

# SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

## Chapter 636 Fear and Hesitation

### *Chapter 636: Chapter 636 Fear and Hesitation*

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.

#### **Chapter 637: Chapter 637 Everything Will Be Alright**

"I understand." Hope Williams nodded, somewhat dazed, and took a few steps forward.

Liam Cloud raised his hand and stopped her, "Where are you going?"

"...Going home."

Liam Cloud frowned, "You're walking the wrong way. Your driver is over there!"

Hope Williams blinked lightly, "Alright."

She then walked in the direction Liam Cloud had indicated.

Watching her demeanor, Liam Cloud couldn't feel at ease. He grabbed Hope Williams's hand, walked her to the car, and opened the door.

In a low voice, he said, "Get in. I'll take you home."

"No need..."

“I’m not negotiating. Get in.”

Forced to comply, Hope Williams turned and got into the car. Liam Cloud got in from the other side.

The car sped off.

In another corner, several pairs of eyes stared intensely.

“Brother River, the woman left. Aren’t we following her?”

“Follow her?! Don’t you see who she’s with?”

Blade River gritted his teeth. The person beside her was Liam Cloud, and there was even a car full of bodyguards following them.

They had no chance to make a move.

“So what do we do? How are you going to explain this to Master Williams when you’re back?”

Blade River’s expression turned ruthless, “I’ll explain it honestly. Keep others watching her. Once there’s an opportunity, make a move. Master Williams said she must be prevented from attending the shareholders’ meeting at all costs.”

“Understood.”

Hope Williams arrived home, and Luke, Willow, and Wyatt Lewis immediately noticed her low spirits.

“Mommy?”

“Mommy, what’s wrong?”

Luke and Willow waddled toward Hope Williams with small steps, their big eyes filled with intense worry.

Wyatt Lewis saw Liam Cloud entering behind Hope Williams and raised his eyebrows slightly, “Why are you here?”

Liam Cloud glanced at him and asked in return, “I brought her back. Can’t you tell?”

“...”

Wyatt Lewis asked, “What happened to my sister-in-law?”

Hope Williams always kept her emotions under control. For her to feel such despair and sadness, it must be no small matter.

Liam Cloud looked at Hope Williams's back, his expression darkened, "She found out about the plane crash involving your parents."

Wyatt Lewis's deep black eyes flickered with shock, his face visibly turning serious. "What happened? How did my sister-in-law find out?"

A bloodthirsty gleam penetrated Liam Cloud's brooding gaze, "I want to know that too."

Watching Liam Cloud's suddenly grim and sinister demeanor, Wyatt Lewis's mouth twitched, "Then my sister-in-law..."

"She's probably blaming herself. She's not feeling well emotionally."

Wyatt Lewis pressed his thin lips together and glanced at Hope Williams sitting on the couch. He silently stepped forward, "Sister-in-law?"

Hope Williams slowly lifted her head, her eyes slightly red. "About Mom and Dad... I'm so sorry."

Wyatt Lewis sighed deeply, his expression heavy, shaking his head, "It's not your fault. Don't blame yourself. My brother didn't tell you because he was worried you'd fret and blame yourself. If someone must be held accountable, it's Ted Williams!"

Mentioning Ted Williams made Wyatt Lewis burn with rage, his eyes filled with hatred.

After a pause, he added, "Mom and Dad will be fine. Don't worry too much. Everything will be okay."

Hope Williams looked at Wyatt Lewis, silent for half a second, "Yes, everything will be okay."

Luke and Willow stretched out their little arms to hug Hope Williams. Though they didn't know what had happened, it was undoubtedly something bad. They felt heartbroken.

Willow pursed her small lips and said, "Mommy, don't be sad. Seeing you sad makes me sad too..."

Hope Williams gently pinched Willow's fair, soft cheek. This little one was already teary-eyed herself but still tried to comfort her.

Hope Williams forced out a not-so-genuine smile, "Okay."

After a moment, Hope Williams regained her usual composure, but the emotions in her eyes remained cold.

It was as if something had suddenly come to mind. She stood up firmly and started heading upstairs.

Wyatt Lewis's heart tightened. He looked up at Hope Williams. "Sister-in-law, where are you going?"

"To organize the evidence."

"What evidence?"

Hope Williams's expression shifted slightly, "Enough evidence to take down Ted Williams in one decisive move."

### **Chapter 638: Chapter 638: Settlement**

Looking at Hope Williams, who was now fired up by anger, Liam Cloud knew she had snapped out of it. His expression softened slightly.

Hope went upstairs and took out the recorder that Uncle Ruiz had given her, listening to it segment by segment.

The first recording was related to the assassination and framing of Maverick Williams:

"What do you need from me?"

"I need a favor—just a few men..."

"What good does framing Maverick Williams do for you?"

"He's the one who treated me like trash first. Why should I let him off easily..."

The second recording was about the time they conspired with Uncle Ruiz against her:

"Kid, don't think I don't know what you're plotting. Inviting me to Emperor Capital is because you know Luna Williams is dying, and if you manage to deal with Hope next, you'll be the sole heir of the Williams Family without lifting a finger. What a clever plan! Maverick Williams certainly raised a cunning grandson!"

"Uncle Ruiz, don't joke like that. This is mutual benefit, a win-win..."



The third recording concerned the time he instigated Luna Williams:

“Why did you send her to find me?”

“A ready-made scapegoat. Why waste the opportunity? Plus, it can profit you. Isn’t that great?”

“Ted Williams, you’re really good at scheming. You just want to clear yourself out of this mess.”

“It’s just mutual benefit. Ideally, both of them should stay in Emperor Capital forever.”

...

Hope listened to these recordings repeatedly, feeling her anger blaze even stronger in her heart.

Beyond these matters, there were also plans to crash the plane and kill her entire family—blocking her efforts to gather shares, bribing drivers to cause accidents, and even being willing to kill Paisley Ginger.

Hope gritted her teeth and bit the inside of her cheek.

One by one, she vowed to settle accounts with him.

Night fell.

The sky gradually turned dark, and the evening breeze shattered the moonlight. It spilled into the room, scattering dim cold light everywhere.

Hope sat in the room for an indefinite amount of time.

The door was quietly pushed open by two small hands, and two little heads peeked inside. Their big eyes scanned the darkness, finally spotting Hope’s silhouette against the large floor-to-ceiling windows.

Then they quietly retreated, looking up at Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud behind them. “Mommy is in there.”

Liam lowered his voice. "What's she doing?"

Willow bit her fingertip. "Not sure. Let me check again."

Waylon interjected, "What are you two up to?"

Pushing the door open, Hope saw the four of them gathered outside her room.

For a moment, the five of them stared at each other with wide eyes.

Liam raised an eyebrow, keeping silent.

Wyatt immediately straightened up. "Sister-in-law, are you alright?"

Hope's expression was calm. "I'm fine. You all haven't eaten yet, have you? I'll ask the kitchen to cook something."

"Sister-in-law, we already ate. Look at the time—it's late, and only you haven't eaten. I asked the kitchen to prepare a few new dishes. Go downstairs and eat. If you starve, my brother will worry himself sick again."

"Alright, thank you."

Liam said, "Rest well tonight, and don't overthink."

Hope lightly nodded. "I understand."

As it was late, Liam felt it wasn't appropriate to stay longer. Confirming that Hope was fine, he found an excuse to leave.

After dinner, Hope returned to her room. Luke and Willow clung to her side and insisted on sleeping with her.

Hope didn't object and took the two little ones to wash up and sleep. Perhaps sensing that Hope was not in the best mood, the two behaved quietly. They lay on the bed, closing their eyes voluntarily, without urging Hope to tell them a bedtime story.

Still, Hope habitually told them a story until she heard their steady breathing. Only then did she stop.

It was now eleven at night. Despite lying in bed, Hope couldn't fall asleep. She tossed and turned, opening and closing her eyes, finally drifting off around two or three in the morning.

Early the next morning, her phone started ringing loudly.

The noise woke Willow, who lazily climbed out of bed, rubbed her sleepy eyes, and picked up Hope's phone with her little hands.

Willow answered the video call. The screen flickered, showing Waylon Lewis's sharp handsome face.

"Daddy," Willow mumbled sweetly.

Waylon paused for a moment, realizing it was Willow who answered. After a brief acknowledgment, he asked, "Where's Mommy?"

Willow lay back down on the bed, yawning lazily. In a small voice, she said, "Mommy's still sleeping. Daddy, do you want to see Mommy?"

"I do," Waylon said honestly.

Willow pouted and held the phone up again. She aimed the camera at Hope for a second before switching back to herself. "Daddy, look—Mommy's still asleep."

Waylon focused on the screen, but all he saw was a fleeting image. He couldn't even make out Hope's face—the camera barely captured her blanket.

"...I didn't see clearly..."

"Then I'll show Mommy to Daddy again... Then show Brother to Daddy... And then show Willow to Daddy..."

Waylon, "..."

Truly challenging—he didn't glimpse a single clear frame of anyone.

"Daddy, did you see everyone?"

"...Yes."

Waylon pressed his lips together, reminding himself not to argue with his daughter.

"Daddy, why are you up so early? Calling us so early—do you miss us?" Willow whispered carefully, afraid of waking Hope and Luke.

"I miss your Mommy! Let me look at..." your Mommy more!

Waylon was about to say so when Willow threw another little question his way.

Willow's lips trembled. "So, Daddy doesn't miss Willow and Brother?"

"Not at all!"

As soon as the words left his mouth, Willow's soft and chubby face scrunched up. "Then I'm hanging up!"

"..."

Waylon immediately changed his words. "I do miss you!"

"How much do you miss us?"

Afraid the little one might take him at his word and directly end the call, Waylon quickly replied, "Very much!"

Only then did Willow relent, breaking into a radiant smile. "Willow misses Daddy too. Willow will give Daddy a kiss."

She leaned toward the phone and made a "mwah" sound.

Waylon looked at his daughter's adorable expression, feeling much calmer now.

“Did you sleep with Mommy last night?”

Willow nodded her little head. “Yup, because... Mommy wasn’t happy, so we stayed with her.”

Hearing that Hope wasn’t happy, Waylon furrowed his brows. “Why wasn’t Mommy happy?”

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

### **#Chapter 639: 639: Let Ted Williams Take Her Back - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 639: 639: Let Ted Williams Take Her Back**

#### **Chapter 639: Chapter 639: Let Ted Williams Take Her Back**

Willow pouted her little lips and blinked, as if she were carefully thinking about what had happened yesterday.

“Because... because Grandpa and Grandma... Willow doesn’t know what happened to Grandpa and Grandma, but Mommy, Second Uncle, and Uncle Liam Cloud talked about them, and... Mommy wasn’t happy.”

Mentioning Hope Williams’ unhappiness, Willow’s beautiful little face crinkled as well. Her big eyes shimmered, as though she might burst into tears any second.

Waylon Lewis’s expression darkened slightly. He immediately understood—Hope Williams must have found out about the plane crash.

After a few seconds, Waylon Lewis said, “Alright, I understand. Let Mommy sleep some more. Don’t disturb her. When she wakes up, ask her to give me a call.”

Willow obediently nodded her head. “Okay! I’ll definitely tell Mommy what Daddy said.”

“Good girl.”

Waylon Lewis coaxed Willow into sleeping a bit more and hung up the phone.

Willow was indeed still sleepy. She set the phone aside and snuggled closer to Hope Williams, continuing to sleep.

Hope Williams woke up at eight o'clock. The sky outside was already bright. She sat up and stared at the scenery outside the window for a while. She blinked her eyes and wiped the moisture from the corners of her eyes.

Seeing the two little ones sleeping quietly beside her, Hope Williams's heart softened. She tucked the blanket around them and went to the bathroom to freshen up.

By the time Hope Williams finished freshening up and changing her clothes, the two little ones on the bed were already awake.

They were sitting on the big bed in their cartoon pajamas, looking adorably dazed. It was unbearably cute.

"Good morning, my darlings." Hope Williams wiped her hands and walked toward the two little ones.

Willow, having slept again, didn't forget the task Daddy had entrusted her with.

She climbed out of bed, grabbed her phone, and dashed into Hope Williams's arms with her short little legs. "Mommy, Daddy says he misses you!"

Hope Williams blinked, thinking the little girl must have been dreaming.

Luke thought Willow was dreaming too.

He even felt like he'd dreamed—he'd dreamt of Willow talking to herself in her sleep.

Hope Williams smiled gently at Willow. "Really? What else did Daddy say?"

"Willow told Daddy that Mommy wasn't happy. Daddy said Mommy should call him back when she woke up." Willow spoke seriously, holding the phone up and shaking it in front of Hope Williams.

"He called me?"

"Yes! But Mommy was still asleep, so Willow answered for you."

Hope Williams blinked and took the phone to check. Sure enough, there was a call history. Only then did she confirm that Willow wasn't dreaming.

"What did Willow say to Daddy?"

"I said Mommy wasn't happy because of Grandpa and Grandma," Willow immediately replied.

Hope Williams's expression subtly changed.

Noticing the change in Hope Williams's face, Willow asked, "Mommy, what's wrong?"

Hope Williams composed herself. "Nothing. You two go freshen up first. Mommy will bring your clothes over later. I'll call Daddy now."

"Okay."

Luke pulled Willow along to freshen up.

Once the two little ones were in the bathroom, Hope Williams walked to the window with her phone, paused for a second, and dialed Waylon Lewis's number.

The moment the call connected, "You found out?"

"You found out?" Both spoke simultaneously.

Waylon Lewis paused. His voice was heavy. "Yeah, I'm sorry. I didn't tell you earlier because I didn't want you to worry."

Hope Williams took a deep breath. "I know."

She knew everything. That's why she felt so much heartache for Waylon Lewis—heartache that he had endured the most agonizing times all on his own, while she remained oblivious.

A stretch of silence fell over the call.

Waylon Lewis could imagine Hope Williams's current feelings: guilt, self-blame, fear.

He desperately wanted to hold her and comfort her.

With a sigh, he softened his usually cold voice as much as possible. "This isn't your fault. Don't take the blame. Focus on handling things in A City. I've got everything under control here in Emperor Capital."

Hope Williams pressed her lips together. "Alright. I'll wrap things up here as quickly as possible and come back."

"Okay."

Just then, knocks sounded at the door.

Hope Williams turned to look. "Who is it?"

"Madam, it's me."

It was Shaun's voice. If Shaun was looking for her, it must be to report something.

Hope Williams told Waylon Lewis she had to go and hung up the phone, walking over to open the door.

"What's the matter?"

Shaun reported, "Madam, the Carter Family is in chaos, and Ted Williams has gone to the Carter Family estate. It looks like he's planning to take Luna Williams away."

Luna Williams showing up at the Carter Family was already enough to provoke Emily Parker, who had always loathed them. For someone like Emily Parker, there was no way she wouldn't cause a commotion.

Noah Carter could probably protect one Luna Williams, but Emily Parker's uproar changed the situation entirely.

Lost in thought, Hope Williams's phone suddenly vibrated.

She pressed her lips together—it was Old Master Parker calling.

Sliding her finger across the screen, she picked up the call. Old Master Parker's stern voice rang out, "Little Hope, I've heard about the shares. Come to the Carter Family estate as well."

Old Master Parker's heavy tone carried undisguised anger. He quickly relayed the instruction and waited for Hope Williams's reply.

Since Old Master Parker had personally called about the matter of the shares, Hope Williams had no reason not to go. "Alright."

Carter Family estate.

"Noah Carter, haven't I compromised enough for you? You want to prepare dowries for both of them? Fine, I agreed. And now, what are you doing? Doesn't she have her own family? What right does she have to stay at the Carter estate?"

"Luna is my daughter. What's wrong with her staying here? Besides, she doesn't plan to stay permanently. Are you really upset over a single room or a single meal?"

Emily Parker's face twisted in anger. Her glaring eyes locked with Noah Carter's. Luna Williams had a visible handprint on her face, looking disheveled as she hid behind Noah Carter, silently sobbing.



When Luna Williams arrived at the Carter estate, Noah Carter was initially delighted. His daughter was willing to get closer to him rather than remain distant as before, and he was naturally happy.

But he hadn't expected Emily Parker to explode so vehemently just after he tried to discuss the matter amicably with her this morning.

She rushed forward, grabbed Luna Williams by the collar, and dragged her down. Noah Carter couldn't tolerate this.

The two went head-to-head, arguing furiously. Emily Parker felt wronged and called Old Master Parker to come and back her up.

Now faced with Noah Carter's angry glare, Emily Parker completely broke down. Tears welled up in her eyes as she looked pitifully at the stern-faced Old Master Parker. "Dad, you've got to stand up for me. Your daughter's been bullied like this!"

"You two fight minor battles every other day and major wars every three days. Are you even trying to live together anymore?"

Noah Carter gritted his teeth. "Dad, I've proposed divorce to her, but she refuses."

"I won't agree! Why should I divorce? Noah Carter, mark my words—I'll live and die with the Carter Family. Don't even think about cutting ties with me!"

Noah Carter was so enraged he couldn't speak.

Old Master Parker looked at his daughter, feeling a mix of frustration and resentment. What was the point of staying tied to a man who had no feelings for her? Why trap both herself and him? Was it worth it?

Old Master Parker's breathing grew heavy. "Enough. If you don't want to divorce, then make your marriage work properly. Stop causing trouble. If you could show just a little more tolerance, things wouldn't have reached this point."

"Dad..."

Old Master Parker ignored her and turned to Noah Carter instead. "And you—Emily is your wife, the mistress of this house. You should discuss major and minor issues with her before making decisions. Do I, an old man, still have to teach you these things?"

Old Master Parker was impartial, scolding both sides equally.

Noah Carter furrowed his brows. He knew this principle very well. He wanted to discuss things with Emily Parker, but she just wouldn't listen.

“Exactly!”

Emily Parker grew more assertive. “Anyway, I’ve already called the Williams Family. If she doesn’t leave, I’ll have them come pick her up.”

“I won’t go!” Luna Williams burst out, her face full of defiance.

“Won’t go? Ted Williams is already on his way here. This is my house, and if I say you’re leaving, then you’ll get out!”

## **Chapter 640: Chapter 640: The older, the wiser**

Luna Williams anxiously grabbed Noah Carter’s arm, her eyes glistening with tears. “Dad...”

Noah Carter’s gaze flickered sharply with a hint of surprise. “Luna, what did you call me?”

Luna immediately called out again, “Dad!”

Noah Carter’s eyes reddened slightly. Looking at Luna, he was almost overwhelmed with joy. “Good! Good! You finally called me Dad.”

Noah Carter had thought that Hope Williams and Luna Williams would never forgive him in this lifetime.

He never expected to hear his daughter call him “Dad” again.

At this moment, Noah Carter was so happy he scarcely knew what to do with himself.

“Luna, don’t worry. With me here, no one can drive you away.” Noah Carter seemed to have made some kind of decision, his gaze becoming even more resolute.

Emily Parker nearly fainted from anger. “Am I dead in your eyes?”

“Luna Williams, is the dowry you were given before still not enough? Now you’re even trying to take over the Carter family? Are you as shameless as your dead mother?”

Emily Parker didn’t know Luna had come to the Carters to avoid Ted Williams. She thought Luna was dissatisfied with the dowry and had set her sights on the Carters, something Emily would never agree to.

“I didn’t,” Luna denied loudly. If not to avoid Ted Williams, why would she subject herself to such cold treatment here?

“Luna, what’s all this commotion in the Carter house?”

A faint voice came from the direction of the door. Luna shivered in fright and looked up to see Ted Williams entering.

Behind the lenses of his gold-rimmed glasses, his eyes were filled with coldness, staring directly at her. Luna broke into a cold sweat.

Her grip on Noah Carter's arm tightened. Noah turned to look at Luna and clearly detected a trace of fear in her eyes.

"Luna, what's wrong?"

Luna forced herself to calm down, shrinking her neck and shaking her head, but her gaze remained fixed on Ted.

Ted's gaze was full of menace, making her feel immense pressure.

"Ted Williams, you're finally here. Take your sister home. After all, she's still a Williams. What's she doing staying in the Carter family?"

Ted smiled faintly, his demeanor polite and elegant. "I apologize for any trouble caused. I'll take her home right away."

As he spoke, Ted beckoned to Luna. "Luna, let's go. You have a home of your own—why aren't you there? I thought something had happened to you. I've been looking all over for you."

To Luna, that smile of his looked like the smile of a devil, filled with danger. Fear washed over her like a wave, as if he would rip off his polished mask the next second, revealing his hideous true nature and tearing her apart.

Noah Carter sensed Luna trembling subtly and noticed something strange between the two. His sharp eyebrows furrowed as he spoke in a stern voice, "Luna is living well here. Let her stay in the Carter house."

"Heh." Ted let out a nonchalant chuckle. "How could that be? Whatever else she may be, she's still a Williams and belongs with the Williams family. Besides, Grandma has just woken up and needs her care. How could she stay at the Carters indefinitely?"

Luna picked up on the implication in Ted's words: even if she didn't leave now, she couldn't stay in the Carter home permanently.

"Did you hear that? Hurry up and leave. Do you really think you can mooch off my family?" Emily Parker barked angrily.

Luna bit her lower lip tightly. She had initially planned to continue enduring the humiliation, but Emily kept pushing her, and even a clay figurine has some temper—let alone Luna, who was far from mild-tempered.

Taking a deep breath, Luna faced Emily and said, “I never wanted to take anything from you. I’m my dad’s daughter, and I just wanted to spend more time with him. I know Aunt Parker hates me. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have sent people to violate me.”

Luna didn’t hesitate to reopen her old wounds, airing past grievances. As expected, Noah Carter’s expression darkened significantly.

Large tears rolled down her face as she looked at Noah. “Dad, thank you for taking me in. Don’t argue with Aunt Parker because of me. I’ll leave.”

With that, Luna prepared to leave.

Emily rolled her eyes, not noticing Noah’s change in demeanor. “Good that you know. Now get lost. Don’t linger in my house.”

Noah Carter grabbed Luna by the arm, standing firmly in front of Emily. “I said Luna doesn’t have to leave, and no one can make her go.”

Luna’s heart welled with a victorious smile.

“Noah Carter, you—” Emily started.

“What a lively scene!” A clear and chilly voice floated into the room.

Everyone turned to see Hope Williams striding in with an unruffled air and intimidating presence. Emily’s face darkened further as she gritted her teeth. “One hasn’t even been kicked out, and now here comes another. I must have the worst luck imaginable. What are you doing here?”

Hope raised an eyebrow.

Old Master Parker spoke in a low voice. “I called Hope over.”

“Dad?” Emily was puzzled.

Old Master Parker’s expression softened noticeably as he addressed Hope. His tone was gentle. “Hope, take a seat first. Sophie hasn’t arrived yet. We’ll discuss the stock matters once she’s here.”

Hope gave a slight nod and sat down.

“So, it’s about the stocks again.” Emily let out two cold laughs. “If you don’t agree to Sophie’s two conditions, forget about it.”

Luna and Ted both glanced at Hope, each with their own thoughts and agendas reflected in their expressions.

“Mmm.” Hope nodded calmly.

She hadn’t held much hope for Old Master Parker to agree to sell the shares to her when he had summoned her here today.

The old man was shrewd and calculating, after all.