

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

### **#Chapter 651: 651: Fight to the Death - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 651: 651: Fight to the Death**

#### **Chapter 651: Chapter 651: Fight to the Death**

Hope Williams clutched her neck, and without giving her a chance to react, Ted Williams ruthlessly grabbed her.

In a flash, a black car came barreling through.

Ted Williams immediately swung open the car door and, along with another subordinate, dragged Hope Williams inside. He shoved Hope in, then pulled Harry into the passenger seat, getting into the back seat himself. While his subordinates still held off Waylon Lewis, the car sped off before they could even close the doors.

As their car raced away, Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud quickly climbed into their vehicles to give chase.

“Damn it,” Ted Williams swore under his breath, “Lose them!”

Hope Williams pressed tightly on the wound at her neck, blood oozing through her fingers. Fortunately, Waylon Lewis’s intervention with Blade River lessened the force, and the knife tip only grazed her flesh without causing serious harm.

The car accelerated relentlessly, the cold wind whistling past like a roaring dragon.

Ted Williams, both furious and humiliated, pressed a gun to Hope’s head. “This is all because of you, costing me so many men.”

“Your own paranoia killed them. If you had just let me go inside, you could have escaped. I gave you many chances, but you never trusted anyone!

Ted Williams, you’ve done so much evil that even you don’t believe you can be forgiven.”

“Shut up!” Ted Williams roared, “If I’m going to die, I’m taking you with me.”

“Is it worth it? Pursuing the Williams Clan at all costs, every step leading to this moment?”

“Does it matter if it’s worth it now? Ever since I decided to take revenge on Maverick Williams and seize everything from him, I’ve been determined to eliminate anything blocking my path. You ended up like this because Jade Bell was too selfish and insisted on leaving the Williams Clan to you.”

The three cars sped up continuously across the vast hillside.

Ted Williams kept looking back, the two cars behind still closely tailing them without a moment of respite.

Frustrated, Ted yelled at the driver, “Faster.”

Suddenly, the car came to a screeching halt.

Ted’s face darkened. “Have you lost your mind? Why are we stopping?”

“Master Williams, there’s no road ahead,” the driver stammered, glancing at the cars catching up from behind. Ahead was a steep cliff more than a hundred meters high, icy winds howling, and massive waves crashing below. The driver’s hands shook with anxiety. “Master Williams, what do we do now? What should we do?”

Ted Williams cursed, his face displaying a do-or-die look. “Hope, maybe today we’re destined to die together here.”

He kicked the car door open, pointing the gun at Hope, shouting, “Get out.”

“Brother...”

“You shut up too. Get out.”

After getting out of the car, Ted forced Hope towards the edge of the cliff.

Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud slammed their doors and got out simultaneously.

“Take one more step and I’ll kill her,” Ted Williams threatened, his eyes burning with madness and vengeance.

At this moment, Waylon Lewis’s calm and reason shattered, “Stop, don’t hurt her.”

“Back off, throw your guns away, hurry up!”

Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud immediately dropped their guns and took a few steps back.

When Thomas Hughes arrived with Alitzel Williams and saw this scene, Alitzel gasped in fear, her face filled with terror.

“Little Hope, Little Hope... don’t hurt her. Whatever you want, we’ll give it to you. Just don’t hurt her, please, don’t hurt her.”

“Don’t come any closer, back off. If you don’t want her to die, arrange a helicopter for me. Once I’m safe, I’ll let her go.”

“Thomas, arrange it immediately,” Waylon Lewis shouted loudly.

Watching Waylon obey, Ted Williams laughed manically, “You forced me into this, you all forced me...”

Harry watched his brother descend into madness, gritted his teeth, and rushed forward while Ted was off guard, grabbing hold of him.

“Cousin, run!”

For a moment, Ted froze; even now, he was helping Hope!

Harry’s action felt like a knife stabbing into Ted’s heart.

“Harry!” Ted Williams roared, shaking off his brother’s arms violently.

Seeing Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud with their guns raised, Ted grabbed Hope as she ran, yanking her back with all his strength.

“Ah!”

“Bang!”

“Bang!”

The sound of two gunshots rang out almost simultaneously.

Ted Williams’s whole body jerked, his eyes widening as he stared at the blood gushing from his chest.

The blood stained his white shirt crimson. His eyes wide open, he suddenly collapsed, weightless.

“Brother!” Harry’s voice was hoarse and torn.

“Splash.” The sound of a heavy object hitting water.

“Hope!”

“Hope!”

“Little Hope!”

## **Chapter 652: Chapter 652: Can't Find Her Anymore**

Everyone rushed forward in a frenzy.

Below the towering hundred-meter cliff, the waves surged like an abyss ready to devour everything. The instant someone fell, not a trace was seen.

Waylon Lewis felt a buzzing in his ears, his blood seemed to freeze within his veins.

Without hesitation, he was about to jump down. Beside him, Alitzel Williams grasped his waist and shouted.

“No, Waylon, you can't jump, it's too dangerous. You'll die if you go, Mom won't allow you to take the risk.”

Alitzel held onto Waylon's waist tightly.

Thomas Hughes also stepped forward, grasping Waylon firmly, “Boss, it's too dangerous, you can't go. I'll prepare a boat immediately.”

Waylon's eyes were bloodshot, his entire aura was terrifying.

At this moment, he could hear nothing.

He only knew that Hope Williams had fallen.

It was dangerous down there, everyone knew it was a death sentence.

And Hope couldn't swim.

“Let go!”

Waylon roared, swinging back to punch Thomas in the chest. Thomas grunted in pain, tasting blood in his mouth, yet he still held onto Waylon, refusing to let go.

“Waylon, listen to your mom, it's too dangerous. You can't go down, you can't get hurt, I can't let you take this risk...” Alitzel cried, shouting.

It was the same on Liam Cloud's side. Wesley Ruiz desperately clung to Liam.

Liam's eyes were vacant, like a wild beast out of control, punching the people holding him back.

“Let go! I told you to let go!”

Wesley's mouth bled, but he refused to release his grip, "Big Boss, even if you beat me to death today, I can't let you take this risk."

"Get off!"

Liam pounded a heavy fist on Wesley's shoulder, forcing him to release his hold.

Liam plunged headlong into the sea without hesitation.

"Big Boss!!!"

At that moment, Waylon fiercely broke free from the surrounding restraints and quickly submerged into the sea.

"Splash."

"Splash." Two sounds.

Alitzel watched Waylon leap down resolutely and felt as if she had fallen into an ice cavern.

The hundred-meter-high cliff, and the waves below seemed ready to swallow all life, looked extremely frightening.

If by chance... by chance something unexpected happened...

She couldn't lose her son, the Lewis Family couldn't lose its head...

Alitzel couldn't allow herself to think further and screamed hoarsely, "Quickly, get the boat, hurry, go find the boat!"

Alitzel knelt on the ground, her tears flowing abundantly, "My son, my grandson, oh Little Hope... what to do, what to do, what to do now... hurry, go get the boat, quickly! Quickly now!"

Not wasting a single second, Thomas rushed to find a boat, as did Wesley, both leaving swiftly.

The weather today wasn't good. The sky above was dark and oppressive, the wind carried waves of cold chills, making one shiver involuntarily.

The two continued to search tirelessly in the icy water.

Wave after wave rose, even just standing on the boat, Alitzel felt terrified.

Watching Waylon in a frenzy, she covered her mouth, sobbing. If Hope truly died, she couldn't imagine what Waylon would become.

And there's Luke and Willow.

What could be done?

Alitzel clasped her hands together, looking up to the heavens, constantly muttering prayers.

Three hours later.

The subordinates who had been searching in full gear were now too exhausted and had returned to the boat.

Waylon and Liam continued to expand their search area.

The scene was deathly silent; no one dared utter a sound.

Everyone knew that with the waves being that fierce, someone who couldn't swim being swept away for three hours was as good as gone.

Alitzel paled and fell back, closing her eyes hard, unable to believe it, "How could this be, how could this be..."

They searched deep into the night.

Liam sent out everyone, and Waylon summoned all the hands from Emperor Capital.

Several helicopters hovered over the sea, shining searchlights.

Looking down, the sea was ablaze with lights, countless boats searching and retrieving, yet despite this, Hope wasn't found.

The sun rose and set, set and rose...

For three whole days, the entire sea region was scoured thoroughly.

Everyone was exhausted but still found nothing.

Logically, even if someone had... drowned, after three days, the body should float up. After deploying so much manpower and resources, overturning every corner, they should have found something.

Yet still, not a trace could be found. Everyone harbored a growing, more terrifying suspicion.

The atmosphere reached a suffocating extreme, Waylon's eyes were vacant, expressionless, tirelessly searching like a madman.

No one dared to persuade him, knowing the outcome, no one dared speak the truth, afraid of touching a nerve and causing the man to erupt, dragging others into disaster.

...

On the ship's forecastle deck.

A hurricane whipped past.

"Bang."

A heavy punch landed squarely on Waylon Lewis's face.

Waylon Lewis did not dodge or evade, stubbornly taking the punch, sending his entire body crashing to the side.

"Boss!!!"

Thomas Hughes hurriedly stepped forward to help, Waylon Lewis raised his hand to stop him.

Liam Cloud's face was as dark as it could be, an aura of hostility enveloped him as if he was desperate to tear the man in front of him to pieces.

He grabbed Waylon Lewis by the collar, "Waylon Lewis, are you satisfied? I'm asking if you're satisfied? Why didn't you choose to save her first? Why? Harry Williams was the one I kidnapped; the only person I wanted to save was Hope Williams. You traded him for your dad.

Hope Williams can't swim, did you know that she can't swim? Now, Hope Williams is missing, what are we going to do? You tell me, what are we going to do?"

Liam Cloud's voice was hoarse and trembling, shouting in rage.

Three whole days, three days without any sign, what are we going to do, what are we going to do...

"If she's dead, what do we do? Waylon Lewis, answer me, speak!"

In Waylon Lewis's crimson, hollow eyes, a flash of sinister fierceness appeared abruptly as he furiously got up and grabbed Liam by the collar.

“She won’t be, shut your mouth, she won’t die, she will be found, she definitely will be found...”

“Found? Found!” Liam Cloud found it laughable and mocking, landing another punch without holding back on Waylon Lewis’s face, “Tell me, how are we going to find her? Drain the sea?

Waylon Lewis, you’re so impressive, so why can’t you even protect a woman? Why wasn’t she your first choice? She’s pregnant! Waylon Lewis, she’s pregnant with your child! How could you be so cruel, how could you be so heartless?”

Liam Cloud’s words felt like knives repeatedly stabbing Waylon Lewis’s heart, continuously twisting, causing Waylon Lewis’s heart to ache beyond measure.

He ultimately did not protect her.

Liam Cloud clenched his fists, tighter and tighter, his emotions furious and uncontrollable, he could only vent by hitting Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis did not fight back.

Almost wishing Liam Cloud would beat him to death.

In the end, it was only Wesley Ruiz and Thomas Hughes along with a few others who managed to separate them.

Liam Cloud fiercely shook off the hand that grabbed him, glaring harshly at Waylon Lewis.

“If Hope Williams is dead, spend the rest of your life repenting.”

After speaking, Liam Cloud turned around to continue searching.

Upon hearing that Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud had fought, Alitzel Williams hurried to the scene.

Only to see her son, who could face any big situation calmly, now standing there with his head hanging, eyes vacant and terrified...

This was far more severe than she had imagined.

Alitzel Williams covered her mouth, unable to cry even.

Hope Williams’s death was also partly her fault...



In that room, Hope could have run towards Waylon Lewis herself, but she chose to push her towards Waylon Lewis first.

When exchanging people, Hope also left the chance to Christopher Lewis first...

Their lives were saved by her, and she might not even have a complete body to return...

And at the moment she fell into the sea, she still worried that Waylon Lewis might be in danger, preventing Waylon Lewis from rescuing anyone, Alitzel Williams was completely engulfed in regret.

Scenes of Hope trying to save them replayed in her mind, the heartache was beyond bearable.

What will happen in the future, what will Waylon Lewis do, what will happen to this family, Alitzel Williams dared not think.

The incident stirred up so much attention, it attracted media coverage.

Waylon Lewis was focused on rescuing, with no time to worry, and the matter had already spread wildly outside.

The Williams Family.

Jade Bell fainted directly upon hearing that Hope Williams fell into the sea and was still missing, after being revived and seeing the news reports, she cried uncontrollably.

"Little Hope, it's Grandma's fault... it's all Grandma's fault, Grandma shouldn't have dragged you into the Williams Family's mess, otherwise you wouldn't have ended up like this, it's all Grandma's fault, it's my fault..."

One wrong step led to every wrong step, Maverick Williams was stubborn and obsessed, was she any different, Hope Williams refused her so many times, yet she still wouldn't let her go.

The Williams Family owed her the most, with no gratitude of raising her, ultimately still using feelings and blood relations to bind her.

Her life was also saved by Hope Williams...

Ultimately leaving Hope Williams to bear it all.

Cursed, Jade Bell felt she truly deserved to die...

Begging the heavens, if she could trade her old life for Hope Williams to live.

“Grandma...” Watching Jade Bell crying out her heart, Harry Williams’s cold face showed a hint of emotion.

Ted Williams did not die, he was rescued.

But he was no different from being dead, Waylon Lewis had people imprison him.

Even though Waylon Lewis couldn’t spare time to deal with him now, it was imaginable what his fate would be next.

Harry Williams deeply closed his eyes.

This is what he asked for.

“Harry, quickly deploy all our Williams Family guards to search, we must find Little Hope, we must find her...”

Harry Williams pressed his lips together, his eyes reddened, “Grandma... they’ve all been deployed, the Carter Family has also sent people, the Sanders Family has deployed, and Old Master Parker has sent people too... but still haven’t found her...”

Jade Bell stiffened violently.

People from major families have all been deployed, and along with Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud, they were sparing no effort.

It showed just how many people were searching.

But still haven’t found her...

Jade Bell choked, unable to breathe, and entered the emergency room again.

### **Chapter 653: Chapter 653: Be Careful or I’ll Throw You Back into the Sea to Feed the Fish**

Noon.

Bright light streamed in through the glass window. Layers of curtains fell, and the woman on the white bed gently fluttered her eyelashes. Her weak yet clear eyes slowly opened.

“Miss, you’re finally awake.”

A gentle voice came from beside her. Hope Williams’s mind was a bit slow. Looking at the delicately featured girl in front of her, she asked, “Where am I?”

“You were swept away by the waves at sea. Our Master Taylor’s yacht was just about to return, when they luckily saw you and rescued you.”

Hope raised her hand to rub her head. She remembered now that Ted Williams had pushed her into the sea.

She couldn’t swim and had a deep-seated fear of water. She could only thrash around helplessly in the water, but the large waves kept lifting her body, leaving her completely uncontrollable.

She could only let one wave after another carry her farther away; she really thought she was going to die, but she didn’t expect to survive.

Hope sat up.

The maid-like girl beside her immediately went over to support Hope, “Miss, please don’t move around. The poison in your body hasn’t been completely neutralized, and you’re still very weak.”

“Poisoned? Me?”

The maid nodded, “Yes, you were poisoned. But you’re lucky to have met our Master Taylor; otherwise, even if you hadn’t drowned, the poison would’ve killed you.”

“Poisoned!” Hope murmured, her brow furrowing. She instinctively raised her hand to cover the wound on her neck.

The wound from the knife had already been treated and bandaged. She hadn’t eaten anything suspicious, so the only possibility of being poisoned was from the knife that cut her skin.

The little maid saw Hope in a daze and couldn’t help but say a few more words, “Miss, did you offend someone? The person who poisoned you was quite ruthless. This poison won’t kill you immediately, but it will slowly erode your organs. The pharmacist said this poison could kill you quietly within three months; ordinary doctors wouldn’t even be able to detect it, and there’s no antidote.”

Hope’s eyes turned cold.

Quietly dying, Ted Williams had really made all the preparations.

Was he really that afraid she’d survive and later retaliate, reclaiming the Williams Clan?

Poison!

Thinking of this, Hope's body stiffened. She looked down at her abdomen, "The child! What about my child?"

The maid hesitated for a moment. Her expression showed some difficulty, and she mumbled softly, as if trying not to upset Hope while organizing her words.

"Barely clinging to life, and you're still thinking about the child? Don't be too greedy!"

A cold and clear voice came from the doorway.

Hope looked over to see a tall, lean man in a luxurious black suit stepping in.

The man's features were deep, his nose straight, his thin lips tightly pressed, and his keen golden-brown eyes swept over her lightly.

The maid who had just been speaking to Hope instantly shut her mouth, bowed respectfully, and greeted, "Master Taylor."

Hearing the man's words, Hope's heart fell into the abyss. Her eyes dimmed as she stammered, "Are you saying my child is gone?"

The man sat down on a chair nearby and raised an eyebrow, "I didn't say that."

Hope's eyes lit up with hope again.

Seeing the change from dull to animated in the woman's face, Anthony Taylor looked at her with interest, "You're not concerned about your own body."

"Can you tell me the condition of my child?"

"What did the doctor say... what was it?" Anthony beckoned to the maid beside him.

The maid quickly added, "The doctor said you showed signs of miscarriage but tried to save it."

Hope breathed a sigh of relief, "Does this poison affect the fetus?"

Upon hearing Hope's question, the man in front of her seriously contemplated the doctor's words, "Whether it'll affect the fetus..."

Hope looked at him with great anticipation.

"How would I know? I'm not a doctor."

"..."

Hope placed her hand on her abdomen, her eyes filled with complex emotions.

With a sigh, she looked at the man in front of her, "Okay, sir, thank you very much for saving me. I shouldn't impose more; I must leave now."

Hope was about to lift the quilt and get out of bed, but she noticed the man staring at her, making her feel strange.

Anthony looked at her with interest, "You're someone I saved, and now you're on my territory. You want to leave just like that?"

Hope frowned, thinking for a moment and realizing she might be wrong.

After all, someone saved her; she couldn't let his effort be in vain.

Leaving like that wasn't right.

"Why don't you name a price? How much do you want?"

Anthony smirked, "Do you think I'm someone who's short of money?"

Hope was silent for a few seconds, glancing around the room, which exuded luxury, with various exquisite and expensive ornaments. It didn't seem like a place for someone who lacked money.

Hope found it difficult to think of a way, other than money, to repay him.

"Sir, what do you want then? I'll do my best within my capabilities."

The man looked her up and down, seeming quite satisfied with what he saw.

"You have a very beautiful face."

Hope's finely shaped brows twitched, feeling confused, "You don't want my face, do you?"

Anthony's face lit up with a light smile, "Did the seawater mess up your mind? What would I want with your face? I want you to stay."

Hope's expression turned serious, and she immediately refused, "Impossible, sir. I have a husband; my husband and family must be worried and looking for me now. I must return at once."

The man looked at her with his golden-brown eyes, "Oh, I'm not negotiating with you. I found you in the sea, so you're mine."

Hope's face couldn't hold her composure any longer, "Sir, I'm a person, not an object."

"I never said you're not a person!"

"..."

"I rescue you and then let you go; do you think I'm that selfless, as if I do good deeds regularly? Besides, don't forget, your poison isn't cured yet. Don't stay here, and you'll just go back to die?"

Hope looked at him helplessly, "Sir, I'm really grateful that you saved me, but there's no way I can stay here. If there's anything else you want, I'll do my best to fulfill it, but as for the poison, I won't trouble you."

After saying that, Hope lifted the quilt and got off the bed from the other side. She put on her shoes, but after taking just two steps, she suddenly felt dizzy.

She quickly raised her hand to support the table beside her to steady herself.

Anthony laughed, "You're amusing. Comatose for three days, poisoned, and you're still trying to leave. Go ahead; I'd like to see you try."

Anthony watched her calmly.

Hope rubbed her forehead. Having not eaten for three days, she felt she had no strength in her body.

Anthony gestured for the maid to help Hope.

"Stop pretending to be tough, and don't provoke me either, or I'll throw you back to the fish."

The maid helped Hope to the sofa and advised, "Miss, you haven't eaten in the past three days of your coma; your body is very weak, so don't overexert yourself. We've arranged a meal for you; have something to eat first, and then we can talk."

The maid subtly hinted, and Hope understood.

The maid gave Hope a few more glances, suggesting she should stop talking.

Hope blinked her eyes, and the maid pursed her lips.

Hope, "..."

At that moment, a man dressed as a butler came in and whispered something in Anthony's ear. Anthony's expression darkened, becoming extremely displeased, "Do I owe him?"

The butler lowered his head, not daring to say more.

Anthony stood up and walked out but glanced back at Hope before leaving, "Hey, what's your name?"

Hope, "Didn't call."

Anthony smirked at the butler, pointing at Hope, "Throw her back into the sea to feed the fish."

The butler, "..."

The maid, "..."

Hope, "Hope Williams!"

"That wasn't so hard. Anthony." With that, he walked out.

Once the man left, Hope looked at the maid who had just helped her and asked, "You seem to be afraid of him?"

The maid quickly glanced at the door, making sure there was no one there before turning back to Hope:

"Master Taylor's temper is... capricious. He was already being very patient with you just now. If you keep talking, he might really throw you back into the sea."

*Chapter 654: Chapter 654: Narrow Road for Enemies*

Hope Williams tugged at her lips.

Hearing the maid say that was truly frightening.

"Thank you, what's your name?"

Hope's voice was still slightly weak as she looked at the young maid who had just helped her and asked.

The young maid answered, "Miss Williams, my name is Violet Summer. You can just call me Violet."

Hope nodded, "Hmm, my daughter's nickname is Willow. Your names are quite similar."

"You have a daughter?" Violet was somewhat surprised.

Hope smiled gently, "Are you that surprised? I have a son and a daughter. They're both five years old."

"Wow, you really can't tell that you're already a mother of two kids."

Mentioning the two little ones, Hope gently stroked her lower abdomen, her expression softening.

But then she thought about how she had been unconscious for so long; Waylon, Liam, and the two little ones must be terribly worried.

"Violet, can I borrow your phone? It seems like all my things are gone, and I don't have my phone. I want to make a call to let my family know I'm safe."

Violet hesitated, showing a troubled expression, "Miss Williams, you might want to ask Master Taylor about this... I'm just a maid and don't want to make a mistake..."

Anthony Taylor wanted to keep Hope here, but if Hope called her family, they would definitely come to take her back.

Violet could discreetly hint at Hope without any issue, but once a call was made and Hope's family got involved, Violet would be ruining her employer's matters, which as a maid, she wouldn't dare to risk.

Hope pressed her lips together; the girl had just helped her, so she naturally couldn't put her in a difficult position now.

"Alright, I'll figure something out myself."

"I'm sorry, Miss Williams."

"It's okay, I understand."

Other maids brought in food, and Violet set the dishes, slightly bowing, "Miss Williams, enjoy your meal."

"Thank you."

After Violet left, Hope was alone in the room. She propped up her body and walked to the window, pulling it open to look outside. It was a completely unfamiliar environment to her.

Hope furrowed her brows, realizing she forgot to ask which city she was currently in.



Without a phone and with that man called Anthony Taylor not letting her leave, she couldn't contact Waylon and the others. Coupled with her poisoned and weakened body, Hope felt a sense of powerless anxiety deep inside.

Anthony Taylor walked down the stairs, looking at the visitor, a trace of impatience flashing in his eyes.

"Brother Taylor." Asher Ross saw Anthony coming down, extinguished the cigarette in his hand, and smiled at him, "I heard Brother Taylor rescued a pretty woman. Is it true?"

"Does it have anything to do with you if it's true? Tell me, how much do you want to borrow this time?"

Anthony sat down on the sofa, his legs in black suit pants crossed, lighting a cigarette and coldly looking at him.

Asher's smile stiffened, and he awkwardly held up a hand to gesture the number five to Anthony.

"Five hundred million?"

"Fifty billion!"

Anthony took a deep drag of his cigarette, chuckling lightly, "Get out."

"..."

"Brother Taylor, I'm really out of options. A crazy woman came to my casino that day, gambling tens of billions at a time, and I ended up being tricked by her."

"You're a big-time casino owner, and you lost everything in your own casino, and you even dare to say it out loud?"

Asher's face darkened.

Anthony chuckled, "But I'm curious about what kind of woman could be so capable? Enough to bankrupt a seasoned casino veteran like you."

"That woman was once with Liam Cloud and now is with Waylon Lewis, very cunning and sly."

"Waylon Lewis?" Anthony narrowed his eyes, "From the Emperor Capital?"

"Yes." At the mention of these names, Asher felt a pang for his lost money.

Anthony raised an eyebrow, "A woman valued by Liam Cloud and now Waylon Lewis's wife must be extraordinary. What's her name? I'd like to meet her if there's a chance."

"Hope Williams!" Asher said through gritted teeth.

"Hope Williams?"

The hand holding the cigarette paused.

Hope Williams!

Wasn't she the woman upstairs?

Such a coincidence?!

"Asher Ross?"

"Hope Williams?"

Hope had just eaten, regaining some strength and not wanting to delay any further. She had to contact Waylon Lewis immediately.

She intended to discuss matters with Anthony Taylor, and as she followed the maid's guidance to the living room, she saw Asher sitting there.

Asher heard the sound and looked up, seeing the 'crazy woman' he mentioned manifest in front of him as if by magic.

Anthony's brows twitched violently as he stubbed out the cigarette in the ashtray while watching Asher rush over to Hope.

"What are you doing here?"

Hope glanced at Asher, also finding it quite the coincidence.

Asher's eyelids twitched, looking towards Anthony sitting on the sofa, "Brother Taylor, is she the woman you rescued?"

Anthony raised an eyebrow, neither confirming nor denying.

Ignoring Asher's surprised expression, Hope walked directly to Anthony, "Mr. Taylor, I'd like to talk to you."

Just as Anthony was about to speak, Asher suddenly laughed maliciously to himself, "Hope, isn't this a case of a narrow escape?"

Hope turned her head to glance at him, "What? Are you trying to take advantage and default on your debts?"

"Now without Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud by your side, let's see who can protect you." Asher clenched his fists with a vicious expression.

"Get out," Anthony said coldly.

Asher looked at Anthony, "Brother Taylor, who are you talking about?"

Anthony glanced at him indifferently, "You."

Asher was incredulous, "Brother Taylor..."

"I don't like repeating myself."