

# SHE MADE A COMEBACK AS A RENOWNED DOCTOR

## She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

### #Chapter 656: 660

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#### Chapter 656: Chapter 656: Go Back and Prepare for the Funeral

“Waylon Lewis, pull yourself together. When someone is gone, they’re truly gone. No matter your capabilities, you can’t resurrect the dead. The living must continue on.”

Alitzel Williams noticed Waylon Lewis’s shoulders trembling slightly.

The words of Old Master Lewis undoubtedly stabbed at Waylon’s already wounded heart.

Yet reality is just like this; Hope Williams can’t come back.

Alitzel couldn’t help but cover her mouth, suppressing the urge to cry out loud.

The old master’s voice was a shout, “Stop deceiving yourself. You know better than anyone that she wasn’t found or rescued at the time, which made survival unlikely. Now you’ve been searching for three days and nights continuously, the probability is even more minuscule.”

Old Master mercilessly exposed the reality Waylon was unwilling to face.

Waylon stood with his back to them, so they couldn’t see his expression.

His body slightly trembled, his dark eyes filled with anger, fists tightly clenched, silently suppressing himself, as if speaking would unleash all the tension, freezing everything in front of him solid.

Old Master looked at Waylon.

He knew this was extremely hard for Waylon to accept, very cruel, but he couldn't allow the head of his family to remain despondent here.

Old Master pursed his lips, swallowing back his sobs, "Go back and prepare the funeral for Little Hope. Thomas Hughes, go tell everyone...stop searching."

Thomas hesitated, looking at Waylon, his eyes equally full of worry.

Stop searching?

Can the Boss accept this?

"Who dares." Waylon's voice, deep and hoarse, cut through the silence, "Continue the search, do not stop."

Thomas's body tensed.

Old Master's face darkened.

"Waylon, I said, stop searching. So many people for three days, day and night, have searched this area of the sea again and again. Were there results? How much longer will you search, three days? Three months? Three years? Tell me, if you never find Little Hope in this lifetime, will you spend your entire life on it? Are you abandoning the family? The company? Luke, Willow, me, your mother, your father, abandoning all of it? Are you abandoning yourself too?"

Old Master's angry questioning made everyone around stop what they were doing, watching the scene unfold.

Waylon turned back, his blood-red eyes glaring at Old Master, "Alive, I want to see her, dead I want to see her body. Without seeing her, what gives you the right to say she's dead?"

Old Master looked at Waylon's stubborn obsession, for the first time regretting that he let them be together.

Hope Williams's influence on Waylon was simply too overwhelming.

Old Master's hand clenched tightly, "Fine, fine, you search, however long you search, I'll stay here just as long. At worst, we'll freeze to death together here."

"Dad, please don't say that." Alitzel looked at the tense two, then turned to Waylon, "Waylon, worry about your grandfather, worry about yourself. Your grandpa is old; he can't withstand the cold wind by the sea."

"Since you're staying, then stay." With that, Waylon turned and left.

“Waylon!” Alitzel shouted, but couldn’t call Waylon back.

“Let him go.” Old Master’s anger surged, veins protruding from his forehead.

If searching, then search to your heart’s content, if going mad, then go mad thoroughly, so at least it will be done wholeheartedly.

Even if he still has strength now, it will run out eventually. When the madness subsides and his strength is gone, bring him back.

Taylor Family.

Hope Williams waited for more than two hours but did not see the Pharmacist Johnson Anthony had mentioned. She anxiously paced back and forth.

She didn’t know how Waylon and the others were doing; Hope was nearly frantic with worry.

At this moment, hurried footsteps approached from outside.

Then, a few doctors carrying medical kits rushed upstairs.

It seemed like something had happened.

Hope reached out to stop a servant, quickly asking, “What’s going on?”

The servant’s breath was slightly ragged, voice urgently distressed, “The old lady had a heart attack, it’s an emergency.”

No wonder everyone was in such a hurry.

Hope’s gaze flickered, continuing to hold the servant, “I’m a cardiac surgeon. Could you take me to see the old lady?”

“You?” The servant hesitated slightly, “I need to ask Master Taylor first.”

Hope was somewhat helpless; was there really time to ask Anthony?

“Lives are at stake, and your Master just left. Let me take a look first. It won’t cause any harm, and if I truly save the old lady, you’ll earn merit.”

Hearing Hope’s reasoning, the servant hesitated for a moment, then realized Hope made sense, “Alright.”

Upstairs in Old Lady Taylor’s room were several family doctors.

The Taylor family's arrangements were meticulous; the old lady's room was equipped with medical tools. Hope noticed everyone was busy, so she took the chance to stand aside and observe the old lady's complexion.

The old lady's lips were pale, her face devoid of color, breath exceedingly faint, evidently symptoms of a heart attack and shock, likely acute myocardial infarction, a condition most dangerous and urgent among heart diseases, with a best rescue window of only a few minutes.

Hope worriedly furrowed her brow; seeing the family doctors already sweating profusely and somewhat at a loss, Hope stepped forward, "Let me try."

"Who are you?"

"Cardiac surgeon Cynthia." Hope directly reported her name.

The family doctors froze for a moment, surprised at Hope; they had all heard legends of Dr. Cynthia.

But looking at the woman in front of them.

"You're Dr. Cynthia?"

"I have no reason to deceive you, nor to joke about the old lady's life at such a critical time, right?" Hope said, her voice firm.

The doctors exchanged glances, nodded immediately; at such a critical time, she wouldn't have stepped forward recklessly without genuine skills.

Hope carefully examined the old lady, then turned and asked, "Do you have Silver Needles? Please prepare some Silver Needles for me."

"Silver Needles?"

"I have them." A young man said, promptly instructing his assistant to fetch them for Hope.

Hope opened the pack and glanced, ensuring they were usable, then using three fingers, she gripped the slender Silver Needle, beginning a series of disinfection preparations before swiftly moving into action.

## **Chapter 657: Chapter 657: Saved Old Lady Taylor**

Everyone was staring intently at Hope Williams, when one of the family doctors questioned, "Are you sure this will work? Miss, please don't treat recklessly."

"Yeah, yeah, miss, if something happens to Old Lady Taylor, we won't be able to handle it."

"Please don't put us in jeopardy..."

Hope Williams was fully focused on the silver needle in her hand and the old lady in front of her, not paying any attention to what the others were saying.

A few family doctors were wiping cold sweat from their foreheads and murmuring nervously.

At this moment, the man who had just handed Hope the silver needle spoke, "Elder Gray's most prized pupil is Cynthia, and her Silver Needle Acupuncture skills are extraordinary. It's no secret. If you claim she's treating blindly, then you do it. Did Master Taylor invite you here just to babble on?"

The family doctors looked at the man, immediately closed their mouths, and quieted down.

Hope Williams glanced up at the man, nodding slightly in thanks.

The man gestured for her to continue.

As each second passed, beads of sweat began to appear on Hope's smooth forehead. Silver Needle Acupuncture requires extreme precision; piercing the wrong acupoint could worsen the old lady's condition.

Fortunately, no one dared to make a sound now, and the absolute quiet was beneficial for Hope.

A dozen minutes later, Hope exhaled deeply in relief as she watched the heart rate on the ECG stabilize.

Those behind her widened their eyes, seeing the old lady's heartbeat return to normal on the monitor, and couldn't help but cover their mouths.

"Amazing, as expected from Dr. Cynthia. Seeing is believing, the rumors were indeed true."

"Thank you, Dr. Cynthia, for your assistance..."

The young man beside them smiled at Hope, "Seems Master Taylor really brought back a treasure."

"Well, Old Lady Taylor is temporarily out of life-threatening danger, but I suggest you still take her to the hospital for a comprehensive examination. The equipment at home won't be as complete as the hospital's," Hope advised.

"Yes, yes, we were thinking of taking the old lady to the hospital. It's fortunate you came and saved her. Since you've saved her, how about accompanying us to the hospital? It would be reassuring to have you along," one of the family doctors suggested.

Hope's eyes lit up at this suggestion.

She could finally get out.

Great.

Staying here, she couldn't get out or contact the outside world and was worried about how to go back.

"Alright." Hope agreed without hesitation.

But the man beside her seemed to understand Hope's thoughts, "No, you can't leave without Master Taylor's permission for now."

Hope's demeanor darkened, why did he have to dictate everything?

"I'm afraid there might be danger for the old lady on the way."

The man smiled and replied, "You just said there's no life-threatening danger, and we trust Dr. Cynthia's medical skills won't be wrong."

Hope glared fiercely at this man, who had just spoken for her but was now thwarting her.

"Then please request permission from Master Taylor to let me go out," Hope suggested, thinking that after saving his grandmother, he ought to let her out at least once, or at least allow her to make a phone call.

And what was that about, his grandmother having such a big issue, and yet he hasn't returned?

"We... currently cannot contact Master Taylor."

"Can't contact him? Why?"

The man hesitated, "It's not convenient for me to disclose."

**Chapter 658: Chapter 658: To Keep a Person**

Hope Williams furrowed her brows, feeling a bit helpless. Unable to contact him, she'll wait for him to return. She doesn't believe he won't come home.

She packed up the needle case and handed it back to the man, "Thank you, do you also have knowledge of Silver Needle Acupuncture?"

The man shook his head, "I know very little. I'm a Pharmacist."

"Pharmacist? Johnson..."

"Daniel Johnson, Master Taylor asked me to tell you about your physical condition, but things here got delayed."

Hope Williams nodded, "Alright, then quickly tell me."

Hope Williams also wanted to understand her current condition with this poison.

Daniel Johnson made a gesture to invite her, and Hope Williams nodded, following him out of Old Lady Taylor's room.

All the way following Daniel Johnson out of the main residence, into the backyard, Hope Williams didn't know where this person was taking her.

"Pharmacist Johnson, where are you taking me?"

"Just follow me, you'll know soon."

Feeling skeptical, Hope Williams continued to follow Daniel Johnson until they arrived in front of a smart gate. After security verification, the gate opened.

Daniel Johnson gestured for Hope Williams.

With doubt in her eyes, Hope Williams walked inside and was immediately amazed at what she saw.

Here was a sizeable research laboratory, equipped with sophisticated devices, completely high-tech design, with research personnel in lab coats busy orderly with their tasks.

Daniel Johnson handed a test report to Hope Williams, "We are still analyzing the poison you are affected with. We indeed haven't seen this before. The fastest we can concoct an antidote would take a month.

Additionally, the hospital won't be able to detect the poison in you, nor can they resolve it. This is not a lie, you can see for yourself."

Hope Williams' face grew more solemn, looking down to browse through it. There were many technical terms, many unknown components, not a field Hope Williams had ventured into, hence she barely understood.

But she understood what Daniel Johnson was trying to convey.

The poison within her, she couldn't resolve it outside by herself.

Only awaits death.

"Back then, Master Taylor spent a considerable amount of time building such a lab, it took a month to gather all equipment, searching nationwide for talents himself.

So, Miss Williams, I know your identity, and aware your family isn't lacking money, but many things cannot be achieved with money alone, especially life, time, you mustn't waste even a second.

If you went back, trying to set up such a lab and gather such a team for researching the antidote just for yourself, I bet it would also need a considerable amount of time.

Your current situation, though the poison hasn't yet manifested, you feel your body is still fine, but you don't know, it's within your body and your organs will quickly begin to fail in the second month, while our fastest estimation to develop an antidote is also a month. Do you think you can survive if you return?"

Hope Williams glanced around, indeed, establishing such a large-scale lab and a competent research team couldn't be completed overnight.

What Daniel Johnson said made a lot of sense.

"Even if you're not considering for yourself, you have to think about the unborn child in your belly. Just three months, does reuniting with your lover outweigh your life's importance? Master Taylor truly wishes to save you, urging you to stay. Miss Williams, consider wisely."

After speaking, Daniel Johnson made an invite gesture, both of them walked out of the lab together.

"May I ask why he originally wanted to build such a lab?"

Surely, no one would invest such effort without reason to build an Antidote Lab specifically.

Anthony Taylor also doesn't seem like someone who enjoys research.

Daniel Johnson's eyes dimmed, "To keep someone."



Hope Williams blinked, noticing Daniel Johnson's expression, pursing her lips, hesitating for a long time before asking, "Did they eventually stay?"

"No."

...

At night, Hope Williams lay in bed, repeatedly pondering over Daniel Johnson's words, unable to sleep.

Firstly, due to her physical condition, worrying for herself as well as her baby.

Secondly, worrying about Waylon Lewis and the others. Unable to contact them, they must be still looking for her, unsure of how anxious they must be.

Hope Williams grabbed a pillow to cover her head, feeling distressed.

The crucial point was Anthony Taylor still hasn't returned. His household staff wouldn't allow her to do anything without his orders.

Hope Williams got up, walked out of the room to find a servant to ask, "Has Master Taylor returned?"

"Not yet, Miss Williams, what's the matter?"

"I need to find him for something, can you help me contact him?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Williams, that's beyond my capability."

Hope Williams sighed, "Alright, thank you."

Back in the room, Hope Williams remained sleepless for the night.

This continued for five days.

Anthony Taylor still hasn't returned, Hope Williams sat in the courtyard, troubled.

Daniel Johnson would routinely draw her blood for testing, any inquiries about Anthony Taylor's return met with undisclosed answers, eventually annoying Daniel Johnson, to the extent he avoided her.

She wanted to leave, stepping two steps beyond the gate only to be stopped.

Except for Violet Summer occasionally chatting with her, others wouldn't speak to her, each occupied with their own tasks.

Hope Williams was persistently downcast, feeling she might worry herself into white hair.

Due to the intense desire to contact Waylon Lewis to report safety, Hope Williams contemplated stealing a phone to make a call.

Just while Hope Williams worriedly frowned, the gate suddenly opened.

Hope Williams raised her head to see it was Asher Ross!

Asher Ross glanced at Hope Williams with a cold, sinister smile on his face, "Hope Williams, Brother Taylor isn't around recently, looks like today no one can protect you."

### **Chapter 659: Chapter 659: Going to Find Liam Cloud**

Hope Williams stood up and looked at the extremely arrogant Asher Ross.

She didn't need to think much about why he came, he came to get revenge on her!

The butler saw Asher Ross coming and immediately greeted him, "Mr. Ross, our Master Taylor is not here today, please come another day."

Asher Ross pushed the butler aside, "Get lost, I'm not here to see Brother Taylor today, I'm here for her, Hope Williams!"

The butler saw Asher Ross's stance and felt something was amiss, not only did he not leave but also blocked Asher Ross, "Mr. Ross, whatever you need to discuss with Miss Williams, you must first consult with our Master Taylor."

"Mind your own business and get lost."

Asher Ross gave the butler a push, causing him to stumble. Hope Williams discreetly helped the butler steady himself.

The butler immediately gave her a grateful glance.

Hope Williams stepped forward, facing Asher Ross, in a calm and collected voice said, "What do you want?"

"What do you think? Without Waylon Lewis, without Liam Cloud, and now Brother Taylor isn't here, what can you, a lone woman, do against me?"

Hope Williams raised her eyebrows, "You're a big man, oh, and you brought a few lackeys to deal with me, a woman. Besides, I'm your creditor. Wouldn't your reputation be ruined if word got out?"

“Creditor?” Asher Ross laughed out loud.

“You still think you’re the old Hope Williams? I’ve heard everything about you. The news reports say you died at sea, and Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud searched for you day and night at sea for eight days without any results. Eventually, everyone withdrew, so to the public, you are already dead.

The Lewis Family is almost ready to hold a funeral for you. You can’t go back. Even if I silently kill you, no one will know. So where did this creditor come from?”

The butler was horrified upon hearing this, quickly stepping forward to stop him, “No, Mr. Ross, you can’t do this; Master Taylor will be angry.”

Asher Ross grew impatient, staring coldly at the butler, “Do you not understand human language? Brother Taylor doesn’t care about this woman at all. Even if he does care, she’s just a woman. I’ve been his brother for so many years; what could he possibly do to me because of her? Ridiculous. Now get out of my way, or I’ll deal with you too.”

Hope Williams silently retreated a few steps, putting the fruit knife from the nearby tea table into her pocket.

“Take Hope Williams away.”

At Asher Ross’s command, his henchmen immediately stepped forward, grabbing Hope Williams by her shoulders, “Let go of me, Asher Ross. Can’t you stand losing? You started this mess by bothering me, cheated, and lost. Now you’re coming after me again? Are you even a man?”

One of Asher Ross’s men immediately pressed a gun against Hope Williams’s lower back, warning her, “Behave yourself and don’t disrespect Master Ross.”

Asher Ross arrogantly raised his eyebrow at Hope Williams, his eyes filled with excitement.

The butler still tried to persuade, “Mr. Ross, you really can’t take Miss Williams away; Master Taylor will be angry.”

Asher Ross lost his temper and kicked the butler.

The butler was kicked directly to the ground by Asher Ross.

Asher Ross glared at him coldly, cursed, “You asked for it.”

The butler, seeing that Asher Ross was determined to take Hope Williams, got up and rushed out, shouting to the guards at the door, “Stop him.”

Asher Ross turned back to glance at the butler, drew his gun and aimed at the butler, "So today you're determined to interfere, aren't you? I tell you, if you interfere again, I'll kill you. I have to take this person away today."

The butler hesitated when he saw Asher Ross draw his gun, and the two guards at the door were knocked down by Asher Ross's men due to the large number.

Asher Ross forcibly took Hope Williams away, and the butler quickly dialed Anthony Taylor's number, but Anthony Taylor recently had his phone turned off.

Daniel Johnson, hearing the commotion in the front courtyard, came out from the lab and seeing the butler in a flurry, asked, "What happened?"

"Miss Williams was forcibly taken away by Asher Ross; it seems they have a past conflict, I'm afraid something will happen, but we can't reach Master Taylor right now."

Upon hearing this, Daniel Johnson realized the urgency of the situation and immediately grabbed his car keys, "I'm going to find Master Taylor."

"But Master Taylor is currently at the villa by the cemetery, and the rules don't allow anyone else to enter."

"Can't care about that now. Master Taylor is not indifferent to Miss Williams; if something really happens, we'll all be in trouble." With that, Daniel Johnson immediately ran out.

Hope Williams was taken by Asher Ross to a club. Fearing she would be recognized, he even put a black mask on her.

Being dragged along, passing booth after booth.

Hope Williams's eyes darted around, looking for a chance to escape. In a fleeting moment, she saw a familiar figure at one of the booths.

A flash of silver hair...

Just then, a server delivered a large order of drinks, swiftly blocking the figure Hope Williams wanted to see clearly.

Hope Williams's steps paused, wanting to see clearly, but the gun pressed tightly against her lower back intensified the warning, "Move along."

VIP private room.

Asher Ross directly pushed the door open and walked in, where there were quite a few people. Every young man had a model sitting next to them, and Asher Ross dragged her in, immediately drawing everyone's attention.

Hope Williams felt uneasy in her heart but maintained a fairly calm appearance, glancing around, she lowered her gaze and composed her thoughts.

"Master Ross, you're here! Haven't seen you in a while, and today you've brought this beauty? Wow, wearing a mask, could be a great beauty!"

Under the dim lights, Asher Ross sneered, "That's right; she's a beauty, a great beauty indeed."

Saying this, Asher Ross pulled the mask off Hope Williams's face.

He didn't fear her being recognized because everyone here was his familiar brothers; as long as he said a word, no one would dare to reveal what happened tonight.

"This..." Indeed, someone took one look and recognized Hope Williams.

"Isn't this Waylon... Damn, according to the recent reports, didn't she die at sea?" that person asked in shock, "How is this possible? Could it be someone who looks like her?"

"Yeah, is this a person or a ghost?"

"She is Hope Williams, without a doubt, but in the outside world, she's indeed dead, and soon, she'll be really dead." Asher Ross eyed Hope Williams up and down and stated leisurely.

"Master Ross, are you saying you want to kill her?" A few people tugged their lips, staring at each other.

"Yes, we won't play anything else today, just play with her."

The faces of a few people showed disbelief. Since they recognized her as Hope Williams, they knew her identity, Waylon Lewis's wife, the woman Liam Cloud cared about. With these two identities in this circle, no one dared to touch her.

Now Asher Ross says he's going to kill her!

Crazy.

Asher Ross laughed at the stunned expressions of every person, "Look at your expressions, what are you scared of? Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud both think she's dead; even if she's dead, they won't know."

Owing hundreds of billions, Asher Ross naturally wished he could kill Hope Williams.

Two servers entered, pushing a large order of drinks.

Hope Williams gritted her teeth, seeing the server walking by her side, her body swayed, and she directly fell onto the server's drink tray.

"Splash" a sound.

The drink tray was instantly knocked to the ground, and Hope Williams also fell accordingly.

"Oh my god."

The server was stunned looking at the scene, even seeing a guest fall down, the server hurriedly squatted down to assist, "Miss, are you alright?"

Taking advantage of the moment, Hope Williams swiftly pulled the necklace from her neck and slipped it into the server's hand, quickly whispering, "Find your boss and contact Liam Cloud, tell him my name is Hope Williams, this is payment, please."

In the dimly lit private room, noisy music played, unless one was close, it was impossible to hear Hope Williams's voice.

Hope Williams looked pleadingly at the server.

This was the country of Y, the club where Liam Cloud had previously taken her, Liam Cloud was friends with the club's owner.

The server hesitated for a few seconds, but being quick in response, tightly held the necklace in his hand.

Hope Williams was pulled up by Asher Ross, "What are you doing?"

Hope Williams straightened her body and shook off his hand, "Can't a person slip?"

"Stop trying tricks on me."

The server cleaned up the spilled drinks before leaving, casting another glance at Hope Williams as he went out.

Walking out of the private room, the server hesitated with the valuable necklace in his hand.

**Chapter 660: Chapter 660: Revenge**

A few minutes later, several waiters brought more good wine, and Asher Ross glanced at them, directly picked up a bottle, and muttered to himself, "Louis XIII, good wine."

Asher Ross opened it directly and handed it to Hope Williams, "Drink."

Hope Williams frowned, "What exactly do you want?"

"Who made you embarrass me in front of everyone at the casino back then? Now it's my turn to toy with you, drink up."

Hope Williams was pregnant, and there was no way she could drink.

Especially not a strong liquor like Louis XIII.

Hope Williams didn't take it, "I won't."

"Won't?"

Asher Ross laughed loudly, "I don't care whether you will or won't, Hope Williams. Now that you're in my hands, if I say drink, you must drink. If I say do something, you must do it, or I'll kill you right now!"

Hope Williams coldly stared at Asher Ross.

Asher Ross fixed his gaze on Hope Williams, raising his eyebrows, his eyes full of smugness, "Drink it all."

Hope Williams lowered her gaze lightly, swept over the bottle, and raised her hand to take it.

The several rich heirs sitting around also became interested, maliciously whistling and stirring up the atmosphere.

Everyone watched Hope Williams with eyes expecting a good show.

40 degrees, 1500 milliliters of Louis XIII, if she finishes it all, she indeed won't walk out the door today.

Hope Williams lightly lowered her gaze to the wine in her hand, nodded slightly, and said, "Louis XIII is indeed good wine, but... what a waste."

Sitting on the sofa, Asher Ross's smile faltered, "What a waste of what?"

Hope Williams loosened her hand and tossed the bottle into the trash can.

Asher Ross's face changed instantly.

Seeing this, Asher Ross's subordinate glared angrily at Hope Williams, "You arrogant woman, don't you know what's good for you? This is wine Master Ross graciously offered; you dare not drink it, seeking death."

As he spoke, he rolled up his sleeves and moved to lay hands on Hope Williams.

Asher Ross raised his hand and waved, licking his lips, a mocking coldness in his eyes.

"Good! Good! Very good! Hope Williams, you've got guts. Refusing wine, then you'll drink punishment wine. Let's play something else."

With that, Asher Ross raised his hand and pointed at his two subordinates, "You and you, she's yours to play with now."

Hope Williams's face changed slightly.

Asher Ross curled his fingers to rub his chin, his gaze teasingly landed on Hope Williams, leisurely enjoying the torture.

He appreciated Hope Williams's facial expression, but regrettably, he didn't see the fear on her face.

This made Asher Ross feel very frustrated.

She was just an ant in his palm to be manipulated, why wasn't she afraid?

"You'll regret this, Asher Ross."

"Regret?" Asher Ross seemed to hear a huge joke, pointing at his own head, "Did you drown so much that there's a problem here? Regret? If I don't kill you tonight, then I'll regret it. I really don't know what you're holding onto; without the identity of the Lewis Family's Young Madam, no one will protect you. As a woman, aren't you just meant to be bullied? Who would care about you? Are you still expecting someone to save you?"

Asher Ross laughed wildly, the laughter full of mockery towards Hope Williams.

"Everyone get over here, just right here, you both come at once." Asher Ross waved grandly, holding his wine glass, and drained it in one gulp.

Hope Williams's eyebrows suddenly twitched.

"Both at once? Master Ross plays wild!" someone next to him laughed, his voice full of excitement.

"Of course, how else to satisfy her!" Asher Ross suddenly raised his hand again, "Oh, wait."



He pulled out his phone, opened the video recorder, placed it on the table, aiming the lens at Hope Williams.

“Let’s record a video and anonymously send it to Waylon Lewis and Liam Cloud, how about that? I believe their expressions will be spectacular, hahahaha.”

Hope Williams’s hand, placed in her coat pocket, tightened around a small knife, burying all fear deep in her eyes, flashes of ruthlessness appearing.

...

The waiter who just collected Hope Williams’s necklace hesitated several times before going to find the manager.

The waiter’s rank wasn’t sufficient to contact the boss, so she could only find the manager.

The manager’s eyes lit up when she saw the necklace in the waiter’s hand; she didn’t listen to a word the waiter said.

“Let me see the necklace in your hand.”

The manager snatched the necklace, taking a careful look, her eyes showing greedy light.

The craftsmanship of this necklace already doesn’t look like anything ordinary; these few white diamonds appear quite valuable.

Jackpot.

“Manager? Could you please help contact the boss? That young lady seems to really need help.” The waiter rushed to say.

The manager coughed twice, suppressing the grin that nearly split her ears, “Contact? The boss has so much to deal with every day, won’t care about small matters like this; plus, those who can go to the VIP box are figures with faces, that woman is most likely just a plaything, because she offended those heirs. Do you not want to work anymore? Don’t meddle, lest you bring trouble on yourself.”

“But...”

“Get out now, do you not want to work anymore?”

The waiter’s eyes involuntarily settled on the necklace in the manager’s hand, “And the necklace...”

“This necklace is fake, just something worth dozens on shopping sites; those people only trick girls like you who just entered society. Who would send a real necklace as repayment for passing a message, silly girl, hurry and go work.”

With that, the manager pretended to throw the necklace into the trash can and hurriedly chased the waiter out.

The waiter walked out, looking back every three steps.

Once no one was around, the manager immediately fished the necklace from the trash, wiped it clean, and couldn't resist wearing it on her neck.

She searched online, surprisingly finding it as a unique piece worth millions.

The manager was nearly overwhelmed with excitement.

...

Faced with two men approaching eagerly ready to attack, Hope Williams tightly gripped the knife in her hand.

The music mixed with bursts of excited instigation seemed to pierce her eardrums, especially ear-piercing.

“Come on.”

Two ugly faces with excited leers drew closer, and as one of them lunged at her, intending to pin her on the sofa, Hope Williams clenched her teeth, her body suddenly tilted back, her back pressed against the sofa, her hand curling, in the dim light, the man had no idea Hope Williams had a knife.

