

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

## **#Chapter 71: 80:**

### **Using the Child to Return to the Lewis Family - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 71: 71: Using the Child to Return to the Lewis Family**

Chapter 71: Chapter 71: Using the Child to Return to the Lewis Family

This mouth is too quick!

Wyatt Lewis blinked desperately, if his brother knew he almost accidentally revealed the existence of Luke and Willow to someone else, he surely wouldn't see the sun tomorrow.

"Mom... Mom isn't you..."

"Oh great, she kept saying she didn't want to return to the Lewis Family, and now she's pregnant. I said she was advancing by retreating. No wonder your brother protects her so diligently. I see, I see!"

"..." Wyatt watched Alitzel Williams dash upstairs with such speed, his shoulders suddenly drooped, feeling as if the sky was about to fall, he had made a mess.

"This lousy mouth of mine." Wyatt slapped his own mouth hard and hurriedly chased after, "Hey... Mom... Mom!"

...

Hope Williams looked at the old man lying on the hospital bed, whose face was getting paler, and felt her heart wrench.

"Grandpa..." Hope softly called, "Hope is here to see you again."

Hope took a deep breath, her tears on the verge of falling as she opened the medical kit to examine the old man, finding it much as she expected.

Hope found Grandpa's acupoints and first sealed his heart veins. After finishing this, her gaze swept over to the medicine decoction the servant just brought in.

Hope's clear eyes squinted, "Wait a moment."

Hope took the medicine bowl, staring at the decoction for a few seconds with bright eyes, a look of understanding flashed through them, and she asked calmly, "Who prescribed this medicine?"

The servant holding the medicine answered, "Doctor Ward."

Upon hearing this, Hope felt even more certain of her thoughts but said nothing, just took the bowl, "Hmm, I'll feed Grandpa. You all can go about your business."

"This..."

"Don't you trust me?" Hope asked with a slight raise of her eyebrows.

After a moment of hesitation, the servant nodded and handed over the medicine bowl to Hope, then quietly retreated.

Hope took out a glass test tube from the medical kit, poured some of the medicine into the test tube, sealed it, and took it back for analysis. Then, she discarded the remaining decoction.

As she expected, this wasn't the medicine she prescribed, and there was definitely something wrong with this decoction. Although she didn't yet know its ingredients, further analysis was needed to determine.

Just as she finished these actions, Waylon Lewis and Joy Ward entered the room one after the other. Hope calmly packed up her things, glancing over at Waylon Lewis, her gaze then meaningfully fell on Joy Ward.

If it was indeed her tampering with the decoction that aggravated Grandpa's condition, Hope would definitely not let her go.

She urgently needed to take the decoction back for testing and had also prepared a new prescription, but one of the herbs was extremely rare; she had only seen it in the research institute of the leading hospital in Country Y. She needed to borrow this herb to make it work.

She had already sealed Grandpa's acupoints, and there would be no danger for the time being. Originally not intending to stay long, she picked up the medical kit to leave, but seeing Joy Ward moving towards Grandpa Lewis, Hope's eyes turned cold, and she raised a hand to directly block Joy's path.

Joy Ward's face was already unpleasant, and when Hope blocked her, the expression of hatred and gritted teeth seemed to wish to tear Hope apart.

It was all her fault. If it weren't for her, Waylon wouldn't have refused to marry her, and she wouldn't be so humiliated today.

Full of hatred tangled within, if it weren't for Waylon being here, Joy really wanted to slap Hope to vent her anger, but with Waylon present, she still had to maintain her gentle and lovely image, forcing a smile, she asked innocently and harmlessly, "Miss Williams, what are you doing?"

Hope's face was expressionless, her voice cold, "I've already checked Grandpa, he needs to rest quietly, don't disturb him."

Joy seethed with anger, words squeezed out from between her teeth, "I am Grandpa Lewis's attending doctor."

"Rest assured, you won't be for much longer." Hope looked at Joy with icy eyes, she wouldn't allow Joy to approach Grandpa anymore.

"I'm afraid you can't make that decision."

Hope saw no need to say anything further, everything would be made clear once the analysis results of the decoction came out. She raised her gaze to Waylon and said flatly, "Grandpa won't be in trouble for the short term. I'll come back tomorrow for further treatment, and if you trust me, don't use any other prescriptions for Grandpa right now. As for why, I'll give you an answer tomorrow."

"Waylon, don't believe her..." Joy Ward hurriedly tried to argue.

She was the old man's attending physician, so when Hope talked about others' prescriptions, wasn't she referring to hers?

What's wrong with the medicine she prescribed? What right does Hope have to forbid its use? This was a massive insult and denial of her confident self. Hope had no right to deny her. How ridiculous—she immediately refuted Hope.

Waylon frowned slightly. Ever since Wyatt told him about that thing, he had been investigating; there were no surveillance cameras in Grandpa's room, making it impossible to determine who was lying.

But Hope's every visit and concern for Grandpa were genuine, and given Hope's character, she certainly wouldn't joke about Grandpa's life.

Connecting these thoughts, Waylon was filled with doubts.

"Hope!"

Hope had just reached the door of the room when Alitzel Williams came storming over, not giving her any chance to react, lifted her hand, and swung it towards Hope's face.

Hope was momentarily stunned; it happened so quickly, she couldn't dodge it.

“Slap!” echoed the room.

The whole room fell silent, deathly silent.

Hope instinctively flinched her shoulders, but the expected pain didn’t come. When she looked up, she saw a tall figure of a man shielding her.

Alitzel’s hand had swiped across Waylon’s chin, making a loud slapping sound.

“Way... Waylon...” Alitzel was dumbfounded.

Waylon turned his head slightly, his face a bit icy.

Alitzel never expected that Waylon would suddenly protect Hope; she stiffly looked at her own hand and then at Waylon, her noble face filled with both anger and distress.

All this anger would undoubtedly be redirected at Hope. She glared at Hope with hatred.

“You really play a cunning play of advancing by retreating, full of lies. Why didn’t I notice your scheming before.”

This time, Hope was genuinely at a loss. Alitzel had always held resentment against her, but no matter what, with her good upbringing and composed demeanor, Alitzel would never resort to open violence.

Hope had no idea what she had done to warrant such a violent reaction.

“I don’t know why you’re so furious,” Hope said honestly.

Whatever the reason, at least give her one.

“You still pretend to be clueless. Hope, you really have a devious mind. You just want to use the child to return to the Lewis Family, how despicable.”

“How did you... find out?” Hope’s gaze trembled, the child... how did she know about Luke and Willow’s existence?

Chapter 72: Chapter 72: How Many Months Pregnant?

Hope Williams looked at Waylon Lewis with a pair of bewildered and tense eyes.

Waylon Lewis was frowning tightly.

“How would I know? Wyatt has already told me everything, what else do you want to hide? What? Does my knowing ruin your plans?”

Hope Williams’s neat eyebrows knit together tightly, her heart sinking inch by inch. At this moment, her hands were clenched tight, fearful that Alitzel Williams would demand that she return Luke and Willow to the Lewis Family.

Hope Williams was so nervous that she even held her breath.

Alitzel Williams was so angry that she fixed her gaze on Hope’s abdomen and asked, “How many months? Why don’t you look pregnant yet?”

...

“...”

“...”

“?”

Pregnant?!

A strong surprise flashed through Hope Williams’s anxious eyes, and she subconsciously raised her hand to cover her stomach, “Are you saying... I’m pregnant?”

“You’re still pretending?” Alitzel Williams said irritably.

Hope blinked, and aside from the shock, the tension eased slightly without showing on her face.

As long as she hadn’t discovered Luke and Willow, that was good.

As for being pregnant.

Hope Williams had no idea where she’d heard that from.

So her anger stemmed from thinking she was pregnant and wanting to use the child to force the Lewis Family to accept her again?

Hope Williams laughed bitterly, feeling more wronged than Dou E herself.

Waylon Lewis raised his deep ink-like eyebrows, the same surprised expression flickering across his eyes.

At that moment, his gaze drifted past and noticed Wyatt Lewis, who only dared to show half of his head from behind.

His eyes darkened as he realized.

Noticing that Waylon Lewis's gaze was sweeping toward him and meeting his eyes, Wyatt Lewis almost knelt down on the spot to apologize.

It's over, it's over, his brother must have realized that he had let something slip.

Waylon Lewis indifferently withdrew his glance, a layer of indignation hidden between his brows, and said coldly, "Come out."

Wyatt Lewis felt very sad.

He had to muster the courage to come out from the corner; he would suffer terribly, but not coming out and being caught would be even worse.

Wyatt Lewis quickly dashed to stand to the right of Hope Williams, using her as a shield between himself and Waylon Lewis, but he still couldn't block the piercing chill coming his way.

Sister-in-law, protect me! Sister-in-law, save me!

Waylon Lewis glanced at him indifferently, that ice-cold look clearly meant, "We'll settle this later."

"Explain."

Hope Williams seemed to realize something as well and shifted her puzzled gaze toward Wyatt Lewis.

That questioning look suddenly made Wyatt Lewis feel immense pressure.

"What are you making Wyatt say? I'm asking you both what's the deal with this pregnancy," Alitzel Williams pressed, seeing the three of them silent, each waiting for someone else to explain in a panic.

"I'm not pregnant. As for where you heard the news of my pregnancy, you should ask that person," Hope Williams said with a helpless sigh, getting straight to the point.

"What do you mean?" Alitzel Williams turned her attention to Wyatt Lewis, "Is she pregnant or not?"

"...Mom, I was just joking with you earlier. I didn't expect you to believe it..." Wyatt Lewis's voice got softer and softer, guilt-ridden. If his mother inquired further, how could he respond?

"So, she's not pregnant at all?"

Wyatt Lewis kept his head down, nodding repeatedly. Alitzel Williams was furious, completely exasperated with her two sons.

"I think you're trying to kill me."

Standing to the side, Joy Ward, who had been listening in terror for a long while, finally relaxed upon hearing this outcome. She eased her expression and walked gently to Alitzel Williams's side, patting her back to soothe her, "Auntie, don't be angry. The second young master was just joking with you; it's not good for your health to get upset."

Joy Ward's words made Alitzel Williams feel even more guilty.

Indeed, she had thought that if Hope was really pregnant and things had truly come to this point... She would have had to apologize to Joy Ward and reluctantly accept Hope back into the Lewis Family.

No matter how much she resented Hope for her tricks, it was her son who couldn't resist temptation and got her pregnant. Matters of men and women require two hands to clap; it's impossible for her not to hold Waylon Lewis responsible.

Being a woman herself, she couldn't bear to have Hope, a young lady, pregnant and alone in the world.

Of course, the most important thing was that for a top-tier family like the Lewis's, who place the highest value on heirs, there was no way they would allow the child of the Family Head's son to be cast out.

Now that she heard there was no child, Alitzel Williams was relieved and looked at Joy Ward with even more compassion,

"Joy, I'm sorry you had to see that, please don't misunderstand, they were just joking..."

Joy Ward silently shook her head, her dignified silence painting a vivid picture of resignation and grievance.

After a pause, she spoke up, "It's alright, Auntie, it was just a misunderstanding, it's good we've cleared it up... I know Waylon's character, and I won't misunderstand him."

Alitzel Williams patted Joy Ward's hand, which was wrapped around her own, her eyes brimming with emotion.

Joy Ward hesitated for a moment, let out a troubled sigh, and still spoke up, "But after all, Miss Williams, you and Waylon have been divorced for many years, always seeking him out, clinging to him... I feel that it's not good..."

Alitzel Williams nodded, fully agreeing with her; she thought Joy Ward was absolutely right.

Hope Williams's eyes flashed with coldness. Joy Ward's insinuations suggested she was shamelessly clinging to Waylon Lewis. How could she not understand?

She pursed her lips and continued, "So, Miss Williams, to avoid any similar misunderstandings in the future, please have some self-respect and keep your distance from Waylon, okay?"

"Joy Ward!" Waylon Lewis's voice rose, cold and deep, his icy gaze sweeping over Joy Ward with plenty of warning and displeasure.

Joy Ward's smile stiffened, but she continued, "Sorry, Waylon, I didn't mean anything by it, just a friendly reminder..."

"No need," said Waylon Lewis coldly, "She has never sought me out or clung to me. If there was any clinging, it was me seeking her out and clinging to her."

Chapter 73: Chapter 73 In the still of the night, with the dark moon and high winds, comes his time to die.

Joy Williams's smooth brow twitched slightly at Waylon Lewis's words.

Alitzel Williams was full of surprise, then her expression turned very unpleasant.

Joy Ward was so blocked that she couldn't speak, and her face crumbled accordingly.

A few seconds of silence filled the room.

"Enough," Alitzel said coldly. "Stop talking. The more you say, the more preposterous it gets."

Angry, Alitzel pulled Joy and was about to leave. Before leaving, she shot Waylon Lewis a fierce glance, full of displeasure and warning, as if to say how shameless it was for the esteemed Patriarch Lewis to admit he was pestering a woman—truly becoming more brazen and shameless.

...

Hope Williams's eyebrows quirked slightly, and she turned to look at Waylon Lewis, seeing the red, swollen fingerprint on his cheek from where Alitzel had just slapped him. Hope took a small bottle of ointment out of the medicine box and handed it to him.



Waylon Lewis raised his eyes, "For me?"

"Yes. Apply it, it will heal faster."

After all, he had taken that slap for her. Hope's heart had trembled with that slap.

"Sis, I think I need some too," Wyatt Lewis clung tightly behind Hope, unwilling to let go for a moment.

"You? Where are you hurt?" Hope asked, turning her head in confusion.

"Not yet, but soon." Wyatt wore an expression of impending doom, certain he wouldn't escape a beating today.

"Well, I don't have any more, but if you need some, you can ask your brother. I need to leave now," Hope said, not daring to stay too long—Luke and Willow were waiting for her to come home.

"Let me take you," Waylon Lewis held onto Hope William's wrist.

"No, Sis, can I come home with you tonight?" Wyatt hastily tugged on Hope's clothes.

"Uhh... I can just take a taxi back myself, you can't come home with me," Hope replied somewhat helplessly.

Wyatt's handsome face twisted in agony.

His mother didn't care about him anymore, and now Hope was leaving too. The night deepening, the moon darkening and the wind rising—it felt like the time of his demise.

His brother's face could only be described with one word: sinister.

Too terrifying.

Hope twitched the corner of her mouth, "What exactly is wrong with you?"

"Nothing's wrong. He's just a bit itchy," Waylon Lewis said coldly.

"Sis, you can't just ignore someone in mortal peril. I'm your two little treasures' uncle, for the sake of those two little ones... Save me!" Wyatt's voice was desperate, fighting for his life.

Hope, with her clothes being tugged, looked at him with extreme helplessness.

Waylon's sharp gaze swept over Wyatt, making him immediately let go of Hope's clothes, but his eyes still pleaded with her.

Hope sighed, feeling completely helpless, and turned to Waylon, “Maybe... you could give me a ride?”

Before her words even fell, the chill in the air noticeably dropped.

Waylon nodded, “Okay.”

Hope and Waylon left one after the other, and Wyatt felt a warm comfort spreading over his chest; at this moment, Hope was his savior.

The car came to a steady stop in front of Hope’s apartment.

Hope courteously thanked Waylon and picked up her medicine box, preparing to get out of the car.

As Hope turned to open the door, Waylon Lewis caught her hand.

Hope paused, turning back with a surprised look in her with clear eyes.

“You... have something else to say?”

“I wasn’t aware of the engagement beforehand, and I had no intention of getting engaged,” he said, his voice low and magnetic.

That made Hope’s heart flutter slightly.

She blinked and asked, “Are you explaining this to me?”

“I don’t want you to misunderstand.”

Hope Williams’s thin lips pursed slightly, “There’s no misunderstanding, whatever is between you and her doesn’t concern me.”

As an ex-wife, I shouldn’t have any misunderstandings. Joy Ward has always been right at the center of Waylon Lewis’s heart. Even if he doesn’t intend to get engaged now, he will in the future; it’s an inevitable event.

Five years ago, didn’t he divorce me because he wanted to marry Joy Ward? This matter was a settled deal from the beginning, so I should have come to terms with it by now.

With everything said, it was time for her to get out of the car. Hope tried to pull her hand back.

But Waylon Lewis did not let go of her hand; instead, he gripped it even tighter, a few strands of coldness lurking in his dark eyes.

“Is it because you simply don’t care?”

“Is this something between you and her that I need to care about?” Hope Williams asked indifferently in response.

“Mhm.” Waylon Lewis released Hope’s hand and laughed at himself with a hint of self-mockery, “You don’t care because somebody else is in your heart, Benjamin Myers.”

“Why bring him up again?” Hope Williams frowned slightly. Today’s Waylon Lewis had been acting strangely since the moment he saw Benjamin Myers and wanted to fight him.

As for what was strange, Hope couldn’t pinpoint it—some subtle changes and feelings—but it was definitely different from before.

“He likes you. You smile so happily when you see him. He draped his clothing over you, and you didn’t refuse. Do I have reason to believe you like him too?”

Hope parted her lips, her beautiful eyes filling with profound helplessness.

“Can’t come up with a defense?”

Waylon Lewis stared at her, his black gaze intensifying in its coldness due to her silence.

Hope touched her smooth forehead helplessly and said, “He has someone he likes, and it’s not me...”

“Then it seems you’re quite disappointed.”

Hope licked her lips, twitching the corners of her mouth, almost laughing in exasperation, “Which eye of yours saw me being disappointed? Besides, when I see people talking to each other, should I grimace like they owe me a huge debt?”

Waylon Lewis glanced at her indifferently.

“Is that not how you behave towards me?”

“Cough...”

Hope almost choked on her own saliva, “Are you seriously comparing yourself to him?”

“...”

“He wouldn’t treat me with the same indifference and disgust as you do,” Hope murmured softly.

Friendliness between people is reciprocal. Benjamin Myers is her senior and has always taken good care of her. If someone is kind and cordial to her, she surely can't treat them coldly. On the other hand, Waylon Lewis is aloof and repellant towards her; she has no reason to warm up to his cold demeanor.

She's not sick.

"What did you say?" Waylon Lewis furrowed his brows, not fully catching her last words.

"It's nothing." Hope Williams didn't intend to elaborate and stepped out of the car.

The delay at the Lewis family's had been long, and the two little ones at home must be anxiously waiting. Hope hurried to get back home to comfort them. Just as she reached the front door, two soft and endearing children ran towards her, rushing into her arms for a big hug.

"Mommy."

"Mommy."

"Oh, my babies, still not asleep this late?"

"We were waiting for Mommy. We were so worried because Mommy was gone for so long," Luke and Willow pouted unhappily.

Hope Williams held one little treasure in each hand, "Mommy got held up by some things, sorry for making my babies wait."

"Eh? Did bad daddy drive Mommy home?" Luke's sharp eyes caught sight of the parked car that hadn't left yet. That license plate belonged to a Lewis family's car.

Luke's eyes darted about, then he looked up at Hope Williams and asked, "Mommy, I want to go and say something to bad daddy."

Chapter 74: Chapter 74: Waylon Lewis is a completely incompetent husband

Since last time Willow and Luke accidentally caused trouble at the Lewis Family, and Hope Williams had misunderstood Waylon, after she apologized and explained to Waylon, their interactions underwent subtle changes.

She trusted Waylon Lewis a bit more.

Waylon had no intention of taking the children; he just wanted to see them as their father. Hope accepted this reasoning, thus she didn't resist as much when Waylon saw Luke and Willow, letting it happen.

Hope slightly raised her eyebrows, looking toward the black car parked not far away, her heart at peace, gently stroking Luke's hair, "Alright, go ahead."

Luke trotted over to Waylon's car with his little legs.

Waylon was about to leave when he saw Luke running toward him. A glint passed through his dark eyes.

...

Luke stood in front of Waylon's car, looking at him. Waylon opened the car door and got out.

"I'll be right back," Luke said, then turned and ran back inside as if to fetch something.

Hope didn't know what Luke was up to. Willow's round eyes followed her brother as he ran back and forth.

Soon afterwards, Luke came out holding a card, his little face serious as he handed it to Waylon.

Waylon raised an eyebrow, his deep eyes flickered with confusion.

Luke, in a childishly solemn tone, said, "It was my idea to send Brother Jimmy to cause trouble. I apologize. For the things we broke, I will compensate.

I admit it was impulsive of me, but why did you bully my mommy? Mommy kindly went to rescue your family members, and not only did you not thank her, but you also drove her away. Doesn't my mommy have feelings? Doesn't she feel hurt? Luke's mommy, who I love the most, why should anyone bully her?"

Luke earnestly pushed the card to Waylon, his serious little face showing no other emotion, "Here, take this. Mommy said that if you make a mistake, you should bravely take responsibility. This is the pocket money Mommy gives me, including my New Year's money, all of it is here, take it."

The amount in Luke's card was not small, containing not only the pocket money Hope had given him but also money he had won traveling around with Liam Cloud over the years—which amounted to several million—unbeknownst to Hope.

Waylon's gaze grew complex, looking tenderly at the little Luke in front of him, bending his tall and slender figure down, "Your mommy taught you well to correct your mistake, but let this one go."

Taking money from one's own son, that would be really outrageous.

Waylon handed the card back to Luke, "The broken stuff wasn't worth much and was about to be replaced anyway."

"You keep it. Otherwise, I really would feel a bit uneasy."

Though Luke knew his daddy wasn't short on money, since he had damaged it, he had to make it right; it didn't matter if his daddy was wealthy.

"You're my son, even if you burned down a house, there's no need to compensate, understand?" Waylon said in a calm voice, smiling warmly at Luke.

Luke paused slightly, "Then... okay, but just don't bully mommy, and I won't set your house on fire."

Meaning, if he did bully mommy, setting his house on fire might still be an option. Waylon slightly curved his lips, "You really stand up for your mommy?"

"Of course, Mommy is a girl, and Luke is a boy. It's natural for Luke to protect mommy. Nobody is allowed to bully her, including you. Even though we are flesh and blood, if you bully mommy, I won't show any mercy."

Waylon looked at Luke, who stubbornly defended Hope like a little knight.

A smile flickered in Waylon's eyes, tinged with both admiration and helplessness.

In the eyes of the two children, he probably couldn't even compare to a strand of Hope's hair.

Waylon felt somewhat slighted, but more than that, he felt heartache and regret.

These years, she had been raising two children alone, and it had undoubtedly been tough, yet she had raised them extremely well.

Like her, when they acted, they did so decisively, hitting right where it hurt, leaving no room for negotiation.

Waylon's warm hand gently lifted and caressed Luke's hair, his voice low and soothing, "Don't worry, I couldn't bear to bully her either."

"Mommy always says, if you say something and don't follow through, it's just pie in the sky," Luke said earnestly.

"...Yeah, your mommy is right."

"Don't go painting pies in the sky then."

"...Okay."

"By the way," Luke suddenly remembered something, "can you return Brother Jimmy to me?"

"That mechanical little dog?"

"Yes, I made it for mommy by hand. It's supposed to be her birthday present." It was his most perfect craft yet, surely meant for his most beloved mommy.

"Birthday? Her birthday is coming up?" Waylon glanced toward the woman not far away, who was speaking to Willow with her head lowered, her beautiful face brightened by a charming smile. His gaze softened without him even realizing it.

"You don't even know that." Luke frowned slightly, his serious little gaze scrutinizing like a little boss inspecting a subordinate, clearly very dissatisfied, mentally deducting points from his dad, "Mommy said you've been married for three years, and you don't even know her birthday?"

Luke really couldn't understand.

"..."

"Really incompetent, no wonder mommy left you."

"..."

Waylon paused, a complex emotion flashing through his deep eyes—he could not refute, it was undeniable that he had indeed neglected Hope previously.

"You... are right."

His performance as a husband had really been lacking.

"Hmph, I'm not talking to you anymore."

Luke walked a few steps ahead, slightly frustrated, then suddenly paused, and after a few seconds, sighed helplessly as if changing his mind, and turned back to look at Waylon, "Mommy's birthday is next Sunday."

“Uncle Benjamin knows, and you still don’t, sigh, you really can’t compare to Uncle Benjamin.”

The mention of being worse than Benjamin Myers made Waylon’s gaze instantly chill.

Luke talked with Waylon for quite a while, and Hope made no attempt to hurry him. Seeing Luke returning, Hope gently took his hand, looked up at Waylon with a polite nod, and took Luke and Willow home.

## Chapter 75: Chapter 75: Saving Your Own Life is What Matters Most

Waylon Lewis’s gaze was deep and with a final sigh of resignation, he couldn’t help feel a tightness in his chest as Luke’s words indeed struck a chord, causing him a subtle discomfort.

Hope Williams finished washing up with the two little ones and coaxed them to sleep, “Okay, babies, go to sleep. Mommy has some things to do, but once I’m done, I’ll tell you a bedtime story, okay?”

“Okay, then hurry up, Mommy,” said Luke, as he and Willow hand in hand, scampered off to their room.

Hope Williams’s first order of business upon sitting down on the living room sofa was to make a phone call.

The other party picked up promptly.

“Hi, Director Delacey.”

...

“Hey Cynthia, it’s been a while since I heard from you. How have things been since you returned home? Are you adjusting well? And how about your ex-husband? How are the two little treasures? Oh my, I haven’t seen you guys in so long; I miss you terribly,” came the fluent English of the middle-aged woman on the other end.

Hope Williams smiled and conversed in English too, “Don’t worry, although there are some troubles, everything is being resolved. I believe things will get better.”

“Uh-huh, I trust in your capabilities, of course. But did you call today for a particular reason?” Given Hope Williams’s tendency to work to the point of self-forgetfulness, taking time out of her busy schedule to make a call signified that it must be for something rather important.



“Actually, there is something I need your help with.” Hope Williams explained the situation to Director Delacey briefly, “I know these herbs are quite precious, so I’m not sure if you’d sell me some, but they are critical for my patient.”

“Cynthia, is the patient you’re referring to your ex-husband’s grandfather?” asked Director Delacey, her voice growing heavier.

Hope Williams shook her head, “No, he’s also my grandfather.”

Director Delacey sighed, “Alright Cynthia, I was initially reluctant to give you the herbs just because he was your ex-husband’s grandpa. When you came to y country, you told me you fled your home to protect your children from a husband aiming to harm them. For such a man, it’s not worth it.”

“But hearing you speak like this, Grandpa Lewis seems to be a very good person. Since he has treated you well, I am willing to help him for your sake. Don’t worry, I will have someone send it to you later.”

Hope Williams felt deeply moved, her eyes brimming with tears, “Thank you, Director Delacey.”

“Cynthia, you’re too polite. If it wasn’t for you, I would not have managed that surgery. It was your persistence that gave me a second chance at life. Although I was reluctant to let you go back to your country, I knew it was where your path lay. Cynthia, I will always support your choices.”

Hope Williams’s eyes grew teary, “No one understands me better than you, thank you, Director Delacey.”

After hanging up the phone, Hope Williams took a deep breath, retrieved the director’s account information, and transferred the money. The price of the herb was indeed extravagant, and it was currently scarce in the market. Director Delacey had previously acquired it at an auction.

Unexpectedly, just as Hope Williams put down her phone, the money was sent back the next second along with an offended emoji, “Talking money hurts feelings.”

Hope Williams helplessly massaged her forehead.

Under the bright moonlight, a tall figure at the Lewis family’s old house was sneakily organizing his belongings and slipping into the garage.

Waylon Lewis’s dark eyes narrowed slightly. He stepped forward with large strides toward the figure.

Wyatt Lewis felt that to save his own skin, it was best not to show his face around his brother for a few days. Maybe staying away for a while was a good idea, to keep his brother from getting annoyed at the sight of him. Quite self-aware.

Carrying a change of clothes, Wyatt took his car keys and went to the parking garage.

As his hand reached for the car door, he felt an invisible chill whip across his back and muttered to himself, "The temperature sure is dropping quickly tonight."

As he was about to sit in the car, his peripheral vision caught a towering figure. Wyatt froze, the cool air behind him growing more intense. Only then did he realize that this was not a simple drop in temperature—it felt more like the Arctic!

"Where are you going?"

The deep, frosty voice of his brother rang out.

Wyatt's scalp tingled, and his heart raced. Reluctantly, he turned his head incrementally, his exceptionally handsome face splitting into a placating smile, "Brother... to keep out of your way, I was going to stay somewhere else for a few days."

After all, today he had nearly blown the kids' cover and unforgivably caused his brother to be slapped, still showing a trace of red on his face.

Maybe his brother was now scheming about which state to send him off to develop.

Waylon Lewis glanced at him and dropped a cold command, "Come to the study."

With that, the man turned and walked away.

Wyatt slapped his chest, on the verge of tears, deeply shaken, yet not daring to defy his brother. He quickly straightened up and followed obediently.

The study was frigid.

Waylon Lewis leaned back on the couch, a cigarette between his fingers, lips drawing in a puff, then exhaling a long plume of smoke that wreathed his handsome visage, his dark eyes slightly out of focus.

Wyatt stood properly in front of the desk, lifting his eyelids to sneak peeks at Waylon Lewis.

Waylon Lewis's eyes were downcast, silent, seemingly contemplating something. He had never seen such a look of bewilderment on his typically stern and severe brother's face.

Wyatt's brows lifted slightly—perhaps his brother was still considering which state to banish him to—was that the deep thought?

Just then, Waylon Lewis's low, magnetic voice casually broke the silence, "How was I to Hope Williams before?"

He turned his head, his dark eyes sweeping over Wyatt.

"What?" Wyatt wondered if he had heard wrong.

His brother was asking about his past treatment of Hope Williams?

Wyatt leaned his face closer to Waylon, "Brother, are you okay?"

"..."

Waylon Lewis glared at him irritably, prompting Wyatt to stand up straight again.

Good, it was confirmed—his brother was alright.

"Ah... Well... This..."

Chapter 76: Chapter 76: Thinking Waylon Lewis Doesn't Know What's Good for Him

Wyatt Lewis scratched the back of his head and immediately put on a serious, contemplative expression, "This... your treatment of sister-in-law is simply..." incredibly good...!

What to do, he couldn't say it, it really went against his heart.

Wyatt Lewis glanced at Waylon Lewis and shifted his position, "Uh... this..."

Waylon Lewis ground his molars.

Wyatt Lewis tugged at his lip, "Hehe... this..."

"..."

...

Seeing that Wyatt couldn't squeeze out a word, Waylon was about to burst with fury. Just when he was about to explode, Wyatt finally let it out, "Bro, do you think you treat sister-in-law well?"

Look at how smart he was, unable to answer he turned to questioning.

That cleverness was his downfall.

Waylon twisted his eyebrows, "Can't say it's bad."

"You've got the nerve?" Wyatt muttered very softly.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing, just disagreeing, that's all," Wyatt spoke without thinking and immediately regretted it, hastily covering his mouth and observing his brother's reaction.

But what he said wasn't wrong; his brother really wasn't good to Hope Williams.

He had another reason for especially liking his sister-in-law Hope Williams, and that was her cooking, which was simply on par with the Lewis Family's top chefs, no, even the top chefs couldn't compare. Before, when Hope had cooked 365 days a year, three meals a day, never missing a meal, it was all for the sake of her husband, but he never appreciated it, not even a glance, and the food ended up in his stomach.

He almost wished he could sit outside her kitchen door with a basin every day.

He was more than willing to take care of it, but seeing it rejected by his brother and Hope's helpless and lonely figure, he felt his brother was incredibly ungrateful.

If he had a wife who cooked such delicious meals every day waiting for him to come home, he'd fly back from overseas.

That's why Wyatt Lewis couldn't understand why his brother didn't cherish such a good wife at home and even managed to outright neglect her.

Waylon Lewis looked at him, and since he had already spoken, Wyatt braced himself and said, "Bro, I think your treatment of sister-in-law really isn't good. Have you ever taken a glance at the meals she makes for you? She works hard for the family, waits up for you at night, and you never cared, even neglecting her existence, didn't you?"

Waylon's gaze deepened.

He knew these things.

But he truly hadn't cared.

With downcast eyes, after a long time, he finally spoke up, "Do I need to care about her that much?"

Marrying Hope Williams wasn't about love for him, Waylon Lewis. To him, he just needed a competent wife, and at that time Hope was a good choice. So, he chose her, brought her home, provided her with a materially flawless life.

As long as she wished, she could spend however she wanted, just account it under Waylon Lewis's name.

The lady of a grand house, Matriarch Lewis, a status that was covetable but out of reach for most women.

Waylon believed this was enough, that what he provided her was sufficient.

Therefore, he had never really cared about Hope Williams; in his eyes, their marriage was merely a transaction. He only had to give an equivalent sum of money, fulfill the necessary tasks, and that was enough.

He had never realized that Hope was his wife, and like facing a business partner in the marketplace, naturally, he didn't have to care about her feelings.

But now he seemed to discover he was wrong.

On the day Hope left, he felt something hollow inside him, as if he had lost something precious.

Thus, he searched the entire Emperor Capital for her presence, even if he had to scour the entire city to find her. At that moment, he wasn't sure if he felt more hatred or urgency regarding her departure.

It should be hatred, shouldn't it? She left without a word, disappeared, went against his orders, and took his child.

How could he not hate!

It must be urgency, right? She was pregnant, didn't take anything with her, not even the check for ten billion.

She was a woman all alone, how could he not be anxious.

But to this day, he still hadn't understood what his feelings toward the woman, Hope Williams, were, but he couldn't deny that at this moment, his mind and eyes were full of her and only her.

"Bro, if you have feelings for sister-in-law, then treat her properly, don't be so cold to her, indulge her a bit more. The two of you, one domineering, the other unyielding, someone has to take a step back. Bro, think about Luke, Willow, those two little

treasures sister-in-law bore for you, whatever happens, you ought to indulge sister-in-law," Wyatt said earnestly, almost moved by his own words.

Today was Saturday, and Luke and Willow didn't have to go to school. Hope Williams indulgently let the two babies sleep in.

Hope packed her things, planning to head to the hospital. She was off today, planning to have the medicine from last night tested, and then to head home to spend time with the two little ones.

The moment Hope opened her door, she saw a man standing at the entrance.

Dressed in a sharp, dark suit, his tall frame, broad shoulders, and a commanding, noble aura.

Seeing Waylon Lewis first thing in the morning, Hope was slightly surprised, almost thinking she had seen wrong.

She tentatively called out, "Waylon Lewis?"

Hearing the sound, he turned around to face Hope's puzzled little expression. He raised an eyebrow and asked lightly, "Surprised to see me?"

Hope blinked, unable to deny it.

"Why are you here?" she asked, her clear voice devoid of the usual defenses and distance, sounding much more pleasant to the ear.

Hearing Hope's voice, Waylon's mood inexplicably lifted.

She seemed to have the day off, wearing more casual attire than usual. A light blue, loose-fitting top paired with a white denim skirt, revealing a pair of slender, straight legs. Her simple, youthful attire was a refreshing change that couldn't help but catch one's eye.

Her skin was fair, her delicate face perfect without a hint of makeup. Her usually wavy hair was tied up in a bun, looking especially sleek and appealing.

Waylon Lewis rarely saw her dressed this way, and his eyes flashed with admiration.

Chapter 77: Chapter 77: Turmoil

"Are you not working today?"

Hope Williams nodded lightly, "Mhm, I'm off today. What brings you here?"

Waylon Lewis lifted his hand as Thomas Hughes handed over Brother Jimmy, which Waylon then passed to Hope with a slow, melodious voice, "It belongs to Luke."

Hope glanced at the mechanical dog, and recognizing that it was Luke's Brother Jimmy, she reached out to take it, "You even brought it back specially, thank you for the trouble."

"Just on the way."

On the way?

...

Thomas Hughes, standing to the side, furrowed his brows, remembering that they had detoured through three streets to get here.

Hearing this, Hope looked slightly puzzled, "Isn't your company in the opposite direction from here?"

"Just had some things to deal with over this side."

Thomas Hughes muttered under his breath, accusing him of blatant lies, as he had clearly rushed over early in the morning on purpose.

Hope silently nodded and hummed in acknowledgment.

"Did Luke mention that he assembled this himself?"

"Mhm, Luke has always been interested in these mechanical things," Hope said with a gentle smile.

"It's a promising hobby," Waylon remarked, and noticing that Hope was about to head out, he asked, "Where are you off to?"

"I have some matters to handle at the hospital."

"Shall I give you a lift? It's actually on the way."

"Uh..." How is it always on the way? Hope blinked, "No need, I can go by myself. You must be busy with work at your company, you go ahead. I'll make sure Luke gets this."

Waylon Lewis was about to say something but remembered Wyatt Lewis's words from the previous night about being more accommodating to her, not too overbearing. Waylon coughed lightly and nodded, "Alright."

Be more accommodating to this woman, yes, that's right!

"Well... I'll be going then..." Hope felt slightly uncomfortable under the gaze of Waylon's smiling eyes.

"Mhm, go ahead."

Hope quickly walked toward her car and drove off.

Waylon Lewis had been acting stranger lately.

Hope couldn't understand.

The hospital wasn't peaceful either.

The previous day, Hope's bet with Elder Murphy and Vice Chancellor Wood had spread wildly, until eventually, everyone knew, and Hope had become the hospital's "celebrity."

Wherever Hope went in the hospital, she could hear whispers and talking.

"Sigh, isn't that Hope Williams right there? The department head who just got sidelined not long after taking the position? I heard her backing is Director Woods himself."

"The cardiology department has gotten much busier ever since Hope Williams joined. Before it was Joy Ward strutting around like a peacock daily, and now there's someone even more enchanting. Ah, the cardiology department is indeed lively."

"No, no, no, you can't really compare those two. Just in the short time Hope Williams has been in our department, she's performed no fewer than fifty to eighty surgeries, not one with a mistake, and a 100% success rate. And many of the patients she has taken on are critical cases that other doctors wouldn't dare to handle."

"Right, and then look at Joy Ward, parading around prettily every day like a peacock. While her surgery rate is also high, it's because the cases she takes aren't life-threatening, so naturally, the success rate is high. She even had several complaints against her; if not for the vice-director covering for her, how could she have survived? Dressed up like who knows what, as if beauty can serve as food. Look at Hope Williams, isn't she beautiful? She doesn't even dress up yet surpasses Joy Ward by miles, beautiful, skillful, and modest. As for promotion to department head, my vote goes to Hope Williams."

"But haven't you heard? Apparently, Hope Williams has a notorious reputation. Didn't you see that video? Leading two guys on, fishing around. We've only seen so much, God knows how messy her private life might be."



“Yeah, well, in that aspect, Joy Ward has her beat. She comes from a good family, beautiful and good-hearted.”

“Why keep comparing the two? There are many good doctors in cardiology, after all. It’s not decided yet who it will be.”

“Are you guys idle?” A warm voice suddenly rang out.

The group of chattering doctors and nurses stopped in their tracks and uniformly looked towards Benjamin Myers. His voice, though calm as usual, was filled with authority, causing several to shrink back and nod in greeting, “Director Myers.”

Benjamin Myers pressed his lips together and didn’t say a word.

His exceptionally handsome face tightened, clearly displeased.

Known for his gentle demeanor, refined grace, and wonderful temper, Benjamin also inadvertently carried a commanding presence that forced others to hold their breath and keep quiet.

The group hesitantly and quickly made their exit.

Hope Williams, waiting for the elevator, helplessly held her forehead as Benjamin Myers naturally walked over and greeted her warmly, “Morning.”

“Mhm, morning,” Hope politely nodded.

“You don’t need to listen to them, just be yourself.”

Benjamin’s words seemed both advisory and comforting. Hope turned to look at him and gave a small smile, “Don’t worry, I’m not that fragile.”

Benjamin chuckled and nodded, “Mhm.”

The two entered the elevator side by side.

“Which floor are you going to?” Benjamin asked.

“Third floor.”

“The matter with the video...” Benjamin sighed lightly, “Are you alright?”

The video had been spread far and wide, and of course, Benjamin had seen it too.

Hope casually shook her head, “It’s all baseless accusations, not worth paying attention to.”

Once the spotlight shifted, things would naturally calm down. She didn't need to waste her energy and fret over this.

As the crowd dispersed, Joy Ward's exceedingly morose face came into view.

## Chapter 78: Chapter 78: Is She Trying to Kill Grandpa Lewis?

"Joy, don't listen to their nonsense. What do they know? Hope Williams's surgeries were just luck; there's no way her skills can surpass yours." Valentina flattered energetically from the side.

Joy Ward was genuinely infuriated and snorted coldly, "Don't mention that bitch to me."

Valentina choked and stood behind Joy Ward, rolling her eyes in disgust.

What a piece of work, I flatter you and you don't appreciate it. Acting like a princess every day, it's so annoying.

"Exactly, exactly, Joy, don't be mad. We won't talk about that bitch anymore. It's bad for your health to get angry. She won't be arrogant for much longer." As soon as Valentina started talking, she put on a fawning face, speaking pleasantly.

Joy Ward's sinister gaze stayed on Hope Williams until the elevator doors closed. Her hands, hanging by her sides, clenched repeatedly.

...

"You're right, that bitch won't be arrogant for much longer."

Once this month was over, she would have to roll out of the hospital. She was truly sick of her.

"Hope Williams!" Joy Ward gritted her teeth. "Go see where she's going and what she's doing, and tell me everything, big or small."

"Joy, what... What could Hope Williams possibly be up to in the hospital?" Valentina was speechless.

Being treated like a tool by Joy Ward every day, she was naturally unwilling. But the River Family still relied on support from the Ward Family. Despite her reluctance, she had to do it; she noted the elevator number and immediately followed.

The results of the substance analysis would be available tomorrow, so Hope Williams went home first.

“Substance analysis? Did you see what it was?”

“It was a small tube of herbal medicine.”

Having just come from Elder Lewis last night, and today she brought herbal medicine for substance analysis—clearly, this was no coincidence.

Joy Ward’s brow furrowed deeply as she sat down on the sofa. In such a short time, the only medicine she had come into contact with was the herbal medicine Elder Lewis had drunk.

Joy Ward clenched her teeth deeply; could it be that she was investigating the medicine she prescribed to Elder Lewis?

Joy Ward narrowed her eyes and immediately said, “Keep an eye on it, and tell me as soon as there are results.”

Valentina pursed her lips, unconvinced. “Joy, why are you so nervous? It’s just a drug composition test. Such a normal thing, is it necessary?”

Used as a laborer again, Valentina was speechless; she was busy in her own department, being ordered around every day, and she had lost count of how many times her director had scolded her because of piled-up work.

“What do you know? If I tell you to go, just go. Why ask so many questions?” Joy Ward shouted.

Due to last night’s incident, Joy Ward was in a terrible mood, her anger had no outlet, and she took it out on anyone she bumped into, without regard for others’ feelings.

Valentina shrank her neck and glared angrily, of course, only daring to do so from an angle where Joy Ward couldn’t see.

When Hope Williams reached home, Baby had also woken up and was sitting at the dining table, eating the breakfast Aunt Bailey had prepared for them.

“Mommy, you’re back.” Luke and Willow called out to Hope Williams joyfully.

Hope Williams smiled and sat next to Luke and Willow. “Mommy doesn’t have work today, so I can spend the day with you.”

“Yay, can we go out to play? We haven’t gone out together for a long time.”

Hope Williams’s clear eyes dimmed slightly; she had been too busy these days and had neglected the two little ones. They never complained or troubled her, showing understanding that pained Hope Williams.

Hope Williams bent down and kissed the two little ones. “Of course, we can go wherever you want; Mommy will go with you.”

“And this is from Waylon Lewis.” Hope Williams handed the mechanical dog, Brother Jimmy, to Luke.

Luke’s eyes sparkled with surprise, unable to hide his happiness.

Today, Hope Williams took the two little ones out for fun all day, and by evening they were exhausted and fell asleep early.

The next day, Hope Williams came early to pick up the composition report. Looking at the medicine composition, she couldn’t help but frown, her beautiful eyes gradually filled with a chill.

The medicines listed could indeed alleviate blood circulation, relieve pain, and ease heartache symptoms, but the dosage was too strong. Elder Lewis was too weak to handle such heavy doses. Though effective in the short term, long-term use would definitely backfire.

As a doctor, Joy Ward should know this, yet she still prescribed such heavy doses to Elder Lewis, exacerbating his condition. Was she trying to kill Elder Lewis?

Anger surged in Hope Williams, and she clutched the composition report tightly.

Meanwhile, Valentina handed the composition analysis report, which she had obtained after Hope Williams left, to Joy Ward.

Joy Ward quickly took it; she could recognize her own prescription at a glance.

Hope Williams was investigating her medicine; did she suspect there was something wrong with it, that it harmed Elder Lewis?

Joy Ward clenched her teeth and the prescription in her hand trembled violently, a bad premonition emerging spontaneously.

Damn!

“Joy, where are you going?” Valentina saw Joy Ward grab her bag and hurriedly run out.

Hope Williams went home, grabbed her medical kit, and headed for the Lewis house.

Just as Hope Williams reached the second-floor landing, a voice suddenly exploded behind her.

“Hope Williams, what do you think you’re doing?” Joy Ward asked angrily. “What right do you have to investigate the medicine I prescribed for Grandpa Lewis?”

Hope Williams was not surprised that Joy Ward knew about this; she had noticed her little follower at the hospital.

“You know exactly why. Why bother asking me?” Hope Williams’s expression was dark, her voice cold. “Scared now?”

## Chapter 79: Chapter 79: Hope Williams Has an Accident

Joy Ward’s lips quivered, and she clenched her teeth tightly, forcing herself to maintain her composure with a cold snort, “There’s nothing wrong with this medication, why should I be scared?”

Upon hearing that, Hope Williams’ expression, filled with sarcasm, chilled even further, “The medication might not be harmful to ordinary heart patients, Joy Ward, but you know very well if it damages Grandpa Lewis’s body.”

Joy’s face turned pale, “I...”

Hope pulled out the medication component list.

Panicked, Joy’s gaze darted around evasively.

“So, you can’t even bear to look at it yourself?”

...

Hope’s eyes were devoid of warmth, and a slow, cold smile formed on her lips, “Grandpa Lewis’s body is frail and can only handle gentle nourishment, yet you filled him with such a high dosage of medication. It’s like a balloon—it needs air, but it cannot withstand an overload. Once exceeded, explosion is the only outcome.”

“Joy Ward, don’t you pride yourself on your superior medical skills? Surely, you are aware of this basic fact. I don’t believe you weren’t. What are you trying to do, kill Grandpa Lewis?”

In an instant, Joy’s face turned ashen; she indeed wished for the death of the old man who had always opposed her marriage to Waylon Lewis.

Yet she dared only think about it inwardly. Increasing the dosage was meant to show a rapid improvement in the old man’s condition, thereby proving her competence and

earning everyone's gratitude, turning her into a benefactor of the Lewis family, ensuring that Waylon would marry her.

She hadn't anticipated that the old man's body was so frail, deteriorating faster than she had imagined.

Now that Hope had exposed her, it dawned on Joy that all her actions were indeed intended to hasten the old man's demise.

All her ugly motives laid bare, engulfing her in fear and anger.

Waylon always revered his grandfather highly. If he were to hear of this, not only would marrying him become impossible, she might not even know how she might die.

Suppressing the fury and fear in her chest, hands trembling with force, Joy glared at Hope, teeth gritted, "You're talking nonsense, I didn't do anything, and you won't slander me."

"You know very well whether I am talking nonsense. You can't escape blame for this affair. Any doctor would confirm—there is no way you can explain this away."

"No, Hope Williams, you can't," Joy replied frantically, blocking Hope's path.

"Move aside." Coldness surged in Hope's eyes.

"Hope Williams, you won't expose me. Everyone knows I've been diligently treating the old man. Who would believe your words? Even if you have that report, how can one not presume you forged it to slander me? Give it up, Hope, no one will believe you."

Joy lifted her chin, stubbornly holding Hope's gaze, trying futilely to intimidate her with her stance.

Her actions seemed utterly ludicrous to Hope.

Hope's initially indifferent expression gradually darkened.

"Unrepentant."

"Hope Williams!"

Joy bit down hard, grasping Hope's arm with a desperate gasp, as if making an extremely difficult decision, she forced the words through clenched teeth, "I'm begging you... Name your price, I can pay, but you must keep this matter to yourself, I swear I won't use that medication on Grandpa Lewis ever again... you... be assured, I mean it, as long as you don't disclose it... give me that medication list..."

Hope forcefully broke free from Joy's grasp, her expression still icy and unmoved.

Had she not discovered it in time, and had Grandpa Lewis continued with that medication, the consequences would have been dire. Yet, to this moment, Joy still failed to recognize her error and was still trying to use money to silence her.

A chill crept into Hope's heart—such unfitting behavior for a doctor.

How dare she.

"Hope Williams, you better not expose me..."

"Get lost!" Hope commanded coldly, no desire to converse further, heading upstairs.

Seeing that Hope remained firm, Joy's frustration turned to rage, and her eyes gleamed menacingly.

"Hope Williams, you can't leave..."

She grabbed at Hope's arm, yanking her back fiercely. Hope, caught off guard while climbing the stairs, stumbled backwards unexpectedly.

Before Hope could react, her head struck sharply against the railing, and almost instantly, she felt a warm flow down her neck.

Hope's eyes trembled, pain in her head bringing on dizziness and a sense of weakness...

"I... Hope Williams... you!"

Joy was shocked and rooted to the spot, eyes wide as she watched Hope, panicking as she looked around.

Lifting her head, she saw a surveillance camera aimed right at them.

Breathing hurriedly, her heart pounding furiously, she forced herself to calm down.

No one saw, right, as long as she destroyed the surveillance footage, it would seem Hope just fell, not her fault, yes, she fell on her own.

With venomous eyes fixed on Hope, Joy spat bitterly, "Hope Williams, it's your own fault. Don't blame me. If you hadn't come back, Waylon wouldn't have refused to marry me—it's all your fault, you deserve to die."

Joy knelt down, picking up the medication list and crumpled it into a ball, hiding it in her bag before rushing to the security room to destroy all the surveillance footage.

Having done this, she hurriedly left the Lewis family mansion.

Just then, a car entered the estate and parked securely at the gate.

Terrified, Joy hid behind a wall, only to see Waylon Lewis's tall figure stepping out of the car.

## Chapter 80: Chapter 80: Blood, Qin Xi's Blood Everywhere

"If I run out quietly now, the security at the door will have seen me," Joy Ward clenched her teeth fiercely, forcing herself to calm down, a ruthless flash crossing her eyes, a plan forming in her mind.

She kicked off her high heels, ruffled her meticulously styled hair, and dashed out in a state of panic, heading straight for Waylon Lewis.

Waylon noticed Joy's distraught appearance and frowned.

Tightening her grip on his clothes, Joy blurted out in utter urgency, "Waylon... quick, I just saw Hope Williams... she's fallen, and there's so much blood."

"What did you say?" Waylon's eyes narrowed instantly.

Startled by his icily black eyes, Joy couldn't help but retreat a couple of steps.

...

Her heart skipped, nearly suffocating for a moment.

"Where is she?" His eyes filled with concern.

"In... at the entrance of the building..." Joy's voice trembled with fear.

Without hesitation, Waylon rushed inside.

Hope Williams lay in a pool of blood, the rapid bleeding at the back of her head making her dizzy, her body becoming groggy, strength draining with her blood flow.

Hope knew that a head injury was a major bleeding point and that it wouldn't take long before she bled out.

Struggling, she reached out, mustered all her strength to open a first-aid kit, and took out a Silver Needle. She inserted it into the acupuncture point on her own hand to slow the bleeding and maintain her consciousness.



After finishing, she felt completely exhausted.

“Hope Williams!” Waylon’s pupils constricted as he rushed over to hold her in his embrace, the scene before him felt unreal.

He thought Joy had meant that Hope had just had a regular fall resulting in some bleeding, but he was met with a shocking crimson sight.

Hope’s eyelashes trembled; looking at Waylon before her felt surreal, her body light, as he lifted her in his arms.

“Waylon... Lewis...”

“Hope Williams, how could this happen? How could this?”

The outside sunlight was piercing; her butterfly-like eyelashes trembled. She had never seen Waylon this anxious before.

Her eyelids grew heavier, speaking was incredibly difficult.

“Hope, don’t sleep, don’t sleep, keep your eyes open; don’t sleep. I’m taking you to the hospital, don’t sleep.”

Soon, Joy saw Waylon carrying an ashen-faced Hope, her face pale like a broken doll, barely alive in his arms, leaving a trail of blood behind them.

Joy stifled a gasp, covering her chest; Hope looked as though she was about to die.

Instant panic seized Joy; if Hope died, she’d be a criminal. She dared not think further, seeing how distressed Waylon was for Hope’s sake made Joy feel both fearful and angry.

She was angry that Waylon was so concerned for Hope, seemingly able to just ignore her.

She feared if Hope died, Waylon would undoubtedly investigate, and given his concern for Hope, if he found out it was her doing, this cold-hearted man would never let her go.

Yet another voice in her head told her, if Hope died, Waylon would no longer care about her, she would be the only woman in his life, and she could then marry Waylon effortlessly; everything Hope knew would die with her as well.

Thinking this made her hope, despite herself, that Hope would indeed die.

Waylon, delaying no further, transported Hope to the hospital as if his life depended on it, rushing her into the emergency room, frightening many onlookers.

Due to the severe blood loss, Hope was wholly unconscious when she arrived at the emergency room.

Waylon Lewis, panicked like never before, had his suit stained unevenly with Hope Williams's blood. Cold sweat covered his forehead, and the typically proud man looked disheveled.

"Save her!" At the door of the emergency room, Waylon grabbed the doctor. His eyes were bloodshot, and his hands trembled. The chill around him seemed to threaten everything.

Startled by his intense aura, the doctor nodded continuously in agreement, "Yes, yes, we will do our best."

Thomas Hughes, who stood behind, shook his head. He had never seen his boss so out of control.

From this moment, he understood how much the boss cared about his ex-wife.

Seeing Waylon holding onto the doctor, who was nearly scared to wet himself, Thomas quickly stepped forward to stop him, "Boss, the doctor needs to go in and save the lady. Don't worry, she will be fine."

Waylon suddenly snapped back to reality and immediately let go of the doctor.

The doctor hastily said, "Don't worry, we will do our best to save her."

The doctor rushed into the emergency room, escaping Waylon's clutches.

Waylon stared intently as the doors of the operating room closed, unwilling to look away, not even realizing how nervous he was.

Blood was everywhere. His chest was soaked through his dark suit, staining the white shirt underneath red.

Hope Williams!

Hope Williams!

Her name echoed in his mind. How could this happen, how could she have fallen so badly, what had happened to her...

After two hours of urgent care, the lights in the emergency room finally went out, and the doctor emerged, mask in hand.

Waylon, looking tense, immediately approached and asked in a steady voice, "How is she?"

He fixed his gaze on the doctor, his breathing shaking.

"Rest assured, we found that she had received some initial treatment before arriving, which controlled the bleeding. Otherwise, the outcome might have been much worse. Now, she is not in a life-threatening condition, but she has sustained severe head injuries and is currently in a coma."

Waylon's chest, previously tight with tension, eased a bit. He closed his eyes deeply, never having felt two hours to be so excruciating.

It was a relief she was safe.

As long as she was safe, that was all that mattered.

Waylon felt immensely relieved.

"When will she wake up?"

"That's hard to say, it's up to her."

At that moment, Hope was wheeled out, her head wrapped in thick bandages and her face pale without a trace of color. Waylon's heart ached fiercely, and he trembled with distress.

Joy Ward hurried in, feigning great concern. Seeing Hope safely wheeled out, she gritted her teeth and clenched her hands hanging by her sides. How did this bitch survive after losing so much blood... she should have died.

"Waylon." Joy approached with a sorrowful expression, "Waylon, is Miss Williams okay?"

"How did she fall?" Waylon glanced at her, his voice cold.

Joy choked, her heart skipping a beat. Could he be suspecting her?

Feeling extremely guilty and gripping her purse tightly, she wilted under Waylon's icy gaze, feeling as though he could see straight through to her soul.

But she had come fully prepared. Quickly regaining her composure, she shook her head and said helplessly, "I don't know. I was going to see Grandpa Lewis, but when I got to the staircase, I saw Miss Williams had fallen."

"Why didn't you save her?" Waylon asked, his voice devoid of warmth.

Joy tightly furrowed her brow, her voice choked with emotion, “I saw so much blood, and I was truly panicked. I wanted to help her, but I couldn’t take Miss Williams to the hospital by myself, so I ran out to call for help, and that’s when I saw you return.”