

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 631: 636

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Chapter 631: Chapter 631: Furious

At the door, Luna Williams covered her mouth in shock, her heart pounding.

It was over, it was over, she'd been discovered.

She had seen Ted Williams' methods before. If Ted found out the shares were with her... she couldn't even dare to imagine the consequences.

Luna's eyes trembled uncontrollably in their sockets.

At this moment, only one thought burned through her mind: hide. As long as she could hide safely until the shareholders' meeting, let Hope Williams and Ted Williams fight it out first. If the two of them could destroy each other, then she'd make her move.

Yes, but where could she hide?

After much consideration, the Carter Family was her only safe option. Noah Carter was her father, after all; regardless of anything else, he'd protect her.

With the Carter Family's protection, it'd certainly be safer than staying at the Williams Family residence now.

Thinking of this, Luna didn't hesitate. She grabbed her phone and car keys, not even bothering to change her clothes, and bolted out.

Meanwhile, Ted Williams was still overwhelmed in the study.

The meticulously planned scheme had encountered so many unexpected mishaps.

All because of that foolish Luna Williams. If she hadn't disrupted his plan, Hope Williams would already be dead from the plane crash.

Blade River paused briefly before responding to Ted's question, "We can't confirm that yet, but judging by Jade Bell's disposition, she would only hand the shares over to Hope Williams, not to Luna Williams."

Ted Williams leaned against the desk with both hands, exuding a chilling aura. “Exactly. Hope. If she reveals the shares, they’ll undoubtedly go to Hope Williams. Then Hope will control forty-five percent of the shares. Damn it!”

Ted paced back and forth across the floor, his agitation pushing him toward the brink of an outburst.

With forty-five percent of the shares, how could he possibly compete with Hope?

“Has Lynford Crown been found yet?”

Right now, Lynford’s meeting with Hope Williams felt like a blade hanging over his head.

Blade River lowered his head even further, visibly trembling, “Master Williams, we... haven’t found him at all. We’ve dispatched plenty of people to search, but there’s not a trace.”

Ted’s hands clenched tightly, his expression veering toward utter collapse as he gritted his teeth fiercely, “How can this be?”

“It’s very likely that Hope Williams anticipated this. She must have hidden him away.”

If she’d gone as far as erasing the surveillance footage from the coffee shop at the time, then it would make sense she wouldn’t let them find Lynford either!

That would be the ultimate protection for Lynford Crown.

Ted removed his glasses and slammed them onto the desk, his aura growing darker.

Blade River’s face broke out in a thin layer of sweat. Despite Ted Williams’ usual refined demeanor, when he decided to act ruthlessly, he was akin to a devil.

The recent string of setbacks had made every report nerve-wracking.

Ted squinted as he stared out the window at the view.

Blade River stood behind him, watching Ted Williams. This man’s thoughts were incredibly inscrutable. Despite spending considerable time by his side, Blade River still found it impossible to understand Ted’s mindset.

Ted smoked a cigarette, extinguished the stub in the ashtray, and steadied his nerves before speaking in a glacial tone, “Investigate whose hands those shares are in—either of the two. As for Lynford Crown? Forget it if you can’t find him.”

“Not looking anymore?”

“Hmm, don’t bother.”

Blade River stared at him in disbelief. Ted was someone who never gave up until he’d achieved his goal. How could he let go of such a significant threat so easily?

“There are only two days left until the Williams Clan’s shareholders’ meeting. I don’t have the luxury of wasting time. If Lynford can’t be found, it’s better to ensure Hope Williams can never attend the shareholders’ meeting.”

Blade River arched his sharp brows slightly. “You mean...?”

He tentatively made a throat-slitting gesture.

Ted curled his lips into a smile, leaning back in his chair. He lit another cigarette and inhaled deeply.

“Don’t be too blatant about it. I want her to die by accident. Don’t make me teach you this.”

“But it’s risky. Hope Williams has too many bodyguards around her. Not even when Paisley Ginger made her move last time...”

“Even with increased vigilance, there will always be a lapse, right?” Ted smiled at Blade River.

Blade bowed his head, Ted’s eerie smile sending shivers down his spine.

“Understood. Got it.” Blade River forced himself to respond.

Like his name suggested, he was merely a blade in Ted Williams’ hand. Even if he knew the peril involved, there was no way to refuse.

“Since you’ve understood, get to work. Start by investigating the shares—I need precise answers.”

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Parker Family Residence.

Hope Williams called Nathan Parker’s assistant to schedule a time for a meeting, but Nathan unexpectedly invited her directly to the Parker home. Feeling obligated, Hope brought Waylon Lewis along with her.

As soon as Hope stepped out of the car with Waylon, she spotted Nathan Parker standing at the entrance to personally greet them. Beside him stood Sophie Zhou, who

had looped her arm around a well-dressed, refined, and elegant woman—likely Sophie’s mother.

Hope’s eyes collided with Sophie’s first because Sophie was staring straight at her, her gaze openly challenging.

It was obvious Sophie Zhou had dressed up meticulously today. Her stunning face bore flawless makeup, her tea-colored voluminous waves lazily cascading down, and her red V-neck dress perfectly showcased her enviable figure. A white fox-fur Chanel coat draped over her gave her an air of sophistication.

Soon, Sophie’s attention drifted from Hope to Waylon, her eyes brightening with an alluring glimmer and the bashfulness of modest affection.

Hope blinked. Watching another woman eyeing her husband so blatantly left a subtle hint of irritation within her. Still, noticing Waylon hadn’t paid Sophie any attention, Hope raised an eyebrow and chose not to fuss over it.

Nathan Parker approached them eagerly, his smile widening. “President Lewis. Mrs. Lewis.”

As he spoke, Nathan extended a hand toward Waylon for a handshake. Waylon replied with equal politeness, shaking his hand.

Hope nodded cordially. “Director Parker.”

Sophie sprang forward, trying to make herself noticed. “President Lewis, do you remember me?”

Waylon glanced at her coolly. “Who are you?”

Sophie’s expression faltered. Embarrassment tinged her face.

Nathan forcibly curved his lips into a smile. Seeing his daughter awkwardly rejected, he quickly provided an introduction, “President Lewis, Mrs. Lewis, this is my daughter, Sophie Zhou. You’ve met her before with Mrs. Lewis.”

Hope curved her lips faintly. “We have met.”

Nathan maintained his cheerful demeanor, “I must say, my daughter was quite out of line before, causing trouble for Mrs. Lewis. I feel terribly ashamed.”

Sophie pursed her lips, mumbling in discontent, “Dad, that wasn’t entirely my fault. She...”

“Alright!” Nathan interjected with a stern edge. “Don’t be foolish.”

Sophie bit her lip, projecting an image of grievance.

Nathan's friendly smile didn't falter. "I understand Young Madam Lewis wishes to discuss a business matter with me. If that's the case, please come inside."

Hope and Waylon followed Nathan into the house.

As Hope passed Sophie while holding Waylon's arm, Sophie's gleaming eyes remained fixed on Waylon, staring at him unabashedly with raw infatuation.

Sophie's mother, Abigail Turner, frowned as she watched her daughter brazenly ogle another woman's husband. She walked up and gently brought her back to reality.

"Is this the man you told me about—the one you insist you must marry at all costs?"

Breaking off her gaze, Sophie nodded enthusiastically. "Yes, Mom. It's him. He's so different from any other man. He's my perfect dream partner. Mom, what do you think of him?"

"Young, accomplished, charismatic, and born into an unattainable lineage—undoubtedly the *crème de la crème*."

"Mom, wouldn't he make the perfect son-in-law?"

Chapter 632: Chapter 632: Fight for What You Love

Abigail Turner's lips twitched as she looked at her lovestruck daughter. "Didn't you notice that he already has a family?"

"So what?" Sophie Zhou remained indifferent.

Abigail poked Sophie in the forehead, her tone growing stern. "Sophie, you need to wake up. Liking him is one thing, but you have to be clear—he already has a wife and family. You can't destroy someone else's family and chase after him like some mistress. The Parker Family cannot afford to lose its dignity like that."

Sophie chuckled and rubbed her forehead. "Mom, what are you talking about? Do you think your daughter would stoop to being a mistress? If I were to be with him, I'd be his wife!"

"Stop dreaming in broad daylight. I can tell he loves his wife very much. You don't stand a chance, Sophie. Listen to your mother—there are plenty of good men in the world. You're young and beautiful, and you'll meet the right man eventually. Waylon Lewis is already someone else's husband. Stop fantasizing, okay?"

Sophie pouted. “But Mom, I just like him. He’s the kind of man who made me fall in love at first sight. Aunt Emily always says that if you like something, you should fight for it. I like him, and he must be mine.”

Abigail’s expression darkened at the mention of Emily Parker. Her daughter spent too much time with Emily and had adopted such misguided values.

The concept of fighting for what you love sounded fine, but not in this situation.

Falling for someone else’s husband and then fighting to take him—what kind of logic was that?

“Stop learning from your aunt. She got the man she ‘had to have,’ but look at Aunt Emily and Uncle Nathan now—are they happy? A forced relationship will never bear sweet fruit.”

“Well, well, sounds like my dear sister-in-law has quite a low opinion of me!” Emily Parker clicked her high heels across the floor, her glance landing lightly on Abigail with a sarcastic smile.

Abigail’s face stiffened. “Emily.”

Emily didn’t acknowledge her and went straight to Sophie, taking her hand with a radiant smile. “Sophie is absolutely right. If you like someone, you must fight for them. You’re the little princess of the Parker Family. Anything you like naturally belongs to you.”

Sophie’s eyes lit up at Emily’s words. “Aunt Emily, are you on my side?”

Emily gently stroked Sophie’s head and smiled. “Of course, your aunt fully supports you.”

“Aunt Emily understands me best! Unlike my mom, hmph!” Sophie affectionately clung to Emily’s arm, her eyes brimming with anticipation and delight.

Emily smirked faintly.

“You go inside first. Let your aunt have a word with your mother.”

“Alright.” Sophie cheerfully skipped away.

Abigail’s face turned icy cold. “Emily, you’re teaching Sophie the wrong thing.”

Emily’s gaze remained dismissive, her laugh carrying a trace of mockery. “What’s so wrong about it? If someone doesn’t fight for what they want, what’s the point of living at all?”

Hearing Emily use the same argument as Sophie, Abigail realized her daughter had picked up those ideas entirely from her.

Abigail's anger flared. "Emily, Sophie is my daughter. I don't interfere with how you raise your children, but you can't teach my daughter your way—it will ruin her."

"Oh please, Abigail Turner, don't pin such outrageous claims on me. Sophie is my niece; why would I ever harm her? I just want her to pursue what she loves and finds joy in—that's all."

"You!"

Emily straightened the strands of her freshly styled hair. "Thankfully, Sophie spends more time with me. Someone as dull and rigid as you could never teach her properly."

With that, Emily swayed her hips as she strolled into the main residence.

Abigail clenched her teeth tightly, trembling with anger.

Had she not caused enough harm to Abigail's daughter already? First at the hospital entrance, then at the Williams family matriarch's birthday banquet!

The two of them completely disregarded their own dignity in those events!

In the living room.

Hope Williams and Waylon Lewis sat on the sofa while Nathan Parker politely instructed the servants to bring tea.

Hope directly addressed Nathan. "Director Parker, let's not beat around the bush. I'm here today to purchase the Williams Clan shares in your possession. I'm wondering if you are willing to sell. We can negotiate the price."

Nathan paused for a moment, not replying right away, his gaze shifting to Sophie as she entered the room. His expression showed a hint of hesitation.

Hope's sharp eyes caught the subtle uncertainty in Nathan's demeanor with ease.

Nathan finally spoke, "The Williams Clan shares, indeed, I have them, but..."

"But right now, they're with me." Sophie said with a smug smile as she gracefully approached the sofa and sat down with an air of superiority.

"Hope, do you want them? If you do, beg me for them."

Hope raised her delicate eyebrows slightly.

Waylon Lewis cast an icy glance at Sophie, his normally cold expression tinged with irritation.

Nathan looked toward his daughter and tugged at the corners of his mouth. "Sophie, how could you speak like that?"

Sophie, unfazed by her father's scolding, continued to stare triumphantly at Hope.

Right now, the leverage was in her hands.

If she felt even a moment of dissatisfaction, she could sell the shares to Ted Williams or Luna Williams and leave Hope helpless.

Nathan forced an awkward smile, stood up, and pulled Sophie aside. "Sophie, is this why you insisted I transfer the shares to you last night?"

Sophie's eyes curved into a mischievous smile as she tried to charm her father. "Dad, it's because I'm not on good terms with Hope. I don't want her to get the shares we hold so easily."

"Stop fooling around! Didn't you notice Waylon Lewis is sitting right there? Waylon is not someone we can afford to offend. Selling the Williams Clan shares to them would earn us goodwill with Waylon Lewis, a favor we could use in the future."

Sophie remained unmoved. Last night, Ted had called her directly, informing her that Hope intended to buy the shares from her father. In response, she specifically requested that her father transfer them into her name.

Now, the power was in her hands. This was a rare opportunity, and she wouldn't let it pass her by.

"Dad, they're the ones coming to us for help. Why should we worry? Refusing to sell is perfectly reasonable, isn't it? Don't worry, leave it to me."

Sophie's gaze sparkled with satisfaction as her thoughts drifted back to the living room.

"Sophie!" Nathan scolded his daughter in frustration.

Sophie brushed off his concerns and strode confidently back into the living room. She glanced at Hope with a sweet smile and said, "I can sell you the shares. But after all the trouble between us, I don't feel right handing them over so easily—it doesn't sit well with me."

Hope asked calmly, "So?"

"So, you'll have to make me happy. If I'm happy, I might consider selling them to you."

“Sophie Zhou, don’t push your luck.” Nathan stood beside her, scolding her once again.

Turning back to Hope and Waylon, he apologized with a guilty smile. “My daughter can be immature. We are indeed willing to sell the shares, but as you both know, at this critical juncture, these ten percent of shares are no longer just about the percentage—they carry weight in deciding the Williams Clan’s future leader. We’re willing to sell, but I hope President Lewis and Mrs. Lewis remember the Marine Group when it comes to business opportunities down the line. Don’t forget us.”

“Dad, the shares are in my name now. You don’t call the shots here.” Sophie huffed stubbornly. “If I’m upset, I’ll refuse to sell, just like that.”

Chapter 633: Chapter 633: Don’t Come Disgust Me

“Shut your mouth!” How could he have fathered such a foolish daughter?

At the moment, both Ted Williams and Hope Williams are scrambling to get their hands on these shares, but it seems to him that Hope has a better chance. Besides, selling the shares to Hope at this critical juncture might earn him some goodwill from Waylon Lewis, which could translate into future business cooperation.

But Sophie Zhou doesn’t think that far ahead.

“Dad, the shares are in my name now. None of you have the right to say anything.”

“Sophie Zhou!” Abigail Turner scolded her sternly, obvious anger appearing on her face. “You don’t understand the business matters your father is dealing with, so stop making trouble here.”

Saying this, Abigail stepped forward intending to pull Sophie away. Sophie, unwilling, brushed her hand away, “Mom, I’m not leaving...”

“What’s the matter now?” Emily Parker walked over to Sophie’s side. “Is Sophie wrong in what she said? The shares are in her name now. Isn’t it her decision whether to sell or not?”

Sophie cast an appreciative glance at Emily, lifting her chin with a little more confidence now that she had support.

Abigail glared at Emily, irritated beyond words. “Sister, she’s immature. Do you have to act just as immature as she does?”

“How am I being immature? Isn’t that the truth? Did I say anything wrong?”

“Alright, enough with the shouting. Aren’t you embarrassed to make such a scene?” Nathan Parker frowned as he sharply reprimanded them.

Hope Williams sat quietly on the couch, having figured out the situation. She raised an eyebrow at Sophie Zhou, "Let's hear your terms."

Seeing Hope speak up, Emily gestured to Sophie with her eyes. Sophie understood, nodded, then sat on the couch opposite Hope and began, "It's actually pretty simple. I only have two conditions."

Hope remained silent, watching Sophie intently, clearly awaiting the rest.

"First, you need to apologize to both my aunt and me for what happened before."

Sophie said this with absolute conviction.

Hope listened without any haste, her gaze calm and unperturbed. She gracefully took a sip of tea and asked, "And the second?"

"The second..." Sophie's eyes unconsciously drifted toward Waylon Lewis.

Looking at the man's breathtakingly handsome face and his noble demeanor, she noticed his gaze casually flicker toward her.

Sophie felt her breath quicken and couldn't help but be moved.

She bit her lip and spoke tentatively, "And I want him..."

Waylon's brows furrowed, his pitch-black eyes freezing over.

Sophie was jolted by his cold and detached expression, her heart trembling. The hands resting on her knees unconsciously clenched.

Hope raised a brow slightly, turned toward Waylon, amusement flickering in her eyes before looking back at Sophie. She asked, deliberately emphasizing the word, "My husband?"

She put extra weight on the word "husband."

Sophie's bold demand stunned everyone, even Nathan Parker was left blinking in shock.

"Tomorrow, I'm attending a banquet, and I want President Lewis to accompany me. You're not allowed to come; he must attend alone with me!"

Sophie stated this as if it were entirely reasonable.

Hope couldn't suppress a smile as she listened.

But this time, she laughed out loud.

That fleeting, frosty laugh left Nathan and Abigail Turner feeling utterly humiliated.

What nerve Sophie had to make such a demand—it couldn't have been more obvious.

Everyone knew that Hope was Waylon's wife. Waylon rarely attended banquets, and even when he did, his only companion was Hope.

Sophie's request for Waylon to attend the banquet alone with her was simply absurd. What status would Waylon accompany her under? What identity would she stand beside him as? The public and the media would undoubtedly speculate, leaving Hope utterly embarrassed in her role as his wife.

Sophie raised her chin at Hope, "So? Will you agree?"

Hope pressed her lips together, her earlier smile replaced by an icy frost.

"First of all, regarding the previous matter, I don't believe I did anything wrong. Hence, your demand for an apology is invalid.

Second, he is my husband. What kind of authority do you have to ask him to accompany you? And under what identity would you stand next to him? Have you even asked my husband if he agrees?"

Sophie's expression shifted awkwardly, and she looked toward Waylon with anticipation.

Hearing Hope's words, Waylon lifted his eyelids slightly. Hope was coolly watching him, her gaze unmistakably signaling: Another scandalous entanglement? We'll deal with this when we get home!

Waylon's face darkened, yet Sophie still kept her hopes up. Since he hadn't spoken yet, she assumed he was considering.

"President Lewis?"

Waylon's brows furrowed deeply, "Don't disgust me."

A simple, understated comment left Sophie frozen in place, her expression as stiff as if she had been slapped.

Hope raised an eyebrow and slowly stood up from the couch.

Waylon stood by her side, his gaze fixed on Nathan Parker's pale face as he said in a low tone, "It seems today's negotiation won't pan out."

Hope pressed her lips together, “Indeed. Director Parker, we apologize for intruding. Let’s take our leave.”

An apology was out of the question, and having Waylon accompany Sophie to the banquet was even less plausible.

The negotiation was over.

Hope didn’t bother to drag things out and prepared to leave.

Nathan seemed anxious, but Sophie was even more desperate. As Hope was leaving, Sophie took a few steps forward, “Hope, were my demands that unreasonable? Don’t forget, I still hold the shares. Aren’t you worried I’ll sell them to Luna Williams or Ted Williams?”

As expected, Sophie resorted to such threats.

Hope chuckled, turning back to her, “Do you really think that 10% of the shares can pressure me into agreeing to something impossible?”

“Don’t act like you don’t know how important the shares are to you right now! I don’t believe you’re not afraid of me selling them to Ted or Luna.”

Luna Williams, huh.

Her remark reminded Hope of Luna. Earlier that morning, Hope’s bodyguards had reported back, saying Luna had holed up with the Carter Family like a turtle.

Until the shareholders’ meeting, Luna likely wouldn’t appear again. This time, she was being smart—avoiding Ted’s wrath should he discover she had already secured the shares he coveted. Luna had preemptively hidden herself.

As for Ted Williams, if the evidence Hope had were exposed, he wouldn’t fare any better.

Besides, the shares Hope held were already sufficient.

If Sophie refused to sell to her, it merely meant she couldn’t become the controlling shareholder. The actual impact wasn’t significant.

“Hope, I advise you not to be stubborn. Sophie’s demands weren’t excessive. Don’t act on impulse and regret it later, coming back begging,” Emily subtly instigated.

Abigail glared at Emily, her anger simmering, “Sister, you’re still stirring up trouble now? This is our family’s issue. Why are you meddling?”

Emily bristled at Abigail's words, "What do you mean? Are you saying I'm sticking my nose where it doesn't belong?"

Abigail said nothing, silently agreeing.

"Nathan Parker, look at your wonderful wife. I'm your sister trying to help your daughter, and your wife can't even tolerate me!"

Nathan, already at wit's end, snapped, "You **are** annoying. Shut your mouth."

"You! You... Nathan Parker, say that again!"

Emily was so furious her words faltered.

Nathan ignored her and awkwardly apologized to Hope and Waylon, "President Lewis, Mrs. Lewis, I truly apologize. My daughter skipped her medication today and was out of line. Just give me some time; I'll talk things over with her, and we'll sell."

Hope remained gracious toward Nathan and Abigail, nodding politely, "Alright, but I don't think we can discuss this today. Allow me to excuse myself."

Nathan wiped drops of sweat from his forehead, "Of course. Please, go ahead."

After apologizing profusely, Nathan personally escorted Hope and Waylon out.

Once they were gone, Nathan stormed back into the living room, furious, while Sophie continued ranting, "Dad, you shouldn't have given in. I don't believe Hope doesn't want the shares—she's just pretending."

Nathan shot a cold glare at Sophie, silencing her completely. He rarely looked at her like this.

"Dad?" Sophie was visibly nervous.

"Enough! Enough! All you do is cause trouble! Do you have any idea that Mrs. Lewis is likely the future heir to the Williams Clan? Our business is intimately tied to the Williams Clan. If she holds a grudge, what will we do if she sabotages us in the future? And President Lewis—I wanted to use this chance to discuss business cooperation with him. Now, we're lucky if he doesn't suppress us."

"Always causing drama! If you ruin the company, get ready to beg on the streets."

"I..." Sophie opened her mouth to protest, her expression aggrieved but utterly cowed by his wrath.

"Nathan Parker, isn't that a bit much? Do you talk to your daughter this way?"

Emily's voice immediately reignited Nathan's fury. "And you! You've already made your own household a disaster, and now you're stirring up trouble here. Even your husband wants to divorce you—I can't stand you either. Go back to your own house and make a scene there!"

Nathan stormed upstairs, yelling, "Day after day, all you do is cause trouble. Who could tolerate you?"

Emily trembled with rage, "Nathan Parker, I dare you to repeat that!"

Nathan stopped halfway up the stairs to shout back, "I'll say it a thousand times—do you want to hear it?"

"You! You!" Emily clutched her chest, gasping in anger.

Chapter 634: Chapter 634: Don't Even Think About Leaving Me

After leaving the Parker Family estate, Waylon Lewis and Hope Williams went straight home.

Seeing Waylon trailing closely behind her with an expression full of grievance, Hope couldn't help but twitch the corner of her mouth. Turning around, she asked, "What are you doing?"

"Are you mad at me?"

Hope suppressed the smile tugging at her lips. "Do you think I'm like you, Stingy Lewis?"

Waylon reached out and wrapped his arms around Hope.

Hope let out a soft chuckle, tilting her head to look at him. "Why do you think I'm mad?"

Waylon raised a brow. "The way you glared at me back at the Parker Family's house—wasn't it saying you'd settle accounts with me when we got home?"

"What's there to settle accounts for? Because of your face that attracts all kinds of trouble?" Hope smiled and shook her head. "I'm not that petty."

Waylon paused for a moment.

"I need to tell you something."

"Hmm?"

Waylon held her tighter, his expression unusually solemn.

Hope blinked, listening as Waylon explained the incident that led to him firing Elias Patel back in Emperor Capital, going over the cause, process, and results of the whole situation.

Hope's expression shifted, making Waylon feel a bit uneasy.

"I didn't lay a finger on her," Waylon said seriously, staring at Hope and immediately explaining.

Hope stroked her chin, pushed Waylon away, and started circling him, her expression serious, as if thinking deeply about something.

"What are you looking at?"

"Looking for signs of a magnet on you—one that attracts women!" Hope clicked her tongue twice and said, "This is putting quite a lot of pressure on me."

"What pressure?"

"What if one day you can't resist temptation and get lured away by some little vixen?"

Waylon frowned. "Do you really think I'd do that?"

Hope raised an eyebrow and teased, "It's not completely impossible."

Waylon's dark, brooding gaze locked onto her. "If I did, what would you do?"

Without hesitation, Hope said, "Leave you."

Waylon's eyes flickered with displeasure, his voice heavy. "You'd even think about leaving me?"

"If you get snatched away by some beautiful little vixen, I'll just go find myself a handsome guy instead. Isn't that fair?"

Looking at the playful glimmer in the woman's mischievous smile in front of him, Waylon could only raise an exasperated brow. He reached out and flicked her forehead.

"Ouch, that hurt!"

Hope rubbed her forehead, glaring at him angrily.

Waylon brushed her hand aside and examined the spot he'd flicked, noticing it had turned slightly red.

While rubbing her forehead gently, he scolded her, “You’re so full of yourself these days.”

Hope hummed in response twice.

“Stop overthinking all the time. I’ve given you everything I have—how could I possibly be seduced by anyone else? Or... are *you* the one thinking about seducing someone else?”

Hope smirked faintly. “Can’t I even joke a little?”

“No. I don’t like those kinds of jokes. I’ve already told you—you’re stuck with me for life.”

Hope sighed with a helpless smile. What a stingy guy—he wouldn’t even let her joke. “Got it. I won’t joke like that with you again.”

Waylon reached out and ruffled her hair.

Just then, faint rustling noises could be heard coming from upstairs.

Waylon and Hope furrowed their brows suspiciously, stepped back, and looked up toward the second floor.

There, Wyatt Lewis was crouched by the upper railing with Luke and Willow, covering their mouths as they giggled.

Waylon’s expression darkened. “What are you hiding for? Come out.”

Wyatt jolted in surprise. He straightened up, glanced down, and met his elder brother’s warning glare.

“Uh-oh, Dad found us.” Willow quickly covered her mouth while she and Luke giggled secretly.

“Wyatt Lewis!” Waylon gritted his teeth.

“Bro, I swear I wasn’t intentionally eavesdropping on you and sis-in-law’s lovey-dovey talk! I promise I didn’t hear a thing.”

Wyatt made a motion like he was swearing, then immediately scooped up the two kids into his arms.

“Don’t let us interrupt. Please, carry on, carry on.”

As he ran off with Luke and Willow in tow, Wyatt mockingly mimicked, swaying his head, “You’re stuck with me for life~”

“Pfft...”

Hope, leaning against Waylon’s chest, couldn’t help but burst into giggles. In the next moment, though, she could feel Waylon’s muscles tense.

Now she completely understood why Wyatt was always getting lectured.

Well! How to put it...

He really did have it coming!

...

After lunch, Waylon had to return to Emperor Capital. Hope personally drove him to the airport. After watching him leave, she was just about to ask Xiao Shi to drive her home when she received a call from Elias Patel.

Recalling the story Waylon had told her earlier, Hope’s face darkened slightly but she still answered the call.

“Madam,” Elias’s urgent voice came through, “I’m at the café next to the Williams Group building. Can I see you for a moment?”

“You’re in City A?”

“Yes. Can I meet with you?”

Hope let out a light sigh. “Elias Patel, I already know about your dismissal. There’s no need to say more.”

Just as Hope was about to hang up, Elias’s voice quickly called out again, “Madam, did you hear about the Lewis Family’s private airplane crash a few days ago?”

The Lewis Family’s private airplane crash?

Hope’s heart suddenly skipped a beat violently.

Chapter 635: Chapter 635: They’ve Hidden It Too Well

Coffee shop.

Hope Williams and Elias Patel sat facing each other by the window. Hope’s expression was heavy, and her usually calm face showed a few signs of urgency.

“What’s the situation with the Lewis family’s private plane crash that you mentioned?”

Elias picked up the coffee in front of him and took a slow sip, unhurriedly.

It seemed her guess was correct—Hope knew nothing about the plane crash.

“It seems Madam truly isn’t aware of anything,” Elias said indifferently.

Hope furrowed her brows slightly.

“If Madam wants to know, I can tell you, but I have one condition.”

“You want me to help you return to the Lewis Clan?” Hope saw through Elias’s thoughts at a glance.

Elias pressed her lips together, her gaze fixed on Hope, her eyes flickering. “For you, this is just a matter of a single word.”

Hope pulled her lips into a faint smile. “Well, I’m sorry, but I’m not interested in arranging for a love rival to be around my husband. If you don’t want to say, that’s totally fine—I can figure it out myself.”

Elias stammered, “I... You already know?”

“Know what?” Hope’s tone remained indifferent. “That you’re in love with Waylon Lewis?”

Hope gave a cold laugh, tinged with faint mockery.

Elias bit her lip. Being in love with someone wasn’t something to be ashamed of, but Hope’s dismissive smile made her feel an intense sense of humiliation.

“You think you’re hiding it well?”

Elias’s expression stiffened. Since Hope already knew, there was no point in keeping it secret. “He’s an exceptional man. I’ve worked as his assistant for so many years—is it really that abnormal to fall for him?”

Hope nodded. “Of course it’s normal. Women who like him have never been in short supply.”

Joy Ward, Ellie Field, Vivia Fuller, Mia Fuller, Grace Gray...

Hmm, there were others she couldn’t even remember.

Waylon Lewis was outstanding—appearance, family background, and capability were more than enough to attract people.

So when Hope learned about Elias's feelings, she wasn't surprised.

"I don't mind you liking him, as long as you behave yourself and maintain a proper distance. I'll have no objections, but clearly, this time you've crossed the line."

So many women liked Waylon Lewis. If Hope were to mind, get angry, or fuss over every single one of them, all her thoughts would have to be spent on such trivialities.

Besides, Waylon gave her ample reassurance—she was certain his heart belonged only to her. As long as no one crossed the line, why should she care?

Hope stood up, unwilling to continue wasting time with her. "Since you're unwilling to speak, I can find out on my own."

Elias anxiously stood up as well. "I don't have to go back to the Lewis Clan—I could return to Ansen instead. I'll distance myself from him and just hope to occasionally catch a glimpse of him. I swear I won't do anything inappropriate in the future. Please, I beg you!"

"That's unnecessary. You've done what you've done, and these words have been said aloud—I'd feel disgusted having you stay around."

Elias's face stiffened, her eyes filled with even more resentment. She shouted at Hope, "Go ahead and investigate, Hope. If I'm not mistaken, everyone around you knows about this, except you. Why? Because they're all intentionally keeping it from you. Sure, go ahead, investigate—what do you think you'll actually uncover?"

Hope's expression darkened.

"Do you know who was on that plane?"

Hope's hands, hanging by her sides, clenched tightly. "Was it Waylon's parents?"

On her way to the coffee shop, Hope had already speculated who might've been on the Lewis family's private plane when it crashed.

"The crash happened four days ago, right?"

Elias's expression turned tense.

Seeing that reaction, Hope knew she guessed right.

On that day, it was initially planned that they—Waylon, Luke, Willow, herself, along with Alitzel Williams and Christopher Lewis—would return to Emperor Capital together.

However, due to dealing with Jade Bell's matters at the Williams Family, she was held back, leading Waylon, Luke, and Willow to stay behind with her.

That meant the ones on the plane were Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams.

That day in the hospital, Waylon's face looked very off. He must've already known about the plane crash at the time but chose to lie to her, saying it was company issues, as he quietly returned to Emperor Capital alone to handle it.

Hope felt her heart seize in pain.

Everyone knew—Waylon knew, Wyatt knew, the old man knew. Perhaps Liam Cloud even knew...

They had all hidden it so well.

Now that Hope had pieced it together, Elias no longer bothered hiding anything. "Yes, that's correct. And as of now, Uncle Lewis and Aunt Lewis's bodies still haven't been found. It's been four days—whether they're alive or dead is unknown, Hope. You were supposed to be sitting on that private plane that day too, weren't you?"

Before coming to City A, Elias had deliberately visited the old Lewis Family estate.

Just like Thomas Hughes, she occasionally went there to deliver documents to Waylon, so the staff at the estate weren't exactly unfamiliar with her.

Waylon had suppressed the news, ensuring the Lewis family's private plane crash didn't leak to the public. But the staff at the estate still caught whispers, and Elias pried for details, managing to gather only this much.

Hope's eyes burned, her lips trembling slightly.

Private planes had incredibly high safety standards and were inspected daily. The odds of an accident were minuscule—why would a perfectly good plane suddenly crash?

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Apart from the possibility of mechanical failure, the weather that day was excellent. There wasn't any severe weather, so it couldn't have been weather-related.

Where did the problem go wrong?

She couldn't figure it out at first, but Elias Patel's words sparked something in her mind.

The person who was supposed to be on that private plane that day was her!

Hope Williams staggered slightly.

An answer began forming in her mind.

This was a premeditation.

The ones meant to board that plane were her, Waylon Lewis, Luke, and Willow!

And the one who planned all this, who wanted her dead—besides Ted Williams, she couldn't think of anyone else.

If she had died in the crash that day, Ted Williams would have been completely at ease.

But he didn't foresee Luna Williams causing such a major commotion, disrupting all his plans.

Hope Williams took a deep breath, guilt and self-reproach surging through her heart.

If it weren't for her, Christopher Lewis and Alitzel Williams would never have been dragged into this mess.

Beyond the guilt and self-blame, a cold, boundless fury burned in Hope Williams' eyes.

Ted Williams, for the sake of securing the Williams Clan for himself, wasn't just aiming to kill her—even Waylon Lewis, Luke, and Willow weren't spared from his calculations.

A private plane carrying their family of four, Christopher Lewis, Alitzel Williams, the pilot, the bodyguards—over a dozen lives.

Hope Williams tightly suppressed her rage, desperately restraining the hatred boiling in her heart. Never had she wanted to kill someone so badly as at this moment.

Ted Williams was a thousand times more ruthless than she had imagined.

Leaving the café, every step Hope Williams took felt unbearably heavy.

She stood still, pulling out her phone, her gaze lingering over the phone number, hesitating to press the dial button.

She didn't know how to voice this to Waylon Lewis.

He had kept it from her to avoid making her worry. She worried that if she asked, he would then worry about her!

These past few days must have been sheer torment for him.

With his parents' plane crash leaving their survival uncertain, having to shoulder the company's burdens and also care for her—yet whenever he saw her, he had to keep up a flawless facade.

She truly...

Her heart ached!

After a long while, Hope Williams hovered over Waylon Lewis' number, tears streaming uncontrollably.

Gripping her phone tighter, Hope Williams opted to call Liam Cloud instead.

"Rare for you to call me. What's up?"

Hope Williams took a deep, shuddering breath, her voice catching with faint sobs.

Liam Cloud instantly noticed the unusual tension in her tone, immediately dropping his teasing demeanor.

"Crying? What happened?"

"...Did you also hear about the Lewis Family's private plane crash?"

Liam Cloud paused briefly.

Hope Williams pressed her lips together, "Can you tell me about it?"

Liam Cloud's voice sank slightly, "Where are you now?"

Hope Williams gave him her current location.

"Stay put."

...

Fifteen minutes later, when the car stopped before Hope Williams, her gaze dropped slightly, lost in thought, oblivious to its arrival.

The car window slowly rolled down, revealing a man's sharp yet gentle features, shadowed by an unmistakable pain in his dark eyes.

He stepped out of the car, extending a clean handkerchief with his gracefully poised fingers, "Wipe your tears."

Hope Williams' lashes trembled slightly, her tearful eyes lifting to meet Liam Cloud's gaze. After a brief pause, she took the handkerchief and inhaled deeply, "Are they... still alive?"

Liam Cloud's hand tightened slightly.

"First, dry your tears. I can't stand seeing you cry."

Hope Williams lowered her head to scrub at her tears, but the more she wiped, the more tears flowed. Fear and helplessness encircled her like thorns.

Noticing her distress, Liam Cloud raised his hand, intending to pat her shoulder for comfort, but ultimately let it fall back down, hesitant.

Hope Williams clenched her jaws tightly, forcibly swallowing back her tears before finally raising her head to face him.

"Alright, go on."

Liam Cloud sighed, "The plane didn't experience technical failure at the time. The problem lay with the pilot—suspected of being bribed or threatened."

Just as Hope Williams had surmised, the plane wasn't at fault.

"The latest news from yesterday—the discovery of one of the bodyguards who parachuted out during the incident."

Hope Williams' lips quivered slightly, "If one of the bodyguards survived by parachuting, then they could survive too, couldn't they?"

Liam Cloud hesitated, "You could say that—the chances of survival are fairly high. But..."

Hope Williams held her breath, "But what?"

"But they haven't been found yet, and that part is very strange."

They had searched extensively, expending all available manpower and resources, yet still found no trace.

Optimistically, it could simply be a matter of time before they were found.

Pessimistically, if their parachutes had malfunctioned, their bodies could be gone without a trace.

In an intermediate scenario, perhaps they survived but fell into enemy hands and were being hidden away.

Liam Cloud shared his theories with Hope Williams.

Hope Williams' brow twitched sharply, her voice trembling, "So there's also a possibility they fell into Ted Williams' hands?"

"Yes, the possibility isn't negligible."

The biggest problem was that this was merely speculation. The other two possibilities were equally viable, and currently, there were no leads at all. People had already been sent to surveil Ted Williams and the Williams Family, but no suspicious traces had surfaced—nothing concrete to go on. All they could do was continue searching.

Hope Williams felt a vague sense of dread gnawing steadily at her.