarily before forcing herself to regain composure.

"Luna!"

"Ah!"

Jade Bell suddenly spoke, startling Luna into a terrified scream, her entire body recoiling as if she'd seen a ghost.

Jade moved slightly, raising her hand as she gestured to Luna, "Come here, Luna. Come to Grandma."

Terror clouded Luna's face as she stared at Jade, whose words carried a strikingly normal tone, making Luna shudder.

"Luna? What's the matter? Why aren't you coming to Grandma?"

"Grandma, you..." Luna swallowed hard, her heart pounding with guilt.

Harry, unable to endure any longer, stepped forward. Looking at Jade Bell, he asked gravely, “Grandma, do you remember who did this to you?”

Upon hearing Harry bluntly pose the question, Luna’s face instantly changed.

Jade’s eyes shimmered as they slowly shifted their focus to Luna.

Chapter 625: Chapter 625: Birds of a Feather

Luna’s heart skipped a beat; her whole body froze on the spot, not daring to breathe.

“It’s cousin Luna, isn’t it?” Harry immediately followed up as he noticed the change in her demeanor, staring intently at Jade and refusing to miss any nuances in her expression.

Luna gritted her teeth, rushed forward, and pushed Harry aside. “Harry, what are you doing? Grandma just woke up! The doctors said she’s sick, yet you’re still forcing her to think about all kinds of things! Doesn’t she need some rest?”

Harry grabbed Luna’s wrist. “Cousin Luna, what are you so guilty about?”

Luna bit her lower lip, her brows furrowed tightly. “Guilty? For what? I’m only thinking about Grandma’s well-being. Why can’t this wait until she’s recovered?”

“You were the one who insisted earlier that it was Cousin Hope who pushed Grandma. You and Cousin Hope have always been at odds. If it were really Cousin Hope who did it, shouldn’t you, of all people, be the most eager for Grandma to speak the truth? But now you’re adamantly claiming you care about her health, blocking any attempts for clarity. Cousin Luna, forgive me for saying this, but your guilt is shining through far too obviously.”

“Ridiculous! Wanting Grandma to rest more—is that such a sin?”

“You really—”

“Enough!” Ted’s cold voice cut through, silencing them. “Why are you arguing? Grandma just woke up. She does need rest! Harry, keep this up and I’ll send you home!”

“Brother!” Harry frowned, glancing back and forth between Luna and Ted, his anger rising—after all, those two had always been in cahoots. He hissed furiously, “Birds of a feather!”

“What are you all arguing about? Don’t argue, don’t argue!”

Jade suddenly became agitated and frantic, vehemently trying to stop them.

“Grandma, we’re not arguing. I just want to understand the truth—so Cousin Hope won’t be falsely accused again.”

Jade’s gaze slowly drifted away from Luna, turning toward Hope and pausing for a few seconds. Then she shifted her sight to Ted, finally settling on Harry.

“Grandma, it’s cousin Luna, isn’t it?” Harry pressed, refusing to give up as he looked at Jade.

Luna’s body turned ice-cold; she trembled slightly.

A prolonged silence fell over the room...

Jade shook her head absently, her voice tinged with confusion. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. I... don’t remember clearly.”

As soon as those words came out, Luna’s tightly clenched fists relaxed, and she exhaled a breath of relief.

So good... so good!

“Grandma, you really don’t remember?” Harry frowned deeply, his anxiety evident. When he asked earlier, Jade instinctively looked toward Luna. Why didn’t she remember now?

Hope’s eyes flickered as she stepped forward and lightly patted Harry’s shoulder, shaking her head subtly—signaling him to stop pressing.

Harry frowned, glancing at Luna before reluctantly letting the matter drop.

A renewed sense of confidence appeared on Luna’s face as she spoke again, “Grandma just woke up, yet here you are forcing her to remember everything. It’s enough already! Do you really want to clear Cousin Hope’s name so badly? But the truth is, she did it. No matter what you say, it won’t change anything.”

Jade’s forgetfulness about that day meant there was no evidence to prove Luna’s guilt, further bolstering her confidence.

Harry couldn’t stand the smugness on her face—the look of someone triumphant in wrongdoing. She was obviously the real culprit, yet here she was, accusing others.

“If Grandma hadn’t forgotten, would you still be acting so arrogantly?”

Luna got angry, snapping back, “You’ve been targeting me all day, haven’t you? We grew up together, and yet you’re taking her side. What’s so great about her? You’ve been opposing me just because of her!”

“Opposing you?” Harry’s handsome face darkened with fury. “I only want the truth! It’s you who did everything, yet you escape punishment and even try to blame Cousin Hope?! Do you have no shame!”

“Harry!” Luna screamed in outrage. “Say that again, I dare you! Do you have proof for your accusations? Without evidence, what gives you the right to say such things about me?”

Luna’s face crumpled with grievance, tears streaming uncontrollably, making her look fragile and sympathetic.

Hope’s calm, cool eyes narrowed slightly; her lips twitched faintly as she stayed silent, unsure what to say.

“Stop arguing, stop arguing, stop arguing!” Jade clutched her head, her voice desperate and distressed, growing increasingly emotional.

“Grandma...” Hope stepped forward to adjust Jade’s position and asked the doctor to come after noticing her discomfort.

The doctor arrived, calming Jade’s emotions and advising everyone, “The patient has just woken up and is now in need of rest. Do not agitate her further. Only one family member should stay to care for her.”

“Alright, we understand.” Hope nodded.

Luna turned to Harry, her voice cold. “Satisfied now?”

“You—!”

Hope stopped Harry, her normally composed demeanor carrying traces of anger. “If you keep causing trouble, I’ll have someone throw you out.”

At the sight of Hope’s bodyguards near the door, Luna reluctantly fell silent.

Finally, Ted straightened up, his sharp gaze sweeping across the room. With a calm yet commanding tone, he stated, “Since the doctor said only one caregiver is needed, there’s no point in all of us staying here.”

His eyes lingered on Jade, and his lips curled into an almost imperceptible smirk. “Let’s leave the decision to Grandma. It’s better if she chooses who stays herself.”

Walking over to Jade, he leaned in slightly, scrutinizing her reaction closely. “Grandma, who do you want to stay with you?”

His tone seemed casual, as though he were simply asking a passing question, but in fact, he was probing deliberately.

Clearly, he didn't believe Jade had entirely forgotten what happened.

"I'll stay with Grandma," Harry readily volunteered.

"I want Luna!" Jade's weak voice spoke out decisively.

Luna couldn't hide her joy, her belief strengthened that Jade had truly forgotten what happened. Otherwise, why would she pick Luna to stay without hesitation?

Ted's deep-set eyes narrowed slightly, studying Jade's expression but finding nothing out of the ordinary.

Luna flashed a triumphant smile at Hope and Harry.

Hope made no move to stop Luna from staying. She'd already spoken to the doctors, nurses, and caretakers, ensuring precautions against any potential mischief. Luna's confident demeanor after believing Jade had forgotten would likely keep her in check. There was no reason to intervene.

"Let's go, Harry," Ted decided, casting a warning glance at his brother before taking him away.

Once the others left, Luna approached Hope, leaning in and lowering her voice. "See, Sis? Even fate is on my side."

Hope chuckled lightly at her words, her eyes filled with mockery. She said nothing as her gaze shifted to Jade on the hospital bed.

Jade was staring at Luna, and as Hope looked closer, she saw unmistakable disappointment and helplessness in her grandmother's eyes.

That emotion was so palpable it couldn't be ignored.

Suspicion stirred in Hope's heart.

Jade caught Hope's gaze and blinked lightly in acknowledgment.

Hope's understanding deepened upon seeing this.

Luna, still basking in her happiness, sneered, "Why haven't you left yet? What are you hanging around for? Grandma specifically asked for me to stay!"

Hope didn't waste words arguing with her, simply saying to Jade, "Please rest well."

Jade nodded. "Okay."

Hope didn't linger, leaving the room. Waiting for her outside were Wyatt, Luke, and Willow.

Knowing that Ted and the others were inside earlier, Hope had instructed Wyatt not to take Luke and Willow into the room.

Seeing Hope emerge, Wyatt approached with his two children on either side. "Sis-in-law, how's the old lady?"

Thinking back to Jade's subtle hint when she blinked, Hope couldn't help but smirk. "Alzheimer's disease, but everything looks stable."

"Alzheimer's disease? Isn't that just dementia?" Wyatt frowned, understanding the condition but confused as to why his sister-in-law could still smile.

Chapter 626: Chapter 626 Settling Accounts One by One

Harry Williams was forced out by Ted Williams, and as soon as he stepped outside, he angrily shook off Ted's hand.

Ted glared back at Harry, his face also full of fury. "What are you doing? Are you really planning to betray your own brother for Hope?"

Harry fixed his gaze on Ted. "Yes, my own brother! It's precisely because you are my brother that I've tried to persuade you time and time again. But you and Luna Williams have done nothing but immoral deeds. You two are birds of a feather."

"In three days, the Williams Clan is holding a stockholders' meeting. Hope is already gathering shares to take control of the company. If I stop now, do you think she'll spare me at the meeting?"

Harry pressed his thin lips together tightly. "If you two didn't push people to the brink, would we even be in this kill-or-be-killed situation right now?"

Ted let out a heavy snort. "If you're not getting involved, then don't meddle. The ultimate outcome has nothing to do with you."

"If you weren't my brother, I wouldn't care what happened to you."

The elevator arrived at the underground parking lot. Harry turned and walked away without another word.

Ted watched Harry's retreating figure, his anger boiling over. He didn't even want to deal with him anymore.

Ted walked toward his car, only to see Blade River hurrying in his direction.

“Why are you here?”

Ted, his face still dark with anger, reached his car and pulled open the door.

“Master Williams, there’s news again from Country Y.”

Ted furrowed his brows. “What news?”

“While in Country Y, Hope met with Lin Fengmian!”

Ted slammed the car door shut with a force that made eardrums throb from the noise.

“This happened yesterday—why am I only hearing about it now? I’ve stationed so many people around her, and they’re all useless?”

To keep track of Hope Williams’ every move, Ted had planted numerous operatives in her midst, ensuring he’d know about everything immediately.

Hope was too intelligent and cunning—he couldn’t afford to underestimate her.

Yet these incompetent fools only brought yesterday’s news today.

Ted’s rage was uncontrollable.

Blade River lowered his head submissively. He immediately explained, “At the time, the focus was entirely on the casino. The agents monitoring Hope didn’t think it was a big deal and didn’t report it. It was only after you ordered a detailed investigation that this information was forwarded up.”

Ted’s expression grew even darker. He suppressed his fury and asked through gritted teeth, “What did Hope talk about with Lin Fengmian?”

Blade River wore a pained expression. “It was a quiet café with few people, and Hope had several bodyguards with her at all times. Our people were worried about being discovered and couldn’t get close, so... we only know that the two of them met.”

Before Blade River even finished speaking, Ted kicked him in frustration. What was the point of saying so much when there wasn’t a single useful detail?

“Are all of you useless?”

Ted was furious to the brink of exploding. Everyone seemed to exist just to irritate him.

“Go check the surveillance footage. I want to know exactly what they talked about.”

Hope had been collecting evidence of his past crimes. Meeting with Lin Fengmian couldn't be a good sign.

A wave of intense unease surged in Ted's heart. The clarity of this feeling only made him more anxious.

Blade River hesitated, then still spoke with a troubled look on his face. "The surveillance footage has already been checked. It seems she was prepared; there's nothing of value to be found."

Ted grabbed Blade River by the collar and snarled through clenched teeth, "Then capture Lin Fengmian and bring him to me! I don't care how you do it—within a day, I must know what he and Hope discussed!"

"Understood, I'll handle it right away."

"Get out!" Ted barked, suppressing the fire in his chest.

He'd already come this far. Right or wrong, it didn't matter anymore—there was no turning back. One single mistake, and he'd fall from heaven straight into the abyss.

And now, there was another problem.

Jade Bell had woken up. The worst-case scenario would be her transferring her 20% shares to Hope. If that happened, he'd have no leverage left to compete with her.

He had to find a way to wrest those shares from Jade's hands.

Ted's narrow eyes narrowed further as his thoughts turned. Hope would definitely continue buying up shares—he had to act first.

If his guess was correct, Hope's next target would be the Parker Clan. Old Master Parker had originally bought into the Williams Clan, holding 10% of their shares at the time, before transferring them to his youngest son, Nathan Parker.

Later, Nathan Parker founded Marine Group, building a solid reputation. But none of that was important.

The key thing was, Ted remembered that Nathan Parker doted on his youngest daughter, Sophie Zhou, and Sophie had plenty of unresolved grudges with Hope.

Ted gripped his car key tightly. A sly smile curled his lips as his mood improved slightly. He got into the car and drove away.

Hope needed to bring Luke and Willow home first. While in the car, her phone rang. She glanced at the caller ID and smiled faintly.

“Why are you smiling so much, sis?”

Hope chuckled. “Asher Ross just transferred 25 billion into my account.”

After all, Asher had to maintain his reputation in the circle. Owning casinos in Country Y and with all his assets tied up, he couldn’t simply pack up and leave, nor did he want to gain the reputation of a fraudster. He had no choice but to pay up.

25 billion times the original debt—if he didn’t pay quickly, the accrued interest alone would ruin him.

Wyatt Lewis couldn’t help but exclaim, “Holy crap!” He admired her more and more every time, unable to hold back his awe. “Sis, please, adopt me.”

Hope glanced at him and shook her head with a laugh. “Better ask your brother if he agrees first.”

The image of his brother’s stoic face and penetrating gaze suddenly flashed in Wyatt’s mind, and he shuddered.

“Kidding, kidding! Don’t tell my brother I said that.”

Hope raised her eyebrows but didn’t stop smiling.

“By the way, what’s the situation with the driver?”

Wyatt, suddenly reminded, filled Hope in. “The driver didn’t die, and there’s no sign of tampering with the car. But alcohol was found in his bloodstream, and no large transfers were seen in his accounts.”

Hope’s expression darkened. “So if no further evidence emerges, this incident will be ruled as an accident caused by drunk driving. Ted Williams has really covered his tracks well.”

“What about the driver’s family? Any contact?”

Wyatt replied, “He only has a ten-year-old daughter. We’re looking for her, but there’s no news yet.”

Hope sighed. “I see.”

As long as there’s a lead, she was determined to follow it through.

The debt Ted Williams owed—Hope would make sure every single penny was accounted for.

Chapter 627: Chapter 627 She Crossed the Line

Hope brought Luke and Willow back to the villa, but she needed to head out for a while, so she asked Wyatt to stay home and look after them.

Initially, Wyatt refused. His brother had instructed him to protect his sister-in-law, and Hope going out alone could put her in danger.

But in the end, Wyatt couldn't argue against her decision, and Hope left with four bodyguards, including Thomas.

Meanwhile, Waylon Lewis had just finished a five-hour meeting and was reclining on the sofa, his eyes closed for a brief rest.

The office door was lightly knocked on. After a pause, the person outside, hearing no response, cautiously pushed it open.

Elias Patel stood at the doorway with two documents in hand, looking uncertain.

With Hope away, Ansen's important papers were handed over to Waylon for review.

She had asked Waylon's secretary whether he was in the office, and was told that he was. However, upon knocking and getting no response, she wondered if he might not be there.

She decided to open the door herself, intending to leave the files behind and leave. But as she glanced inside, she caught sight of the man in a tailored suit, reclining on the sofa, with his eyes closed.

Elias felt her heart tremble slightly. She stepped in quietly, placed the files down, and her gaze fell on the man resting on the sofa. A flicker appeared in her eyes.

As she stared at his remarkably handsome face, Elias lost herself in thought. Her beautiful eyes unknowingly revealed a trace of untamed emotion.

As if possessed, Elias moved closer. Her voice was low, fearful of disturbing him, as she bent down slightly, wanting a closer look at this man.

The haze of emotions in her eyes deepened as her feelings surged uncontrollably. Unable to resist, she raised a hand, hovering in the air as if tracing the contours of his stunningly handsome face.

She had been by Waylon's side for years; claiming she didn't like him was simply impossible.

She liked him—liked him so very much.

But she also knew that, given her status, she could never become the woman standing beside him.

To Elias, Waylon was like a god, and she felt unworthy of him. She believed that no other woman could measure up either.

So when Hope appeared beside Waylon, she couldn't help but wonder, why? Why her?

What made her qualified?

Elias asked herself repeatedly. She didn't think she was inferior to Hope. Her exceptional capabilities were recognized by everyone. The only advantage Hope seemed to have was that enviable and dazzling beauty.

But Elias also knew Waylon wasn't a shallow man. Having seen many beautiful faces, he must surely tire of them.

Why could Hope stand beside him, but not her?

Elias fixed her gaze on Waylon, her fingers inching closer to him. Entranced, a reckless boldness surged within her; she wanted to test the warmth and feel of his slender lips.

But suddenly, the man opened his eyes, raising his hand to grasp her wrist in a swift motion.

Elias froze, her mind going blank as his dark, deep-set eyes locked onto her, radiating an icy chill.

Startled, she slipped in her high heels and tumbled directly toward Waylon.

Instinctively, she intended to prop herself up with the sofa's armrest, but she intentionally hesitated, letting herself fall toward Waylon's chest.

"Boss, there's... news about the site of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis's plane crash!"

Thomas stormed in with urgent news, forgetting to knock in his haste.

He froze in shock as he witnessed the scene: Elias bent over before the Boss, with her wrist firmly held by him.

And then, Elias lost her balance, falling straight into the Boss's arms. Thomas clearly saw that Elias had initially reached out to steady herself on the sofa's armrest, only to pull back deliberately. She let herself fall, and Thomas stood stunned.

What was she up to?

Just as Thomas believed that the close distance between them meant she was undoubtedly bound to collide with the Boss's chest...

The next second, the Boss swiftly stood up, avoiding her flawlessly without even brushing against her.

Elias fell onto the sofa with a gasp of surprise.

Thomas's lips twitched twice uncontrollably. Glancing again at the frosty, ominous expression on the Boss's face, he instinctively shivered all over.

What a calamity—it had to happen now, of all times.

The Boss despised interactions with women other than his wife, and Elias's intentions just now were too glaringly obvious.

On top of that, the Boss had been in a foul mood lately, tangled with numerous problems. After Elias's misstep today, would she be thrown out on the spot? And worse, would others get dragged down with her?

Thomas ducked his head, cautiously shifting backward to dodge what might follow.

He had experience.

At times like this, you either played dead or pretended to be invisible—anything to avoid drawing attention.

Feeling Waylon's piercingly cold stare, Elias trembled involuntarily. She quickly straightened her posture, her eyes darting nervously, and apologized hastily, "Boss, I'm sorry. I lost my footing just now."

Her heart pounded fiercely as she bit her lower lip tightly. In the ensuing silence, she dared not speak further, only sensing the frost seeping into the depths of her being.

Waylon frowned. Hope had mentioned before that Elias harbored feelings for him, but had allowed her to stay because Elias had limited herself to mere feelings and hadn't crossed any boundaries.

But today, it was evident—Elias had crossed the line.

Thomas sneaked another peek at his Boss. In this moment, even he was uncertain about what Waylon was contemplating.

As Elias thought Waylon wouldn't bother to take such trivial matters to heart, his cool voice cut through the air, "Go to the finance department and collect your pay."

Elias froze instantly, staring at Waylon in disbelief.

“Boss, I...”

“Leave,” Waylon’s tone was cold and uncompromising.

Chapter 628: Chapter 628: Special Exceptions and Favoritism Reserved for One Person

“Get out.” Waylon Lewis’s voice was cold and unyielding.

“Boss, what did I do wrong?”

Waylon cast her a cold glance, unwilling to waste more words on her.

Elias Patel, however, was not willing to accept this. She didn’t want to leave. The last time she went to Hope Williams’s company, she’d already swallowed her pride.

Now the Boss wanted to fire her over such a trivial matter, and Elias was indignant.

“Boss, I’ve been by your side, staying with the company as long as Thomas Hughes has. Won’t you give me another chance? I was just momentarily confused, I promise it won’t happen again.”

Elias looked to Thomas for help, but Thomas could only lower his head. Having been by the Boss’s side for so long, he knew better than anyone that the Boss despised those who broke the rules.

Especially after Mrs. Lewis came along, Waylon had gone out of his way to avoid all other women.

The only reason Elias was kept around was because she had never crossed the line before.

When she was reassigned back to Emperor Capital, he had kindly reminded her.

But it seemed she had always considered herself a capable person, believing that the Boss held her in special regard, and that he would always make exceptions for her.

It was true she had ability, but she had forgotten one thing: in this company, capable people were in no short supply.

And the Boss’s exceptions and favoritism were reserved for one person only—Mrs. Lewis.

Her misplaced confidence had cost her a good job.

If Thomas remembered correctly, when Boss reassigned her to Mrs. Lewis's company back then, he had even offered her double the salary.

Thomas shook his head. Despite being colleagues for years, he still gave her a few meaningful glances as a friendly warning.

She should know by now to stop provoking and entangling the Boss.

Elias bit her lower lip, understanding the meaning behind Thomas's look. Resentment in her eyes, she glanced up at the cold-hearted man and pushed down her emotions. In the end, she forced herself to walk out of the office.

Waylon cast a glance at Thomas and said in a frostbitten tone, "Speak."

Thomas quickly reported, "Boss, we have news about Sir and Madam. We found the bodyguards who were on the plane with them. The bodyguards stated that right before the private jet lost control, the altitude was just right for a parachute jump. So Sir and Madam ultimately used parachutes to escape."

Since the bodyguards who parachuted survived, it meant there was a good chance Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams had as well.

Barring any unforeseen accidents, it seemed only a matter of time before they were found.

From being presumed dead to having a lead, this was already the best news yet.

The tension Waylon had been carrying for days eased a little. "Keep searching. Assign more personnel."

"Understood."

Waylon raised his hand to massage his temples, his strikingly handsome face showing traces of exhaustion.

Standing nearby, Thomas observed that Boss hadn't rested properly in days. During the day, he held meetings and managed various affairs at the company. At night, he visited the old family home to ensure the elder Mr. Lewis wouldn't be overwhelmed by grief and have an accident.

In addition to maintaining such a grueling work pace, he had been relentlessly working to locate his parents. The one sliver of free time he had after a meeting yesterday, he'd flown to Y Country to accompany Mrs. Lewis, only to rush back early this morning, reviewing files and attending video calls even during the drive from the airport to the office. He hadn't paused for even a moment.

Even an iron man like Boss could get worn out.

Thomas had just opened his mouth to speak when Waylon stood, grabbed his coat, and seemed ready to leave.

“Boss, where are you going?”

“To City A.”

Boss was going to see Mrs. Lewis again!

Thomas hesitated before cautiously suggesting, “Boss, how about taking a break first?”

Waylon turned back to glance at him. “No time.”

With that, Waylon strode out, and Thomas hurriedly followed.

Fine, he’d spoken out of line. The Boss’s only downtime belonged to Mrs. Lewis.

“Send someone to relay this news to the old Mr. Lewis. Put his mind at ease,” Waylon instructed as they walked.

“Understood.”

Thomas followed Waylon out of the office. As they entered the hallway, his gaze landed on Elias standing in the corner.

Elias’s face was etched with worry, clearly wishing to say something.

Thomas hesitated briefly before Elias quickly approached him.

“Assistant Hughes, help me.”

“Sorry, I can’t help you. You know full well the Boss has Mrs. Lewis. He dislikes other women getting close to him, yet you still tried to fall into his arms. What were you thinking?”

“I...” Elias’s eyes brimmed with tears.

Thomas shook his head. “Take care of yourself.”

“Wait, isn’t there really a way? I’ll go plead with Mrs. Lewis. I’ll beg her, will that work? She’s in City A, I’ll go and beg her.”

“Don’t. Mrs. Lewis is swamped. Don’t go giving her more trouble.” Thomas stopped her.

Elias's eyes flickered, unwilling to give up. She suddenly recalled what Thomas had mentioned earlier. "You said something about a plane crash—Mr. and Mrs. Lewis's plane crashed?"

Thomas frowned. "That's not something you should pry into. Take my advice: accept your paycheck, write your resignation letter, and leave with some dignity. You can still find a good job elsewhere. Don't push the Boss any further."

With that, Thomas rushed to catch up with Waylon.

Elias narrowed her eyes, raising her hand clutching her phone, and still booked a ticket to City A.

...

Luna Williams spent the entire afternoon at the hospital taking care of Jade Bell, seizing the opportunity to probe her with some subtly veiled questions.

To Luna's delight, Jade hadn't remembered a thing, including matters regarding shares.

Luna was overjoyed. Based on Jade's demeanor and what the doctor had said, Luna had no doubts about the credibility of it all.

After completing her inquiries, Luna felt completely relieved. Having cared for Jade all afternoon, her patience waned by evening, and she headed back home.

Taking advantage of her absence, Jade made a phone call to Hope Williams.

When Hope arrived at the hospital, she coincidentally ran into Luna, who had returned to grab something.

"What are you doing at the hospital?" Luna glared at Hope.

Hope arched a delicate brow. "Since when does this hospital forbid me from entering?"

Luna scoffed. "What could you possibly accomplish here? Grandma has forgotten all about that incident. You won't find any evidence. How do you feel about that? Frustrated?"